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THE

BRITISH CLASSICAL AUTHORS.

SELECT SPECIMENS

OF THE

NATIONAL LITERATURE OF ENGLAND

FROM G. CHAUCER

TO THE PRESENT TIME.

WITH

BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL SKETCHES.

POETRY AND PROSE.

BY

L. HERRIG.

STEREOTYPE EDITION.

BRUNSWICK:

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY GEORGE WESTERMANN

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PREFACE.

Among the various means of instruction which we possess, there cannot be a doubt that book-reading occupies a prominent and important place, and to attain the effect desired, claims the serious attention of the teacher. In order that the pupil may be enabled to garner up the knowledge thence derived, the selections for reading should be made with a constant view to unity of purpose and arranged according to their natural order. The various subjects thus grouped and classified should be studied by the pupil in such manner as to render him sensible of their necessary connexion and, by constantly comparing them, to give him a faithful impression both of their relative value and of the whole, composing this great variety of individual parts.

But unfortunately the reverse of this too often takes place. A multitude of unconnected facts, fortuitously gathered from desultory reading, jostle one another in the mind in chaotic confusion, and render the understanding turbid instead of enlightening it. To guide the pupil therefore in the selection of his readings is not less important than to teach him the laws of a language, by which he is enabled to arrive at the meaning of the words.

For the upper classes of schools so little has been done in this way that they have been compelled to have recourse to the complete works of modern English authors; thus occasioning a needless waste of time and trouble, the perfect and the imperfect models of style being studied without discrimination, and a far lesser portion of the richer treasures of English literature falling to the pupil's share than he might otherwise enjoy; his knowledge of English life, customs, manners and feeling is needlessly stinted; nor is he so well able to appreciate and to enter into such elements of thought and action as may be termed peculiarly English.

If the study of modern languages may lay claim to intrinsic value and an honourable position in our educational establishments, equal to that of the classic languages, they should be taught so as to impart with the language, both the general information possessed by the respective people, and their history which is always found embodied in their literature. The language of a people elucidates only one point of its existence, is inseparable from it, and becomes, as it were, the corporeal mind of the nation; whilst the various phases of that mind indicate the nation's history. Hence the teaching of a language imparts not the language alone, but — and this more particularly — furnishes the pupil with a key to the civilization, the social habits and the political organization of the people, all of which are most faithfully reflected in the national literature.

This national literature can only be taught in our schools by a method which will at once impart the material of which it consists, at least in its leading features. A mere abstract of reasoning would only lead to vague and fruitless speculation. We require a book that will furnish us with the original true colours for the national

picture, we must hear the orator deliver his harangue in the senate and on the platform, we must feel political parties grow hot in their controversy, we must watch the rural sport on the village green and listen to the country maiden's evening song; the rich and the poor, the powerful and the humble, the wise and good as well as the low and scurrilous must pass before our eyes, each arrayed in his own dress and speaking his own language. Then we shall not only have learned words, rules of grammar and a literature, but we shall have comprehended the innermost being and spirit of a nation.

Encouraged by the advice of several friends I have ventured to publish a class-book of English national literature for the students of our schools, in chronological order. By this method the gradual developement of the English language and literature may be duly traced by the reader; whilst by sub-divisions of the great historical periods, the different kinds of composition also are distinguished, showing the relative importance of individual writers in each period; as well as their full influence in the general field of literature, and I hope thus to have exhibited the matter in its clearest possible light and to have attained that degree of perfection so essentially desirable in our school-books.

The present compilation, of course, affords no place for ancient English literature; and even to the authors of the middle-ages I could allot but a small space; from the national songs in the Scottish and Northern dialects I have however made more copious extractions, having included more than will be found in any other collection, deeming them particularly valuable in as much as they not only necessitate the pupil's constant attention to Etymology — a study interesting as it is useful — but are also worthy of note from the very great influence they have exercised on modern Lyric poetry. It has been my object to give a historical organism of English literature, by pieces carefully selected and arranged in chronological order, so that all changes and peculiar features may readily be traced in the respective specimens. And where pieces were too long or tedious to be inserted at full length, I have selected such parts as were complete in themselves — taking care that the characteristics of the author, and of his time, should in each be duly preserved. I have felt compelled, in certain instances, to omit passages offensive in a moral point of view, in order to render the work as pure as I trust it will be found useful and promotive of the interest now so generally felt for the treasures of English literature.

It is in the very nature of a compilation like the present, that it should approach to perfection by degrees; we may remain true to one principle, and yet, when the store from which we select, is so vast as that of the whole Literature of a nation, alterations may be made in innumerable instances without materially affecting the character of the work. I hope and trust that the fifth edition of this Collection of British Classical Authors, on a careful comparison, will be found to contain all essential and practicable improvements, and that its usefulness will be considerably extended.

Berlin, August 7th 1855.

L. Herrig.

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I. EARLY ENGLISH POETRY.

GEOFFREY CHAUCER.

Geoffrey Chaucer, who has been justly styled the ‚father of English poetry', was born in London in the year 1328: he was an ornament to the courts of Edward III. and Richard II. and died in the first year of the reign of Henry IV. 1400. He is the Homer of England, for as well as being the first poet he is one with whom very few can be compared, he may be said to have laid the foundation of the present English language, and he has certainly introduced into it a great number of words which were originally purely French. The greater part of his poetical works are written in the heroic metre, and as no author in England before him employed this style, Chaucer may be said to have introduced it into the English versification. In his numerous works, we cannot help being struck with the force and elegance of expression, pervading them. He has written his descriptions of nature with great truth, liveliness, and depth of feeling, and his delineations of character display a profound knowledge of human life. When we consider the works of Chaucer separately, we at once place upon the first rank, his ‚Canterbury Tales' a long poem, in which every variety of human character is worked out with masterly skill and precision. Their origin is as follows. A number of persons make a *pilgrimage* to Canterbury, to the shrine of Thomas Becket; they all relate something on the journey and as each pilgrim personifies one of the trades or professions then predominant in England, we gather through the whole poem a very good idea of the state of society at that period. The ‚House of Fame' next deserves our notice: it is an allegory written in the form of a dream, in which the author imagines the monuments of all the ancient poets of antiquity, each of them placed in a situation agreeing with his merit, and all in a large temple, built on a rock, situated between earth and sea. The whole poem is full of the extravagances usual to the ancient classical authors: but excites admiration by the richness of its fancy. We must not however pass over in silence the ‚Romant of the Rose', a translation from the French. Chaucer has in many parts surpassed the original in Beauty of idea and has also made additions, although on the whole, he has translated very literally. The argument of the poem is, a lover who in order to reach his mistress, has to overcome innumerable difficulties: this idea is hidden under the allegory of a rose placed in a garden, and its admirer after having overcome many dangers succeeds in obtaining his desired object. Among the poet's remaining works are ‚Troilus and Cresseide' ‚Chaucer's dream' and ‚The flower and the leaf' Chaucer was interred in Westminster Abbey and is the first of a long array of poets who have been buried amongst the kings of England, whose names are engraved on tablets more everlasting than tomb-stones, and whose works will be handed down by posterity and always be revered as will the names of their authors.

THE PROLOGUE TO THE CANTERBURY TALES.

Whanne that April with his shourès sote[1]
The droughte of March hath perced to the rote,[2]
And bathed every veine in swiche[3] licour,
Of whiche vertùe engendred is the flour;
Whan Zephirus eke with his sotè-breth
Enspired hath in every holt[4] and heth[5]
The tendre croppès, and the yongè sonne
Hath in the Ram his halfè cours yronne,[6]
And smalè foulès maken melodie,
That slepen allè night with open eye,
So priketh hem[7] nature in hir[8] corages;[9]
Than longen folk to gon on pilgrimages,
And palmeres for to seken strangè strondes
To servè[1] halwes[2] couthe[3] in sondry londes;
And specially, from every shirès ende
Of Englelond, to Canterbury they wende,[4]
The holy blissful martyr for to seke,[5]
That hem hath holpen, whan that they were seke.[6]

Befell, that in that seson on a day,
In Southwerk at The Tabard[7] as I lay,
Redy to wenden[8] on my pilgrimage
To Canterbury with devoute corage,
At night was come into that hostelrie
Wel nine and twenty in a compagnie

[1] Sweet. [2] Root. [3] Such. [4] Wood, grove. [5] Heath. [6] Ran. [7] Them. [8] Their. [9] Inclination.

[1] To keep. [2] Holidays. [3] Known. [4] Go. [5] Seek. [6] Sick. [7] A Short coat. [8] Go.

Of sondry folk, by aventnre yfalle[1]
In felawship, nnd pilgrimes were they nlle,
That toward Canterbury wolden[2] ride.
The chambres and the stahles weren wide,
And wel we weran esed[3] nttè[4] beste.
And shortly, whnn the sonne was gon to reste,
So hadde I spoken with hem everich on,[5]
That I was of hir felawship anon,[6]
And madè forward erly for to rise,
To take oure way ther as I you devise.[7]
But natheles,[8] whilc I have time and spacc,
Or that I forther in this talè pace,
Me thinketh it accordant to resòn,
To tellen you alle thè condition
Of eche of hem, so as it semed me,
And whiche they weren, and of what degre;
And eke[9] in what araic that they were inne:
And at a knight than wol[10] I firste beginne.
A Knight ther was, and that a worthy man,
That fro the timè that he first hegan
To riden out, he loved Chevalrie,
Trouthe and honòur, fredom and curtesie.
Ful worthy was he in his lordès werre,[11]
And therto hadde he ridden, no man ferre,[12]
As wel in Cristendom as in Hethenesse,
And ever honoured for his worthinesse.
At Alisandre[13] he was whan it was wonne
Ful often time he hadde the hord[14] begonne[15]
Aboven allè nations in Pruce.[16]
In Lettowe hadde he reysed[17] and in Ruce,
No cristen man so ofte of his degre:
In Gernade at the siege eke hadde he be
Of Algesir,[18] and ridden in Belmarie.[19]
At Leyès[20] was he, aud at Satalie,[21]
Whan they were wonne; and in the Gretè see
At many a noble armee hadde be be.
At mortal batailles hadde he ben fiftene,
And foughten for our faith at Tramissène
In listès thries, and ay[22] slain his fo.
This ilkè[23] worthy knight hadde ben alsò
Sometimè with the Lord of Palatie,[24]
Agen another hethen in Turkìe:
And evermore he hadde a sovereine pris,[25]
And though that he was worthy he was wise,
And of his port as meke as is a mayde.
He never yet no vilanie ne sayde
In alle his lif, unto no manere wight:
He was a veray parfit[26] gentil knight.
But for to tellen you of his araie,
His hors was good, bnt he ne was not gaie.
Of fustian he wered a gipòn,[27]
Allè besmotred[28] with his habergeon,[29]
For he was late ycome fro his viàge,
And wentè for to don his pilgrimage.
With him ther was his sone, a yonge Squier,
A lover and a lusty bacheler,
With lockès crull[1] as they were laide in presse.
Of twenty yere of age he was I gesse.[2]
Of his statùre he was of even lengthe,
And wonderly deliver,[3] and grete of strengthe:
And he hadde be sometime in chevachie,[4]
In Flaundres, in Artois, and in Picardie,
And borne him wel, as of so litel space,
In hope to stonden in his ladies grace.
Embrouded[5] was he, as it were a mede[6]
Alle ful of fresshè flourès, white and rede.
Singing he was, or floyting[7] alle the day,
He was as fresshe as is the moneth of Mny.
Short was his goune, with sleves longe and wide.
Well coude he sitte on hors, and fayrè ride.
He coudè songès make, and wel endite,[8]
Juste and eke dance, and wel pourtraie and write.
So hote he loved, that hy nightertale[9]
He slep no more than doth the nightingale.
Curtèis[10] he was, lowly, and servisable,
And carf[11] before his fader at the table.
A Yeman hndde he, and servàntes no mo
At that time, for him luste[12] to ridè so;
And he was cladde in cote and hode[13] of grene.
A shefe[14] of peacock arwes[15] bright nnd kene
Under bis belt he har ful thriftily.
Well coude he dresse his takel[16] yemanly:
His arwes[17] drouped not with fetheres lowe.
And in his hond he bar a mighty bowe.
A not-hed[18] hadde he, with a broune visàge.
Of wood-craft coude[19] he wel alle the usàge.
Upon his arme he har a gaie hracèr,[20]
And by his side a swerd and a hokeler,
And on that other side a gaie daggère,
Harneised[21] wel, and sharpe as point of spere:
A Cristofre on his brest of silver shene.[22]
An borne he har, the baudrik was of grene,
A forster was he sothely[23] as I gesse.
Ther was alsò a Nonne, a Prioresse,
That of hire smiling was full simple and coy;
Hire gretest othe n'as hut by Seint Eloy;
And she was cleped[24] Madame Eglentine.
Ful wel she sang the servìce dcvine,
Entuned in hire nose ful swetely;
And Frenche she spak ful fayre and fetisly,[25]
After the scole of Stratford attè Bowe,
For Frenche of Paris was to hire unknowe.

[1] Fallen. [2] Would. [3] Accommodated. [4] At the. Every one. [6] Now. [7] Tell. [8] Nevertheless. [9] Also. [10] Will. [11] War. [12] Farther. [13] Alexandria. [14] [15] Been placed at the head of the table. [16] Prussia. [17] Travelled. [18] Algesiras. [19] Benamarin in Maroco. [20] Layas in Syria. [21] Attalia. [22] Always. [23] Same. [24] Palatia. [25] Praise. [26] Perfect. [27] Wore a short cassock. [28] Smutted. [29] Coat of mail.

[1] Curled. [2] Guess. [3] Nimble. [4] Horse skirmishing. [5] Embroidered. [6] Meadow. [7] Playing the flute. [8] Relate. [9] Night-time. [10] Courteous. [11] Carved. [12] It pleased him. [13] Hood, hat. [14] Bundle. [15] Arrows. [16] Arrow. [17] Arrow. [18] A round-head. [19] Knew. [20] Armour for the arm. [21] Garnished. [22] Shone. [23] Indeed. [24] Called. [25] Neatly.

At mete was she wel ytaughte withalle;
She lette no morsel from her lippès fall,
Ne wette hire fingres in hire saucè depe.
Wel coude she carie a morsel, and wel kepe,
That no drope ne fell upon hire brest.
In curtesie was sette ful moche hire lest.[1]
Hire over lippè wiped she so clene,
That in hire cuppè was no ferthing sene,[2]
Of gresè, whan she dronken hadde hire draught.
Ful semèly after her mete she raught,[3]
And sikerly she was of grete disport,
And ful plesànt, and amiable of port,
And peined[4] hire to contrefeten[5] chere
Of court, and ben estatelich of manère,
And to ben holden digne[6] of reverence.
But for to speken of hire conscience,
She was so charitable and so pitoùs,
She woldè wepe if that she saw a mous
Caughte in a trappe, if it were ded or bledde.
Of smalè houndès hadde she, that she fedde
With rosted flesh, and milk, and wastel bred.
But sore wept she if on of hem were ded,
Or if men smote it with a yerdè[7] smert,[8]
And all was conscience and tendre herte.
Ful semely hire wimple ypinched was;
Hire nose tretis;[9] hire eyen grey as glas;
Hire mouth ful smal, and therto soft and red;
But sikerly she hadde a fayre forehèd.
It was almost a spannè brode I trowe;
For hardily she was not undergrowe.[10]
Ful fetise[11] was hire cloke, as I was war.
Of smale coràll aboute hire arm she bar
A pair of bedès, gauded all with grene;
And theron heng a broche of gold ful shene,
On whiche was first ywritten a crouned A,
And after, *Amor vincit omnia.*
Another Nonne also with hire hadde she,
That was hire chapelleine, and Preestès thre.
A Monk ther was, a fayre for the maistrie,[12]
An outrider, that loved venerie;[13]
A manly man, to ben an abbot able.
Ful many a deintè[14] hors hadde he in stable:
And whan he rode, men might his bridel here
Gingèling in a whistling wind as clere,
And eke as loude, as doth the chapell belle,
Ther as this lord was keeper of the celle.
The reule of Seint Maure and of Seint Beneit,
Because that it was olde and somdele streit,
This ilkè monk lette oldè thingès pace,[15]
And held after the newè world the trace.
He yaf[16] not of the text a pulled hen,
That saith, that hunters ben not holy men;
Ne that a monk, whan he is rekkèles,[1]
Is like to a fish that is waterles;
This is to say, a monk out of his cloistre.
This ilkè text held he not worth an oistre.
And I say his opinion was good.
What? shulde he studie, and make himselven wood[2]
Upon a book in cloistre alway to pore,
Or swinken[3] with his hondès, and laboùre,
As Austin bit?[4] how shal the world be served?
Let Austin have his swink to him reserved.
Therfore he was a prickasoure[5] a right:
Greihoundes he hadde as swift as foul of flight:
Of pricking[6] and of hunting for the hare
Was all his lust, for no cost wolde he spare.
I saw his sleves purfiled[7] at the hond
With gris,[8] and that the finest of the lond.
And for to fasten his hood under his chinne,
He hadde of gold ywrought a curious pinne;
A love-knotte in the greter end ther was.
His hed was balled,[9] and shone as any glas,
And eke his face, as it hadde ben anoint.
He was a lord ful fat and in good point.
His eyen stepe,[10] and rolling in his hed,
That stemed as a forneis of led.
His bootès souple, his hors in gret estat;
Now certainly he was a fayre prelàt.
He was not pale as a forpined[11] gost.
A fat swan loved he best of any rost.
His palfrey was as hroune as is a bery.
A Frere[12] ther was, a wanton and a mery,
A Limitour, a ful solempnè man.
In all the ordres foure is none that can[13]
So muche of daliance and fayre langàge.
He hadde ymade ful many a mariàge
Of yongè wimmen, at his owen cost.
Until[14] his ordre he was a nohle post.
Ful wel beloved, and familier was he
With frankeleins[15] over all in his contrèe,
And eke with worthy wimmen of the toun:
For he had power of confessioun,
As saide himselfè, more than a curàt,
For of his ordre he was a licenciat.
Ful swetely herde he confession,
And plesant was his absolution.
He was an esy man to give penànce,
Ther as he wiste[16] to han[17] a good pitànce:
For unto a poure[18] ordre for to give
Is signè that a man is wel yshrive.[19]
For if he gaf, he dorstè[20] make avànt,
He wistè that a man was repentànt.
For many a man so hard is of his herte,
He may not wepe although him sorè smerte.

[1] Her pleasure. [2] Smallest spot. [3] Rose. [4] Took paine. [5] To imitate. [6] Worthy. [7] Stick. [8] Smartly, adv. [9] Straight. [10] Of low stature. [11] Neat. [12] Mastership. [13] Hunting. [14] Dainty. [15] Pass. [16] Gave.

[1] Mr. Tyrwhitt supposes, that this should be righelles. i. e. out of the rules by which the monks were bound. [2] Mad. [3] Toil. [4] Biddeth. [5] Hard rider. [6] Spurring. [7] Wrought on the edge. [8] A fine kind of fur. [9] Bald. [10] Deep in the head. [11] Tormented. [12] Friar. [13] Knew. [14] Unto. [15] Country gentlemen. [16] Knew. [17] Have. [18] Poor. [19] Shriven. [20] Durst make a boast.

Therfore in stede of weping and prayères,
Men mote[1] give silver to the pourè freres.
His tippet was ay farsed[2] ful of knives,
And pinnes, for to given fayrè wives.
And certainly he hadde a mery note.
Wel coude he singe and plaien on a rote.[3]
Of yeddinges[4] he bar utterly the pris.
His nekke was whitè as the flour de lis.
Therto he strong was as a champioun,
And knew wel the tavèrnes in every toun,
And every hosteler and gay tapstère,
Better than a lazar or a beggère,
For nnto swiche a worthy man as he
Accordeth nought, as by his faculté,
To haven[5] with sike lazars acquaintance.
It is not honest, it may not avance,[6]
As for to delen with no swiche pouraille,[7]
But all with riche, and sellers of vitaille.
And over all, ther as profit shnld arise,
Curteis he was, and lowly of servise.
Ther n' as no man no wher so vertnons.
He was the beste beggèr in all his hous:
And gave a certain fermè[8] for the grant,
Non of his bretheren came in his haunt.
For though a widewe hnddè hut a shoo,
(So plesant was his *in principio*)
Yet wold he have a ferthing or[9] he went.
His pourchns[10] was wel better than his rent.
And rage he coude as it hadde ben a whelp,
In lovèdayes,[11] ther coude he mochel help.
For ther was he nat like a cloisterere,
With thredbare cope, as is a poure scolere,
But he was like n mnister or a pope.
Of double worsted was his semicope,[12]
That round was as a belle out of the presse.
Somwhat he lisped for his wantonnesse,
To make his English swete upon his tonge;
And in his harping, whan that he hadde songe,
His eyen twinkeled in his hed aright,
As don the sterrès in a frosty night.
This worthy limitour was cleped Hubèrd.
A Marchant was ther with a forked berd.
In mottelee, and highe on hors he sat,
And on his hed a Flaundrish bever hat.
His hootès clapsed fayre and fetisly.
His resons spak he ful solempnèly,
Souning[13] alway the encrese of his winning.
He wold the see were kept for any thing[14]
Betwixen Middelburgh and Orèwell.
Wel coud he in eschanges[15] sheldès[16] selle.
This worthy man ful wel his wit besette,[17]
Ther wistè no wight that he was in dette,
So stedefastly didde he his governance,
With his bargeines, and with his chevisance[18]
Forsothe he was a worthy man withalle,
But soth to sayn, I n'ot[1] how men him calle.
A Clerk ther was of Oxenforde alsò,
That nnto logike haddè long ygo.
As lenè was his hors as is a rake,
And he was not right fat, I undertake;
But loked holwe,[2] and therto soberly.
Ful thredbare was his overest courtepy,[3]
For he hadde geten him yet no benefice,
Ne was nonght worldly to have an officè.
For him was lever[4] han at his beddes hed
A twenty bokes, clothed in black and red,
Of Aristotle, and his philosophie,
Than robès riche, or fidel, or sautrie.[5]
But all be that he was a philosophre,
Yed haddè he but litel gold in cofre,
But all that he might of his frendès hente,[6]
On bokès and on lerning he it spente,
And besily gan for the soulès praie
Of hem, that yave him wherwith to scolaie.[7]
Of studie toke he most cure[8] and hede.
Not a word spak he morè than was nede;
And that was said in forme and reverence,
And short and quike, and ful of high sentence.
Souning in moral vertue was his speche,
And gladly wolde he lerne, and gladly teche.
A Sergeant of the Lnwe war[9] and wise,
That often hadde yben at the paruis,[10]
Ther was also, ful riche of excellence.
Discrete he was, and of gret reverence:
He semed swiche, his wordès were so wise,
Justice he was ful often in assise,
By patent, and by pleine commissionn;
For his science, and for his high renoun,
Of fees and robès had he many on.
So grete a pourchasour was nowher non.
All was fee simple to him in effect,
His pourchasing might not ben in suspect.[11]
Nowher so besy a man as he ther n'as,
And yet he semed besier than he was.
In termès hadde he cas[12] and domès alle,
That fro the time of king Will. weren falle.
Therto he conde endite, and make a thing,
Ther coudè no wight pinche[13] at his writing.
And every statute conde he plaine by rote.
He rode but homely in a medlee[14] cote,[15]
Girt with a seint[16] of silk, with barrès[17] smale;
Of his array tell I no lenger tale.
A Frankelein[18] was in this compagnie;
White was his berd, as is the dayësiè.
Of his complexion he was sangùin.
Wel loved he by the morwe[19] a sop in win.[20]

[1] Must. [2] Stuffed. [3] A stringed instrument. [4] Story-telling. [5] Have [6] Profit. [7] Poor people. [8] Farm. [9] Ere. [10] Purchase. [11] Days appointed for the amicable settlement of differences. [12] Half cloak. [13] Sounding, boasting. [14] Kept, or guarded. [15] Exchanges [16] Crowns. [17] Employed. [18] An agreement for borrowing money.

[1] Know not. [2] Hollow. [3] Uppermost cloak of coarse cloth. [4] He would rather have. [5] Lute. [6] Get. [7] Study. [8] Care. [9] Wary. [10] The paruis, or portico before a church — a place frequented by lawyers. [11] Suspicion. [12] Cases and decisions. [13] No one could find a flaw in his writings. [14] [15] Coat of mixed stuff. [16] A girdle. [17] With small stripes. [18] A freeholder of considerable estate. [19] Morning. [20] Wine.

To liven in delit was ever his wone,[1]
For he was Epicurès owen sone,
That held opinion, that plein delit
Was verailly felicitè parfitè.
An housholder, and that a grete was he;
Seint Julian[2] he was in his contrèe.
His brede, his ale, was alway after on;
A better envyned[3] man was no wher non.
Withouten bake mete never was his hous,
Of fish and flesh, and that so plenteous,
It snewed[4] in his hous of mete and drinke,
Of allè deintees that men coud of thinke,
After the sondry sesons of the yere,
So changed he his mete and his soupère.
Ful many a fat partrich hadde he in mewe,[5]
And many a breme, and many a luce in stewe.
Wo was his coke, but if his sauce were
Poinant and sharpe, and redy all his gere.
His table dormant[6] in his halle alway
Stode redy covered alle the longè day.
At sessiouns ther was he lord and sire.
Ful often time he was knight of the shire.
An anelace[7] and a gipciere[8] all of silk,
Heng at his girdel, white as morwè[9] milk.
A shereve hadde he ben, and a countour.
Was no wher swiche a worthy vavasour.[10]
An Haberdasher, and a Carpenter,
A Webbe,[11] a Deyer, and a Tapiser,[12]
Were alle yclothed in o liverè,[13]
Of a solempne and grete fraternitè.
Ful freshe and newo hir[14] gere ypikid[15] was.
Hir knivès were ychaped not with bras,
But all with silver wrought ful clene and wel,
Hir girdeles and hir pouches every del.[16]
Wel semed eche of hem a fayre burgeis,[17]
To sitten in a gild halle, on the deis,[18]
Everich for the wisdom that he can,
Was shapelich[19] for to ben an alderman,
For catel[20] hadden they ynough and rent,
And eke hir wivès would it well assent:
And ellès[21] certainly they were to blame.
It is ful fayre to ben yeleped madame,
And for to gon[22] to vigiles all before,
And have a mantel reallich[23] ybore.[24]
A Coke they hadden with hem for the nones,[25]
To boile the chikenes and the marie bones,[26]
And poudre marchant, tart and galingale.[27]
Wel couldo he knowe a draught of London ale.
He couldè roste, and sethe, and broile, and frie,
Maken mortrewès,[28] and wel bake a pie.

But gret harm was it, as it thoughtè me,
That on is shinne a mormal[1] haddè he.
For blanc manger that made he with the best.
A Shipman was ther, woned[2] fer by West:
For ought I wote, he was of Dertèmouth.
He rode upon a rouncie,[3] as he couthe,
All in a goune of falding to the knee.
A dagger hanging by a las[4] hadde hee
About his nekke under his arm adoun.
The hote sommer hadde made his hewe[5] al broun.
And certainly he was a good felaw.
Ful many a draught of win he haddè draw
From Burdeux ward, while that the chapman[6] slepe.
Of nicè conscience took he no kepe.
If that he faught, and hadde the higher hand,
By water he sent hem home to every land.
But of his craft to reken well his tides,
His stremès and his strandès him besides,
His herberwe,[7] his mone,[8] and his lodemanage,[9]
Ther was none swiche, from Hull unto Cartage.
Hardy he was, and wise, I undertake:
With many a tempest haddo his berd be shake.
He know wel alle the havens, as they were,
Fro Gotland, to the Cape de Finistere,
And every creke in Bretagne and in Spaine:
His barge yeleped[10] was the Magdelaine.
With us ther was a Doctour of Phisike,
In all this world ne was ther non him like
To speke of phisike, and of surgerie:
For he was grounded in astronomie.
He kept his patient a ful gret del
In hourès by his magike naturel.
Wel coude he fortunen[11] the ascendent[12]
Of his imàges for his patient.
He knew the cause of every maladie,
Were it of cold, or hote, or moist, or drie,
And wher engendred, and of what humour,
He was a veray parfite practisour.
The cause yknowe, and of his harm the rote,[13]
Anon he gave to the sikè man his bote.[14]
Ful redy hadde he his apothecaries
To send him draggès,[15] and his lettuaries,[16]
For eche of hem made ether for to winne;
Hir Frendship nas not newè to beginne.
Wel knew he the old Esculapius,
And Dioscorides, and eke Rufus;
Old Hippocras, Hali, and Gallien,
Serapion, Rasis, and Avicen;
Averrois, Damascene, and Constantin;
Bernard, and Gatisden, and Gilbertin.

[1] Wont. [2] The saint of hospitality. [3] Stored with wine. [4] It snowed, i. e. there was great abundance. [5] Secret. [6] Fixed ready. [7] Knife. [8] Purse. [9] Morning. [10] Country gentleman. [11] A weaver. [12] A maker of tapestry. [13] Livery. [14] [15] Their gear was spruce. [16] Every way. [17] Burgher. [18] The deis; a part of the hall that was floored and set apart for a place of respect. [19] Fit. [20] Chattel. [21] Else. [22] Go. [23] Royally. [24] Supported. [25] For the purpose. [26] Marrowbones. [27] Sweet cyperus. [28] A dish of rich broth, in which the meat was stamped and the substance strained.

[1] A gangrene. [2] Lived. [3] Hack-horse. [4] Lace. [5] Hue. [6] Merchant. [7] Place of the Sun. [8] Moon. [9] Pilotship. [10] Called. [11] Make fortunate. [12] The ascendant. [13] Root. [14] Remedy. [15] Drugs. [16] Electuaries.

Of his diete mesúrable was he,
For it was of no superfluitee,
But of grẹt nourishing, and digestible.
His studie was but little on the Bible.
In sanguin[1] and in perse[2] he clad was alle
Lined with taffata, and with sendalle.[3]
And yet he was but esy of dispence:[4]
He kepte that he wan[5] in the pestilence.
For golde in phisike is a cordial;
Therfore he loved gold in special.

A good Wif was ther of besidè Bathe,
But she was som del defe, and that was scathe.[6]
Of cloth making she haddè swiche an haunt,[7]
She passed hem[8] of Ipres, and of Gaunt.
In all the parish wif ne was ther non,
That to the offring before hire[9] shulde gon,
And if ther did, certain so wroth was she,
That she was out of allè charitee.
Hire covrechiefs[10] weren ful fine of ground;[11]
I dorstè swere, they weyeden[12] a pound;
That on the Sonday were upon hire hede.
Hire hosen weren of fine scarlet rede,
Ful streit yteyed,[13] and shoon ful moist and newe,
Bold was hire face, and fayr and red of hewe.
She was a worthy woman all hire live,
Housbondes at the chirche dore had she had five,
Withonten other compagnie in yonthe,
But therof nedeth not to speke as nouthe.[14]
And thries[15] hadde she ben at Jerusaleme,
She haddè passed many a strangè streme.
At Rome she haddè ben, and at Boloine,[16]
In Galice at Seint James, and at Coloine,[17]
She coudè[18] moche of wandering hy the way.
Gat-tothed was she, sothly for to say.
Upon an ambler esily she sat,
Ywimpled wel, and on hire hed an hat,
As brode as is a bokeler, or a targe.
A fote-mantel[19] aboût hire hippès large,
And on hire fete a pair of sporres sharpe.
In felawship wel coude she laughe and carpe,[20]
Of remedies of love she knew parchance,
For of that arte she coude the oldè dance.

A good man there was of religioun,
That was a pourè Persone[21] of a toun:
But riche he was of holy thought and werk.
He was also a lerned man, a clerk,
That Cristès gospel trewely woldè preche.
His parishens devoutly wolde he teche.
Benigne he was, and wonder diligent,
And in adversite ful patient:
And swiche he was ypreved[22] often sithes.[23]
Ful loth were him to cursen for his tithes,
But rather wolde he yeven[1] out of doute,
Unto his pourè parishens aboute,
Of his offring, and eke of his substance.
He coude in litel thing have suffisance.
Wide was his parish, and houses fer asouder,
But he ne left nought for no rain ne thonder,
In sikenesse and in mischief to visite
The ferrest in his parish, moche and lite,[2]
Upon his fete, and in his hand a staf.
This nohle ensample to his shepe he yaf,[3]
That first he wroughte and afterward he taughte.
Out of the gospel he the wordès caughte,
And this figure he added yet thereto,
That if golde rustè, what shuld iren do?
For if a preest be foule,[4] on whom we trust,
No wonder is a lewèd man to rust:
And shame it is, if that a preest take kepe,
To see a shitten[5] shepherd, and clene shepe:
Wel ought a preest ensample for to yeve,
By his clenenessè, how his shepe shuld live.
He sette not his benefice to hire,
And lette his shepe acombred[6] in the mire,
And ran unto London, unto Seint Poules,
To seeken him a chanterie for soules,
Or with a brotherhede to be witholde:
But dwelte at home, and keptè wel his fold,
So that the wolf ne made it not miscarie.
He was a shepherd, and no mercenarie.
And though he holy were, and vertuous,
He was to sinful men not dispitous,[7]
Ne of his speche dangerous ne digne,[8]
But in his teching discrete and benigne.
To drawen folk to heven, with fairènesse,
By good ensample, was his besinesse:
But it were any persone obstinat,
What so he were of highe, or low estat,
Him wolde he snibben[9] sharply for the nonès.
A better preest I trowe that nowher[10] non is,
He waited after no pompe ne reverence,
Ne maked him no spiced[11] conscience,
But Cristès lore, and his apostles twelve,
He taught, but first he folwede it himselve.
With him ther was a Plowman, was his brother;
That hadde ylaid of dong[12] ful many a fother.[13]
A trewè swinker, and a good was he,
Living in pees,[14] and parfite charitee.
God loved he bestè with alle his herte
At allè timès, were it gain or smerte,[15]
And than his neighèbour right as himselve.
He woldè thresh, and therto dike,[16] and delve,
For Cristès sake, for every pourè wight,
Withouten hire, if it lay in his might.
His tithès paied he ful fayre and wel
Both of his propre swinke, and his catel.

[1] Blood-red colour. [2] Sky-coloured, or bluish grey. [3] Thin silk. [4] Expense. [5] Gained, got. [6] Misfortune. [7] Custom. [8] Them. [9] Her. [10] Kerchief. [11] Stuff. [12] Weighed. [13] Tied. [14] Now; adv. [15] Thrice. [16] Bologna. [17] Cologne. [18] Knew. [19] A riding petticoat. [20] Talk. [21] Parson. [22] Proved. [23] Times.

[1] Give. [2] High and low. [3] Gave. [4] Bad. [5] Dirty. [6] Encumbered. [7] Uncharitable. [8] Proud. [9] Snub, reprove. [10] No where. [11] Nice, in an affected sense. [12] Dung. [13] Load. [14] Peace. [15] Pain. [16] Dig.

In a tabard he rode upon a mere.
There was also a Reve,[1] and a Millere,
A Sompnour,[2] and a Pardoner[3] also,
A Manciple,[4] and myself, ther ne'ere no mo.
The Miller was a stont carl for the nones,
Ful bigge he was of braun, and eke of bones;
That proved wel, for over all ther he came,
At wrastling he wold bere away the ram.[5]
He was short shuldered brode, a thikkè gnarre,[6]
Ther n'as no dore, that he n'olde heve of barre,
Or breke it at a renning[7] with his hede.
His berd as any sowe or fox was rede,
And therto brode as though it were a spade.
Upon the cop[8] right of his nose he hade
A wert, and theron stode a tufte of heres,
Red as the bristles of a sowès eres.[9]
His nosè-thirlès[10] blackè were and wide.
A sword and bokeler bar he by his side.
His month as widè was as a forneis.
He was a jangler,[11] and a Goliardeis,[12]
And that was most of sinne, and harlotries.
Wel coude he stelen corne, and tollen thries.
And yet he had a thomb[13] of gold parde,[14]
A white cote and a blew hode wered he.
A baggèpipe wel coude he blowe and soune,
And therwithall he broughte us out of tonne.
A gentil Manciple was ther of a temple,
Of which achatours[15] mighten take ensemple
For to ben wise in bying of vitaille.
For whether that he paide, or toke by taille,
Algate he waited so in his achate,[16]
That he was ay before in good estate.
Now is not that of God a ful fayre grace,
That swiche a lewèd mannès wit shal pace
The wisdom of an hepe of lered men?
Of maisters had he mo than thriès ten,
That were of lawe expert and curious:
Of which ther was a dosein in that hous,
Worthy to ben stewardes of rent and lond
Of any lord that is in Englelond,
To maken him live by his propre good,
In honour detteles,[17] but if he were wood,
Or live as scarsly, as him list desire;
And ahle for to helpen all a shire
In any cas that Mighte fallen or happe:
And yet this Manciple sette hir aller cappe.[18]
The Revè was a slendre colèrike man,
His berd was shave as neighe as ever he can.
His here was by his erès round yshorne.
His top was docked like a preest beforne.

[1] Steward. [2] A sompnour, an officer employed to summon delinquents in ecclesiastical courts, now called an apparitor. [3] A pardoner, a seller of pardons or indulgences. [4] A manciple, an officer who has the care of furnishing victuals for an inn of court. [5] A prize. [6] A hard knot in a tree. [7] A running. [8] Top. [9] Ears. [10] Nostrils. [11] Prater. [12] Buffoon. [13] [14] He was as honest as other millers, though he had, according to the proverb, like every miller, a thumb of gold. [15] Purchasers. [16] Purchase. [17] Free from debt. [18] Made a fool of them all.

Ful longè were his leggès, and ful lene,
Ylike a staff, ther was no calf ysene.
Wel coude he kepe a garner and a binne:
Ther was non auditour coude on him winne.
Wel wiste he by the drought, and by the rain,
The yelding[1] of his seed, and of his grain.
His lordès shepe, his nete,[2] and his deirie,
His swine, his hors, his store and his pultrie,
Were holly in his reves[3] governing,
And by his covenant yaf he rekening,
Sin that his lord was twenty yere of age;
Ther conde no man bring him in arerage.
Ther n'as baillif, ne herde, ne other hine,
That he ne knew his sleight and his covine:[4]
They were adradde of him, as of the deth.
His wonning was ful fayre upon an heth,
With grene trees yshadewed was his place.
He coude better than his lord purchace.
Ful ryche he was ystored privily.
His lord wel coude he plesen subtilly,
To yeve and lene him of his owen good,
And have a thank, and yet a cote and hood.
In youthe he lerned hadde a good mistere.[5]
He was a wel good wright, a carpentere.
This reve sat upon a right good stot,[6]
That was all pomelee[7] grey, and highte Scot.
A long surcote of perse upon he hade,
And by his side he bare a rusty blade.
Of Norfolk was this reve, of which I tell,
Beside a toun, men clepen Baldeswell.
Tucked he was, as is a frere, aboute,
And ever he rode the hindrest of the route.
A Sompnour was ther with us in that place,
That had a fire-red cherubinnes[8] face,
For sauseflemè[9] he was, with eyen narwe.[10]
As hote he was, and likerous as a sparwe,
With scalled browes blake, and pilled berd:
Of his visage children were sore aferd.
Ther n'as quicksilver, litarge, ne brimston,
Boras, ceruse, ne oile of tartre non,
Ne oinément that wolde clence or bite,
That him mighte helpen of his whelkes[11] white,
Ne of the knobbes sitting on his chekes.
Wel loved he garlike, onions, and lekes,
And for to drinke strong win as red as blood.
Than wolde he speke, and crie as he were wood.
And whan that he wel dronken hadde the win,
Than wold he speken no word but Latin.
A fewè termès coude he, two or three,
That he hadde lerned out of som decree;
No wonder is, he herd it all the day.
And eke ye knowen wel, how that a jay
Can clepen watte, as wel as can the pope.
But who so wolde in other thing him grope,
Than hadde he spent all his philosophie,
Ay, *Questio quid juris?* wolde he crie.

[1] Yielding. [2] Cows. [3] Steward. [4] Secret contrivances. [5] Trade, occupation. [6] Horse, beast. [7] Dappled. [8] Cherub's face. [9] Red pimpled face. [10] Narrow, close. [11] Spots.

He was a gentil harlot and a kind;
A better felaw shulde a man not find.
He woldè suffre for a quart of wine,
A good felàw to have his concubine
A twelve month, and excuse him at the fulle.
Ful privcly a finch eke coude he pulle.
And if he found owhere a good felàwe,
Ho woldè techen him to have non awe
In swiche a cas of the archedekenes curse;
But if a mannès soule were in his purse;
For in his purse he shulde ypunished bo.
Purse is the archedekens helle, saide he.
But wel I wote, he lied right in dede:
Of cursing ought eche gilty man him drede.
For curse wol sle right as assoiling saveth,
And also ware him of a *significavit*.
In danger hadde ho at his owen giso
The yonge girles of the diocise,
And knew hir conscil, and was of hir rede.[1]
A gerlond hadde he sette upon his hede,
As gret as it were for an alestake:[2]
A hokeler hadde ho made him of a cake.
With him ther rode a gentil Pardonere
Of Rouncevall,[3] his frend and his compere,
That streit was comen from the court of Rome.
Ful loude he sang, Come hither, love, to me.
This Somnour bare to him a stiff burdoun,[4]
Was never trompe of half so gret a soun.
This Pardoner had here as yelwe[5] as wax,
But smoth it heng, as doth a strike of flax:
By unces[6] heng his lokkes that he hadde,
And therwith he his shulders overspradde,
Ful thinne it lay, by culpons[7] on and on,
But hode, for jolite, ne wered ho non,
For it was trussed up in his wallet.
Him thoughte he rode al of the newè get,
Dischevele, sauf his cappe, he rode all bare.
Swiche glaring eyen hadde he, as an hare:
A vernicle hadde he sewed upon his cappe;
His wallet lay beforne him in his lappe,
Bret-ful[8] of pardon come from Rome al hote.
A vois he hadde, as smale as hath a gote.
No berd hadde he, ne never non shulde have,
As smothe it was as it were newe shave;
I trowe he were a gelding or a mare.
But of his craft, fro Berwike unto Ware,
Ne was ther swiche an other Pardonere.
For in his male[9] ho hadde a pilwebere,[10]
Which, as he saide, was Our Ladies veil:
He saide, he hadde a gobbet[11] of the seyl[12]
That seint Peter hadde, whan that he went
Upon the see, till Jesu Crist him hent.[13]
He had a crois of laton[11] ful of stones,
And in a glas he hadde pigges bones.
But with these relikes, whanne that he fond
A poure persone dwelling up on lond,
Upon a day he gat him more moneie
Than that the persone gat in monethes tweie.
And thus with fained flattering and japes,[1]
He made the persone, and the peple his apes.[2]
But trewely to tellen atte last,
He was in chirche a noble ecclesiast.
Wel coude he rede a lesson or a storie,
But alderbest[3] he sang an offertorie:[4]
For wel he wiste, whan that song was songe,
He muste preche, and wel afile[5] his tonge,
To winne silver, as he right wel coude:
Therefore he sang tho merrier and loude.

[1] Advised. [2] An alehouse sign. [3] Supposed by Stevens to be Runceval Hall, in Oxford. [4] Sang the bass. [5] Yellow. [6] Ounces. [7] Shreds. [8] Brimful. [9] Budget. [10] Covering of a pillow. [11] Morsel. [12] Sail. [13] Assisted, took. [14] A mixed metal of the colour of brass.

[1] Tricks. [2] Dupes. [3] Best. [4] Part of the mass. [5] Polish. [6] Guitars. [7] Dreadful. [8] Female dancers. [9] Well made, neat. [10] Female fruitsellers. [11] Mirthful, joyous. [12] Sellers of wafer-cakes. [13] Labour.

THE PARDONERES TALE.

In Flandres whilom was a compagnie
Of yongé folk that haunteden folie
As hasard, riot, stewés, and tavérnes,
Whereas with harpés, lutés, and giternes,[6]
They dance and plaie at dis both day and night,
And ete also and drinke over hir might,
Thurgh which they don the devil sacrifice,
Within the devils temple, in curséd wise,
By superfluitee abhominable.
Hir othes ben so gret and damnáble
That it is grisly[7] for to hear hem swere.
Our blisful Lordés body they to-tere;
Hem thought the Jewés rent him not ynough;
And eche of hem at other's sinné lough.
And right anon in comen tombesteres[8]
Fetis[9] and smale, and yongé fruitesteres,[10]
Singers with harpés, baudés,[11] waferers,[12]
Which ben the veray devil's officeres,
To kindle and blow the fire of lecherie,
That is annexéd unto glotony.
The holy writ take I to my witnesse
That luxurie is in wine and dronkennesse.
O! wist a man how many maladies
Folwen of excesse and of glotonies,
He woldé be the moré mesuráble
Of his diote, sitting at his table.
Alas! the shorté throte, the tendre mouth,
Maketh that est and west, and north and south,
In erthe, in air, in water, men to swinke[13]
To get a gloton deintee mete and drink.
A 'lecherous' thing is wine, and dronkennesse
Is ful of striving and of wretchednesse.
O dronken man! disfigured is thy face,
Sour is thy breth, foul art thou to enbrace;
And thurgh thy dronken nose semeth the soun!
As though thou saidést aye Sampsoun! Sampsoun!
And yet, God wot, Sampsoun dronk never no wine:
Thou falest as it were a stickéd swine;

Thy tonge is lost, and all thin honest cure,[1]
For dronkennesse is very sépulture
Of mannés wit and his discretión.
In whom that drinke hath domination
He can no conseil kepe, it is no drede.[2]
Now kepe you from the white and fro the rede,[3]
And namely fro the whité wine of Lepe,[4]
That is to sell in Fish Strect and in Chepe.
This wine of Spaigne crepeth subtilly
In other winés growing fasté by,
Of which there riseth swicho fumositee,[5]
That whan a man hath dronken draughtés three,
And weneth[6] that he be at home in Chepe,
He is in Spaigne, right at the toun of Lepe,
Not at the Róchell, ne at Burdeux toun.
And thanné wol he say Sampsoun! Sampsoun!
And now that I have spoke of glotonio,
Now wol I you defenden[7] hasardrie.[8]
Hasard is veray mother of lésinges,
And of deceite and curséd forsweringes,
Blaspheming of Crist, manslanghter, and wast also
Of catel, and of time; and forthermo
It is repreve, and contrary of honóur
For to ben hold a commun hasardour,
And ever the bigher he is of estat
The moré he is holden desolat.
If that a princé useth hasarderie,
In allé governance and policie
He is, as by commun opinión,
Yhold the lesse in reputátión.
Now wol I speke of othés false and grete
A word or two, as oldé bookés trete.
Gret swering is a thing abhominable,
And false swering is yet more reprevable,
The highé God forbad swering at al,
Witnesse on Mathew; but in specisl
Of swering sayth the holy Jeremie,
Thou shalt swere soth[9] thin othés and not lie,
And swere in dome,[10] and eke in rightwisnesso,
But idel swering is a cursednesse.
Thise riotourés three of which I tell,
Long erst[11] or primé rong of any bell,
Were set hem in a taverne for to drinke,
And as they sat they herd a bellé clinke
Beforn a corps was caried to his grave;
That on of hem gan callen to his knave;[12]
'Go bet,'[13] quod he, 'and axé redily
What corps is this that passeth here forth by,
And loke that thou report his namé well.'
'Sire,' quod this boy, 'it nedeth never a del;[14]
It was me told or ye camo here two houres;
He was pardé an old fellów of youres,
And sodenly he was yslain to-night,
Fordronke as he sat on his benche upright;
Ther came a privee theef men clepen Deth,
That in this countree all the peplo sleth,
And with his spere he smote his herte atwo,
And went his way withouten wordés mo.
He hath a thousand slain this pestilénce;
And, maister, or ye come in his presénce,
Me thinketh that it were ful necessarie
For to beware of swiche an adversarie:
Be redy for to mete him evermore;
Thus taughté mo my dame; I say no more.'
'By Seinté Marie,' sayd this tavernero,
'The child sayth soth,[1] for he hath slain this year.
Hens over a mile, within a gret villáge,
Both man and woman, child, and hyne and page;
I trowe his habitatión be there:
To be aviséd[2] gret wisdóme it were
Or that he did a man a dishonóur.'
'Ye, Goddés armés!' qnod this riotour,
'Is it swiche peril with him for to mete?
I shal him seke by stile nnd eke by strete,
I make a vow by Goddés digné[3] bones.
Herkeneth, felaws, we threo ben allé ones;[4]
Let eche of us hold up his hond to other,
And eche of us becomen others brother,
And we wol slen this falsé traitour Deth:
He shal be slain, he that so many sleth,
By Goddés dignitee, or it be night.'
Togeder han thiso three hir trouthés plight
To live and dien eche of hem for other,
As though he were his owen boren[5] brother.
And up they stert al dronken in this rage,
And forth they gone towardés that villáge
Of which the taverner had spoke beforn,
And many a grisly[6] oth than have they sworn,
And Cristés blessed body they to-rent,[7]
'Deth shal be ded, if that we may him hent.'[8]
Whan they han gone not fully half a mile,
Right as they wold han troden over a stile,
An olde man and a pouré with hem mete:
This oldé man ful mekely hem grete,[9]
And saydé thus: 'Now, Lordés, God you see!'[10]
The proudest of thise riotourés three
Answérd again: 'What? cherl, with sory grace,
Why art thou all forwrappéd save thy face?
Why livest thou so longe in so gret age?'
This oldé man 'gan loke in his viságe,
And saydé thus: 'For I ne cannot find
A man, though that I walkéd into Inde,
Neither in citee ne in no villáge,
That woldé change his yonthé for min age,
And therfore mote I han min agé still
As longé time as it is Goddés will.

[1] Care. [2] Doubt. [3] Red. [4] A place in Spain. [5] Fumes from drinking. [6] Thinketh, imagineth. [7] Forbid. [8] Gaming. [9] True. [10] Judgment. [11] Before. [12] Servant lad. [13] Better go. [14] Not a whit.

[1] Truth. [2] Watchful, prepared. [3] Worthy. [4] All one, or, in unity. [5] Born. [6] Fearful. [7] Defaced. [8] Catch. [9] Greeted. [10] That is, "God preserve you in his sight."

Ne Deth, alas! ne wil not han my lif:
Thus walke I, like a restéless caitif,[1]
And on the ground, which is my modres gate,
I knocké with my staf erlich and late,
And say to hir, 'Levé[2] mother, let me in.
Lo, how I vanish, flesh, and blood, and skin.
Alas! whan shul my honés ben at rest?
Mother, with you wold I changen my cheste,
That in my chambre longé time hath be,
Ye, for an heren clout to wrap in me.
But yet to me she wol not don that grace,
For which ful pale and welked[3] is my face.

'But, Sires, to you it is no curtesie
To speke unto an olde man vilanie,
But he[4] trespáse in word or elles in dede.
In holy writ ye moun yourselven rede;
"Ageins an olde man, hore upon his hede,
Ye shuld arise:" therfore I yeve you rede[5]
Ne do'th unto an olde man non harm now,
No more than that ye wold a man did you
In age, if that ye may so long abide;
And God be with you whe'r[6] ye go or ride:
I moste go thither as I have to go.'

'Nay, oldé cherl, by God thou shalt not so,'
Sayde this other hazardour[7] anon;
'Thou partest not so lightly, by Seint John.
Thou spake right now of thilké[8] traitour Deth,
That in this contree all our frendés sleth;
Have here my trouth, as thou art his espie,
Tell wher he is, or thou shalt it abie,[9]
By God and by the holy sacrement,
For sothly thou art on of his assent
To slen us yongé folk, thou falsé thefe.'

'Now, Sires,' quod he, 'if it be you so lefe[10]
To finden Deth, tourne up this croked way;
For in that grove I left him, by my fay,
Under a tree, and there he wol abide,
Ne for your bost he wol him nothing hide.
Se ye that oke? right ther ye shuln him find.
God savé you that bought agen mankind,
And you amende!' Thus sayd this oldé man.

And everich of thise riotourés ran
Til they came to the tree, and ther they found
Of floreins fine of gold ycoinéd round
Wel nigh an eighté bushels, as hem thought:
No lenger than after Dethe they sought,
But eche of hem so glad was of the sight,
For that the floreins hen so faire and bright,
That doun they sette hem by the precious hord:
The werste of hem he spake the firsté word.

'Brethren,' quod he, 'take kepe what I shal say;
My wit is gret, though that I hourde[11] and play.
This tresour hath Fortúne unto us yeven,
In mirth and jolitee our lif to liven,
And lightly as it cometh so wol we spend,
Ey! Goddés precious dignitee! who wen'd[12]
To-day that we shuld han so faire a grace?
But might this gold be caried fro this place
Home to myn hous, or ellés unto youres,
(For wel I wote that all this gold is oures)
Thanne were we in high felicitee;
But trewély hy day it may not be;—
Men wolden say that we were theevés strong,
And for our owen tresour don us hong.[1]
This tresour must ycarried be by night
As wisely and as sleighly as it might;
Wherfore I rede[2] that cut[3] among us alle
We drawe, and let see where the cut wol falle;
And he that hath the cut, with herté blith,
Shal rennen to the toun, and that ful swith,[4]
And bring us bred and win full privély;
And two of us shal kepen suhtilly
This tresour wel; and if he wol not tarien,
Whan it is night we wol this treasour carien
By on assent wher as us thinketh best.'

That on of hem the cut brought in his fest,
And had hem drawe, and loke where it wold
And it fell on the youngest of them alle;
And forth toward the toun he went anon:
And al so sone as that he was agon,
That on of hem spake thus unto that other;
'Thou wotest wel thou art my sworen brother,
Thy profite wol I tell thee right anon.
Thou wost wel that our felaw is agon;
And here is gold, and that ful gret plentee,
That shal departed ben among us three;
But nathéless, if I can shape it so
That it departed were among us two,
Had I not don a frendés turn to thee?'

That other answer'd: 'I n'ot[5] how that may be:
He wote wel that the gold is with us tweye.
What shuln we don? what shuln we to him seye?'

'Shal it be conseil?' said the firsté shrewe,[6]
'And I shal tellen thee in wordés fewe
What we shuln don, and bring it well aboute.'

'I granté,' quod that other, 'out of doute,
That by my trouth I wol thee not bewreie.'

'Now,' quod the first, 'thou wost wel we ben tweie
And tweie of us shul strenger be than on.
Loke, whan that he is set, thon right an on
Arise, as though thon woldest with him play,
And I shal rive him thurgh the sidés tway:
While that thou stroglest with him as in game;
And with thy dagger loke thou do the same;
And than shal all this gold departed be,
My deré frend! betwixen thee and me;
Than moun we bothe our lustés all fulfille.
And play at dis right at our owen wille
And thus accorded ben thise shrewés tweye
To slen the thridde, as ye han herd me seye.

[1] Wretch. [2] Dear. [3] Wrinkled. [4] Unless he, &c. [5] Advice. [6] Whether. [7] Gamester. [8] This same. [9] Suffer for. [10] Pleasant. [11] Joke. [12] Guessed.

[1] Have us hanged. [2] Advise. [3] Lot. [4] Quickly. [5] Know not. [6] A cursed man.

This yongest, which that wenté to the toun,
Ful oft in herte he rolleth up and doun
The beautee of thise floreins newe and bright.
'O Lord!' quod he, 'if so were, that I might
Have all this tresour to myself alone,
Ther n'is no man that liveth nndér the trone
Of God that shnldé live so mery[1] as I.'
And, at the last, the fend, our enemy,
Putte in his thought that he shuld poison beye
With which he nighté slen his felaws tweye:
For why? the fend fond him in swiche living,
That he had leve[1] to sorwe him to bring;
For this was outrely his ful entente,
To slen hem both and never to repent.
And forth he goth, no lenger wold he tary,
Into the toun unto a 'potecary,
And praiéd him that he him woldé sell
Som poison, that he might his ratouns[2] quell;
And eke ther was a polkat in his hawe[3]
That, as he sayd, his capons had yslawe[4]
And fayn he wolde him wreken,[5] if he might,
Of vermine that destroiéd hem by night.
The 'potecary answer'd: 'Thou shalt have
A thing, as wisly[6] God my soulé save,
In all this world ther n'is no creature
That ete or dronke hath of this confecture
Not but the mountance[7] of a corne of whete,
That he ne shal his lif anon forlete,[8]
Ye, sterve[9] he shal, and that in lesse while
Than thou wolt gon a pas not but a mile;
This poison is so strong and violent.'
This cursed man hath in his hand yhent[1]
This poison in a box, and swithe[2] he ran
Into the nexté strete unto a man,
And horwed of him largé botelles three,
And in the two the poison pouréd he;
The thridde he kepté clené for his drinke,
For all the night he shope him for to swinke[3]
In carying of the gold out of that place.
And whan this riotour with sory grace[4]
Hath filled with wineI his greté botles three,
To his felawes again repaireth he.
What nedeth it therof to sermon more?
For right as they had cast his deth before,
Right so they han him slain, and that anon.
And whan that this was don thus spake that on:
'Now let us sit and drinke, and make us mery,
And afterward we wiln his body bery.'
And with that word it happen'd him *par cas*[5]
To take the hotelle ther the poison was,
And dronke, and yave his felaw drinke also,
For which anon they storven[6] bothé two.
But certés I suppose that Avicenne
Wrote never in no canon ne' in no fenne[7]
Mo wonder signés of empoisoning
Than had thise wretches two, on hir ending.
Thus ended ben thise homicidés two,
And eke the false empoisoner also. * *

[1] Inclination. [2] Rats. [3] Farm-yard. [4] Slain. [5] Revenge himself if he could. [6] Certainly. [7] Amounting. [8] Give over. [9] Die.

[1] Taken. [2] Immediately. [3] Labour, work. [4] Evil, or misfortune. [5] By accident. [6] Storven (perfect tense of starve) — died. [7] The title of one of the sections in Avicenne's great work, entitled *Canon*.

JOHN GOWER.

John Gower, born about the year 1325, is the author of a work written in three parts; The Speculum Meditantis, originally written in French, the Vox Clamantis in Latin and the Confessio Amantis in English. In his Latin composition he seems to have taken Ovid for his model and to a certain degree has succeeded in imitating him. His French poetry possesses also much merit: scarcely any French author of that period has left such a good collection of finished sonnets; he is the last English poet who has written poetry in that language. The confessio Amantis is a dialogue between a lover and his confessor, containing 30.000 verses, therefore the fact that it is considered uninteresting is not to be wondered at. Chaucer has called him ‚The Moral Gower' by which name he is known to the present day. He died in 1402.

FORTUNE UNJUSTLY BLAMED.

Netheless[1] yet some men write,
And sayn fortune is to wite:
And some men holde opinion,
That it is constellation,
Whiche causeth all that a man doothe.
God wote of hothe whiche is soothe;
The worlde, as of his propre kinde
Was ever untrew; and as the blinde.
Improperly he demeth fame:
He blameth that is nought to blame,
And preiseth, that is nought to preise.
Thus whan he shall the thinges peise,[1]
Ther is deceit in his balance;
And all is that the variance,
Of us, that shnlde us better avise;
For after that we fall and rise,
The worlde ariste, and falleth with all:
So that the man is over all
This owne cause of wele and wo.
That we fortune clepe[2] so,

[1] Nevertheless.

[1] Weigh. [2] Call.

Out of the man himselfe it groweth,
And who that other wise troweth?
Beholde the people of Israel;
For ever, while thei bidden well,
Fortune was them debonaire:
And when thei bidden the contraire,
Fortune was contrariende:
So that it proveth wele at ende,
Why that the worlde is wonderfull,
And maie no while stande full,
Though that it seme wele besayn;
For every worldes thing is vaine,
And ever gothe[1] the whele aboute,
And evor stant a man in doute.
Fortune stant no while still:
So hath ther no man his will.
Als far as any man maie knowe,
There lasteth nothing but a throwe.

[1] Goes.

THE TALE OF THE COFFERS OR CASKETS.

In a cronique thus I read:
About a kinge, as must need,
There was of knightes and segniers
Great rout and eke of officers:
Some of long time him hadden served,
And thoughten that they have deserved
Avancement, and gone without;
And some also been of the rout
That comen but a while agon,
And they nvanced were anon.
There olde men upon this thing,
So as they durst, again[1] the king
Among hemself complainen oft:
But there is nothing said so soft
That it ne cometh out at last:
The king it wist, and als[2] so fast
As he which was of high prudence:
He shope[3] therefore an evidence
Of hem that plainen in the cas,[4]
To know in whose default it was;
And all within his own intent,
That none may wiste what it meant.
Anon he let two coffers make
Of one semblance, and of one make,
So lich,[5] that no life thilke throw[6]
That one may fro that other know:
They were into his chamber brought,
But no man wot why they be wrought;
And natheless[7] the king hath bede[8]
That they be set in privy stede,[9]
As he that was of wisdom sly;
When[10] he thereto his time sy,[11]
All privily, that none it wist,
His owne hondes[12] that one chest
Of fine gold, and of fine perie,[13]
The which out of his treasury
Was take, anon he filled full;
That other coffer of straw and mull,[14]
With stones meynd,[15] he filld also:
Thus be they full both two.
So that erlich[16] upon a day
He had within, where he lay,
There should be-to form his bed
A board upset and faire spread:
And then he let the coffers fet[1]
Upon the board, and did hem set.
He knew the names well of tho
The which again him grutched so,[2]
Both of his chamber and of his hall;
Anon and sente for hem all,
And saide to hem in this wise: —
There shall no man his hap[3] despise:
I wot well ye have longe served,
And God wot what ye have deserved;
But if it is along on[4] me
Of that ye unavanced be,
Or elles if it belong on yow,
The soothe shall be proved now:
To stoppe with your evil word,
Lo! here two coffers on the boarde;
Chese[5] which you list of bothe two,
And witteth[6] well that one of tho
Is with tresor so full begon[7]
That, if ye happe therupon,
Ye shall be riche men for ever:
Now chese and take which you is lever;[8]
But be ye well ware that ye take,
For of that one[9] I undertake[10]
There is no manner good therein
Whereof ye mighten profit win.
Now goth[11] together of one assent,
And taketh your avisement;
For, but I you this day avance,
It stant upon your owne chance,
All only in default of grace;
So shall be showed in this place
Upon you alle well afin[12]
That no defaulte shall be min.
They kneelen all, and with one voice
The king they thonken of this choice;
And after that they up arise,
And gon aside and hem avise;
And at laste they accord
(Whereof their tale to record

[1] Against [2] Also. [3] Contrived. [4] Case. [5] Like. [6] No person at any particular time? [7] Nevertheless [8] Bidden. [9] Place. [10] Gower also, like the other writers of his time, has *whan* and *than*, where we now say *when* and *then*. [11] Saw. The old spelling is *sih* and *sih*. [12] Handa. [13] Jewelry. [14] Rubbish. [15] Mingled. [16] Early.

[1] Feteh. [2] Those who against him grudged (or grumbled) so. [3] Fortone. [4] Owing to. [5] Choose. [6] Know, understand ye. [7] Begun, used in a general sense, nearly with the effect of *made*. [8] Is more agreeable to you [9] The one. [10] Promise, engage, assure you. [11] Go. [12] In the end.

To what issue they be fall)
A knight shall speake for hem all.
He kneeleth down unto the king,
And saith that they upon this thing,
Or for to win, or for to lese,[1]
Been all avised for to chese.
Tho[2] took this knight a yerd on hond,[3]
And goth there as the coffers stond,
And with assent of everich one
He layeth his yerde upon one,
And saith[4] the king how thilke[5] same
They chese in reguerdon[6] by name,
And prayeth him that they might it have.
The king, which wold his honour save,
When he had heard the common voice,
Hath granted hem their owne choice,
And took hem thereupon the key,

[1]Lose. [2]Then. [3]A yard, or rod, in hand. [4]Saith to, telleth. [5]This. [6]In guerdon, or reward.

And, for he wold it were see[1]
What good they have as they suppose,
He bade anon the coffer unclose —
Which was fulfilled with straw and stones!
Thus be they served all at ones.[2]
The king then, in the same stede,[3]
Anon that other coffer undede,[4]
Whereas they sighen[5] great richess,
Well more than they conthen guess.
Lo! saith the king, now may ye see
That there is no default in me;
Forthy[6] myself I wol acquite,
And beareth ye your owne wite[7]
Of that fortune hath you refused.
Thus was this wise king excused:
And they left off their evil speech,
And mercy of their king beseech.

[1]It were seen? [2]Once. [3]Place. [4]Undid. [5]Where they saw. [6]Therefore. [7]Blame.

SIR THOMAS WYATT.

Sir Thomas Wyatt, born in Kent 1503, was a distinguished personage at the court of Henry VIII., and, according to report, a favoured lover of Anna Boleyn. He is the author of several pretty and romantic pieces of amorous poetry. He was a man of a finished education for his time, and the king employed him on several important embassies. He died in 1542.

THE LADY TO AUNSWERE DIRECTLY WITH YEA OR NAY.

Madame, withouten many woordes,
Once, I am sure, you will or no:
And if you will, then leave your boordes,
And use your wit, and shew it so.

For with a beck you shall me call;
And if of one, that burnes alwaye
Ye have pitie, or ruth at all,
Aunswere him faire with yea, or nay.
If it be nay, frendes as before,
You shall an other man obtayne,
And I myne own, and yours no more.

A RENOUNCING OF LOVE.

Farewell love, and all thy lawes for ever,
Thy bated hookes shall tangle me no more;
Seneca and Plato call me from thy lore,
To parfit welth my witt for to endever.
In blind errour when I did persever,
Thy sharp repulse that pricketh aye so sore,
Taught me in trifles that I set noe store,
But scape forth thence, since libertie is leffer.
Therefore, farewell, go, trouble yonnger harts,
And in time claim noe more auctoritie:
With idle youth goe use thy propertie,
And thereon spend thy many brittle darts.
For hitherto, though I have lost my time,
Me list no longer rotten bowes to clime.

LORD SURREY.

Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey, who is supposed to have been born in the year 1516, was the son of the Duke of Norfolk. Very little can be ascertained with any degree of positiveness, as to the events of his life. His education was completed at the age of sixteen, at which time he married. He was in favour at the court of Henry VIII. and distinguished himself on several occasions as a brave soldier and able commander. He is supposed to have fallen in love, during his travels on the continent, with a lady at Florence, whom he designates in his poetry by the name of Geraldine, but according to the opinion of others, Geraldine is merely a creation of the poet's fancy. He received the order of the Garter and in 1544 was made marshal of the army, but in 1546 he fell into disgrace at court and was beheaded in the Tower 1547. Surrey's literary productions are not extensive, yet of sufficient merit to entitle him to a high rank among the English poets; they consist in sonnets, miscellaneous pieces, chiefly amatory, and a translation of two books of Virgil's Æneid.

DESCRIPTION AND PRAISE OF HIS LOVE, GERALDINE.

From Tuscane came my ladies worthy race;
Faire Florence was, sometyme, her auncient seat;
The western yle whose pleasant shore doth face
Wild Camber's cliff, did geve her lyvely heate.

Foster'd she was with milke of Irishe breste;
Her sire, an Erle; her dame of princes' blood:
From tender yeres in Britaine she doth rest,
With kinges childe, where she tasteth costly food.
Honsdon did first present her to myne eyne,
Bright is her hewe, and Geraldine she hight:
Hampton me tanght to wish her first for mine,
And Windsor, alas! doth chase me from her sight.
Her beauty of kinde, her vertue from above,
Happy is he that can obtain her love.

DESCRIPTION OF SPRING, WHEREIN ECHE THING RENEWES, SAVE ONLY THE LOVER.

The soote season that bud and bloome fourth bringes,
With grene hath cladde the hyll, and eke the vale;
The nightingall, with fethers new, she singes;
The turtle too her mate hath told her tale.
Somer is come; for every spray now springes;
The hart hath hung hys olde head on the pale;
The hucke, in brake his winter coate he flynges
The fishes flete with new repayred scale
The adder, all her slough away she flynges;
The swift swallow pursueth the flyes smalle;
The hnsy bee, her honey now she mynges;
Winter is worn, that was the floures hale.
And thns I see, among these pleasant thynges,
Eche care decayes, and yet my sorrow sprynges.

LORD VAUX.

Lord Vaux is generally sopposed to have been a certain ‚Thomas, Lord Vaux of Harrowden in Northamptonshire', to have become a member of parliament in 1531, and to have lived till the end of Mary's reign. His poems are numerous, bot have never been published collectively.

THE AGED LOVER RENOUNCETH LOVE.

I loath that I did love
In youth that I thonght sweet:
As time requires for my behove,
Methinks they are not meet.

My lusts they do me leave,
My fancies all be fled;
And tract of time begins to weave
Grey hairs upon my head.

For Age with stealing steps
Hath claw'd me with his croutch;
And lusty life away she leaps,
As there had been none such.

My Muse doth not delight
Me, as she did before:
My hand and pen are not in plight
As they have been of yore.

For Reason me denies
This yonthly idle Rhyme;
And day by day to me she cries,
"Leave off these toys in time."

The wrinkles in my brow,
The furrows in my face,
Say, "Limping Age will hedge him now
Where youth must give him place."

The harbinger of Death
To me I see him ride:
The cough, the cold, the gasping breath,
Doth bid me to provide

A pick-axe, and a spade,
And eke a shrouding sheet,
A house of clay for to be made
For such a guest most meet.

ANCIENT ENGLISH POPULAR BALLADS.

CHEVY-CHASE.

The Persè owt of Northombarlande,
And a vowe to God mayd he,
That he wolde hunte in the mountayns
Off Chyviat within dayes thre,
In the mauger[1] of dougtè Dogles,
And all that ever with him he.
The fattiste hartes in all Cheviat
He sayd he wold kill, and cary them away:

[1] In spite of.

Be my feth, sayd the dougheti Doglas agayn,
I wyll let[1] that hontyng yf that I may.

Then the Persè owt of Banborowe cam,
With him a myghtye meany;[2]
With fifteen hondrith archares bold;
The wear chosen out of shyars thre.

This begane on a Monday at morn
In Cheviat the hillys so he;
The chyld may rue that ys un-born,
It was the mor pitté.

The dryvars thorowe the woodes went
For to reas the dear;
Bomen bickarte uppone the bent[3]
With ther browd arus cleare.

Then the wyld thorowe the woodes went
On every syde shear:
Grea-hondes thorowe the greves glent
For to kyll thear dear.

The begane in Chyviat the hyls above
Yerly on a monnyn day;
Be that it drewe to the oware[4] off none
A hondrith fat hartes ded ther lay.

The blewe a mort uppone the bent,
The semblyd on sydis shear;
To the quyrry[5] then the Persè went
To se the bryttlynge off the deare.

He sayd, It was the Duglas promys
This day to meet me hear;
But I wyste he wold faylle verament:
A gret oth the Persè swear.

At the laste a squyar of Northombelonde
Lokyde at his hand full ny,
He was war[6] ath the doughetie Doglas comynge:
With him a mightè meany,

Both with spear, byll,[7] and brande:[8]
Yt was a myghti sight to se,
Hardyar men both off hart nar hande
Were not in Christiantè.

The wear twenty hondrith spear-men good
Withouten any fayle;
The wear borne a-long be the watter a Twyde,
Yth[9] bowndes of Tividale.

Leave off the brytlyng of the dear, he sayde,
And to yonr bowys look ye tayk good heed;
For never sithe ye wear on your mothars borne
Had ye never so mickle need.

The dougheti Dogglas on a stede
He rode att his men beforne;
His armor glytteryde as dyd a glede;[10]
A bolder barne was never born.

Tell me 'what' men ye ar, he says,
Or whos men that ye be:
Who gave youe leave to hunte in this
Chyviat chays in the spyt of me?

The first mane that ever him an answear
Yt was the good lord Persè:
We wyll not tell the 'what' men we ar, he says,
Nor whos men that we be;
But we wyll hount hear in this chays
In the spyte of thyne, and of the.

The fattiste hartes in all Chyviat a-way.
We have kyld, and cast[1] to carry them
Be my troth, sayd the doughtè Dogglas agayn,
Ther-for the ton[2] of us shall de this day.

Then sayd the doughtè Doglas
Unto the lord Persè:
To kyll all thes giltless men,
A-las! it wear great pittè.

But, Persè, thowe art a lord of lande,
I am a yerle[3] callyd within my contre;
Let all our men uppone a parti stande;
And do the battell off the and of me.

Now Cristes cors on his crowne, sayd the lord Persè,
Who-soever ther-to says nay.
Be my troth, doughtè Doglas, he says,
Thow shalt never se that day;

Nethar in Yuglonde, Skottlonde, nar Fraunce,
Nor for no man of a woman born,
But and fortune be my chance,
I dar met him on man for on.

Then bespayke a squyar off Northombarlonde,
Ric. Wytharynton was him nam;
It shall never be told in Sothe-Ynglonde,
To kyng Herry the fourth for sham.

I wat[4] youe byn[5] great lordes twaw,
I am a poor squyar of lande;
I will never se my captayne fyght on a fylde,
And stande my-selfe, and looke on,
But whyll I may my weppone welde,
I wyll not 'fayl' both harte and hande.

That day, that day, that dredfull day;
The first fit[6] here I fynde.
And yone wyll here any mor athe hountyng
Yet ys ther mor behynde.

The Ynglishe men hade ther bowys yebent,
The hartes were good yenoughe;
The first of arros that the shote off,
Seven skore spear-men the sloughe.[7]

Yet bydys the yerle Doglas uppon the bent
A captayne good ynoughe,
And that was sene verament,
For he wrought hom both woo and wonche.[8]

[1] Hinder. [2] Company. [3] Field. [4] Hour. [5] Quarry. [6] Aware. [7] Battle. ax. [8] Sword. [9] In the. [10] A red hot coal.

[1] Mean. [2] One. [3] Earl. [4] Know. [5] Are. [6] Division of a song. [7] Slew. [8] Mischief.

The Dogglas pertyd his ost in thre,
 Lyk a cheffe cheften[1] off pryde,
With suar[2] speares off myghtte tre
 The eum in on every syde.

Thrughe our Ynglishe archery
 Gave many a wounde full wyde;
Many a doughete the garde to dy,
 Which ganyde[3] them no pryde.

The Ynglishe mèn let thear bowys he,
 And pulde[4] owt brandes that wer bright;
It was a hevy syght to se
 Bryght swordes on basnites[5] lyght.

Thorowe ryche male, and myne-ye-ple
 Many sterne the stroke downe streight:
Many a freyke[6] that was full free,
 That undar foot dyd lyght.

At last the Duglas and the Persè met,
 Lyk to captayns of myght and mayne;
The swapte togethar tyll the both swat
 With swordes, that wear of fyn myllàn.

Thes worthè freekys for to fyght
 Ther-to the wear full fayne. [sprente,[7]
Tyll the bloode owte off their basnites
 As ever dyd heal[8] or rayne.

Holde the, Persè, sayd the Doglas,
 And i' feth I shall the brynge
Wher thowe shalte have a yerls wagis
 Of Jamy our Scottish kynge.

Thoue shalte have thy ransom free,
 I hight[9] the hear this thinge,
For the manfullyste man yet art thowe,
 That ever I conqueryd in filde fightyng.

Nay 'then' sayd the lord Persè,
 I tolde it the beforne,
That I wolde never yeldyde be
 To no man of a woman born.

With that ther cam an arrowe hastely
 Forthe off a nightie wane,[10]
Hit hathe strekene the yerle Duglas
 In at the hrest bane.

Thoroue lyvar and longs hathe[11]
 The sharp arrowe ys gane,
That never after in all his lyffe days,
 He spayke mo wordes but ane,
That was, Fyghte ye, my merry men whyll-
 For my lyff days hen[12] gan. [ys[12] ye may,

The Persè leanyde[14] on his brande,
 And sawe the Duglas de;[15]
He tooke the dede man be the hande,
 And sayd, Wo ys me for the!

To have sayvde thy lyffe I wold have per-
 My landes for years thre, [tyd[16] with

[1] Chieftain. [2] Heavy. [3] Gained. [4] Pulled. [5] Helmets. [6] Fellow. [7] Sprung. [8] Hail. [9] Entreat. [10] Ane, one, sc. man. [11] Both. [12] Whilst. [13] Are. [14] Leaned. [15] Die. [16] Parted.

For a better man of hart, nare of hande
 Was not in all the north countrè.

Off all that se[1] a Skottishe knyght,
 Was callyd Sir Hewe the Mongon-hyrry,
He sawe the Duglas to the deth was dyght;[2]
 He spendyd[3] a spear a trusti tre:

He rod uppon a corsiare
 Throughe a hondrith archery;
He never styntyde[4] nar never blane,[5]
 Tyll he cam to the good lord Persè.

He set uppone the lord Persè
 A dynte that was full soare;
With a suar spear of a myghtè tre
 Clean thorow the body he the Persè bore,

Athe[6] tothar syde, that a man myght se,
 A large cloth yard and mare:
Towe bettar captayns wear nat in Christiantè,
 Then that day slain wear ther.

An archar off Northomberlonde
 Say slean was the lord Persè,
He har a hende-bow in his hande,
 Was made off trusti tre:

An arow, that a cloth yarde was lang,
 To th' hard stele haylde[7] he;
A dynt, that was both sad and sore,
 He sat on Sir Hewe the Mongon-hyrry.

The dynt yt was both sad and sar,
 That he of Mongon-hyrry sete;
The swane-fethars, that his arrowe har,[8]
 With his hart blood the wear wete.

Ther was never a freake wone foot wolde fle,
 But still in stour[9] dyd stand,
Heawying on yche othar, whyll the myght dre,
 With many a hal-ful brande.

This battell begane in Chyviat
 An owar[10] befor the none,
And when even song bell was rang
 The battell was nat half done.

The tooke 'on' on ethar hand
 Be the lyght off the mone;
Many hade no strength for to stande,
 In Chyviat the hyllys aboun.[11]

Of fifteen hondrith archars of Ynglonde
 Went away but fifti and thre;
Of twenty hondrith spear-men of Skot-
 But even five and fifti: [londe,

But all wear slayne Cheviat within:
 The hade no strengthe to stand on hie;
The chylde may rue that ys un-borne,
 It was the mor pittè.

Thear was slayne with the lord Persè
 Sir John of Agerstone,

[1] Saw. [2] Put [3] Grasped. [4] Stopped. [5] Staid. [6] At the. [7] Hauled. [8] Bore. [9] Fight. [10] Hour. [11] Above.

Sir Roge the hinde Hartly,
Sir Wyllyam the bolde Hearone.

Sir Jorg the worthè Lovele
A knight of great renowen,
Sir Raff the rych Rugbè
With dyntes wear beaten dowene.

For Wetharryngton my harte was wo,
That ever he slayne shulde be;
For when both his leggis wear hewyne in to,
Yet he knyled and fought on hys kne.

Ther was slayne with the dougheti Douglas
Sir Hewe the Mongon-hyrry,
Sir Davye Lwdale, that worthè was,
His sistars son was he:

Sir Charles a Murrè, in that place,
That never a foot wolde fle;
Sir Hewe Maxwell, a lorde he was,
With the Dnglas dyd he dey.

So on the morrowe the mayde them byears
Off hyrch, and hasell so 'gray;'
Many wedous with wepyng tears
Cam to fach[1] ther makys a-way.

Tivydale may carpe[2] off care,
Northombarlond may mayk grat mone,
For towe sneh captayns, as slayne wear thear,
On the march perti shall never be none.

Wordeys commen to Edden hurrowe,
To Jamy the Skottishe kyng,
That dongheti Duglas, lyff-tenant of the
He lay slean Chyviot with-in. [Merches,

His handdes did he weal[3] and wryng,
He sayd, Alas, and woe ys me!
Such another captayn Skotland within,
He sayd, y-feth shud never be.

Worde ys commyn to lovly Londone
Till the fourth Harry our kyng,
That lord Persè, leyff-tennanteof the Merchis,
He lay slayne Chyviat within.

God have merci on his soll, sayd kyng Harry,
Good lord, yf thy will it be! [he sayd,
I have a hondrith captayns in Ynglonde,
As good as ever was hee:
But Persè, and I brook[4] my lyffe,
Thy deth well quyte[5] shall he.

As our noble kyng made his a-vowe,
Lyke a noble prince of renowen,
For the deth of the lord Persè,
He dyd the battel of Hombyll-down:

Wher syx and thritte[6] Skottish knyghtes
On a day wear beaten down:
Glendale glytteryde on ther armor hryght,
Over castill, towar, and town.

This was the hontynge off the Cheviat;
That tear begaue this spurn:
Old men that knowen the grownde well yenonghe,
Call it the Battell of Otterburn.

At Otterburn began this spurne
Uppon a monnyn day:
Ther was the dougghtè Doglas slean,
The Persè never went away.

Ther was never a tym on the march partes
Sen[1] the Doglas and the Persè met,
But yt was marvele, and the redde blude ronne not,
As the reane doys in the stret.

Jhesue Christ our balys bete,
And to the blys us bringe!
Thus was the hountynge of the Chevyat:
God send us all good ending!

THE BATTLE OF OTTERBOURNE

Yr felle abowght the Lamasse tyde,
When husbonds wynn ther haye,
The dowhtye Dowglass bowynd hym to ryde,
In Ynglond to take a praye:

The yerlle of Fyffe, withowghten stryffe,
He bowynd hym over Sulway:
The grete wolde ever together ryde;
That race they may rue for aye.

Over 'Ottercap' hyll they came in,
And so dowyn by Rodelyffeeragge,
Upon Grene 'Leyton' they lighted dowyn,
Styrande many a stagge;

And boldely brente Northomberlonde,
And haryed[2] many a towyn;
They dyd owr Ynglysh men grete wrange,
To battell that were not bowyn.

Than spake a berne upon the beut,
Of comforte that was not colde,
And sayd, We have brent Northomberlond,
We have all welth in holde.

Now we have haryed all Banhoroweshyre,
All the welth in the worlde have wee;
I rede we ryde to Newe Castell,
So styll and stalwurthlye.[3]

Uppon the morowe, when it was daye,
The standards schone fulle hryght;
To the Newe Castello the toke the waye,
And thether they cam fulle ryght.

Sir Henry Percy laye at the Newe Castelle,
I telle yow withowtten drede;

[1] Fetch. [2] Lament. [3] Wail. [4] Enjoy [5] Paid. [6] Thirty.

[1] Since. [2] Plundered. [3] Stoutly.

He had byn a march-man all hys dayes,
And kepte Barwyke upon Twede.

To the Newe Castell when they cam,
The Skottes they cryde on hyght,
Syr Harye Percy, and thow byste within,
Com to the fylde, and fyght:

For we have brente Northomberlonde,
Thy eritage good and ryght;
And syne[1] my logeyng I have take,
With my brande dubbyd many a knyght.

Sir Harry Percy cam to the walles,
The Skottyssh oste for to se;
"And thow hast brente Northomberlond,
Full sore it rewyth[2] me.

Yf thou hast haryed all Bambarowe shyre,
Thow hast done me grete envye;
For the trespasse thow hast me done,
The tone[3] of us schall dye."

Where schall I byde the? sayd the Dowglas,
Or where wylte thow come to me?
"At Otterborne in the hygh way,
Ther maist thow well logeed be.

The roo full rekeles[4] ther sche rinnes,
To make the game and glee:
The fawkon and the fesaunt both,
Amonge on the holtes[5] on 'hee.'

Ther maist thow have thy welth at wyll,
Well looged ther maist be.
Yt schall not be long, or I com the tyll,"
Sayd Syr Harry Percye.

Ther schall I byde the, sayd tho Dowglas,
By the fayth of my bodye.
Thether schall I com, sayd Syr Harry Percy;
My trowth I plyght to the.

A pype of wyne he gave them over the walles,
For soth, as I yow saye:
Ther he mayd the Douglas drynke,
And all hys oste that daye.

The Dowglas turnyd hym homewarde agayne,
For soth withowghten naye,
He tooke his logeyng at Oterborne
Uppon a Wedyns-day:

And there he pyght[6] hys standerd dowyn,
Hys gettyng more and lesse,
And syne[7] he warned hys men to goo
To chose ther geldyngs gresse.

A Skottysshe knyght hoved[8] upon the bent,
A wache I dare well saye:
So was he ware on the noble Percy
In the dawnynge of the daye.

He prycked to his pavyleon dore,
As faste as he myght ronne,
Awaken, Dowglas, cryed the knyght,
For hys love, that syttes yn trone.

Awaken, Dowglas, cryed the knyght,
For thow maiste waken wyth wynne:[1]
Yender have I spyed the prowde Percy,
And seven standardes wyth hym.

Nay by my trowth, the Douglas sayed,
It ys but a fayned tayllo:
He durste not loke on my bred banner,
For all Ynglonde so haylle.[2]

Was I not yesterdaye at the Newe Castell,
That stonds so fayre on Tyne?
For all the mon the Percy hade,
He cowde not garre[3] me ones to dyne.

He stepped owt at hys pavelyon dore,
To loke and it were lesse;
Araye yow, lordyngs, one and all,
For here bygynnes no peysse.

The yerle of Mentayne, thow arte my eme,
The forwarde I gyve to the:
The yerlle of Huntlay cawte and kene,[4]
He schall wyth the be.

The lorde of Bowghan in armure bryght
On the other hand he schall be;
Lord Jhonstone and lorde Maxwell,
They to schall be with me.

Swynton fayre fylde upon your prydo
To batell make yow bowen:
Syr Davy Scotte, Syr Walter Stewardo,
Syr Jhon of Agurstone.

The Perssy came byfore hys oste,
Wych was ever a gentyll knyght,
Upon the Dowglas lowde gan he crye,
I wyll holdo that I have hyght:

For thow haste brente Northumberlonde,
And done me grete envye;
For thys trespasse thou hast me done,
The tone of us schall dye.

The Dowglas answerde hym agayne
With grete wurds up on 'hee,'
And sayd, I have twenty agaynst 'thy' one;
Byholde and thow maiste see.

Wyth that the Percye was grevyd sore,
For sothe as I yow saye:
He lyghted dowyn upon his fote,
And schoote[5] his horsse clene away.

[1]Then. [2]To repent. [3]One. [4]Regardless. [5]Woods. [6]Pitched. [7]Then. [8]Heaved or hovered, hung moving.

[1]Joy. [2]For the profit of all England. [3]Make. [4]Cautious and active. [5]Shot, let go.

Every man sawe that he dyd soo,
That ryall[1] was ever in rowght;[2]
Every man schoote hys horsse him froo,
And lyght hym rowynde abowght.

Thus Syr Hary Percye toke the fylde,
For soth, as I yow saye:
Jesu Cryste in hevyn on hyght
Dyd helpe hym well that daye.

But nyne thowzand, ther was no moo;
The cronykle wyll not layne:[3]
Forty thowsande Skottes and fowre
That day fowght them agayne.

But when the batell byganne to joyne,
In hast ther came a knyght,
Then letters fayre furth hath he tayne,
And thus he sayd full ryght:

My lorde, your father he gretes yow well,
Wyth many a noble knyght;
He desyres yow to hyde
That he may see thys fyght.

The Baron of Grastoke ys com owt of the west,
With him a noble companye;
All they loge at your fathers thys nyght,
And the battel fayne wold they see.

For Jesu's love, sayd Syr Harye Percy,
That dyed for yow and me,
Wende to my lorde my father agayne,
And saye thon saw me not with yee.[4]

My trowth ys plight to yonne Skottysh knyght,
It nedes me not to layne,
That I schulde bydo hym upon thys bent,
And I have hys trowth agayne:

And if that I wende off thys grownde
For soth unfoughten awaye,
Ile wolde me call but a kowarde knyght
In his londe another daye.

Yet had I lever[5] to be ryndc and rente,
By Mary that mykel maye,[6]
Then ever my manhood schulde be reprovyd
Wyth a Skotte another daye.

Wherfore schote, archars, for my sake,
And let scharpe arowes flee:
Mynstrells, play up for your waryson,
And well quyt it schall be.

Every man thynke on hys trewe love,
And marke hym to the Trenite:
For to God I make myne avowe
Thys day wyll I not fle.

The blodye harte in the Dowglas armes,
Hys standerde stode on hye;
That every man myght full well knowe:
By syde stode Starres thre:

The whyte Lyon on the Ynglysh parte,
Forsoth as I yow sayne;
The Lucetts and the Cressawnts both:
The Skotts faught them agayne.

Uppon sent Andrewe lowde cane[1] they crye,
And thrysse they schowte on hyght,
And syne[2] marked them one owr Ynglysshe men,
As I have told yow ryght.

Sent George the bryght owr ladies knyght,
To name they were full fayne,
Owr Ynglysshe men they cryde on hyght,
And thrysse the schowtte agayne.

Wyth that scharpe arowes bygan to flee,
I tell yow in sertayne;
Men of armes byganne to joyne;
Many a dowghty man was ther slayne.

The Percy and the Dowglas mette,
That ether of other was fayne;
They schapped together, whyll that the swette,
With swords of fyne Collayne;

Tyll the bloode from ther bassonnetts[3] ranne,
As the roke doth in the rayne.
Yelde the to me, sayd the Dowglas,
Or els thow schalt be slayne:

For I see, by thy hryght bassonet,
Thow arte sum man of myght;
And so I do by thy hurnysshed brande,
Thow art an yerle, or ells a knyght.

By my good faythe, sayd tho noble Percy,
Now haste thou rede full ryght,
Yet wyll I never yelde me to the,
Whyll I may stonde and fyght.

They swapped together, whyll that they swette,
Wyth swordes scharpe and long;
Ych on other so faste they beette,
Tyll ther helmes cam in peyses[4] dowyn.

The Percy was a man of strenghth,
I tell yow in thys stounde,
He smote the Dowglas at the swordes length,
That he felle to the growynde.

The sworde was scharpe and sore can byte,
I tell yow in sertayne;
To the harte, he cowde hym smyte,
Thus was the Dowglas slayne.

The stonderds stode styll on eke syde,
With many a grevous grone;
Ther the fowght the day, and all the nyght,
And many a dowghty man was 'slone.'

[1]Royal. [2]Rout. [3]Conceal. [4]Eye. [5]Rather. [6]Maid.

[1]Began to cry. [2]Then. [3]Helmet. [4]Pieces

Ther was no freke,[1] that ther wolde flye,
But styffly in stowre[2] can stond, [drye,
Ychone hewyng on other whyll they myght
Wyth many a bayllefull bronde.

Ther was slayne upon the Skottes syde,
For soth and serteuly,
Syr James a Dowglas ther was slayne,
That daye that he cowde dye.

The yerle Mentaye of he was slayne,
Gryscly groned uppon the growynd;
Syr Davy Scotte, Syr Walter Steward,
Syr 'John' of Agurstonne.

Syr Charlles Morrey in that place,
That never a fote wold flye;
Sir Hughe Maxwelle, a lord he was,
With the Dowglas dyd he dye.

Ther was slayne upon the Skottes syde,
For soth as I yow saye,
Of fowre and forty thowsande Scotts
Went hut eyghtene awaye.

Ther was slayne upon the Ynglysshe syde,
For soth and sertenlye,
A gentell knyght, Sir John Fitz-hughe,
Yt was the more petye.

Syr James Harebotell ther was slayne,
For hym ther hartes were sore,
The gentyll 'Lovelle' ther was slayne,
That tho Perceyes standerd bore.

Ther was slayne uppon the Ynglyssh perte,
For soth as I yow saye:
Of nyne thowsand Ynglyssh men
Fyve hondert cam awaye:

The other were slayne in the fylde,
Cryste[3] kepe[4] their sowles from wo,
Seyng ther was so few fryndes
Agaynst so many a foo.

Then one the morne they mayd them beeres
Of hyrch, and hayscll graye;
Many a wydowe with wepyng teyres
Ther makes they fette[5] awaye.

Thys fraye bygan at Otterborne,
Bytwene the nyghte and the day:
Ther the Dowglas lost hys lyfe,
And the Percy was lede awaye.

Then was ther a Scottyshe prisoner tayne,[6]
Syr Hughe Mongomery was hys name,
For soth as I yow saye,
He horowed the Percy home agayne.

Now let us all for the Percy praye
To Jesu most of myght,
To bryng his sowle to the blysse of heven,
For he was a gentyll knight.

[1]Man, person. [2]Fight. [3]Christ. [4]Keep. [5]Fetched. [6]Taken.

ON THE DEATH OF KING EDWARD THE FIRST.

Alle, that beoth[1] of huerte trewe,
A stounde[2] herkneth to my song
Of duel[3] that Deth hath diht us uewe,
That maketh me syke, ant sorewe among;
Of a knyht, that wes so strong,
Of wham God hath don ys wille;
Me-thuncheth that deth hath don us wroug,
That he so sone shall ligge[4] stille.

Al Englond ahte[5] for te knowe
Of wham that song is, that y synge;
Of Edward kyng, that lith so lowe,
Zent al this world is nome con springe:
Trewest mon of alle thinge,
Ant in werre war ant wys,
For him we ahte onre hounden wrynge,
Of Christendome he ber the prys.

Byfore that oure kyng was ded,
Ile spek ase mon that wes in care,
„Clerkes, knyhtes, barons, he sayde,
Y charge ou by oure sware,
That ye to Engelonde be trewe.
Y deze,[6] y ne may lyven na more;
Helpeth mi sone, ant crouneth him newe,
For he is nest to buen[7] y-core[8]

Ich hiqueth myn herte arhyt,
That hit be write at my devys,
Over the see that Hue be diht,[9]
With fourscore knyhtes al of prys,
In werre that buen war ant wys,
Azein[10] the hethene for te fyhte,
To wynne the erciz that lowe lys,
Myself ycholde zef[11] that y myhte."

Kyng of Frannce, thou hevedest 'sinne,'
That thou the counsail woldest fonde,[12]
To latte the wille of 'Edward kyng'
To wende to the holy londe.
That oure kyng hede take on honde
All Engelond to zeme ant wysse,
To wenden in to the holy londe:
To wynnen us heveriche[13] hlisse.

The messager to the pope com,
And seyde that our kynge was ded:
Ys oune hond the lettre he nom,
Ywis[14] his herte was full gret:
The Pope him self the lettre redde,
Ant spec a word of gret honour.
Alas! he seid, is Edward ded!
Of Christendome he her the flour."

The Pope to is chammbre wende,
For dol ne mihte he speke na more;
Ant after cardinals he sende,
That muche couthen[15] of Cristes lore,

[1]Are. [2]Moment. [3]Grief. [4]Lie. [5]Ought. [6]Die. [7]Be. [8]Chosen. [9]Put. [10]Against. [11]If. [12]Found. [13]Every. [14]Verily. [15]Knew.

Bothe the lasse, ant eke the more,
Bed hem bothe rede ant synge:
Gret deol me myhte se thore,
Mony mon is honde wrynge.[1]

The Pope of Peyters stod at is masse
With ful gret solempnetè,
Ther me con the soule blesse:
Kyng Edward honoured thou bo:
God love thi sone come after the,
Bringe to ende that thou hast bygonne,
The holy crois y-mad of tre,
So fain thou wouldest hit hav y-wonne.

Jerusalem, thou hast i-lore[2]
The flour of al chivalrie
Now kyng Edward liveth na more:
Alas! that he zet shulde deye!
He wolde ha rered up full heyze[3]
Oure banners, that bneth broht to gronnde;
Well longe we mowe elepe and crie
Er we a snch kyng han y-founde.[4]

Nou is Edward of Carnarvan
King of Engelond al[4] aplyht,[5]
God lete him ner be worse man
Then his fader, ne lasse of myht,
To holden is pore men to ryht,
And understonde good counsail,
Al Engelond for to wysse[6] ant dyht;[7]
Of gode knyhtes darh him nout fail.

Thah mi tonge were mad of stel,
Ant min herte yzote[8] of bras,
The godness myht y never telle,
That with kyng Edward was:
Kyng, as thou art eleped[9] conquerour,
In ueh bataille thou hadest prys;
God bringe thi soule to the honour,
That ever wes, ant ever ys.

THE NOT-BROWNE MAYD.

Be it ryght, or wrong, these men among
On women do complayne;
Affyrmynge this, how that it is
A labour spent in vayne,
To love them wele; for never a dele
They love a man agayne:
For lato a man do what he can,
Theyr favour to attayne,
Yet, yf a newe do them persue,
Theyr first true lover than
Laboureth for nought: for from her thought
He is a banyshed man.

I say nat nay, but that all day
It is bothe writ and sayd
That womans faith is, as who sayth,
All utterly decayd;
But, nevertheless ryght good wytnesse
In this case might be layd,
That they love true, and continue:
Recorde the Not-browne Mayde:
Which, when her love came, her to prove,
To her to make his mone,
Wolde nat depart; for in her hart
She loved but hym alone.

Than betwaine us late us dyscus
What was all the maniere
Betwayne them two: we wyll also
Tell all the payne, and fere,
That she was in. Now I begyn,
So that ye mo answère;
Wherfore, all ye, that present be
I pray you, gyve an ere.
"I am the knyght; I come by nyght,
As secret as I can;
Sayinge, Alas! thus standeth the case,
I am a banyshed man."

SHE.

And I your wyll for to fulfyll
In this wyll nat refuse;
Trustying to shewe, in wordes fewe,
That men have an yll use
(To theyr own shame) women to blame,
And causelesse them accuse;
Therfore to you I answere nowe,
All women to excuse, —
Myne owne hart dere, with you what chere?
I pray you, tell anone;
For, in my mynde, of all mankynde
I love but you alone.

HE.

It standeth so; a dede is do
Wherof grete harme shall growe:
My destiny is for to dy
A shamefull deth, I trowe;
Or elles to fle: the one must be.
None other way I knowe,
But to withdrawe as an outlawe,
And take me to my bowe.
Wherfore, adue, my owne hart true!
None other rede I can;
For I must to the grene wode[1] go,
Alone, a banyshed man.

SHE.

O Lord, what is thys worldys blysse,
That changeth as the mone![2]
My somers day in lusty may

[1] Hands wring. [2] Lost. [3] High. [4] Quite. [5] Complete. [6] To govern. [7] To order. [8] Molten, melted. [9] Called

[1] Wood. [2] Moon.

Is derked[1] before the none.
I here you say, farewell: Nay, nay,
We dèpart nat so sone.
Why say ye so? whoder wyll ye go?
Alas! what have ye done?
All my welfare to sorrowe and care
Sholde chaunge, yf ye were gone;
For, in my mynde, of all mankynde
I love but you alone.

HE.

I can beleve, it shall you greve,[2]
And somewhat you dystrayne;
But, aftyrwarde, your paynes harde
Within a day or twayne
Shall sone aslake; and ye shall take
Comfort to you agayne.
Why sholde ye ought? for, to make thought,
Your labour were in vayne.
And thus I do; and pray you to,
As hartely, as I can;
For I must to the grene wode go,
Alone, a banyshed man.

SHE.

Now, syth that ye have shewed to me
The secret of your mynde,
I shall be playne to you agayne,
Lyke as ye shall me fynde.
Syth it is so, that ye wyll go,
I wolle not leve behynde;
Shall never be sayd, the Not-browne Mayd
Was to her love unkynde:
Make you redy,[3] for so am I,
Allthough it were anone;
For, in my mynde, of all mankynde
I love but you alone.

HE.

Yet I you rede to take good hede
What men wyll thynke, and say:
Of yonge and olde it shall be tolde
That ye be gone away,
Your wanton wyll for to fulfill,
In grene wode you to play;
And that ye myght from your delyght
No lenger make delay.
Rather than ye sholde thus for me
Be called an yll woman,
Yet wolde I to the grene wode go
Alone, a banyshed man.

SHE.

Though it be songe of old and yonge,
That I sholde be to blame,
Theyrs be the charge, that speke so large
In hurtynge of my name:
For I wyll prove, that faythfulle love
It is devoyd of shame;
In your dystresse, and bevynesse,
To part with you, the same:
And sure all tho, that do not so,
True lovers are they none;
For, in my mynde, of all mankynde
I love but you alone.

HE.

I counceyle you, remember howe,
It is no maydens lawe,
Nothynge to dont, but to renne out
To wode with an outlawe:
For ye must there in your hand here
A bowe, redy to drawe;
And, as a thefe, thus must you lyve,
Ever in drede and awe;
Wherby to you grete harme myght growe:
Yet had I lever than,
That I had to the grene wode go,
Alone, a banysbed man.

SHE.

I thinke nat nay, but as ye say,
It is no maydens lore:
But love may make me for your sake,
As I have sayd before
To come on fote, to hunt, and shote
To gete us mete in store;
For so that I your company
May have, I aske no more;
From whiche to part, it maketh my hart
As colde as ony stone;
For, in my mynde, of all mankynde
I love but you alone.

HE.

For an outlawe this is the lawe,
That men hym take and bynde;
Without pytè, hanged to be,
And waver with the wynde,
If I had nede, (as God forbede!)
What rescous coude ye fynde?
Forsoth, I trowe, ye and your bowe
For fere wolde drawe behynde:
And no mervayle; for lytell avayle
Were in your counceyle than:
Wherfore I wyll to the grene wode go,
Alone, a banyshed man.

SHE.

Rygbt wele knowe ye, that women be
But feble for to fyght;
No womanhede it is indede
To be bolde as a knyght:
Yet, in such fere yf that ye were
With enemyes day or nyght,
I wolde withstande, with bowe in hande,
To greve them as I myght,
And you to save; as women have
From deth 'men' many one:
For, in my mynde, of all mankynde
I love but you alone.

[1] Darked. [2] Grieve. [3] Ready.

HE.

Yet take good hede; for ever I drede[1]
That ye coude nat sustayne
The thornie wayes, the depe valèies,
The snowe, the frost, the rayne,
The colde, the hete: for dry, or wete,
We must lodge on the playne;
And, us above, none other rofe
But a brake bush, or twayne:
Which sone sholde greve you, I beleve;
And ye wolde gladly than
That I had to the grene wode go,
Alone, a banyshed man.

SHE.

Syth I have here bene partynère
With you of joy and blysse,
I must also parte of your wo
Endure, as reson is:
Yet am I sure of one plesure;
And, shortely, it is this:
That, where ye be, me semeth, pardè,
I coude nat fare amysse.
Without more speche, I you besecho
That we were sone[2] agone;
For, in my mynde, of all mankynde
I love but you alone.

HE.

If ye go thyder,[3] ye must consyder,
Whan ye have lust to dyne,
There shall no mete be for you gete,
Nor drinke, bere, ale, ne wyne.
No shetés clene, to lye betwene,
Made of threde and twyne;
None other house, but leves and bowes,
To cover your hed and myne,
O myne harte swete, this evyll dyéte
Sholde make yon pale and wan;
Wherfore I wyll to the grene wode go,
Alone, a banyshed man.

SHE.

Amonge the wylde dere, such an archère,
As men say that ye be,
We may nat fayle of good vitayle,
Where is so grete plentè:
And water clere of the ryvére
Shall be full swete to me;
With which in hele I shall ryght wele
Endure, as ye shall see;
And, or wo go, a bedde or two
I can provyde anone;
For, in my mynde, of all mankynde
I love but yon alone.

HE.

Lo yet, before, ye must do more,
Yf ye wyll go with me:
As cut your here up by your ere,
Your kyrtel by the kne;
With bowe in hande, for to withstande
Your enemyes yf nede be:
And this same nyght before day-lyght,
To wode-warde wyll I fle.
Yf that ye wyll all this fulfill,
Do it shortely as ye can:
Els wyll I to the grene wode go,
Alone, a banyshed man.

SHE.

I shall as nowe do more for you
Than longeth to womanhede;
To short my here,[1] a bowe to bere,
To shote in tyme of nede.
O my swete mother, before all other
For you I have most drede:
But nowe, adue! I must ensue,
Where fortune doth me lede.
All this make ye: Now let us fle;
The day cometh fast upon;
For in my mynde, of all mankynde
I love but you alone.

HE.

Nay, nay, nat so; ye shall nat go,
And I shall tell ye why, —
Your appetyght[2] is to be lyght
Of love, I wele espy:
For, lyke as ye have sayed to me,
In lyke wyse hardely
Ye wolde answére whosoever it were,
In way of company.
It is sayd of olde, Sone[3] hote, sone colde;
And so is a womàn.
Wherfore I to the wode wyll go,
Alone, a banyshed man.

SHE.

Yf ye take hede, it is no nede
Such wordes to say by me;
For oft ye prayed, and longe assayed,
Or I you loved, pardè:
And though that I of auncestry
A barons daughter be,
Yet have you proved howe I yon loved
A squyer of lowe degrè:
And ever shall, whatso befall;
To dy therfore anone;
For, in my mynde, of all mankynde
I love but you alone.

HE.

A barons chylde to be begylde!
It were a cursed dede;
To be felàwe with an outlawe!
Almighty God forbede!
Yet beter were, the pore[4] squyère
Alone to forest yede,
Than ye sholde say another day,
That, by my cursed dede,
Ye were betray'd: Wherfore, good mayd,

[1]Dread. [2]Soon. [3]Thither.

[1]Hair. [2]Disposition. [3]Soon. [4]Poor.

The best rede that I can,
Is, that I to the grene wode go,
Alone, a banyshed man.

SHE.

Whatever befall, I never shall
Of this thyng you upbrayd:
But yf ye go, and leve me so,
Than have ye me betrayd.
Remember you wele, howe that ye dele;[1]
For, yf ye, as ye sayd,
Be so unkynde, to leve behynde,
Your love, the Not-browne Mayd,
Trust me truly, that I shall dy
Sone after ye be gone;
For, in my mynde, of all mankynde
I love but you alone.

HE.

Yf that ye went, ye sholde repent;
For in the forest nowe
I have purvayed me of a mayd,
Whom I love more than you;
Another fayrère, than ever ye were,
I dare it wele avowe;
And of you bothe eche sholde be wrothe
With other, as I trowe:
It were myne ese, to lyve in pese;
So wyll I, yf I can;
Wherefore I to the wode wyll go,
Alone, a banyshed man.

SHE.

Though in the wode I undyrstode
Ye had a paramour,
All this may nought remove my thonght,
But that I wyll be your:
And she shall fynde me soft, and kynde
And courteys every hour;
Glad to fulfyll all that she wyll
Commaunde me to my power:
For had ye, lo, an hundred mo,
'Of them I wolde he one;'
For, in my mynde, of all mankynde
I love but you alone.

HE.

Myne owne dere love, I se the prove
That ye be kynde, and true;
Of mayde, and wyfe, in all my lyfe,
The best that ever I knewe.
Be mery and glad, be no more sad,
The case is chaunged newe;
For it were ruthe, that, for your truthe,
Ye sholde have cause to rewe.
Be nat dismayed; whatsoever I sayd
To you, whan I began;
I wyll nat to the grene wode go,
I am no banyshed man.

SHE.

These tydings be more gladd to me,
Than to be made a quene,
Yf I were sure they sholde endure:
But it is often sene,
Whan men wyll breke promyse, they speke
The wordés on the splene.
Ye shape some wyle me to begyle,
And stele from me, I wene:
Than were the case worse than it was,
And I more wo-begone:
For, in my mynde, of all mankynde
I love but you alone.

HE.

Ye shall nat nede further to drede;
I wyll nat dysparàge
You, (God defend!) syth ye descend
Of so grete a lynàge.[1]
Nowe undyrstande; to Westmarlaude,
Which is myne herytage,
I wyll you brynge; and with a rynge
By way of maryage
I wyll you take, and lady make,
As shortely as I can:
Thus have you won an erlys son
And not a banyshed man.

AUTHOR.

Here may ye se, that women be
In love, meke, kynde, and stable:
Late never man reprove them than,
Or call them variable;
But, rather, pray God, that we may
To them be comfortable:
Which sometyme proveth such, as he loveth,
Yf they be charytable.
For syth men wolde that women sholde
Be meke to them each one,
Moche more ought they to God obey,
And serve but hym alone.

[1] Deal.

THE LEGEND OF KING ARTHUR.

Of Brutus' blood, in Brittaine borne,
King Arthur I am to name;
Through Christendome, and Heathynesse,
Well knowne is my worthy fame.

In Jesus Christ I doe beleeve;
I am a Christyan bore:
The Father, Sone, and Holy Gost
One God, I doe adore.

In the four hundred ninetieth yeere,
Over Brittaine I did rayne,
After my savior Christ his hyrth
What time I did maintaine

The fellowshipp of the table round,
Soe famous in those dayes;
Whereatt a hundred noble knights,
And thirty sat alwayes:

[1] Lineage.

Who for their deeds and martiall feates,
As books done[1] yett record,
Amoagst all other nations
Wer feared throwgh the world.

And in the castle off Tyntagill
King Uther mee hegate
Of Agyana a bewtyous ladye,
And come of 'hie' estate.

And when I was fifteen yeere old,
Then was I crowned kinge:
All Brittaine that was att an uprore
I did to quiett bringe.

And drove the Saxons from the realme,
Who had opprest this land;
All Scotland theu throughe manly feats
I couquered with my hand.

Irelaud, Denmarke, Norway,
These countryes wan I all;
Iseland, Gotheland, and Swethland;
And made their kings my thrall.

I conquered all Gallya,
That now is called France;
And slew the hardye Froll in feild
My honor to advance.

And the ugly gyant Dynahus
Soe terrible to vewe,
That in Saint Barnards mount did lye,
By force of armes I slew:

And Lacyus the emperour of Rome
I brought to deadly wracke;
And a thousand more of nohle knightes
For feare did turne their backe:

Five kinges of „paynius" I did kill
Amidst that bloody strife;
Besides the Grecian emperour
Who alsoe lost his liffe.

Whose carcasse I did send to Rome
Cladd poorlye on a beere;
And afterward I past Mount-Joye
The next approachiug yeere.

Then I came to Rome, where I was mett
Right as a conquerour,

[1] Do.

And hy all the cardinalls solempnelye
I was crowned an emperour.

One winter there I made abode:
Then word to mee was brought
Howe Mordred had oppressd the crowne:
What treason he had wrought

Att home in Brittaine with my queene;
Therfore I came with speede
To Brittaine backe, with all my power,
To quitt that traiterous deede:

Aud soone at Sandwiche I arrivde,
Where Mordred me withstoode:
But yett at last I landed there,
With effusion of much blood.

For there my nephew Sir Gawaine dyed,
Being wounded in that sore,
The whiche Sir Lancelot in fight
Had given him before.

Theuce chased I Mordered away,
Who fledd to London right,
From London to Winchester, and
To Cornewalle tooke his flyght.

And still I him pursued with speed
Till at the last wee mett:
Wherby an appointed day of fight
Was there agreed and sett.

Where we did fight, of mortal life
Eche other to deprive,
Till of a hundred thousand men
Scarce one was left alive.

There all the noble chivalrye
Of Brittaine tooke their end.
O see how fickle is their state
That doe on feates depend!

There all the traiterous men were slaine,
Not one escapte[1] away;
And there dyed all my vallyant knightes
Alas! that woefull day!

Two and twenty yeere I ware the crowne
In honor and great fame;
And thus by death was suddenlye
Deprived of the same.

[1] Escaped.

II. EARLY SCOTTISH POETRY.

JOHN BARBOUR.

John Barbour, the founder of Scottish poetry, was probably born in 1320. He was Archdeacon of Aberdeen, and we find several records of him extant in the shape of pass-ports granted to him by Edward III. for the purpose of his entering England in order to study. He was twice pensioned by Robert II. Very little is known of his life, but it is to be supposed that he possessed considerable talent from his having several times accompanied noblemen to Oxford for the purpose of assisting them in their studies. His principal poem is entitled 'Bruce'. He wrote another called 'the Brute, which however is not now extant; it recorded the transactions of Robert in obtaining the crown of Scotland for his family, and possessed a great deal of merit.

He died in 1396.

COMBAT BETWEEN BRUCE AND SIR HENRY BOHUN.

Schyr Henry the Boune, the worthy,
That wes a wycht[1] knicht, and a hardy;
And to the erle off Herfurd cusyne;
Armyt in armys gud and fyne;
Come on a sted,[2] a bow schote ner,
Befor all othyr that thar wer:
And knew the king, for that he saw
Him swa[3] rang his men on raw;
And by the cronne that wes set
Alsua[4] upon his bassynet.[5]
And towart him he went in hy.
And quhen the king sua apertly[6]
Saw him cum, forouth[7] all his feris,
In hy till him the hors he steris.[8]
And when Schyr Henry saw the king
Cum on, for owtyn[9] abaysing,
Till him he raid in full gret hy,
He thoucht that he suld weill[1] lychtly
Wyn him, and haf him at his will,
Sen[2] he him horsyt saw sa ill.
Sprent[3] thai samyn[4] in till a ling.[5]
Schyr Henry myssit the noble king;
And he, that in his sterapys[6] stud,
With the ax that wes hard and gud,
With sa gret mayne[7] raucht[8] him a dynt,[9]
That nothyr hat, na helm, mycht stynt[10]
The hevy dusche that he him gave,
That ner the heid till the harnys clave.
The hand-ax schaft fruschit in twa;
And he doune to the erd gan ga,
All flatlynys;[11] for him faillyt mycht.
This wes the fryst strak off the fycht.

[1]Strong. [2]Steed. [3]So. [4]Also. [5]Helmet. [6]Briskly. [7]Before. [8]Steer. [9]Without.

[1]Well. [2]Since [3]Sprang. [4]At the same time. [5]Line. [6]Stirrups. [7]Strength of body. [8]To reach. [9]Blow, stroke. [10]To stop. [11]Flat.

JAMES I. OF SCOTLAND.

This monarch was born in 1394 and taken prisoner by Henry IV. of England in whose country he spent nineteen years from 1405 till 1424, during which time he studied the polite accomplishments of the age and seems especially to have attentively perused the works of Chaucer. He is said to have written several comic poems whilst on the throne, but the only one which can be positively traced to his pen, is that entitled 'The King's Quheir' in which he describes an attachment he formed to a young princess whilst a prisoner in Windsor Castle. He was assassinated at Perth in 1437.

JANE BEAUFORT.

And therewith kest I down myn eye ageyne,
Quhare as I saw walkyng under the Toure,
Full secretly, new cumyn hir to pleyne
The fairest or the freschest yonng floure
That ever I sawe, methoght, before that houre;
For which sodayne abate, anon astert,
The blude of all my body to my hert.

And though I stood abaisit[1] tho a lyte,[2]
No wonder was; for quhy? my wittis all
Were so oncrcome with plesance and delyte,
Only through latting of myn eyen fall,
That sudaynly my hert became hir thrall,[1]
For ever of free wyll, for of manace
There was no takyn in hir suete face.

And in my hede I drew ryt hastily,
And eft sones I lent it out ageyne,
And saw hir walk that verray[2] womanly,
With no wight mo, bot only women tueyne:
Than gan I studye in myself and seyne,
'Ah, suete! are ye a warldly creature,
Or hevingly thing in likenesse of nature?

[1]Abashed, confounded. [2]A short while.

[1]Bondman. [2]Very.

Or are ye god Cupidis owin princesse,
And cumin are to louse me out of hand?
Or are ye veray Nature the goddesse,
That have depayntit with your hevinly hand
This gardin full of flouris, as they stand?
Quhat saal I think, allace! quhat reverence
Sall I mester to your excellence?

Gif[1] ye a goddesse be, and that ye like
To do me payne, I may it not astert;[2]
Gif ye be warldly wight, that dooth me sike,
Quhy lest God mak you so my derest hert
To do a sely[3] prisoner thus smert,
That lufis[4] you all, and wote of noucht hut wo,
And, therefore, merci suete, sen it is so."

Quhen I a lytill thrawe had maid my mone,
Bewailing myn infortnne and my chance,
Unknawin how or quhat was best to done,
So ferre I fallying into lnfis dance,
That sodeynly my wit, my contenance,
My hert, my will, my nature, and my mynd,
Was changit elene ryght in ane other kind.

[1] If. [2] To avoid. [3] Wretched. [4] Loves.

Of hir array the form gif I sal write,
Toward hir goldin haire, and rich atyre,
In fretwise couchit with perlis quhite,
And grete halas[1] lemyng[2] as the fyre,
With mony an emerant and faire saphire,
And on hir hede a chaplet fresch of hewe,
Of plumys partit rede, and quhite, and blewe.

Full or qnaking spangis hricht as gold,
Forgit of schap like to the amorettis,
So new, so fresch, so pleasant to behold,
The plumys eke like to the floure jonettis,
And other of schap, like to the flourc jonettis;
And, above all this, there was, wele I wote,
Beantee eneuch to mak a world to dote

About hir neck, quhite as the fyre amaille,
A gudelie cheyne of small orfeverye,
Quhare hy there hang a ruby, without faille
Like to ane hert schapin verily,
That, as a sperk of lowe so wantonly
Semyt hirnyng upon hir quhite throte,
Now gif there was gud pertye, God it wrote.

[1] A precious stone. [2] Blezing.

WILLIAM DUNBAR.

William Dunbar was born in 1460, but his works were not published till two centuries after his death when their language was too obsolete to elinw nf lheir being duly appreciated; yet his poems are all nf tha highelt order, and he moy justly be styled the Chaucnr of Scotland. The exact particulars nf his life are not known: hut it is generally releted thet he took his degree nf master of arts in 1479 et the university of St. Andrews, after which he entered the order of the Franciscan Monks. It is supposed that between 1491 and 1500 he was employed by James IV. on important missions, and that he trevelled considerably; from 1503 he is said tn heve lived at court where he became a favourile nf the king. This court-lifn, hnwever, did not suit his fancy and he longed continually for a more independent existence. He died in 1520. Dunbar's poems are of three kinds: Allegorical, Moral and Comic; nf the first kind we may manlion ‚The Thistle and the Rose', ‚The Dance' and ‚The Golden Terge' The Dance is considered the most remarkable. The scene of this poem is in the infernal regions, and a march nf the seven cardinal sins is described with great fnrce and vividness. Of his comic works: ‚Tha Twn Married Women and the Widow' and ‚Tha Friars nf Berwick' are the cleverest. Sir Walter Scott said ‚he was a poet unrivalled hy any that Scotland has ever produced.'

SONGS TO THE ROSE.

A costly crown, with clarefeid stonis hricht,
This cumly Quene did on hir heid inclose,
Quhylk all the land illnmynit of the lyeht;
Quhairfoir methocht the flouris did rejose,
Crying, attanis, „Haill he thou riehest Rose,
Haill hairhis Empryce, haill freschest Quene of flouris,
To thee be glory and honour at all houris."
Thane all the hirdis song with voice on hieht,
Quhois mirthfull soun was marvellus to heir;
The mavis[1] sang, „Hail Rose most riche and richt,
That dois npflureiss under Phehns speir!
Haill plant of youth, haill prince's dochter deir,
Haill blosome breking out of the blud royall,
Quhois pretius vertew is imperial."

[1] Thrush.

The merle scho sang, „Haill Rose of most delyt,
Haill of all fluris quene and soverane."
The lark scho sang, „Haill Rose hoth reid and quhyt,
Most pleasant flour, of michty colonrs twane."
The nichtingaill sang, „Haill Naturis suffragene
In bewty, nurtour, and every nohilness,
In riche array, renown, and gentilness."
The common voce upraise of hurdis small
Upon this wys, „O hlissit be the hour
That thon wes chosen to he our principall;
Welcomo to be our Princes of honour,
Our perle, our plesans, and our paramour,
Onr peace, onr play, our plane felicite;
Christ thee conserf from all adversite."

GAVIN DOUGLAS.

Gavin Douglas, born about 1474, was the younger son of the Earl of Angus; he was educated for the church, and ultimately became bishop of Dunkeld: he died of the plague in London 1522. His poetry is not very remarkable for its beauty; his most celebrated work is the translation of Virgil's Æneid into Scottish verse which appeared in 1513: this was the first translation of a Latin author into a British tongue, but the language prevents its being much read at the present day. ‚The Palace of Honour' and ‚King Hart' possess considerable merit.

SONG OF THE BIRDS TO THE SUN.

Welcum the lord of licht, and lampe of day;
Welcum fosterare of tender herbis grene;
Welcum quhikkinnar of flurist flouris schene;
Welcum support of every rute and vane;
Welcum comfort of al kind frute and grane;
Welcum the hirdis beild apoun the brere;
Welcum maister, and reulare of the yere;
Welcum welefare of hushandis at the plewis;
Welcum reparare of woddis, treis, and bewis;
Welcum depaynter of the blomyt medis;
Welcum the lyffe of every thing that spreddis;
Welcum storare of all kynd bestial;
Welcum be thy bricht hemes gladand al.

From the Prologue to the XIIth book of the Æneid.

A WINTER MORNING.

The sary[1] gled[2] quhissils with mony ane pew,
Quharby the day was dawing wele I knew;
Bad bete the fyre, and the candyll alicht,
Syne blissit me, and in my wedis dicht;
Ane schot wyndo unschet ane litel on char,
Persavit the mornyng bla, wan, and har
Wyth cloudy gum and rack onerquhelmyt the are.
The sulze stiche, hasard, ronch and hare;
Branchis brattlying, and blaiknyt schew the hrayis,
With hirstis harsk of waggand wyndit strayis.
The dew droppis congelit on stibbil and rynd,
And scharp hailstanys mortfundyit of kind,
Hoppand on the thak and on the causay by.
The schote I closit, and drew inwart in hy,
Cheverand for cald, the sessoun was sa snell,
Schupe with hait flambis to fleme the freesing fell.

From the Prologue to the VIIth book of the Æneid.

[1] Sorrowful. [2] Kite.

ANCIENT SCOTTISH POPULAR BALLADS AND SONGS.

SIR PATRICK SPENS.

The king sits in Dunfermline town,
Drinking the blude-red wine;
„O whare[1] will I get a skeely[2] skipper,
To sail this new ship o' mine!" —

O up and spake an eldern knight,
Sat at the king's right knee, —
„Sir Patrick Spens is the best sailor,
That ever sail'd the sea". —

Our king has written a braid letter,
And seal'd it with his hand,
And sent it to Sir Patrick Spens,
Was walking on the strand.

„To Noroway, to Noroway,
To Noroway o'er the faem;
The king's daughter of Noroway,
'Tis thou maun bring her hame." —

The first word that Sir Patrick read,
Sae loud loud laughed he;
The neist[1] word that Sir Patrick read,
The tear blinded his e'e.

„O wha is this has done this deed,
And tauld the king o' me,
To send us out, at this time of the year,
To sail upon the sea?

„Be it wind, be it weet, be it hail, be it sleet,
Our ship must sail the faem;
The king's daughter of Noroway,
'Tis we must fetch her hame." —

They hoysed their sails on Monenday morn,
Wi' a' the speed they may;
They ha'e landed in Noroway,
Upon a Wodensday.

They hadna been a week, a week,
In Noroway, but twae,

[1] Where. [2] Skilful.

[1] Next.

When that the lords o' Noroway
Began aloud to say —

„Ye Scottishmen spend a' our king's goud,
And a' our queenis fee." —
„Ye lie, ye lie, ye liars loud!
Fu' loud I hear yo lie;

„For I ha'a brought as much white monie,
As gane my men and me,
And I ha'e brought a half-fou[1] of gude red goud,
Out o'er the sea wi' me.

„Make ready, make ready, my merrymen a'!
Our gude ship sails the morn." —
„Now, ever alake, my master dear,
I fear a deadly storm!

„I saw the new moon, late yestreen,
Wi' the auld moon in her arm;
And, if we gang to sea, master,
I fear we'll come to harm."

They hadna sail'd a league, a league,
A league but barely three,
When the lift grew dark, and the wind blew loud,
And gurly grew the sea.

The ankers brak, and the topmasts lap,
It was sic a deadly storm;
And the waves cam o'er the broken ship,
Till a' her sides were torn.

„O where will I get a gude sailor,
To take my helm in hand,
Till I get up to the tall top-mast,
To see if I can spy land?"

„O here am I, a sailor gude,
To take the helm in hand,
Till you go up to the tall top-mast;
But I fear you'll ne'er spy land." —

He hadna gane a step, a step,
A step but barely ane,
When a boult flew out of our goodly ship,
And the salt sea it came in.

„Gae, fetch a web o' the silken claith,
Another o' the twine,
And wap them into our ship's side,
And let nae the sea come in." —

They fetch'd a web o' the silken claith,
Another o' the twine,
And they wapp'd them round that gude ship's side,
But still the sea came in.

O laith, laith, were our gude Scots lords
To weet[2] their cork-heel'd shoon![3]
But lang or[1] a' the play was play'd,
They wat their hats aboon.[2]

And mony was the feather bed,
That floated on the faem;
And mony was the gude lord's son,
That never mair cam hame.

The ladyes wrang their fingers white,
The maidens tore their hair,
A' for the sake of their true loves, —
For them they'll see nae mair.

O lang, lang, may the ladyes sit,
Wi' their fans into their hand,
Before they see Sir Patrick Spens
Come sailing to the strand!

And lang, lang, may the maidens sit,
With their gond kaim's[3] in their hair,
A' waiting for their ain dear loves!
For them they'll see nae mair.

Half owre, half owre to Aberdour,
'Tis fifty fathoms deep,
And there lies gude Sir Patrick Spens,
Wi' the „Scots lords at his feet!

[1] Bushel. [2] To wet. [3] Shoes.

THE JEW'S DAUGHTER.

The bonny[4] boys of merry Lincoln
War playing at the ba':
And wi' them stnde the sweet Sir Hugh,
The flower among them a'.

He kepped[5] the ba' there wi'his foot
And catchd it wi'his knee,
Till in at the cruel Jew's window
Wi speid he garrd it flie.

„Cast out the ba' to me, fair maid,
Cast out the ba' to me:" —
„Ye neir sall hae it, my bonny Sir Hugh,
Till ye cume up to me,

Cume up sweat Hugh, cume up deir Hugh,
Cume up and get the ba';"
„I winna[6] cume up, I winna cume up
Without my playferes[7] a'."

And she has gone to her father's garden
Sae fast as she could rin;
And powd[8] an apple red and white
To wyle the young thing in.

She wyled him sune[9] through a chamber
And wyled him sune through twa;
And neist[10] they came to her ain chamber,
The fairest o'them a'.

[1] Before. [2] Above. [3] Combs. [4] Pretty. [5] Threw. [6] Will not. [7] Playmates. [8] Plucked. [9] Soon. [10] Next.

She has laid him on a dressing board
 Whar[2] she was us'd to dine!
And stuck a penknife to his heart,
 And dressd him like a swine.

She rowd[3] him in a cake o' lead,
 And hade him lie and sleip;
Syne[4] threw him in the Jew's draw-well
 Fn' fifty fathom deip.

Whan bells were rung and mass were sung,
 And ilka[5] lady gaed hame;
Than ilka lady had her young son,
 But lady Helen had nane.

She rowd her mantel her abont
 And sair, sair can se weip;[6]
She ran wi' speid to the Jew's castel
 When a' war fast asleip.

„My bonny Sir Hugh your mither calls,
 „I pray thee to her speik."
„O lady rin to the deip draw-well,
 Gin ye your son wad seik."

Lady Helen ran to the deip draw-well,
 And kneel'd upon her knee;
My bouny Sir Hugh gin ye be here,
 I pray ye speik to me!"

„The lead is wondrous heavy, mither,
 The well is wondrous deip;
A kene penknife stiks in my heart,
 A word I donnae[7] speik."

Gae hame, gae hame my mither deir,
 Fetch me my winding sheet;
For again in merry Lincoln toun
 We twa sall nevir meit."

EDWARD, EDWARD.

Quby[8] dois zonr[9] hrand sae drop wi' hluid,
 Edward, Edward?
Quhy dois zour hrand sae drop wi' bluid?
 And quhy sae sad gang zee, O?
O, I hae killed my hauke sae guid,
 Mither,[10] mither:
O, I hae killed my hanke sae guid:
 And I had nae mair hot hee, O.

Zour haukis bluid was nevir sae reid,[11]
 Edward, Edward.
Zour haukis bluid was nevir sae reid,
 My deir son, I tell thee, O.
O, I hae killed my reid-roan steid,
 Mither, mither:
O, I hae killed my reid-roan steid,
 That erst[12] was sae fair and free, O.

Zonr steid[1] was auld, and ze[2] hae gat mair,
 Edward, Edward:
Zour steid was auld, and ze hae gat mair,
 Sum other dule ze drie, O.
O, I hae killed my fadir deir,
 Mither, mither:
O, I hae killed my fadir deir,
 Alas! and wae is mee, O!

And quhatten[3] penance wul ze drie for that?
 Edward, Edward?
And quhatten penance wul ze drie for that?
 My deir son, now tell me, O.
Ile set my feit in zonder[4] boat,
 Mither, mither:
Ile set my feit in zonder boat,
 And Ile fare ovir the sea, O.

And quhat wul ze doe wi' zour towirs[5] and zour ha',
 Edward, Edward?
And quhat wul ze doe wi' zour towirs and zour ha',
 That ware sae fair to see, O?
Ile let thame stand til they doun fa',
 Mither, mither:
Ile let thame stand til they doun fa',
 For here nevir mair maun[6] I bee, O.

And quhat wul ze leive to zour bairns and zour wife,
 Edward, Edward?
And quhat wul ze leive to zour bairns and zour wife,
 Quhan ze gang ovir the sea, O?
The warldis room, let thame beg throw life,
 Mither, mither:
The warldis room, let thame beg throw life,
 For thame nevir mair wul I see, O.

And quhat wul ze leive to zour ain mither deir,
 Edward, Edward?
And quhat wul ze leive to zour ain mither deir?
 My deir son, now tell me, O.
The curse of hell frae me sall ze beir,
 Mither, mither:
The curse of hell frae me sall ze beir,
 Sic counseils ze gave to me, O.

ETTRICK BANKS.

On Ettrick hanks, ae simmer's night,
 At gloamin', when the sheep drave hame,
I met my lassie, braw and tight,
 Come wading barefoot a' her lane.
My heart grew light; — I ran, — I flang
 My arms about her lily neck,
And kiss'd and clapp'd her there fu'[7] lang,
 My words they were na monie feck.

[2] Where. [3] Roll'd. [4] Afterwards. [5] Every. [6] Weep. [7] Dare not. [8] Why. [9] Your. [10] Mother. [11] Red. [12] formerly.

[1] Steed. [2] Ye. [3] What. [4] Yonder. [5] Towers. [6] I may not be, dare not. [7] Full.

I said, My lassie, will ye gang
To the Highland hills, the Erse to learn?
I'll gi'e thee baith[1] a cow and ewe,
When ye come to the brig o' Earn:
At Leith auld meal comes in, neer fash,
And herrings at the Broomielaw;
Cheer up your heart, my bonnie lass,
There's gear to win ye never saw.

A' day when we ha'e wrought eneugh,
When winter frosts and snaw begin,
Soon as the sun gaes west the loch,
At night when ye sit down to spin,
I'll screw my pipes, and play a spring:
And thus the weary night will end,
Till the tender kid and lamb-time bring
Our pleasant simmer back again.

Syne,[2] when the trees are in their bloom,
And gowans glent o'er ilka fiel',
I'll meet my lass amang the broom,
And lead you to my simmer shiel.
Then, far frae a' their scornfu' din,
That mak' the kindly heart their sport,
We'll laugh, and kiss, and dance, and sing,
And gar the langest day seem short.

THE GABERLUNZIE-MAN.[3]

The pawkie auld carle came o'er the lea,
Wi mony gude e'ens[4] and days to me,
Saying, Gudewife, for your courtesie,
Will you lodge a silly poor man?
The nicht[5] was cauld, the carle was wat,
And down ayont the ingle[6] he sat;
My doughter's shouthers[7] he 'gan to clap,
And cadgily ranted and sang.

O wow! quo' he, were I as free,
As first when I saw this conntrie,
How blythe and merry wad I be!
And I wad never think lang.
He grew canty, and she grew fain;
But little did her auld minny ken[8]
What thir slie twa together were say'ng,
When wooing they were sae thrang.

And O! quo' he, an' ye were as black
As e'er the crown of my daddy's[9] hat,
'Tis I wad lay thee by my back,
And awa' wi' me thou should gang.
And O! quo' she, an' I were as white,
As e'er the snaw lay on the dike,
I'd cleed me braw and lady like,
And awa' wi' thee I would gang.

Between the twa was made a plot;
They raise a wee[10] before the cock,
And wilily they shot the lock,
And fast to the bent are they gane.

Up in the morn the auld wife raise,
And at her leisure pat on her claise;[1]
Syne to the servant's bed she gaes,
To speer for the silly poor man.

She gaed[2] to the bed where the beggar lay,
The strae was cauld, he was away,
She clapt her hands, cry'd, Waladay!
For some of our gear will be gane.
Some ran to coffer, and some to kist,
But nought was stown that cou'd be mist,
She danc'd her lane, cry'd, Praise be blest!
I have lodg'd a leal[3] poor man.

Since naething's awa', as we can learn,
The kirn's to kirn,[4] and milk to earn,
Gae butt the house, lass, and waken my bairn,[5]
And bid her come quickly ben.
The servant gade where the doughter lay,
The sheets were cauld, she was away,
And fast to the gudewife 'gan say,
She's aff wi' the gaberlunzie-man.

O fy[6] gar ride, and fy gar rin,
And haste ye find these traytors again;
For she's be burnt, and he's be slain,
The wearifu' gaberlunzie-man.
Some rade upo' horse, some ran a fit.
The wife was wud, and out o' her wit;
She cou'd na gang, nor yet cou'd she sit,
But aye she curs'd and she bann'd.

Mean time far hind out o'er the lee,
Fu' snug in a glen, where nane could see,
The twa wi' kindly sport and glee,
Cut frae a new cheese a whang:[7]
The priving was good, it pleas'd them baith,
To lo'e[8] her for aye, he ga'e her his aith,[9]
Quo' she, To leave thee I will be laith,
My winsome gaberlunzie-man.

O kend my minny[10] I were wi' you,
Ill-far'dly wad she crook her mou',[11]
Sic a poor man she'd never trow,[12]
After the gaberlunzie-man.
My dear, quo' he, ye're yet o'er young,
And ha'e nae learn'd the beggar's tongue,
To follow me frae town to town,
And carry the gaberlunzie on.

Wi' cauk[13] and keel I'll win your bread,
And spindles and whorles for them wha need,
Whilk is a gentle trade indeed,
To carry the gaberlunzie on.
I'll bow my leg, and crook my knee,
And draw a black clout o'er my e'e,
A cripple or blind they will ca' me,
While we shall be merry and sing.

[1] Both. [2] Then. [3] Beggar. [4] Evenings. [5] Night. [6] Near the fire. [7] Shoulders. [8] Know. [9] Father. [10] Little.

[1] Clothes. [2] Went. [3] Honest. [4] Churn. [5] Child. [6] Up, make haste. [7] A slice. [8] Love. [9] Oath. [10] Mother. [11] Mouth. [12] Trust. [13] Chalk.

LAMENT.

O waly[1] wsly up the bank,
And waly waly down the brae,[2]
And waly waly yon burn[3] side,
Where I and my love were wont to gae,[4]

I leant my back unto an aik,
I thought it was a trusty tree;
But first it how'd and syne[5] it brake,
Sae my true love did lightly[6] me.

O waly, waly, gin love be bonny,
A little time while it is new;
But when 'tis auld, it waxeth[7] cauld,
And fades away like morning dew.

O wherefore suld I busk[8] my head?
Or wherefore suld I kame[9] my hair?
For my true love has me forsook,
And says he'll nevir love me mair.

Now Arthur-seat sall be my bed,
The sheets sall ne'ir be fyl'd[10] by me:
Saint Antons well sall be my drink,
Since my true love has forsaken me.

Martinmas wind, whan[11] wilt thou blow,
And shake the greene leaves off the tree?
O gentle death whan wilt thou cum?
For of my life I am wearie.

'Tis not the frost, that freezes fell,
Nor blowing snows inclemencies,
'Tis no sic cauld[12] that makes me cry,
But my love's heart's grown canld to me.

[1] Woe. [2] Slope of a hill. [3] Rivulet. [4] Walk. [5] Then. [6] Slight. [7] Grows. [8] Dress. [9] Comb. [10] Defiled. [11] When. [12] Cold.

Whan we came in by Glasgow town,
We were a comely sight to see,
My love was clad in th' black velvet,
And I mysell in carmasie.

But had I wisst,[1] before I kist,
That love had been sae ill to win,
I had lockt my heart in a case of gowd,
And pinn'd it with a silverpinn.

Oh, oh, if my young babe were borne
And set upon the nurses knee,
And myself were dead and gone,
For a mayd againe I'se never be.

O, GIN MY LOVE.

O gin[2] my love were yon red rose,
That grows upon the castle wa',
And I mysel' a drap of dew,
Down on that red rose I would fa'.[3]
O my love's bonnie, honnie, bonnie;
My love's bonnie and fair to see:
Whene'er I look on her weel-far'd face,
She looks and smiles again to me.

O gin my love were a pickle of wheat,
And growing upon yon lily lee,
And I mysel' a bonnie wee[4] bird,
Awa' wi' that pickle o' wheat I wad flee.
O my love's honnie, &c.

O gin my love were a coffer o' gowd,
And I the keeper of the key,
I wad open the kist whene'er I list,
And in that coffer I wad be.
O my love's bonnie, &c.

[1] Known. [2] If. [3] Fall. [4] Little.

III. EARLY ENGLISH PROSE.

JOHN WICKLIFFE.

John Wickliffe, born 1324, was a professor of theology at Oxford, in which place he preached against several of the Roman catholic customs prevailing at that time in England, upon which account he suffered much persecution. His principal work is a translation of the Old and New Testaments into English. His style is ruder and less formed than that of other writers of his time, and in his original productions, which are still extant, his language is often coarse. Wickliffe died in 1384.

THE LAST CHAPTER OF ST. LUKE.

But in o day of the woke ful eerli thei camen to the grave, and broughten swete smelling spices that thei hadden arayed. And thei founden the stoon turnyd away fro the graue. And thei geden in and foundun not the bodi of the Lord Jhesus. And it was don, the while thei weren astonyed in thought of this thing, lo twey men stodun bisidis hem in schynyng cloth. And whanne thei dredden and bowiden her semblaunt into erthe, thei seiden to hem, what seeken ye him that lyueth with deede men? He is not here: but he is risun: haue ye minde how he spak to you whanne he was yit in Golilee, and seide, for it behoueth mannes sone to be bitakun into the hondis of synful men: and to be crucifyed: and the thridde day to rise agen? And thei bithoughten on hise wordis, and thei geden agen fro the graue: and teelden alle these thingis to the ellevene and to alle othere. And there

was Marye Mandeleyn and Jone and Marye of James, and othere wymmen that weren with hem, that seiden to Apostlis these thingis. And these wordis were seyn bifore hem as madnesse and thei bileueden not to hem; hut Petre roos up and ran to the graue, and he bowide doun, and sigh tbe lynen clothis liynge aloone, and he wente by himsilf, wondrynge on that that was don. And lo tweyne of hem wenten in that day into a castel, that was fro Jerusalem the space of sixty furlongis, by name Emaws. And thei spaken togidre of alle these thingis that hadden bifalle. And it was don the while thei talkiden, and soughten by hemsilf: Jesus himsilf neighede and wente with hem. But her yghen weren boldun, that thei knewen him not. And he seide to hem, what ben these wordis that ye speken togidere wondringe: and ye ben sorewful? And oon, whos name was Cleofas, answerde and seyde, Thou thi silf art a pilgrim in Jerusalem, and hast thou not knowun what thingis ben don in it these dayes? To whom he seyde, what thingis? and thei seiden to him, Of Jhesus of Nazareth, that was a man profete myghti in werk and word bifore God and al the puple. And how the higheste prestis of oure Princis bitokun him into dampnacioun of deeth: and crucifieden him. But we hopiden that he schulde haue agen houghte Israel: and now on alle these thingis, the tbirdde day is to day that these thingis weren don. But also summe wymmen of ouris maden us aferd whiche bifore day weren at the graue. And whan bis bodi was not foundun, thei camen and seiden that they sighen also a sight of aungels, which seiden that he lyueth. And summe of ouren wenten to the graue, and thei foundun so as the wymmen seiden; but they foundun not him. And he seide to hem, A foolis and slowe of herte to bileue in alle thingis that the profetis han spoken; Wher it bihofte not Crist to suffre these tbingis, and so to entre into his glorye? And be began at Moyses and at alle the profetis and declaride to hem in alle scripturis that weren of him. And thei camen nygh the castel whidir thei wenten: and he made countenaunce that he wolde go ferthir. And thei constreyneden him and seiden, Dwelle with us, for it draweth to nyght, and the day is now bowed doun; and he entride with them. And it was don the while he sat at the mete with hem, be took breed and blesside and brak, and took to hem. And the yghen of hem weren opened, and thei knewen him; and he vanyschide fro her yghen. And thei seiden togidere, wher oure herte was not biernynge in us, while he spak to us in the weye, and opened to us Scripturis? And thei risen up in the same our and wenten agen into Jerusalem, and foundun the ellevene gaderid togidre, and hem that weren with hem, seiynge, that the Lord is risun verily: and apperid to Symount. And thei tolden what thingis weren don in the weye, and how thei knewen him in the brakinge of bred. And the while thei spaken these thingis Jhesus stood in the myddil of hem and seide to hem: Pees to you, I am, nyl ye drede; but thei weren affrayed and agast and gessiden hem to be a spirit. And he seide to hem, what ben ye troubled: and thoughtis camen up into youre hertis? Se ye my hondis and my feet: for I my silf am, feele ye and se ye, for a spirit hath not flesch and boones as ye seen that I haue. And whenne he hadde seid this thing; he schewide hondis and feet to hem. And yet while thei bileueden not and wondriden for joye: he seide, han ye here ony thing that schal be etun? and thei profriden to him a part of a fisch roostyd, and a honycomb. And whanne he hadde etun bifore hem, he toke that that lefte and gaf to hem, and seyde to hem, These ben the wordis that I spak to you, whanne I was yit with you, for it is nede that alle thingis ben fulfilled that ben writun in the Lawe of Moyses and in the profetis and in Salmes of me; Thanne he openide to hem with that thei schulden undirstonde Scripturis. And he seide to hem, For thus it is writun, and thus it bihofte Crist to suffre: and rise agen fro death in the thridde day: and penaunce and remissioun of synnes to be prechid in his name into all folkis bigynnynge at Jerusalem. And ye ben witnessis of these thingis. And I schal send the biheest of my fadir into you, but sitte ye in the citee till that ye ben clothed with vertu fro an high. And he ledde hem forth into Bethanye; and whan bise hondes weren lift up, he blesside hem. And it was don the while he blessid hem he departede fro hem, and was borun into hevene. And thei worschipiden and wenten agen into Jerusalem, with gret joye: and weren euer more in the temple heriynge and blessinge God.

GEOFFREY CHAUCER.

Born 1328. Died 1400.

THE TALE OF MELIBOEUS.

This Melibee answered unto his wife Prudence; I purpose not, qnod he, to werken by thy counsel for many causes and reasons, for certes every wight wold hold me than[1] a fool; this is to sayn, if I for thy counseling wold change things that been ordained and affirmed by so many wise men. Secondly, I say that all women ben wick, and none good of hem[2] all; for of a thousand men, saith Salomon, I found o[3] good man; hut certes of all women good woman found I never. And also, certes if I governed me by thy counsel it should seem that I had yeve[4] thee over me the maistry; and God forbid that it so were; for Jesus Sirach saith, that if the wif have the maistry she is contrarious to her husband; and Salomon sayeth, Never in thy life, to thy wife, ne to thy child, ne to thy friend, ne yeve no power over thyself; for better it wer that thy children ax[5] of thee thinges that hem needeth, than thou see thyself in the hands of thy children. And also, if I wol werch by thy counselling, certes it must he some time secree[6] till it were time that it be knowen; and this it may not be if I should be counselled by thee. For it is written, the janglery of women ne can nothing hide, save that which they wot not. After, the philosopher sayeth, In wicked counsel women venquishen men. And for these reasons I ne owe not[7] to be counselled by thee.

Whan Dame Prudence, full debonairly and with great patience, had heard all that her husbond liked for to say, than axed she of him licence for to speak, and said in this wise: My lord, quod she, as to your first reason it may lightly been answered, for I say that it is no folly to change counsel when the thing is changed, or else when the thing seemeth otherwise than it seemed before. And moreover I say, though that ye have sworn and hohight[8] to perform your emprise, and nevertheless ye waive to perform thilk same empriso hy just cause, men should not say therefore ye were a liar ne forsworn, for the book saith that the wise man maketh no leasing whan he turneth his courage[9] for the better. And, all be it that your emprise be established by great multitude of folk, yet thar[1] you not accomplish thilk ordinance, hut[2] you liketh, for the truth of things and the profit ben rather founden in few folk that ben wise and full of reason, than by great multitude of folk there[3] every man cryeth and clattereth what him liketh; soothly swich[4] multitude is not honest. As to the second reason, whereas ye say that all women ben wicked; save your grace, certes ye despise all women in this wise, and he that all despiseth, as saith the book, all displeaseth. And Senek saith, that whoso wol have sapience shall no man dispraise, but he shall gladly teach the science that he can[5] without presumption or pride, and swich things as he nought can he shall not be ashamed to lear hem,[6] and to inquere of less folk than himself. And, sir, that there hath ben full many a good woman may lightly be proved; for certes, sir, onr Lord Jesu Christ whan he was risen from death to life appeared rather to a woman than to his apostles. And, though that Salomon said he found never no good woman, it followeth not therefore that all women he wicked; for, though that he ne found no good woman, certes many another man hath found many a woman full good and true; or else, peradventure, the intent[7] of Salomon was this, that in sovereign bonnty[8] he found no woman; this is to say, that there is no wight that hath sovereign bounty save God ahove, as he himself recordeth in his Evangelies; for there is no creature so good that in him ne wanteth somewhat of the perfection of God that is his maker. Your third reason is this: ye say that if that ye govern you hy my counsel it should seem that ye had yeve me the maistry and the lordship of your person. Sir, save your grace, it is not so; for, if so were that no man should he counselled, but only of hem that han lordship and maistry of his person, men n'old not be counselled so often; for, soothly, thilk man that asketh counsel of a purpose, yet hath he free choice whether he wol werk after that counsel or none. And as to your fourth reason, there as ye sain,[9] that the janglery of women can hide things that they wot not, as whoso saith that a woman cannot hide that she wot;

[1] Then. [2] Them. [3] One. [4] Given. [5] Ask. [6] Secret. [7] Ought not. [8] Engaged, pledged yourself. [9] Heart, inclination.

[1] It behoveth. [2] Unless. [3] Where. [4] Such. [5] Knows, understands. [6] Learn them. [7] Meaning. [8] Goodness. [9] Whereas you say.

sir, these words ben understood of women that ben jangleresses and wicked, of which women men sain that threo things driven a man out of his house, that is to say, smoke, dropping of rain, and wicked wives; and of swich women Salomon saith, that a man were hetter dwell in desert than with a woman that is riotous; and, sir, by your leave, am not I; for ye have full often assayed my great silence und my great patience, and eke how well that I can hide and hele[1] things that men oughten secretly to hiden. And, soothly, as to your fifth reason, whereas ye say that in wicked counsel women venquishen men, God wot that thilk reason stant here in no stead; for understondeth now ye axen counsel for to do wickedness, and if ye wol werken wickedness, and your wife restraineth thilk wicked purpose, and overcometh you hy reason and hy good counsel, certes your wife ought rather to he praised than to be blamed: thus should ye nnderstond the philosopher that saith, In wicked counsel women venquishen hir[2] husbonds. And there as yo blamen all women and hir reasons, I shall show you by many ensamples that many women have been full good, and yet hen,[3] and hir counsel wholesome and profitahle. Eke some men han said that the counsel of women is either too dear or else too little of price; but all be it so that full many a woman be bad, and hir counsel vile and nonght worth, yet han men fonnden full many a good woman, and discreet and wise in counselling. Lo Jacob thorough the good counsel of his mother Reheek, wan the benison of his father and the lordship over all his hrethren. Judith, by her good counsel, delivered the city of Bethuly, in which she dwelt, out of the hond of Holofern, that had it besieged and wold it all destroy. Abigail delivered Nabal, her husbond, fro David the king, that wold han slain him, and appeased the ire of the king by her wit, and hy her good counselling. Hester, hy her counsel, enhanced greatly the people of God, in the reign of Assuerus the king. And the same bounty in good counselling of many a good woman moun[1] men read and tell. And, further more, whan that our Lord had created Adam, our form[2] father, he said in this wise, It is not good to be a man alone; make we to him an help semblable to himself. Here moun ye see that if that women weren not good, and hir counsel good and profitable, our Lord God of heaven wold neither had wrought hem ne called hem help of man, but rather confusion of man. And then said a clerk once in two verses, what is better than gold? Jasper. What is hetter than Jasper? Wisdom. And what is better than wisdom? Woman. And what is hetter than a good woman? Nothing. And, sir, by many other reasons moun ye seen that many women hen good, and hir counsel good and profitable; and therefore, sir, if ye wol trost to my counsel I shall restore you yonr daughter whole and sound, and I wol don to you so much that ye shalen have honour in this case.

Whan Melibee had heard the words of his wife Prudence, he said thus: I see well that the word of Salomon is sooth; for he saith that words that hen spoken discreetly by ordinance ben honeycombs, for they yeven sweetness to the soul and wholesomeness to the hody; and, wife, because of thy sweet words, and eke for I have preved and assayed thy great sapience and thy great truth, I wol govern me hy thy counsel in all thing.

[1] Conceal. [2] Their. [3] Still are.

[1] May. [2] First, original.

SIR THOMAS MORE.

Sir Thomas More born 1480, was in 1529 appointed to the office of Lord Chancellor and in 1535 condemned to death for the opposition he raised to the divorce of queen Catherine by Henry VIII. His compositions are partly Latin and partly English. In the former language his Utopia is written, a curious description of an imaginary country and its inhabitants. He has also left „A History of Edward I., of his Brother, and of Richard III.", but the bulk of his works consists in pamphlets on the religious and political topics of his time.

LETTER TO LADY MORE.

Maistres Alyce, in my most harty wise I recommend me to you; and whereas I am enfourmed by my son Heron of the losse of our barnes and of our neighhours also, with all the corn that was therein, albeit (saving God's pleasure) it is gret pitie of so much good corne lost, yet sith it hath likod hym to sende us such a chaunce, we must and are bounden, not only to he content, but also to be glad of his visitacion. He sente us all that we have loste: and sith he

hath hy such a chaunce taken it away againe, his pleasure he fulfilled. Let us never grudge thereat, hut take it in good worth, and hartely thank him, as well for adversitie as for prosperitie. And peradventure we have more cause to thank him for our losse, then for our wiuning; for his wisdome better seeth what is good for vs then we do our selves. Therfore I pray you be of good chere, and take all the howsold with you to church, and there thanke God, both for that he hath given us, and for that he hath taken from us, and for that he hath left us, which if it please hym he can encrease when he will. And if it please hym to leave us yet lesse, at his pleasure he it.

I pray you to make some good enscarche what my poore neighbours have loste, and hid them take no thought therfore: for and I shold not leave myself a spone, there shal no pore neighbour of mine bere no losse by any chaunce happened in my house. I pray you be with my children and your household merry in God. And devise some what with your frendes, what waye wer best to take, for provision to he made for corne for our household, and for sede thys yere comming, if ye thinke it good that we kepe the ground stil in our handes. And whether ye think it good that we so shall do or not, yet I think it were not best sodeulye thus to leave it all up, and to put away our folk of our farme till we have somwhat advised us thereon. How beit if we have more nowe then ye shall nede, and which can get them other maisters, ye may then discharge us of them. But I would not that any man were sodenly sent away he wote nere wether.

At my comming hither I perceived none other but that I shold tary still with the Kinges Grace. But now I shal (I think) becauso of this chance, get leave this next weke to come home and se you: and then shall we further devyse together uppon all thinges, what order shal be hest to take. And thus as hartely fare you well with all our children as ye can wishe. At Woodestok the thirde daye of Septembre, by the hand of

your louing hushande

THOMAS MORE Knight.

SECOND PERIOD.
THE ELIZABETHAN ERA.

I. POETS.

EDMUND SPENSER.

Edmund Spenser, born in London in the year 1553, was educated at Cambridge, where, 1576, he took his degree as Master of Arts. While in the university he became an intimate friend to Gabriel Harvey through whose means he was introduced to Sir Philip Sidney, and the Earl of Leicester who bestowed upon him his patronage. The Sidney family procured him the post of Poet Laureate to Queen Elisabeth, he then became a courtier, and shone in this situation; but his life was a succession of mortifications and disappointments. In 1580 he was appointed Secretary to Lord Gray de Wilton in Ireland; he filled this office during two years with honour and advantage. At the end of this time he received a grant of land in the south of Ireland from the Queen, but upon the condition that he should reside there. In this place he was visited by Raleigh who became one of his most intimate friends, replacing the loss occasioned by the death of Sir Philip Sidney. In 1590 Spenser published the first part of his master-piece ‚The Fairy Queen', and in 1596 a continuation of the same. In 1597 his castle in Ireland was burned down in Tyrone's Rebellion and in it perished his infant child, after which mournful event he returned broken-hearted to England, where he died on the 16th of January 1599. He was buried at his own request near Chaucer in Westminster-Abbey. The most important of Spenser's poems is without doubt his ‚Fairy Queen', an allegory in 12 books of which however only 6 are extant. The argument is as follows: Prince Arthur sees in a vision the queen of the fairies; he becomes violently enamoured of her, and determines to seek his love in the dominions of Fairyland. He arrives, and the Queen makes her appearance holding an annual feast which lasts 12 days, upon each of which a knight representing a moral virtue, encounters perilous adventures. All these are described by the poet, with frequent allusions to Queen Elisabeth and the persons of her court. ‚The Shepherd's Calendar' is his earliest production; we may also mention his ‚Mother Hubbard's Tale', ‚Daphnaid and the Epithalamium'; a most exquisite hymeneal song.

THE LEGEND OF THE KNIGHT OF THE RED CROSS.

A gentle knight was pricking on the plaine,
Ycladd[1] in mightie armes and silver shielde,
Wherein old dints of deepe wonndes did remaine,
The cruel markes of many' a bloody fielde;
Yet armes till that time did he never wield;
His angry steede did chide his foaming bitt,
As much disdayning to the curbe to yield:
Full jolly knight he seem'd, and faire did sitt,
As one for knightly giusts[2] and fierce encounters fitt.

And on his brest a bloodie crosse he bore,
The deare remembrance of his dying Lord,
For whose sweete sake that glorious badge he wore,
And dead, as living, ever him ador'd:
Upon his shield the like was also scor'd,[3]
For soveraine hope, which in his helpe he had.
Right, faithfull, true he was in dead and word;
But of his cheere did seeme too solemne sad:
Yet nothing did he dread, but ever was ydrad.[4]

Upon a great adventure he was bond,
That greatest Gloriana to him gave,
(That greatest glorious Queene of Faery Lond)[1] have,
To winne him worshippe, and her grace to
Which of all earthly thinges he most did crave.
And ever, as he rode, his heart did earne
To prove his puissance in batell bravo
Upon his foe, and his new force to learne:
Upon his foe, a dragon horrible and stearne.

A lovely ladie rode him faire beside,
Upon a lowly asse more white then snow;
Yet she much whiter, but the same did hide
Under a vele,[2] that wimpled[3] was full low:
And over all a blacke stole she did throw,
As one that inly mourned: so was she sad,
And heavie sate upon her palfrey slow;
Seemed in heart some hidden care she had;
And by her in a line a milke-white lambe she lad.[4]

So pure and innocent, as that same lambe,
She was in life and every vertuous lore,
And by descent from royall lynage came
Of ancient kinges and queenes, that had of yore
Their sceptres strecht from east to western shore,
And all the world in their subjection held,
Till that infernal feend with foule uprore

[1] Clad. [2] Jousts. [3] Drawn, painted. [4] Dreaded.

[1] Land. [2] Veil. [3] Brought over the face. [4] Led.

Forwasted[1] all their land, and them expeld;
Whom to avenge, she had this knight from far compeld.

Behind her farre away a dwarfe did lag,
That lasie-seemd, in being ever last,
Or wearied with bearing of her bag
Of needments at his backe. Thus they past.
The day with cloudes was suddeine overcast,
And angry Jove an hideous storme of raine
Did poure into his leman's lap so fast,
That everie wight to shroud it did constrain;
And this faire couple eke to shroud themselves were fain.

Enforst[2] to seeke some covert nigh at hand,
A shadie grove not farre away they spide,[3]
That promist ayde the tempest to withstand,
Whose loftie trees yclad with sommer's pride,
Did spred so broad, that heaven's light did hide,
Not perceable[4] with power of any starre,
And all within were pathes and alleies wide
With footing worne, and leading inward farre:[5] [arre.[6]
Faire harbour that them seems so in they entred

And forth they passe, with pleasure forward led,
Joying to hoare the birdes sweete harmony,
Which therin shrouded from the tempest dred
Seemd in their song to scorne the cruell sky.
Much can they praise the trees so straight and hy,[7]
The sayling pine, the cedar proud and tall,
The vine-propp elme, the poplar never dry,
The builder oake, sole king of forrests all,
The aspine, good for staves, the cypresse funerall.

The laurell, meed of mightie conquerours
And poets sage, the firre that weepeth still,
The willow, worne of forlorne paramours,
The eugh,[8] obedient to the bender's will,
The birch for shaftes, the sallow for the mill,
The mirrhe sweete-bleeding in the bitter wound,
The warlike beech, the ash for nothing ill,
The fruitfull olive, and the platane round,
The carver holme, the maple, seldom inward sound.

Led with delight they thus beguile the way,
Untill the blustring storme is overblowne;
When weening[9] to returne, whence they did stray, [showne,
They cannot finde that path, which first was
But wander too and fro in waies unknowne,
Furthest from end then, when they nerest weene, [owne.
That makes them doubt their wits be not their

So many pathes, so many turnings seene,
That which of them to take in diverse doubt they beene.[1]

At last resolving forward still to fare,
Till that some ende they find, or in or out,
That path they take that beaten seemd most bare,
And like to lead the labyrinth about;
Which when by tract they hunted had throughout,
At length it brought them to a hollowe cave
Amid the thickest woods. The champion stout
Eftsoones[2] dismounted from his courser brave,
And to the dwarfe a while his needless spere[3] he gave.

„Be well aware," quoth then that ladie milde,
„Lest suddaine mischiefe ye too rash provoke:
„The danger hid, the place unknowne and wilde, [smoke,
„Breedes dreadfull doubts, oft fire is without
„And perill without show: Therefore your stroke, [made."
„Sir Knight, with-hold, till further tryall
„Ah, Ladie," sayd he, „shame were to revoke
„The forward footing for an hidden shade:
„Vertue gives herself light through darknesse for to wade."

„Yea but," quoth she, „the peril of this place
„I better wot then you, though nowe too late
„To wish you backe returne with foule disgrace; [gate,[4]
„Yet wisedom warnes, whilest foot is in the
To stay the steppe,[5] ere forced to retrate.[6]
„This is the Wandring Wood, this Errour's den, [hate:
„A monster vile, whom God and man does
„Therefore I read[7] beware." „Fly, fly," quoth then
The fearfull dwarfe, „this is no place for living men.

But full of fire and greedy hardiment,
The youthful knight could not for ought be staide,[8]
But forth unto the darksom hole he went,
And looked in: his glistring armor made
A little glooming light, much like a shade,
By which he saw the ugly monster plaine,
Halfe like a serpent horribly displaide,
But th'other halfe did woman's shape retain,
Most lothsom, filthie, foule, and full of vile disdaine.

And as she lay upon the durtie[9] ground,
Her huge long taile her den all overspred,

[1] Wasted. [2] Enforced. [3] Spied. [4] Pierceable. [5] Far. [6] Are. [7] High. [8] Yew. [9] Thinking.

[1] Are. [2] Forthwith. [3] Spear. [4] Way. [5] Step. [6] Retreat. [7] Advise. [8] Retained. [9] Dirty.

Yet was in knots and many bonghtes[1] upwound,
Pointed with mortall sting: of her there bred
A thousand yong anes, which she dayly fed,
Sucking upon her poisnous dugs; each one
Of sundrie[2] shapes, yet all ill-favored:
Soone as that uncouth light upon them shone,
Into her month they crept, and suddain all were gone,

Their dam upstart out of her den affraide,
And rushed forth, hurling her hideous taile
About her cursed head, whose folds displaid,
Were stretcht now forth at lengcht without entraile.[3]
She lookt about, and seeing one in mayle,
Armed to point, sought backe to turne againe;
For light she hated as the deadly hale,
Ay wont in desert darkness to remaine,
Where plain none might her see, nor she see any plaine,

Which when the valiant Elf perceiv'd he lept
As lyon fierce upon the flying prey,
And with his trenchant blade her boldly kept
From turning backe, and forced her to stay:
Therewith enrag'd she loudly gan to bray,
And turning fierce, her speckled taile advaunst,[4]
Threatning her angrie sting him to dismay;
Who nought aghast his mightie hand enhaunst;[5]
The stroke down from her head unto her shoulder glaunst.[6]

Much daunted with that dint her sense was dazd,[7]
Yet kindling rage, herselfe she gathered round,
And all at once her beastly bodie raizd
With doubled forces high above the ground:
Tho[8] wrapping up her wrethed sterne[9] arownd,
Lept fierce upon his shield, and her huge traine
All suddenly about his body wound,
That hand or foot to stirr he strove in vaine.
God helpe the man so wrapt in Errour's endlesse traine.

His lady, sad to see his sore constraint,
Cride[10] out, „Now, now, Sir knight, shew what ye bee;
„Add faith unto your force, and be not faint:
„Strangle her, els she sure will strangle thee."
That when he heard, in great perplexitie,
His gall did grate for griefe and high disdaine,
And knitting all his force, got one hand free,
Wherewith he grypt her gorge with so great paine,
That soone to loose her wicked bands did her constraine.

[1] Folds. [2] Different. [3] Coil, fold. [4] Advanced. [5] Enhanced. [6] Glanced. [7] Dazzled. [8] Then. [9] Tail. [10] Cried.

Therewith she spewd[1] out of her filthie maw
A flood of poyson horrible and blacke,
Full of great lumps of flesh and gobbets raw,
Which stunck so vilely, that it forst[2] him slacke
His grasping hold, and from her turne backe:
Her vomit full of bookes and papers was,
With loathly frogs and toades, which eyes did lacke,
And creeping sought way in the weedy gras:
Her filthie parbreake[3] all the place defiled has.

As when old Father Nilus gins to swell
With timely pride above the Aegyptian vale,
His fattie waves doe fertile slime outwell,[4]
And overflow each plaine and lowly dale;
But when his later spring gins to avale,
Huge heaps of mudd he leaves, wherin there breed
Ten thousand kindes of creatures, partly male
And partly femall, of his fruitful seed:
Such ugly monstrous shapes elswhere may no man reed.

The same so sore annoyed has the knight,
That wel-nigh choked with the deadly stinke,
His forces faile, he can no longer fight.
Whose corage when the feend perceived to shrinke,
She poured forth out of her hellish sinke
Her fruitful cursed spawne of serpents small,
Deformed monsters, fowle, and blacke as inke,
Which swarming all about his legs did crall,[5]
And him encombred sore, but could not hurt at all.

As gentle shepheard in sweete eventide,
When ruddy Phoebus gins to welke[6] in west,
High on an hill, his flocke to vewen[7] wide,
Markes which doe byte their hasty supper best;
A cloud of cumbrous gnattes doe him molest,
All striving to infixe their feeble stinges,
That from their noyance[8] he no where can rest,
But with his downish hands their tender wings
He brusheth oft, and oft doth mar their murmurings.

Thus ill bestedd,[9] and fearefull more of shame
Then of the certeine perill he stood in,
Halfe furious unto his foe he came,
(Resolv'd in minde all suddenly to win,
Or soone to lose, before he once would lin)[10]
And stroke at her with more then manly force;
That from her body, full of filthie sin,

[1] Spit. [2] Forced. [3] Vomit. [4] Discharge. [5] Crawl. [6] Decline. [7] View. [8] Annoyance. [9] Beset. [10] Give over.

He raft her hatefull heade without remorse:
A streame of cole-black blood forth gushed from her corse.

Her scattred brood, soone as their parent deare
They saw so rudely falling to the ground,
Groning full deadly all with troublous feare,
Gathred themselves about her body round,
Weening their wonted entrance to have found
At her wide mouth; but being there withstood,
They flocked all about her bleeding wound,
And sucked up their dying mother's blood,
Making her death their life, and eke her hurt their good.

That detestable sight him much amaz'd,
To see th' unkindly impes of heaven accurst
Devoure their dam; on whom while so he gaz'd,
Having all satisfide their bloody thurst,[1]
Their bellies swolne he saw with fulnesse hurst,
And howels gushing forth: well worthy end
Of such as drunke her life, the which them nurst.
Now needeth him no longer labour spend,
His foes have slaine themselves, with whom he should contend.

His lady, seeing all that chaunst[2] from farre,
Approcht in hast to greet his victorie,
And saide, „Faire Knight, borne under happie starre,
„Who see your vanquisht foes before you lye,
„Well worthie be you of that armory,[3]
„Wherein ye have great glory wonne this day,
„And prooved your strength on a strong enimie,
„Your first adventure: many such I pray,
„And hence forth ever wish that like succeed it may."

Then mounted he upon his steede againe,
And with the lady backward sought to wend:
That path he kept which beaten was most plaine,
Ne[4] ever would to any by-way bend;
But still did follow one unto the end,
The which at last out of the wood them brought:
So forward on his way (with God to frend)
He passed forth, and new adventure sought:
Long way he traveiled before he heard of ought.

At length they chaunst to meet upon the way
An aged sire, in long blacke weedes yclad,
His feete all bare, his beard all hoarie gray,
And by his belt his booke he hanging had;
Sober he seemde and very sagely sad,
And to the ground his eyes were lowly bent,
Simple in shew and voide of malice bad;
And all the way he prayed as he went,
And often knockt his breast, as one that did repent.

He faire the knight saluted, louting[1] low,
Who faire him quited,[2] as that courteous was;
And after asked him, if he did know [pas?[3]
Of straunge adventures which abroad did
„Ah! my dear sonne," quoth he, „how should, alas!
„Silly old man, that lives in hidden cell,
„Bidding[4] his beades all day for his trespas,
„Tydings of warre and worldly trouble tell?
„With holy father fits not with such thinges to mell.[5]

„But if of daunger, which hereby doth dwell,
„And home-bredd evil, ye desire to heare,
„Of a straunge man I can you tydings tell,
„That wasteth all this countrie farre and neare."
„Of such," said he, „I chiefly doe inquere;
„And shall thee well rewarde to shew the place [weare;
„In which that wicked wight his dayes doth
„For to all knighthood it is foule disgrace
„That such a cursed creature lives so long a space."
„Far hence," quoth he, „in wast full wilder-[nesse
„His dwelling is, by which no living wight
„May ever passe, but thorough great distresse.
„Now, saide the ladie, „draweth toward night;
„And well I wote[6] that of your later fight
„Ye all forwearied be: for what so strong,
„But wanting rest will also want of might?
„The sonne, that measures heaven all day long, [waves among.
„At night doth baite his steedes the ocean
„Then with the sonne take, Sir, your timely rest, [begin:
„And with new day new worke at once
„Untroubled night, they say, gives counsell best."
„Right well, Sir Knight, ye have advised bin,"[7]
Quoth then that aged man; „the way to win
„Is wisely to advise. Now day is spent,
„Therefore with me ye may take up your in[8] [content;
„For this same night." The knight was well
So with that godly father to his home they went.

A little lowly hermitage it was,
Downe in a dale, hard by a forest's side,

[1] Thirst, [2] Chanced. [3] Armour. [4] Nor.

[1] Bowing. [2] Requited. [3] Pass. [4] Praying. [5] Meddle [6] Know. [7] Been. [8] Inn.

Far from resort of people that did pas
In traveill to and froe: a little wyde
There was an holy chapell edifyde,[1]
Wherein the hermite dewly[2] wont to say
His holy things each morne and eventyde;
Thereby a christall streame did gently play,
Which from a sacred fountaine welled[3] forth alway.

Arrived there, the little house they fill,
Ne looke for entertainement where none was;
Rest is their feast, and all thinges at their will:
The noblest mind the best contentment has.
With faire discourse the evening so they pas;
For that olde man of pleasing wordes had store,
And well could file his tongue, as smooth as glas:
He told of saintes and popes, and evermoro
He strowd an Ave-Mary after and before.

The drouping[4] night thus creepeth on them fast,
And the sad humour loading their eye-liddes,
As messenger of Morpheus on them cast
Sweet slombring deaw, the which to sleep them biddes.[ridles;[5]
Unto their lodgings then his guestes he
Where when all drownd in deadly sleepe he findes,
He to his studie goes, and there amiddes
His magick bookes, and artes of sundrie kindes,
He seeks out mighty charmes to trouble sleepy mindes.

Then choosing out few words most horrible,
(Let none them read) there of did verses frame,
With which, and other spelles like terrible,
He had awake blacke Plutoe's griesly[6] dame;
And cursed Heven, and spake reproachful shame
Of highest God, the Lord of life and light.
A bold bad man, that dar'd to call by name
Great Gorgon, prince of darknes and dead night,
At which Cocytus quakes, and Styx is put to flight.

And forth he cald out of deepe darknes dredd,
Legions of sprites, the which, like little flyes,
Fluttring about his ever damned hedd,
Awaite, where to their service he applyes,
To aide his friendes, or fray[7] his enemies:
Of those he chose out two, the falsest two,
And fittest for to forgo true-seeming lyes;
The one of them he gave a message too,
The other by himselfe staide other worke to doe.

He making speedy way through spersed[8] ayre,
And through the world of waters wide and deepe,
To Morpheus' house doth hastily repaire.
Amid the bowels of the earth full steepe,
And low, where dawning day doth never peepe,
His dwelling is; there Tethys his wet bed
Doth ever wash, and Cynthia still doth steepe,
In silver deaw,[1] his ever-drouping hed,
Whiles sad Night over him her mantle black doth spred.

Whose double gates he findeth locked fast,
The one faire fram'd of burnisht yvory,
The other all with silver overcast; [lye,
And wakeful dogges before them farre doe[2]
Watching to banish Care their enimy,
Who oft is wont to trouble gentle sleepe.
By them the sprite doth passe in quietly,
And unto Morpheus comes, whom drowned deepe [keepe.[3]
In drowsie fit he findes; of nothing he takes

And more to lulle him in his slumber soft,
A trickling streame from high rock tumbling
And ever-drizling raine upon the loft, [downe,
Mixt with a murmuring winde, much like the sowne[4] [swowne.[5]
Of swarming bees, did cast him in a
No other noyse, nor peoples troublous cryes,
As still are wont t'annoy the walled towne,
Might there be heard; but carelesse Quietlyes,
Wrapt in eternall silence farre from enimies.

The messenger approching to him spake,
But his waste wordes returned to him in vaine;
So sound he slept, that nought mought[6] him awake: [paine,
Then rudely he him thrust, and pusht with
Whereat he gan to stretch; but he againe
Shooke him so hard, that forced him to speake.
As one then in a dreame, whose dryer braine
Is tost with troubled sights and fancies weake,
He mumbled soft, but would not all his silence breake.

The sprite then gan more boldly him to wake,
And threatned unto him the dreaded name
Of Hecate; whereat he gan to quake,
And lifting up his lumpish head, with blame
Halfe angrie, askod him, for what he came?
„Hether," quoth he, „me Archimago sent,
„He that the stubborne sprites can wisely tame,
„He bids thee to him send for his intent
„A fit false Dreame, that can delude the sleepers sent.[7]

The god obayde;[8] and calling forth straight way
A diverse Dreame out of his prison darke,
Delivered it to him, and downe did lay
His heavie head, devoide of careful carke,[9]
Whose senses all were straight benumbd and stark.

[1] Edified, built. [2] Duly. [3] Flowed. [4] Drooping. [5] Counsels, invites. [6] Grisly, horribly. [7] Affright. [8] Dispersed.

[1] Dew. [2] Do. [3] Care. [4] Sound. [5] Swoon [6] Might. [7] Scent, sense. [8] Obeyed. [9] Care, anxiety.

Ho backe returning by the yvorie dore,
Remounted up as light as cheereful larke,
And on his little winges the Dreame he bore
In hast unto his lord, where ho him left afore.[1]

Who all this while, with charmes and hidden artes,
Had made a lady of that other spright,
And fram'd of liquid ayre her tender partes,
So lively, and so like in all mens sight,
That weaker sense it could have ravisht quight;[2]
The makers selfe, for all his wondrous witt,
Was nigh beguiled with so goodly sight.
Her all in white he clad, and over it [fit.
Cast a black stole,[3] most like to seeme for Una

Now when that ydle Dreame was to him brought,
Unto that elfin knight ho bad him fly,
Where he slept soundly, void of evil thought,
And with false shewes abuse his fantasy,
In sort as he him schooled privily,
And that new creature, borne without her dew,[4]
Full of the maker's guyle with usage sly
He taught to imitate that lady trew,[5] [hew.[6]
Whose semblance she did carrie under feigned.

ENCOUNTER OF ST. GEORGE WITH THE DRAGON.

With that they heard a roaring hideous sownd,
That all the ayre with terror filled wyde,
And seemd unoath to shake the stedfast ground.
Eftsoones that dreadful dragon they espyde,
Where strecht he lay upon the sunny side
Of a great hill, himselfe like a great hill;
But all so soone as he from far descryde
Those glistring armes, that heaven with light did fill, [untill.
He rousd himselfe full blyth,[7] and hastned them

The knight gan fayrely couch his steady speare,
And fiersely ran at him with rigorous might;
The pointed steele, arriving rudely theare,[8]
His harder hyde would nether perce[9] nor bight,[10]
Butglauncing by, foorth passed forward right:
Yet sore amoved with so puissaunt push,
The wrathfull beast about him turned light,
And him so rudely passing by did brush
With his long tayle, that horse and man to ground did rush.

Both horse and man up lightly rose againe,
And fresh encounter towardes him addrest;
But th'ydle stroke yet backe recoyld in vaine,
And found no place his deadly point to rest.
Exceeding rage enflam'd the furious beast,
To be avenged of so great despight;
For never felt his imperceable brest
So wondrous force from hand of living wight,
Yet had he prov'd the powre of many a puissant knight.

Then with his waving wings displayed wyde,
Himselfe up high he lifted from the ground,
And with strong flight did forcibly divyde
The yielding ayre, which nigh too feeble fonnd
Her flitting parts, and element unsound,
To beare so greate a weight: he cutting way
With his broad sayles,[1] about him soared round:
At last low stouping[2] with unweldy[3] sway,
Snatcht up both horse an man, to beare them quite away.

Long he them bore above the subject plaine,
So far as ewghen[4] bow a shaft may send,
Till struggling strong did him at last constraine
To let them downe before his flightes end:
As hagard hauke[5] presuming to contend
With hardy fowle, above his hable[6] might,
His wearie pounces all in vaine doth spend
To trusse the prey too heavy for his flight,
Which coming down to ground, does free itselfe by fight.

Ho so disseized of his griping grosse,
The knight his thrillant speare againe assayd
In his bras-plated body to embosse,
And three mens strength into the stroake he layd,
Wherewith the stiffe beame quaked as affrayd,
And glauncing from his scaly necke, did glyde
Close under his left wing, then broad displayd,
The percing steele there wrought a wound full wyde, [fly cryde.
That with the unconth smart the monster lowd-

Ho cryde as raging seas are wont to rore,
When wintry storme his wrathful wreck does threat,
The roaling billows beat the ragged shore,
As they the earth would shoulder from her seat;
And greedy gulfe does gape, as he would eat
His neighbour element in his revenge;
Then gin the blustring brethren boldly threat
To move the world from off his stedfast henge,
And boystrous battaile make, each other to avenge.

THE BOWER OF BLISS.

And over him Art stryving to compayre
With Nature did an arber greene dispred,
Framed of wanton yvie,[7] flouring fayre [spred
Through which the fragrant eglantine did

[1] Before. [2] Quite. [3] Robe. [4] Due, fault. [5] True. [6] Hue. [7] Blithe. [8] There. [9] Pierce. [10] Bite.

[1] Sails. [2] Stooping. [3] Unwieldy. [4] Yewen. [5] Hawk. [6] Able. [7] Ivy.

His prickling armes, entrayld with roses red,
Which daintie odours round about them threw;
And all within with flowres was garnished,
That when myld Zephyrus emongst them blew,
Did hreath out bounteous smels, and painted colors shew.

And fast beside their trickled softly downe
A gentle streame, whose murmuring wave did play
Emongst the pumy stones, and made a sowne,[1]
To lull him soft asleepe that hy it lay:
The wearie traveller, wandring that way,
Therein did often quench his thirsty heat,
And then by it his wearie limbes display,
Whiles creeping slombre made him to forgot
His former payne, and wypt[2] away his toilsom sweat.

And on the other syde a pleasaunt grove
Was shott up high, full of the stately tree
That dedicated is t' Olympick Jove,
And to his sonne Alcides, whenas hee
In Nemus gayned goodly victoree:
Therein the merry birdes of every sorte
Chaunted alowd their chearfull harmonee,
And made emongst themselves a sweete consort, [call comfort.
That quickned the dull spright with musi-

ANGELIC GUARDIANSHIP.

And is there care in heaven? and is there love
In heavenly spirits to these creatures bace,
That may compassion of their evils move?
There is; else much more wretched were the cace [grace
Of men then beasts: but O th' exceeding
Of highest God! that loves his creatures so,
And all his workes with mercy doth embrace,
That blessed angels he sends to and fro [foe.
To serve to wicked man, to serve his wicked
How oft do they their silver bowers leave
To come to succour us that succour want?
How oft do they with golden pineons cleave
The flitting skyes, like flying pursuivant,
Against fowle feendes to ayd us militant?
They for us fight, they watch and dewly ward,
And their bright squadrons round about us plant,
And all for love and nothing for reward:
O why should hevenly God to men have such regard?

COMBAT BETWEEN BLANDAMOUR AND PARIDELL.

Their firie steedes with so untamed force
Did beare them both to fell avenge's end,
That both their speares with pitilesse remorse
Through shield, and mayle, and haberieon, did wend,
And in their flesh a griesly passage rend,
That with the furie of their owne affret
Each other horse and man to ground did send;
Where lying still awhile, both did forget
The perilous present stownd in which their lives wore set.

As when two warlike brigandines at sea,
With murdrous weapons arm'd to cruell fight,
Do meete together on the watry lea,
They stemme ech other with so fell despight,
That with the shocke of their owne heedlesse might
Their wooden ribs are shaken nigh asonder;
They which from shore behold the dreadful sight
Of flashing fire, and heare the ordenance thonder, [wonder.
Do greatly stand amazed at such unwonted

At length they both upstarted in amaze,
As men awaked rashly out of dreme,
And round about themselves awhile did gaze,
Till seeing her, that Florimell did seeme,
In doubt to whom she victorie should deeme,
Therewith their dulled sprights they edgd anew, [extreme,
And drawing both their swords with rage
Like two mad mastiffes, each on other flew,
And shields did share, and mailes did rash, and helmes did hew.

So furiously each other did assayle,
As if their soules thoy would attonce have rent [did rayle
Out of their hrests, that streames of blood
Adowne, as if their springs of life were spent,
That all the ground with purple bloud was sprent [gore;
And all their armours staynd with hloudie
Yet scarcely once to hreath would they relent,
So mortall was their malice, and so sore,
Become of fayned friendship which they vow'd afore.

FROM THE HYMN OF HEAVENLY BEAUTY.

Rapt with the rage of mine own ravish'd thonght, [sights
Through contemplation of these goodly
And glorious images, in heaven wrought,
Whose wondrous beauty hreathing sweet delights,
Doth kindle love in high-conceived sprites;
I fain to tell the things that I hehold,
But feel my wits to fail and tongue to fold.

Vouchsafe, then, O thou most Almighty Sprite, [ledge flow,
From whom all gifts of wit and know-
To shed into my breast some sparkling light

[1] Sound. [2] Wiped.

Of thine eternal truth, that I may show
Some little beams to mortal eyes below,
Of that immortal beauty, there with thee,
Which in my weak distraughted mind I see;

That with the glory of so goodly sight,
Tho hearts of man, which fondly here admire [delight,
Fair learning's shows, and feed on vain
Transported with celestial desire
Of those fair forms, may lift themselves up higher,
And learn to love with zealous humble duty,
Th' eternal fountain of that heavenly beauty.

But whoso may, thrise happie man him hold,
Of all on earth whom God so much doth grace,
And lets his owne beloved to behold;
For in the view of her celestiall face
All joy, all blisse, all happinesse, have place;
Ne ought on earth can want unto the wight
Who of herselfe can win the wishfull sight.

For she, out of her secret treasury,
Plenty of riches forth on him will pour,
Even heavenly riches, which there hidden lie
Within the closet of her chastest bowre,
The eternal portion of her precious dowre,
Which mighty God hath given to her free,
And to all those which thereof worthy bee.

None thereof worthy bee but those whom she
Vouchsafeth to her presence to receive,
And letteth them her lovely face to see,
Whereof such wondrous pleasures they conceive,
And sweet contentment, that it doth bereave
Their soul of sense through infinite delight,
And them transport from flesh into the spright.

In which they see such admirable things,
As carries them into an extasy,
And hear such heavenly notes and carolings
Of God's high praise, that fills the brazen sky,
And feel such joy and pleasure inwardly,
That maketh them all worldly cares forget,
And only think on that before them set.

Ne from thenceforth doth any fleshly sense
Or idle thought of earthly things remain
But all that earst seemed sweet seems now offence.
And all that pleased earst now seems to pain;
Their joy, their comfort, their desire, their gain,
Is fixed all on that which now they see,
All other sights but fained shadowes bee.

And that fair lampe which useth to inflame
The hearts of men with self-consuming fire,
Thenceforth seems foul, and full of sinful blame;
And all that pomp to which proud minds aspire,
By name of honour, and all so much desire,
Seems to them baseness, and all riches dross,
And all mirth sadness, and all lucre loss.

So full their eyes are of that glorious sight,
And senses fraught with such satietie,
That in nought else on earth they can delight
But in the respect of that felicitie,
Which they have written in their inward eye;
On which they feed, and in their fast'ned mind
All happy joy and full contentment find.

Ah, then, my hungry soul! which long hast fed
On idle fancies of thy foolish thought,
And with false beautie's flattering bait misled,
Haste after vaine deceitful shadows sought,
Which all are fled, and now have left thee nought
But late repentance through thy follies' prief;
Ah! cease to gaze on matter of thy grief:

And look at last up to that Soveraine Light,
From whose pure beams all perfect beauty springs,
That kindleth love in every godly spright,
Even the love of God; which loathing brings
Of this vile world and these gay-seeming things;
With whose sweet pleasures being so possest,
Thy straying thoughts henceforth for ever rest.

MICHAEL DRAYTON.

Michael Drayton is supposed to have been born at Atherston in Warwickshire about the year 1563. In 1593 he published a volume of pastorals, and soon after issued ‚The Barons' wars' and ‚England's Heroical Epistles', both of which are poems of considerable length. In 1612 appeared the first part of his great work ‚The Polyalbion' and in 1622 the second, which together make up a poetical description of England in thirty books. Although this work is very long, and full of antiquarian and topographical details, yet, so flowing is his verse, and with such genius does he touch his subject that its perusal is not at all tedious. In 1627 appeared a volume containing ‚The Battle of Agincourt', ‚The Court of Faerie' and other poems, and three years later his ‚Moses' and ‚Elysium' came before the public. He died in 1631 and was buried in Westminster-Abbey.

NIGHT.

The sullen night had her black curtain spread,
Lowering that day had tarried up so long,
And that the morrow might lie along abed,
She all the heaven with dusky clouds had hung:
Cynthia pluck'd in her newly-horned head

Away to West, and under earth she flung,
As she had long'd to certify the Sun,
What in his absence in our world was done.

The lesser lights, like sentinels in war,
Behind the clouds stood privily to pry,
As though unseen they subtly strove from far,
Of his escape the manner to descry.
Hid was each wandering as each fixed star,
As they had held a council in the sky,
And had concluded with that present night,
That not a star should once give any light.

In a slow silence all the shores are hush'd
Only the scritch-owl sounded to th' assault,
And Isis with a troubled murmur rush'd,
As if consenting, and would hide the fault;
And as his foot the sand or gravel crush'd,
There was a little whispering in the vault,
Moved by his treading, softly as he went,
Which seem'd to say, it further'd his intent.

QUEEN MAB'S CHARIOT.

Her chariot ready strait is made,
Each thing therein is fitting laid,
That she by nothing might be stay'd,
For nought must her be letting:
Four nimble gnats the horses were,
Their harnesses of gossamere,
Fly Cranion, her charioteer,
Upon the coach-box getting.

Her chariot of a snail's fine shell,
Which for the colours did excel:
The fair Queen Mab becoming well,
So lively was the limning:
The seat the soft wool of the bee,
The cover (gallantly to see)
The wing of a pyed butterflee,
I trow, 'twas simple trimming.

The wheels composed of crickets' bones,
And daintily made for the nonce,
For fear of rattling on the stones,
With thistle-down they shod it:
For all her maidens much did fear,
If Oberon had chanced to hear,
That Mab his Queen should have been there,
He would not have abode it.

THE BIRTH OF MOSES.

Yet 'tis so sweet, so amiably fair,
That their pleased eyes with rapture it behold,
The glad-sad parents full of joy and care
Fain would reserve their infant if they could;
And still they tempt the sundry varying hours,
Hopes and despairs together strangely mixt,
Distasting sweets with many cordial sours,
Opposed interchangeably betwixt,
If aught it ail'd or haplessly it cried,
Unheard of any that she might it keep,
With one short breath she did entreat and chide,
And in a moment she did sing and weep.
Three labouring months them flatterer-like beguiled.
And danger still redoubling as it lasts,
Suspecting most the safety of the child,
Thus the kind mother carefully forecasts:
To Pharaoh's will she awfully must bow,
And therefore hastens to abridge these fears,
And to the flood determines it should go,
Yet ere it went she'll drown it with her tears.

SUMMERS' EVE.

Clear had the day been from the dawn,
All chequered was the sky,
Thin clouds, like scarfs of cobweb lawn,
Veil'd heaven's most glorious eye.

The wind had no more strength than this,
That leisurely it blew,
To make one leaf the next to kiss,
That closely by it grew.

The flowers, like brave embroidered girls,
Looked as they most desired,
To see whose head with orient pearls
Most curiously was tyred.

The rills that on the pebbles played,
Might now be heard at will;
This world the only music made,
Else every thing was still.

And to itself the subtle air
Such sovereignty assumes,
That it received too large a share
From nature's rich perfumes.

VIRTUE.

That height and god-like purity of mind
Resteth not still where titles most adorn;
With any, not peculiarly confined
To names, and to be limited doth scorn:
Man doth the most degenerate from kind,
Richest and poorest, both alike are born;
And to be always pertinently good,
Follows not still the greatness of our blood.

Virtue, but poor, God in this earth doth place,
'Gainst this rude world to stand upon his right;
To suffer sad affliction and disgrace,
Not ceasing to pursue her with despite:
Yet when of all she is accounted base,
And seeming in most miserable plight,
Out of her power new life to her doth take:
Least then dismay'd, when all do her forsake.

That is the man of an undaunted spirit,
For her dear sake that offereth him to die;

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For whom when him the world doth disinherit,
Looketh upon it with a pleased eye;
What's done for virtue thinking it doth merit,
Daring the proudest menace's defy;
More worth than life, howe'er the base world rate him,
Belov'd of heaven, although the world doth hate him.

JOSEPH HALL.

Joseph Hall was born in Leicestershire 1574 and having entered the Church rose to the dignity of Bishop of Norwich. He is reported to have been the first who wrote satires worthy of consideration in the English language; these were published under the title of ‚Virgidemiarum'. Among his prose works the most celebrated is ‚Occasional Meditations' a work in which he displays force in the pourtraying of character. In the civil war he lost his episcopal office and retired to Heigham where he died in 1656 at the age of eighty two.

YOUTHFUL DESIRE OF TRAVEL.

The brain-sick youth, that feeds his tickled ear
With sweet-sauced lies of some false traveller,
Which hath the Spanish Decades read awhile,
Or whetstone leasings of old Mandeville,
Now with discourses breaks his midnight sleep
Of his adventures through the Indian deep;
Of all their massy heaps of golden mine,
Or of the antique tombs of Palestine,
Or of Damascus' magic wall of glass;
Of Solomon his sweating piles of brass,
Of the bird rue that bears an elephant,
Of mermaids that the southern seas do haunt,
Of headless men, of savage cannibals,
The fashions of their lives and governals;
What monstrous cities there erected be,
Cairo, or the city of the Trinity;
Now are they dunghill cocks that have not seen [Rhine:
The bordering Alps, or else the neighbour
And now he plies the news-full Grasshopper,
Of voyages and ventures to inquire.
His land mortgaged, he sea-beat in the way,
Wishes for home a thousand sighs a day;
And now he deems his home-bred fare as leif
As his parch'd biscuit, or his harrell'd beef.
'Mongst all these stirs of discontented strife,
O let me lead an academic life; [know
To know much, and to think for nothing,
Nothing to have, yet think we have enow;
In skill to want, and wanting seek for more;
In weal nor want, nor wish for greater store.
Envy, ye monarchs, with your proud excess,
At our low sail, and our high happiness.

THE HOLLOW INVITATION.

The courteous citizen hade me to his feast,
With hollow words, and overly request:
„Come, will ye dine with me this holyday?"
I yielded, though he hoped I would say nay:
For had I mayden'd it, as many use;
Loath for to grant, but loather to refuse —
„Alacke sir, I were loath; another day, —
I should but trouble you; — pardon me if you may" —
No pardon should I need; for, to depart
He gives me leave, and thanks too, in his heart.
Two words for monie, Dsrhishirian, wise,
(That's one too manie) is a naughtie guise.
Who looks for double biddings to a feast,
May dine at home for an importune guest.
I went, then saw, and found the greate expence;
The fare and fashions of our citizens.
Oh, Cleopatrical! what wanteth there
For curious cost, and wondrous choice of cheere?
Beefe, that erst Hercules held for finest fare:
Porke for the fat Bœotian, or the hare
For Martial; fish for the Venetian;
Goose-liver for the likorous Romane;
Th' Athenian's goate; quaile, Iolan's cheere;
The hen for Esculape, and the Parthian deere;
Grapes for Arcesilas, figs for Plato's mouth,
And chesnuts faire for Amarillis' tooth.
Hadst thou such cheere? wert thou evere there before?
Never. — I thought so: nor come there no more.
Come there no more; for so meant all that cost:
Never hence take me for thy second host.
For whom he means to make an often guest,
One dish shall serve; and welcome make the rest.

ROBERT HERRICK.

Robert Herrick was born in London 1591; he studied at Cambridge and became a clergyman of the church of England in 1629. Charles I. presented him with the living of Dean Prior in Devonshire, in which piece he remained nineteen years. He lost his living under the government of Cromwell about which time he published his ‚Noble Numbers, or Pious Pieces' and ‚Hesperides' or ‚Works both Humane and Divine of Robert Herrick'. During the Commonwealth Herrick lived a jovial life: after the Restoration in 1660 he recovered his former living: he was then about seventy years old, and is supposed to have died in the same year.

TO BLOSSOMS.

Fair pledges of a fruitfull tree,
Why do ye fall so fast?
Your date is not so past,
But you may stay yet here awhile
To blush and gently smile,
And go at last.

What! were ye born to be
An hour or half's delight,
And so to bid good night?
'Twas pity nature brought you forth
Merely to show yonr worth,
And lose you quite.

But ye are lovely leaves, where we
May read how soon things have
Their end, though ne'er so brave;
And after they have shown their pride,
Like you awhile, they glide
Into the grave.

TO DAFFODILS.

Fair daffodils, we weep to see
You haste away so soon;
As yet the early-rising sun
Has not attain'd his noon:
Stay, stay,
Until the hast'ning day
Has run
Bnt to the even-song;
And having pray'd together, we
Will go with you along!

We have short time to stay as you;
We have as short a spring;
As quick a growth to meet decay,
As you or any thing:
We die,
As your hours do; and dry
Away,
Like to the summer's rain,
Or as the pearls of morning dew,
Ne'er to be found again.

TO PRIMROSES FILLED WITH MORNING DEW.

Why do ye weep, sweet babes? Can tears
Speak grief in you,
Who were but born
Just as the modest morn
Teem'd her refreshing dew?
Alas! you have not known that shower
That mars a flower,
Nor felt the unkind
Breath of a blasting wind;
Nor are ye worn with years,
Or warp'd as we,
Who think it strange to see
Such pretty flowers, like to orphans young,
Speaking by tears before ye have a tongue.
Speak, whimp'ring younglings, and make known
The reason why
Ye droop and weep;
Is it for want of sleep,
Or childish lullaby?
Or that ye have not seen as yet
The violet?
Or brought a kiss
From that sweet heart to this?
No, no; this sorrow shown
By your tears shed,
Would have this lecture read —
„That things of greatest, so of meanest worth,
Conceived with grief are, and with tears brought forth."

TO GOD IN HIS SICKNESS

What though my harp and viol be
Both hung upon the willow-tree?
What though my bed be now my grave,
And for my honse I darkness have?
What though my healthful days are fled,
And I lie number'd with the dead?
Yet I have hope, by thy great power,
To spring — though now a wither'd flower.

HUMILITY.

Humble we must be, if to heav'n we go.
High is the roof there, bnt the gate is low:
Whene'er thou speak'st, look with a lowly eye —
Grace is increased by hnmility.

MEDITATION AND PRAYER.

I'll hope no more
For things that will not come,
Anf if they do, they prove bnt cumbersome:
Wealth brings much woe;
And, since it fortunes so,

'Tis better to be poor
Than so to abound,
As to be drown'd
Or overwhelm'd with store.

Pale care, avaunt!
I'll learn to be content
With that small stock, thy bounty gave or lent.
What may conduce
To my most healthful use,
Almighty God! me grant;
But that, or this,
That hurtful is,
Deny thy suppliant.

JOHN DONNE.

John Donne was born in London 1573 of Roman Catholic parents; he belongs to that class of authors who bear the name of Metaphysical Poets. He was educated partly at Oxford, partly at Cambridge; at twenty years of age he became a protestant, and at twenty two chose the profession of a clergyman in which he attained considerable distinction, and was appointed by James I. to the Deanery of St. Paul's; in this situation he continued till his death which took place 1631. He was buried in Westminster-Abbey. His works consist of satires, elegies, religious poems and epigrams, they were not collected till after his death, and although there is much of very little value among them, yet they possess no small quantity of genuine poetical feeling and directness of thought.

HIS PICTURE.

Here, take my picture; though I bid farewell,
Thine in my heart, where my soul dwells, shall dwell;
'Tis like me now, but, I dead, 'twill be more,
When we are shadows both, than 'twas before.
When weather-beaten I come back, my hand,
Perhaps, with rude oars torn, or sun-beams tann'd;
My face and breast of hair-cloth, and my head
With Care's harsh sudden hoariness o'erspread;
My body a sack of bones, broken within,
And powder's blue stains scatter'd on my skin;
If rival fools tax thee t' have loved a man
So foul and coarse as, oh! I may seem then,
This shall say what I was; and thou shalt say,
Do his hurts reach me? doth my worth decay?
Or do they reach his judging mind, that he
Should now love less what he did love to see?
That which in him was fair and delicate,
Was but the milk which in Love's childish state
Did nurse it, who now is grown strong enough
To feed on that which to weak tastes seems tough.

SONNET.

What if the present were the world's last night?
Mark in my heart, O Soul! where thou dost dwell,
The picture of Christ crucified, and tell
Whether his countenance can thee affright;
Tears in his eyes quench the amazing light;
Blood fills his frowns, which from his pierced head fell.
And can that tongue adjudge thee unto hell
Which pray'd forgiveness for his foes' fierce spite?
No, no; but as in my idolatry
I said to all my profane mistresses,
Beauty of pity, foulness only is
A sign of rigour, so I say to thee:
To wicked spirits are horrid shapes assign'd;
This beauteous form assumes a piteous mind.

FRANCIS QUARLES.

Francis Quarles was born in 1592, educated at Cambridge, and occupied several important official places under Queen Elisabeth. He died in 1644. His works consist only in poems, which although often extravagant contain many beautiful ideas. He has obtained the most celebrity from his „Divine Emblems".

MAN.

Can he be fair, that withers at a blast?
Or he be strong, that airy breath can cast?
Can he be wise, that knows not how to live?
Or he be rich, that nothing hath to give?
Can he be young, that's feeble, weak, and wan?
So fair, strong, wise, so rich, so young is man.
So fair is man, that death (a parting blast)
Blasts his fair flower, and makes him earth at last;
So strong is man, that with a gasping breath
He totters, and bequeaths his strength to death;
So wise is man, that if with death he strive,

His wisdom cannot teach him how to live;
So rich is man, that (all his debts being paid)
His wealth's the winding-sheet wherein he's laid;
So young is man, that, broke with care and sorrow,
He's old enough to-day, to die to-morrow:
Why bragg'st thou then, thou worm of five feet long?
Thou'rt neither fair, nor strong, nor wise, nor rich, nor young.

DELIGHT IN GOD ONLY.

I love (and have some cause to love) the earth,
She is my Maker's creature, therefore good:
She is my mother, for she gave me birth;
She is my tender nurse, she gives me food:
But what's a creature, Lord, compar'd with thee?
Or what's my mother or my nurse to me?

I love the air; her dainty fruits refresh
My drooping soul, and to new sweets invite me;
Her shrill-mouth'd choirs sustain me with their flesh,
And with their polyphonian notes delight me:
But what's the air, or all the sweets that she
Can bless my soul withal, compar'd to thee?

I love the sea; she is my fellow-creature,
My careful purveyor, she provides me store;
She walls me round, she makes my diet greater,
She wafts my treasure from a foreign shore:
But, Lord of oceans, when compar'd with thee,
What is the ocean or her wealth to me?

To heaven's high city I direct my journey,
Whose spangled suburbs entertain mine eye;
Mine eye, by contemplation's great attorney,
Transcends the crystal pavement of the sky:
But what is heav'n, great God, compar'd with thee?
Without thy presence, heav'n's no heav'n to me.

Without thy presence, earth gives no refection;
Without thy presence, sea affords no treasure;
Without thy presence, air's a rank infection;
Without thy presence, heaven itself no pleasure:
If not possess'd, if not enjoy'd in thee,
What's earth, or sea, or air, or heav'n to me?

The highest honours that the world can boast,
Are subjects far too low for my desire;
Its brightest beams of glory are at most
But dying sparkles of thy living fire:
The proudest flames that earth can kindle, be
But nightly glowworms if compar'd to thee.

Without thy presence, wealth is bags of cares;
Wisdom, but folly; joy, disquiet, sadness;
Friendship is treason, and delights are snares;
Pleasures, but pain, and mirth, but pleasing madness:
Without thee, Lord, things be not what they be,
Nor have their being when compar'd with thee.

In having all things, and not thee, what have I?
Not having thee, what have my labours got?
Let me enjoy but thee, what farther crave I?
And having thee alone, what have I not?
I wish nor sea nor land; nor would I be
Possess'd of heav'n, heav'n unpossess'd of thee.

THE SHORTNESS OF LIFE.

And what's a life? A weary pilgrimage,
Whose glory in one day doth fill the stage
With childhood, manhood, and decrepit age.

And what's a life? The flourishing array
Of the proud summer-meadow, which to-day
Wears her green plush, and is to-morrow hay.

Read on this dial how the shades devour
My short-liv'd winter's day! hour eats up hour;
Alas! the total's but from eight to four.

Behold these lilies which thy hands have made,
Fair copies of my life, and open laid
To view, how soon they droop, how soon they fade!

Shade not that dial, night will blind too soon;
My nonag'd day already points to noon:
How simple is my suit: how small my boon!

Nor do I beg this slender inch to wile
The time away or falsely to beguile
My thoughts with joy: here's nothing worth a smile.

ON TIME.

Time's an hand's-breadth; 'tis a tale;
'Tis a vessel under sail;

'Tis an eagle in its way,
Darting down upon its prey;
'Tis an arrow in its flight,
Mocking the pursuing sight;
'Tis a short-liv'd fading flow'r;
'Tis a rainbow on a show'r;
'Tis a momentary ray,
Smiling in a winter's day;
'Tis a torrent's rapid stream;
'Tis a shadow; 'tis a dream;
'Tis the closing watch of night;
Dying at the rising light;
'Tis a bubble; 'tis a sigh;
Be prepar'd, O man, to die.

KING JAMES VI.

James VI. of Scotland and I. of England was the author of several books; the principal is the ‚Basilicon Doron' written for the use of his son Henry. Before the union of the kingdoms in 1602 he published two volumes of his poetry which however are not very interesting; he was a great pedant and delighted in appropriating to himself the title of the ‚British Solomon'. In his ‚Daemonology' he tries to prove the existence of witches and the causes of their actions, but the book is now looked upon more as a curiosity, than as a learned production. In his reign smoking tobacco was introduced into England; the king was very averse to the custom, and used to say that he had ‚no notion of men making a chimney of their mouths'; he wrote a work entitled a ‚Counterblast to Tobacco' in order to defend his opinions. (Born 1566. Died 1625.)

TO HIS SON PRINCE HENRY.

God gives not kings the stile of Gods in vaine,
For on his throne his scepter do they swey:
And as their subjects ought them to obey,
So kings should feare and serve their God againe.

If then ye would enjoy a happie reigne,
Observe the statutes of our heavenly King;
And from his law make all your laws to spring;
Since his lieutenant here ye should remaine.

Reward the just, be stedfast, true and plaine;
Represse the proud, maintayning aye the right;
Walke always so, as ever in His sight,
Who guardes the godly, plaguing the prophane.
And so ye shall in princely vertues shine,
Resembling right your mightie King divine.

ON TYME.

As I was pansing in a morning aire,
And could not sleip nor nawyis[1] take me rest,
Furth for to walk, the morning was so faire,
Athort[2] the fields, it seemed to me the best.
The East was cleare, whereby belyve I gest
That fyrie Titan cumming was in sight,
Obscuring chaste Diana by his light,

Who by his rising in the azure skyes,
Did dewlie helse all thame on earth do dwell.
The balmie dew through birning drouth he dryis,
Which made the soile to savour sweit and smell,
By dew that on the night before downe fell,
Which then was soukit[1] up by the Delphienus heit
Up in the aire: it was so light and weit.

Whose hie ascending in his purpour chere
Provokit all from Morpheus to flee:
As beasts to feid, and birds to sing with beir,
Men to their labour, bissie[2] as the bee:
Yet idle men devysing did I see,
How for to drive the tyme that did them irk,
By sindrie pastymes, quhile that it grew mirk.[3]

Then woundred I to see them seik a wyle,
So willingly the precious tyme to tine:
And how they did themselfis so farr begyle,
To fushe of tyme, which of itself is fyne.
Fra tyme be past to call it backwart syne
Is bot in vaine: therefore men sould be warr,
To sleuth[4] the tyme that flees fra them so farr.

For what hath man bot tyme into this lyfe,
Which gives him dayis his God aright to know?
Wherefore then sould we be at sic a stryfe,
So spedelie our selfis for to withdraw
Evin from the tyme, which is on nowayes slaw
To flie from us, suppose we fled it noght?
More wyse we were, if we the tyme had soght.

But sen that tyme is sic a precious thing,
I wald we sould bestow it into that
Which were most plessour to our heavenly King.
Flee ydilteth, which is the greatest lat;
Bot, sen that death to all is destinat,
Let us employ that tyme that God hath send us,
In doing weill, that good men may commend us.

[1] In no wise. [2] Through, across.

[1] Sucked. [2] Busy. [3] Dark. [4] To neglect.

WILLIAM DRUMMOND.

William Drummond, born 1585, was the son of a gentleman usher to king James and studied the law four years in France, after which he resided at Hawthornden. His first publication was a volume of poems, after which he edited a prose work entitled ‚A Cypress Grove' and a poetical one called ‚The Flowers of Zion'. In 1619 he wrote his ‚Tears on the Death of Meliades' and his ‚Wandering Muses or the River Forth Feasting' in 1617. His devotion to Charles I. was extreme, and the death of this monarch is said to have hastened that of the poet which took place in December 1649. Of his prose works the most celebrated are his ‚History of the five Jameses,' ‚A Cypress Grove or Philosophical Reflections against the Fear of Death'.

TO THE NIGHTINGALE.

Sweet bird! that sing'st away the early hours
Of winters past, or coming void of care.
Well pleased with delights which present are,
Fair seasons, budding sprays, sweet-smelling flowers:
To rocks, to springs, to rills, from leafy bowers.
Thou thy Creator's goodness dost declare,
And what dear gifts on thee he did not spare,
A stain to human sense in sin that lowers.
What soul can be so sick which by thy songs
(Attired in sweetness) sweetly is not driven
Quite to forget earth's turmoils, spites, and wrongs,
And lift a reverend eye and thought to heaven?
Sweet, artless songster! thou my mind dost raise
To airs of spheres — yes, and to angels' lays.

SONNET I.

That learned Grecian who did so excel
In knowledge passing sense, that he is named
Of all the after-worlds divine, doth tell,
That all the time when first our souls are framed,
Ere in these mansions blind they come to dwell,
They live bright rays of that eternal light,
And others see, know, love, in heaven's great height;
Not toil'd with aught to reason doth rebel.
It is most true, for straight at the first sight
My mind me told that in some other place
It elsewhere saw th' idea of that face,
And loved a love of heavenly pure delight,
What wonder now I feel so fair a flame,
Since I her loved ere on this earth she came?

SONNET II.

O Fate, conjured to pour your worst on me!
O rigorous rigour which doth all confound!
With cruel hands ye have cut down the tree,
And fruit with leaves have scatter'd on the ground.
A little space of earth my love doth bound:
That beauty which did raise it to the sky,
Turn'd in disdained dust, now low doth lie.
Deaf to my plaints, and senseless of my wound.
Ah! did I live for this? ah! did I love?
And was't for this (fierce powers) she did excel —
That ere she well the sweets of life did prove,
She should (too dear a guest) with darkness dwell!
Weak influence of heaven! what fair is wrought,
Falls in the prime, and passeth like a thought.

OF A BEE.

O do not kill that bee
That thus hath wounded thee,
Sweet, it was no despite,
But hue did him deceive:
For when thy lips did close,
He deemed them a rose.
What wouldst thou further crave?
He wanting wit, and blinded with delight,
Would fain have kiss'd, but mad with joy did bite.

PLEASURES OF RETIREMENT.

Thrice happy he who by some shady grove,
Far from the clam'rous world, doth live his own,
Though solitary, who is not alone,
But doth converse with that eternal love:
O how more sweet is birds' harmonious moan,
Or the hoarse sobbings of the widow'd dove,
Than those smooth whisp'rings near a prince's throne,
Which good make doubtful, do the ill approve!
O how more sweet is zephyr's wholesome breath,
And sighs embalm'd, which new-born flow'rs unfold,
Than that applause vain honour doth bequeath:
How sweet are streams to poison drunk in gold:
The world is full of horrors, troubles, slights,
Woods' harmless shades have only true delights.

NO TRUST IN TIME.

Look how the flow'r, which ling'ringly doth fade,
The morning's darling, late the summer's queen,
Spoil'd of that juice which kept it fresh and green,
As high as it did raise, bows low the head:
Just so the pleasures of my life being dead,
Or in their contraries but only seen,
With swifter speed declines than erst it spread,
And, blasted, scarce now shows what it hath been,
Therefore, as doth the pilgrim, whom the night
Hastes darkly to imprison on his way,
Think on thy home, my soul, and think aright
Of what's yet left thee of life's wasting day:
Thy sun posts westward, passed is thy morn,
And twice it is not given thee to be born.

II. DRAMATISTS.

JOHN PARFRE.

John Parfre distinguished himself in the 16th century as being a writer of several Miracle Plays. This name is applied to those compositions founded on the narratives of the Bible or on the legends of the saints. A serious, and not unfrequently, solemn tone pervaded them; but their great fault consisted in interspersions of the coarsest mirth, put in to keep up the attention of the hearers.

CANDLEMAS-DAY,

OR THE KILLING OF THE CHILDREN OF ISRAEL.
Ao. Dl. 1512.

Miracle-play.

Poeta. This solemne fest to be had in remembrannce
Of blissed seynt Anne, moder to our lady,
Whos ryght discent was fro kyngs allyaunce
Of Davyd and Salamon witnesseth the story;
Hir blissid doughter, that callid is Mary,
By Godds provision an husbond shuld have,
Callid Joseph, of natnre old and drye,
And the moder unto Christ that all the world shall save:

This glorious maiden doughter unto Anna,
In whos worship this fest we honour,
And by resemblaunce likenyd unto manna,
Wiche is in tast coelestiall of savour,
And of Jerico tho sote rose floure,
Gold Abryson callid in picture,
Chosyn for to bere mankynds savyour,
With a prerogative abovo eche creature.

These grett thyngs remembred, after our entent
Is for to worshyppe oure lady and seynt Anne:
We be comen heder as servaunts diligent
Oure processe to shewe you as we can;
Wherfor of benevolence we pray every man,
To have us excused, that we no better doo,
An other tyme to emende it if we can, [too.
Be the grace of God, if our cunnyng be ther

The last yeer we shewid yon, and in this place. [letification,
How the shepherds of Crist by the made
And thre kyngs that ycome fro the cuntrees be grace
To worship Jesu with enteer devotion:
And now we propose with hooll affection,
To procede in oure matter as we can,
And to shew you of our ladies purification,
That she made in the temple, as the usage was than:

And after that shall Herowd have tydyngs,
How the thre kyngs be goon hoom another way, [fryngs
That were with Jesu, and made ther of-
And promysed kynge Herowde, without delay
To come a geyn by him; this is no nay.
And whan he wist that thei were goon,
Liko as a wodman he gan to fray, [noon
And commaunded his knyht forth to go a

In to Israell, to serche every towne and cite
For all the children that theicowde ther fynde,
Of ij yeers age and under, sparyng neither bondo nor free,
But slo them all, either for foo or frende;
Thus he commaunded in his furions mynde;
Thought that Jesu shuld have be oon,
And yitt ho failed of his froward mynde;
For by Gods providannce our lady was into Egypte gon.

Frends, this processe we propose to pley as we can,
Before yon all here in your presens,
To the honor of God, our lady, and seynt Anne;
Beseechyng you to geve us peseable audiens.
And, ye menstrallis doth your diligens;
And, ye virgynes, shewe sume sport and plesure, [rens;
These people to solas, and to do God reve-
As ye be appoynted doth your besy cure.

CANDLEMAS-DAY.

Kyng Herowd. Above all kynges under the clowdys cristall,
Royally I reigne in welthe without woo,
Of plesaunt prosperytie I lakke non at all;
Fortune I fynde, that she is not my foo,
I am kyng Herowd, I will it be knowen so,
Most strong and myghty in feld for to fyght,
And to venquysho my enemyes that a geynst me do;
I am most be dred with my bronde bryght.

My grett goddes I gloryfye with gladnesse,
And to honoure them I knele up on my knee;
For thei have sett me in solas from all sadnesse,
That no conqueroure nor knyght is compared to me: [will he,
All the that rebelle a geyns me ther bane I
Or grudge a geyns my godds on hyll or hethe;
All suche rebellers I shall make for to flee,
And with hard punyshements putt them to dethe.

What erthely wretches, what pompe and pride, [entent,
Do a geyns my lawes or withstonde myne
Thei shall suffre woo and peyne thrugh bak and syde, [to rent;
With a very myschaunce ther fleshe shal be all
And all my foes shall have suche commaundement
That they shalbe glad to do my byddyn ay.
Or ells they shalbe in woo and myscheff permanent,
That thei shall fere me nyght and day.

My messanger, at my commaundement come heder to me,
And take hed what I shall to the say:
I charge the, loke a bought thrugh my cuntre
To aspye if ony rebell do a geynst our lay;
And if ony suche come in thy way,
Brynge hem in to our hygh presens,
And we shall se them correctid, or thei go hens.

Watkyn, the Messanger. My lord, your commaundement I have fulfilled
Evyn to the uttermost of my pore power;
And I wold shew you more, so ye wold be contentid, [anger:
But I dare not, lest ye wold take it in
For if it liked yon not, I am snre my deth were nere;
And therfor, my lord, I wole hold my peas.

Herowd. I warne the, thu traytor, that thu not seas
To observe every thyng thu knowest a geyns our reverence.

Messanger. My lord, if ye have it in your remembraunce,
Ther were iij straunger knyghts, but late in yonr presence,
That went to Bedlem to offre with due observaunce,
And promysed to come a geyn by you without variannce;
But by ther bonys ten, thei be to yon nntrue,
For homeward an other wey thei doo sue.

Herowd. Now be my grett godds, that be so full of myght [true.
I will be a vengid upon Israell, if this tale be

Messanger. That it is, my lord, my tronth I you plight, [knewe.
For ye founde me never false syn ye me

Herowd. I do perceyve, though I be here in my cheff cite
Callid Jerusalem, my riche royall town,
I am falsly disceyved by straunge knyghts three: [delacion,
Therfor, my knyghts, I warne you, without
That ye make serche thurgh out all my region,
Withoute ony tarieng my wille may bo seen,
And sle all tho children without excepcion
Of to yeers of age, that within Israell bene:

For within my self thus I have concluded,
For to avoide a wey all interrupcion,
Sythens thes thre knyghts have me thus falsly deluded,
As in manner by froward collusion,
And a geyn resorted hom in to ther region:
But yitt, maugre ther herts, I shall avengid be:
Bothe in Bedlem and my provynces everych-one,
Sle all the children to kepe my liberte.

Watkyn. Now, my lord, I beseche yon to here my dalyaunce,
I wole aske you a bone, if I durst a right;
But I were loth ye should take ony displesannce:
Now, for Mahounds sake, make me a knyght.
For oon thyng I promyse you, I will manly fight, [take;
And for to avenge your quarrell I dare under-
Though I sey my self, I am a man of myght,
And dare live and deye in this quarrell for your sako; [shall quake;
For whan I com amonge them, for fere thei
And, though thei sharme and crye, I care not a myght, [shake
But with my sharpe sworde ther ribbes I shall
Evyn thurgh the guttes for anger and despight.

Herowd. Be thi trouthe, Watkyn, woldest thu be made a knyght?
Thu hast be my servannt and messanger many a day,
But thu were never provid in battaile nor in fight. [may:
And therfor to avaunce the so sodenly I no
But oon thyng to the I shall say,
Be cause I fynde the true in thyn entent,
Forth with my knyghts thu shalt take the way,
And quyte the wele, and thu shall it not repent.

Watkyn. Now a largeys, my lord, I am ryght wele apaid,
If I do not wele, ley my hed upon a stokke;
I shall go shew your knyghts how ye have seid,
And arme my self manly and go forth on the flokke,
And if I fynde a young child I shall choppe it on a blokke,
Though the moder be angry the child shalbe slayn: [with a rokke,
But yitt I dredde no thyng more than a woman
For if I se ony suche, be my feith, I come a geyn.

Herowd. What, shall a woman with a rokke drive thee away?
Fye one thee, traitor, now I tremble for tene,

I bave trusted the long, and many a daye;
A bold man and an hardy I went thu haddist ben.

WATKYN. So am I, my lord, and that shalbe seen,
That I am a bold man and best dare a byde,
And ther come an hundred women I wole not fleen, [chide.
But fro morrowe tyll nyght with them I dare
And therfor, my lord, ye may trust unto me;
For all the children of Israell your knyghts and I shall kylle,
I wyll not spare on, butt dede thei shall he,
If the fader and moder will lete me have my wille.
HEROWD. Thn lurdeyn, take bed what I sey the tyll, [can:
And high the to my knygbts as fast as thu
Say, I warne them in ony wyse ther blood that thei spille,
A bought in every cuntre, and lette for no man.

WATKYN. Nay, nay, my lord, we wyll let for no man,
Though ther come a thousand on a rought;
For your knygbts and I will kylle them all, if we can:
But for the wyves that is all my dought,
And if I se ony walkyng a bought,
I will take good hede tyll the be goon,
And assone as I aspye that she is oute,
By my feith, into the bous I will go anon.
And this I promyse you, that I shall never slepe, [alone;
But evermore wayte to fynde the children
And if the moder come in, under the bench I will crepe,
And lye stille ther tyll she be goon,
Than manly I shall come out and hir children sloon,
And whan I have don I shall renne fast away:
If she founde hir child dede, and toke me ther alone,
Be my feith, I am sure we shuld make a fray.

HEROWD. Nay, harlott, abyde stylle with my knyghts I warne the,
Tyll the children be slayn all the hooll rought;
And whan thu comyst home a gayn I shall avaunce the, [ought,
If thu quyte thee like a man whill thu art
And if thn pley the coward, I put the owt of dougbt, [vauntage,
Of me thu shalt neyther have fe nor ad-
Therfor I charge you the contre be well sought,
And whan thu cómyst home shalt have thi wage.

WATKYN. Yis, ser, he my trouthe, ye shall wele knowe
Whill I am oute how I shall aquyte me,
For I propose to spare neither high nor lowe,
If ther be no man wole smyte me:
The most I fere the wyves will bete me,
Yitt shall I take good hert to me and loke wele abought.
And loke that your knyghts he not ferre fro me,
For if I be alone I may sone gete a flought.

ANGELUS. O Joseph, ryse up, and loke thu tary nought;
Take Mary with tbe, and in to Egipt flee;
For Jesu thy sone pursuyd is and sought
By kyng Herowd, the whiche of grete inyquyte
Commaunded hath thurgh Bedlem cite.
In his cruell and furyous rage,
To sle all the children that be in that cuntre,
That may be founde within to yeers of age:
Ther shall he shewe in that region
Diverse miracles of his high regalye,
In all ber temples the mawments shall falle down,
To shew a tokyn towards the partie, [speake,
This child hath lordship, as prophets do
And at his comyng thurgh his myghty hond
In despight of all idolatrye, [to the lond.
Every oon shall falle whan he comyth in

Here Mary and Joseph shall go out of the place, and the godds shall fall: and than shall come in the women of Israel with young children in ther armys, and than the knyghts shall go to them sayng as foluyth:

1. MILES. Herke, ye wyffys, we be come your houshold to visite;
Though ye he never so wroth nor wood,
With sharpe swerds that redely will byte,
All your children within to yeers age in our cruell mood
Thurghe ont all Bethleem to kylle and shed ther young blood,
As we he bound he tbe commaundement of tbe kyng:
Who that seitb nay, we shall make a flood
To renne in the stretis by ther blood shedyng.

2. MILES. Therfor unto us ye make a delyveraunce
Of your young children, and that a none,
Or ells, be Mabounde, we shall geve a myschaunce, [goon.
Our sharpe swerds thurgh yonr bodies shall

WATKYN. Therfor bé ware, for we will not leve oon
In all this cuntre that shall us escape,
I shall rather slee them everychoon
And make them to lye and mowe like an ape.

1. MULIER. Fye on you, traitors of cruell tormentrye,
Wiche with your swerds of mortall violens,—

2. MULIER. Our young children, that can no socoure but crie,
Wyll slee and devoure in ther innocens.

3. MULIER. Ye false traitors unto God, ye do grett offens,
To sle and morder young children that in tho cradell slumber.

4. MULIER. But we women shall make a geyns yon resistens
After our power, your malice to encomber.

WATKYN. Peas, you folyshe quenys, wha shuld you defende
Ageyns us armyd men in this apparailo?
We be bold men, and tho kyng us ded sende
Hedyr in to this cuntre to hold with you battaile.

Here thei shall bete Watkyn; and the Knyghts shall come to rescue hym, and than thei go to Herowds hous sayng —

1. MILES. Honorable prynce of grett apparayle, [have wrought,
Thurgh Jerusalem and Jude, your wyll wo
Full suerly harneysed in arms of plate and maile, [bronght.
The children of Israell unto deth we have

MARIA. Joseph, my spouse, tyme it is, we goo
Unto the temple to make an offrynge
Of our swete sone; the law commandith so,
And ij yonge dowys wyth us for to bryng
In to a prests hands, without tarieng,
I shall presente for an observaunce,
Our babe so blissed wiche is but yonge
With me to go, I pray you, make purviaunce.

JOSEPH. Most blissed spouse, me list not to feyne,
Fayn wold I plese you with hooll affeccion;
Behold now, wyff, here are dowys tweyne,
Of wiche ye shull make an oblacion,
With our child of full grett devocion:
Goth forth a forn, hertly I you pray,
And I shall folue, void of presumpcion,
With true entent as an old man may.

SYMEON (the bishop). Welcome, lord, excellent of power;
And welcome, Maria, with your sone sovereyne:
Yonr oblacion of hooll herte and entcer
I receyve, with these dowys tweyne:
Welcome, babe; for joye what may I seyn?
Atwen myn armys now shall I thee embrace:
My prayer, Lord, was not made in veyn,
For now I se thy celestiall face.
(*Here declare* Nunc dimittis.)

O blissed Lord, aft thi languago,
In parfight peas now lett thy servaunt reste;
For why, myn eyen havo seyn thi visage,
And eke thyn heltho thurgh my meke request:
Of the derk dungeon let tho gats brest
Before tho face of thyn peoplo alle; [best
Thu hast brought triaclo and bawme of the
With sovereyne suger geyn all bitter galle:
I mene thi self, Lord, gracious and benigne,
That woldest come down from thyn high glorye
Poyson to repelle, thi mercy doth now shyne
To chaingo thyngs that are transitory,
Thu art the light and the hevynly skye
To the relevyng of folk most cruell,
Thu hast brought gladnesso to our oratorye,
And enlumyned thy people of Israell.

POETA. Honorable soverignes, thus we conclude
Our matter, that wo have shewid here in your presens:
And though our eloqnens bo but rudo,
We beseeche you all of your paciens,
To pardon us of our offens;
For aft tho sympyll cunnyng that we can,
This matter we have shewid to your audiens,
In the worship of our Lady and hir moder seynt Anne.
Nowe of this pore processe we make an ende,
Thankyng you all of your good attendaunce;
And the next yeer, as wo be perposid in our mynde,
The disputacion of the doctors to shew in your presens.
Wherfor now, ye vyrgynes, or we go hens,
With all yonr cumpany you goodly avaunce:
Also yo menstralles doth your diligens,
A fore our depertyng geve us a daunce.

HENRY MEDWALL.

Henry Medwall was a composer of Moral Plays in the 16th century. Allegorical beings were generally chosen as personages in these dramas, and the stories were so constructed, as to convey religious lessons; but afterwards they became amalgamated with the Miracle Plays.

NATURE; A MORAL-PLAY.

Mundus and Worldly-affection are represented sitting on the stage „berynge a gown and cap, and a gyrdyll for Man," when he enters, accompanied by Nature, Reason, and Innocency. Nature states that God has appointed her his Minister on earth to instruct all creatures, and delivers the following stanza, in asscrtion of her place and power.

‚Who taught the cok his watche howres to observe, [hye?
And syng of corage wyth shryll throte on
Who taught the pellycan her tender hart to carve,
For sho nolde[1] suffer her byrdys to dye?
Who taught the nyghtyngall to recorde hesyly
Her strange entunys in sylence of the nyght?
Certes, I, Nature, and none other wyght'.

She appoints Reason and Sensuality the guides of Man in the journey of life; but Mundus aiding Sensuality in his seduction, Man dismisses Reason and his companion Innocency ‚to the devyll of hell' laughing at the latter for heing as mute ‚as a grey friar.' Pride, attended by his page, soon snpplies their place; and wrapt np in admiration of himsclf, he does not on his first entrance ohserve Man and says:

‚Wote ye not how great a lord I am,
Of how noble progeny I cam?
My fader a knyght, my moder callyd ma- [dame;
Myne auncestors great estatys?
And now the lyvelod[2] ys to me fall
By hoth theyre dethes naturall:
I am spoken of more than they all
Hens to Parys gatys
I love yt well to have syde here
Halfe a wote[3] byneth myne ere;
For ever more I stand in fere,
That myne nek shold take cold.
I knyt yt up all the nyght,
And the day tyme kemb yt down ryght,
And then it cryspeth and shyneth as bryght
As any pyrled gold.'

Pride introduces himself to Man, and whispers Sensuality, ‚that all may hear,' to use his influence in ingratiating him with Man:

‚I understand that this gentylman is borne to great fortunes, and intendeth to inhahyt there in the contray; and I am a gentylman that al way hath be brought up with great estatys, and affied with them; and yf I myght be in like favonr wyth thys gentylman, I wold ho glad therof, and do you a pleasure.'

Man, at the recommendation of Sensuality, agrees that Pride shall attend upon him; and while Man is gono out with Sensuality to a tavern, Pride and Worldly-affection talk upon the fitness of changing Man's apparel. Pride thus describes the dress he shall wear:

‚Syr, our mayster shall have a gown,
That all the galandys[1] in thys town
Shall on the fassion wonder:
It shall not be sowed, hut wyth a lace
Bytwixt every seme a space
Of two handfull a sonder.

Than a douhlet of the new make,
Close byfore and open on the hak:
No sleve upon hys arme,
Under that a shyrt as soft as sylk,
And as whyte as any mylk,
To kepe the carcas warm.

Than shall his hosen be stryped,
Wyth corsclettys of fyne velvet slyped
Down to the hard kne;
And fro the kne downward,
Hys hosen shalbe freschely gard
Wyth colonrs ij or thre.

And whan he is in suche aray,
There goth a rutter[2] men wyll say,
A rutter, huf, a galand.
Ye shall se these foles on hym gase,
And mnse as yt were on a mase
New hrought into the land.'

After a quarrel between Man and Reason, the hero of the piece falls into the fellowship of the seven deadly sins, who take feigned names in order to delude him. Ere long Man discovers that he has been imposed upon, repents that he has driven away Reason, and leaving Worldly affection, seeks Shamefacedness. At the end of the play Reason is reconciled to Man, and again takes him under her guidance. It closes with these lines:

‚And for thys season
Here we make an end,

[1] Ne wolde, would not. [2] Livelihood. [3] Foot.

[1] Gallants. [2] Knight.

Lest we shuld offend
Thys audyence, as god defend
It were not to be don.
Ye shall understand, never thelesse
That there ys myche more of thys processe
Wherein we shall do our besynes,
And our true endevure
To shew yt unto you, after our guyse,
Whan my lord shall so devyse;
It shalbe at hys pleasure.'

CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE.

Christopher Marlowe, one of Shakespeare's most eminent predecessors, was born about 1562, at Canterbury. In 1587 he took the degree of A. M. at Cambridge; before this time he had written his play of ‚Tamburlaine the Great'. His next play was ‚The Life and Death of Dr. Faustus' in which the poet has displayed a great amount of talent, and introduced some scenes of terrific grandeur. This was followed by the ‚Jew of Malta', ‚The Massacre at Paris' and ‚Edward the Second', of which the last is considered the finest; indeed it is thought in some parts worthy of being compared with Shakspeare's Richard II. He has also written several other dramatic pieces, all possessing a certain amount of worth, beside several small poems of less value. Marlowe died in 1593.

THE TRAGICAL HISTORY OF DOCTOR FAUSTUS.

How FAUSTUS *fell to the study of magic.*

——— born of parents base of stock
In Germany, within a town called Rhodes;
At riper years to Wirtemberg he went,
Whereas his kinsmen chiefly brought him up.
So much he profits in Divinity, [name,
That shortly he was graced with Doctor's
Excelling all, and sweetly can dispute
In the heavenly matters of theology:
Till swoln with cunning and a self-conceit,
His waxen wings did mount above his reach. [throw:
And melting, heaven conspired his over-
For falling to a devilish exercise, [gifts,
And glutted now with Learning's golden
He surfeits on the cursed necromancy.
Nothing so sweet as magic is to him,
Which he prefers before his chiefest bliss.

FAUSTUS, in his study, runs through the circle of the sciences; and being satisfied with none of them, determines to addict himself to magic.

FAUST. Settle thy studies, Faustus, and begin
To sound the depth of that thou wilt profess:
Having commenc'd, be a Divine in show,
Yet level at the end of every art,
And live and die in Aristotle's works.
Sweet Analytics, 'tis thou hast ravish'd me,
Bene disserere est finis Logices.
Is to dispute well, Logic's chiefest end?
Affords this art no greater miracle?
Then read no more; thou hast attain'd that end.
A greater subject fitteth Faustus' wit.
Bid Economy farewell: and Galen come.
Be a physician, Faustus, heap up gold,
And be eterniz'd for some wond'rous cure.
Summum bonum medicinæ sanitas:
The end of physic is our bodies' health.
Why, Faustus, hast thou not attain'd that end?
Are not thy bills hung up as monuments,
Whereby whole cities have escap'd the plague,
And divers desperate maladies been cured?
Yet art thou still but Faustus, and a man.
Couldst thou make men but live eternally,
Or being dead raise men to life again,
Then this profession were to be esteem'd.
Physic, farewell. Where is Justinian?
Si una eademque res legatur duobus,
Alter rem, alter valorem rei, &c.
A petty case of paltry legacies.
Exhereditari filium non potest pater, nisi &c.
Such is the subject of the Institute,
And universal body of the Law.
This study fits a mercenary drudge,
Who aims at nothing but eternal trash,
Too servile and illiberal for me.
When all is done, Divinity is best.
Jerome's Bible, Faustus: view it well.
Stipendium peccati mors est: ha! Stipendium, &c.
The reward of sin is death: that's hard.
Si peccasse negamus, fallimur, et nulla est in nobis veritas.
If we say that we have no sin, we deceive ourselves, and there is no truth in us.
Why then belike we must sin, and so consequently die.
Aye, we must die an everlasting death.
What doctrine call you this? Che sera sera:
What will be shall be. Divinity adieu.
These Metaphysics of Magicians,
And necromantic books, are heavenly.
Lines, Circles, Letters, Characters:
Aye, these are those that Faustus most desires.
O what a world of profit and delight,
Of power, of honour, of omnipotence,
Is promised to the studious artizan!
All things that move between the quiet poles [Kings
Shall be at my command. Emperors and
Are but obey'd in their several provinces;
But his dominion that exceeds in this,

Stretcheth as far as doth the mind of man:
A sound Magician is a Demigod.
Here tire my brains to gain a deity.
* * * * * * * * * * * * *
How am I glutted with conceit of this!
Shall I make Spirits fetch me what I please?
Resolve me of all ambiguities?
Perform what desperate enterprises I will?
I 'll have them fly to India for gold,
Ransack the ocean for orient pearl,
And search all corners of the new-found world
For pleasant fruits and princely delicates.
I 'll have them read me strange philosophy;
And tell the secrets of all foreign kings:
I 'll have them wall all Germany with brass,
And with swift Rhine circle all Wirtemberg:
I 'll have them fill the public schools with skill,
Wherewith the students shall be bravely clad:
I 'll levy soldiers with the coin they bring,
And chase the Prince of Parma from our land;
And reign sole king of all the provinces;
Yea, stranger engines for the brunt of war,
Than was the fiery keel at Antwerp bridge,
I 'll make my servile Spirits to invent.
Come, German Valdes, and Cornelius,
And make me wise with your sage conference.

Enter VALDES *and* CORNELIUS.

FAUST. Valdes, sweet Valdes, and Cornelius,
Know that your words have won me at the last
To practise magic and concealed Arts.
Philosophy is odious and obscure:
Both Law and Physic are for petty wits;
'Tis Magic, Magic, that hath ravish'd me.
Then gentle friends aid me in this attempt;
And I that have with subtil syllogisms
Gravell'd the Pastors of the German Church,
And made the flowering pride of Wirtemberg
Swarm to my problems, as th' infernal Spirits
On sweet Musæus when he came to hell,
Will be as cunning as Agrippa was,
Whose shadow made all Europe honour him.

VALD. Faustus, these books, thy wit, and your experience,
Shall make all nations canonize us.
As Indian Moors obey their Spanish Lords,
So shall the Spirits of every Element
Be always serviceable to us three: [please;
Like Lions shall they guard us when we
Like Almain Rutters with their horsemen's staves,
Or Lapland Giants trotting by our sides:
Sometimes like Women, or unwedded Maids,
Shadowing more beauty in their airy brows
Than have the white breasts of the Queen of Love.

CORN. The miracles that magic will perform,
Will make thee vow to study nothing else.
He that is grounded in astrology,
Enricht with tongues, well seen in minerals,
Hath all the principles magic doth require.

FAUST. Come, show me some demonstrations magical,
That I may conjure in some bushy grove,
And have these joys in full possession.

VALD. Then haste thee to some solitary grove,
And bear wise Bacon's and Albanus' works,
The Hebrew Psalter, and New Testament;
And whatsoever else is requisite
We will inform thee, ere our conference cease.

FAUSTUS being instructed in the elements of magic by his friends VALDES and CORNELIUS, sells his soul to the devil, to have an Evil Spirit at his command for twenty-four years. — When the years are expired, the devils claim his soul.

FAUSTUS — *the night of his death.*

WAGNER *his* Servant.

FAUST. Say, Wagner, thou hast perused my Will,
How dost thou like it?

WAG. Sir, so wondrous well,
As in all humble duty I do yield
My life and lasting service for your love.
[*Exit.*

Three Scholars *enter.*

FAUST. Gramercy, Wagner.
Welcome, Gentlemen.

FIRST SCH. Now, worthy Faustus, methinks your looks are chang'd.

FAUST. Oh, Gentlemen.

SEC. SCH. What ails Faustus?

FAUST. Ah, my sweet chamber-fellow, had I lived with thee, then had I lived still, but now must die eternally. Look, Sirs, comes he not? comes he not?

FIRST SCH. Oh my dear Faustus, what imports this fear?

SEC. SCH. Is all our pleasure turned to melancholy?

THIRD SCH. He is not well with being over solitary.

SEC. SCH. If it be so, we will have physicians, and Faustus shall be cured.

THIRD SCH. 'Tis but a surfeit, Sir; fear nothing.

FAUST. A surfeit of a deadly sin that hath damn'd both body and soul.

SEC. SCH. Yet, Faustus, look up to heaven, and remember mercy is infinite.

FAUST. But Faustus' offence can ne'er be pardoned. The serpent that tempted Eve may be saved, but not Faustus. O Gentlemen, hear me with patience, and tremble

not at my speeches. Though my heart pant and quiver to remember that I have been a student here these thirty years. O would I had ne'er seen Wirtemberg, never read book! and what wonders have I done, all Germany can witness, yea, all the world: for which, Faustus hath lost both Germany and the world: yea, heaven itself, heaven the seat of God, the throne of the blessed, the kingdom of joy, and must remain in hell for ever. Hell, O hell, for ever. Sweet friends, what shall become of Faustus being in hell for ever?

SEC. SCH. Yet Faustus call on God.

FAUST. On God whom Faustus hath abjured? on God whom Faustus hath blasphemed? O my God, I would weep but the devil draws in my tears. Gush forth blood instead of tears, yea life and soul. Oh, he stays my tongue: I would lift up my hands, but see, they hold 'em, they hold 'em.

SCHOLARS. Who, Faustus?

FAUST. Why, Lucifer and Mephistophilis. O gentlemen, I gave them my soul for cunning.

SCHOLARS. O God forbid.

FAUST. God forbid it indeed, but Faustus hath done it: for the vain pleasure of four-and-twenty years hath Faustus lost eternal joy and felicity. I writ them a bill with mine own blood, the date is expired: this is the time, and he will fetch me.

FIRST SCH. Why did not Faustus tell us of this before, that Divines might have prayed for thee?

FAUST. Oft have I thought to have done so; but the devil threatened to tear me in pieces if I named God; to fetch me body and soul if I once gave ear to divinity, and now it is too late. Gentlemen, away, lest you perish with me.

SEC. SCH. O what may we do to save Faustus?

FAUST. Talk not of me but save yourselves and depart.

THIRD SCH. God will strengthen me, I will stay with Faustus.

FIRST SCH. Tempt not God, sweet friend, but let us into the next room and pray for him.

FAUST. Aye, pray for me, pray for me; and what noise soever you hear, come not unto me, for nothing can rescue me.

SEC. SCH. Pray thou, and we will pray, that God may have mercy upon thee.

FAUST. Gentlemen, farewell; if I live till morning, I 'll visit you: if not, Faustus is gone to hell.

SCHOLARS. Fanstus, farewell.

FAUSTUS *alone.* — *The clock strikes eleven.*

FAUST. O Faustus,
Now hast thou but one bare hour to live,
And then thou must be damn'd perpetually.
Stand still you ever-moving spheres of heaven, [come.
That time may cease, and midnight never
Fair Nature's eye, rise, rise again, and make
Perpetual day: or let this hour be but
A year, a month, a natural day,
That Faustus may repent and save his soul.
O lente lente currite noctis equi.
The stars move still, time runs, the clock will strike, [damn'd?
The devil will come, and Faustus must be
O I will leap to heaven, who pulls me down?
See where Christ's blood streams in the firmament: [Christ,
One drop of blood will save me: Oh, my
Rend not my heart for naming of my Christ.
Yet will I call on him: O spare me, Lucifer.
Where is it now? 'tis gone?
And see, a threat'ning arm, and angry brow. [on me.
Mountains and hills come, come, and fall
And hide me from the heavy wrath of heaven. [earth:
No? then I will headlong run into the
Gape earth. O no, it will not harbour me.
You stars that reign'd at my nativity,
Whose influence have allotted death and hell,
Now draw up Faustus like a foggy mist
Into the entrails of yon labouring cloud;
That when you vomit forth into the air,
My limbs may issue from your smoaky mouths, [ven.
But let my soul mount, and ascend to hea-

The watch strikes.

O half the hour is past: 'twill all be past anon.
O if my soul must suffer for my sin,
Impose some end to my incessant pain.
Let Faustus live in hell a thousand years,
A hundred thousand, and at the last be saved:
No end is limited to damned souls.
Why wert thou not a creature wanting soul?
Or why is this immortal that thou hast?
Oh, Pythagoras, Metempsychosis, were that true, [chang'd
This soul should fly from me, and I be
Into some brutish beast.
All beasts are happy, for when they die,
Their souls are soon dissolv'd in elements:
But mine must live still to be plagued in hell.
Curst be the parents that engender'd me:
No, Faustus, curse thyself, curse Lucifer,
That hath depriv'd thee of the joys of heaven.

The clock strikes twelve.

It strikes, it strikes; now, body, turn to air,
Or Lucifer will bear thee quick to hell.
O soul, be chang'd into small water drops,
And fall into the ocean; ne'er be found.

Thunder, and enter the Devils.

O mercy heaven, look not so fierce on me.

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Adders and serpents, let me breathe awhile:
Ugly hell gape not; come not Lucifer:
I 'll burn my books: Oh Mephistophilis!
* * * * *

Enter Scholars.

First Sch. Come gentlemen, let us go visit Faustus,
For such a dreadful night was never seen
Since first the world's creation did begin,
Such fearful shrieks and cries were never heard. [danger.
Pray heaven the Doctor have escaped the
Sec. Sch. O help us heavens! see here are Faustus' limbs
All torn asunder by the hand of death.
Third Sch. The devil whom Faustus serv'd hath torn him thus: [thought
For 'twixt the hours of twelve and one, me-
I heard him shriek, and call aloud for help;
At which same time the house seem'd all on fire
With dreadful horror of these damned fiends.
Sec. Sch. Well, gentlemen, though Faustus' end be such
As every Christian heart laments to think on:
Yet, for he was a scholar once admired
For wondrous knowledge in our German schools,
We 'll give his mangled limbs due burial:
And all the scholars, cloth'd in mourning black,
Shall wait upon his heavy funeral.
Chorus. Cut is the branch that might have grown full strait,
And burned is Apollo's laurel bough
That sometime grew within this learned man;
Faustus is gone! Regard his hellish fall,
Whose fiendful fortune may exhort the wise
Only to wonder at unlawful things;
Whose deepness doth entice such forward wits [mits.
To practise more than heavenly power per-

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

Stratford-upon-Avon boasts of having been the birth-place of this hero of English literature. The event of his birth took place in April 1564. The particulars of his life are involved in great obscurity, but it is maintained by many that his father followed the trade of a glover or wool-comber and was in good circumstances. William is said to have attended the grammar school of his native town, where most probably he acquired his knowledge of Latin and Greek, which Ben Jonson speaks of as having been very limited. Great doubts exist with respect to the manner in which he employed himself after leaving school, but the supposition of his having spent some time in a lawyer's office is most prevalent, as all his writings prove him to have been well versed in the terms of law. The London actors often visited Stratford, and therefore we may readily fancy, that Shakspeare had some intercourse with them, which, blended with the observation of the lovely scenery around his native town gave the first impulse to that genius which was to delight the world at a future period. Perhaps also in being a spectator of the plays acted there he formed an idea of sometime making an improvement upon the profession. At the age of eighteen he married Ann Hathaway, the daughter of a ‚substantial yeoman', and soon afterwards left Stratford to try his fortune in London; some say to avoid disagreeable circumstances issuing from a lampoon he had written upon a gentleman, for having accused him of stealing deer from his estate. In London he became a partner in the Blackfriars company and his reputation was soon insured, for in 1589, his name stands eleventh in a list of fifteen forming the company, in 1596, the 5th in a list of eight, and in 1603, we find him second proprietor in a new patent granted by James I. From 1584 to 1611, he is supposed to have published all his plays to the number of thirty seven, and in 1612 drawn by tender remembrances of his native town, he entered it once more, there to spend his remaining days in that peace which he had so well earned. There he passed four years in competency; he expired at the age of 52, and was hurled in the parish churchyard. Shakspeare is supposed to have begun his literary career by correcting the plays of others, and fitting them for appearing before the public. The ‚two Gentlemen of Verona' is said to have been one of his earliest productions; it is written with the timidity of youthful genius and the style does not appear fully formed. In ‚Richard II. and III.' the charheters are beautifully worked out: in ‚Romeo and Juliet' and ‚The Merchant of Venice' it is obvious, that age has had a beneficial effect upon the writer, and in the ‚Merry wives of Windsor', ‚As you like it', ‚Henry IV.' &c., all these improvements blended with the richest comic of comedy appear. In ‚King Lear', ‚Hamlet', ‚Othello', ‚Macbeth' and the ‚Tempest', his latest and best productions, all the various talents of his wonderful mind are combined. ‚He was the man' (we quote this passage from Dryden), who of all modern and perhaps ancient poets, had the largest and most comprehensive soul. All the images of nature were still present to him, and he drew them not laboriously but luckily. When he describes anything you more than see it, you feel it too. Those who have accused him to have wanted learning give him the greater commendation: he was naturally learned; he needed not the spectacles of books to read nature; he looked inwards and found her there. I cannot say he is everywhere alike; were he so, I should do him injury to compare him with the greatest of mankind. He is many times flat, insipid; his comic wit degenerating into clinches, his serious, into bombast. But he is always great, when great occasion is presented to him; no man can say he ever had a fit subject for his wit, and did not then rise above the rest of poets'.

KING RICHARD II.

Persons Represented.

KING RICHARD II.
EDMUND OF LANGLEY, Duke of York; uncle to the King.
JOHN OF GAUNT, Duke of Lancaster; uncle to the King.
HENRY, surnamed BOLINGBROKE, Duke of Hereford, son to John of Gaunt; afterwards King Henry IV.
DUKE OF AUMERLE, son to the Duke of York.
MOWBRAY, Duke of Norfolk.
DUKE OF SURREY.
EARL OF SALISBURY.
EARL BERKLEY.
BUSHY, a creature to King Richard

BAGOT, a creature to King Richard.
GREEN, a creature to King Richard.
EARL OF NORTHUMBERLAND.
HENRY PERCY, son to the Earl of Northumberland.
LORD ROSS.
LORD WILLOUGHBY.
LORD FITZWATER.
BISHOP OF CARLISLE.
ABBOT OF WESTMINSTER.
LORD MARSHAL; and another Lord.
SIR PIERCE OF EXTON.
SIR STEPHEN SCROOP.
Captain of a band of Welchmen.
QUEEN to King Richard.
DUCHESS OF GLOSTER.
DUCHESS OF YORK.
Lady attending on the Queen.
Lords, Heralds, Officers, Soldiers, Two Gardeners, Keeper, Messenger, Groom, and other attendants.

SCENE, — DISPERSEDLY IN ENGLAND AND WALES.

ACT I.

SCENE I. — London. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter KING RICHARD, *attended;* JOHN OF GAUNT, *and other* Nobles, *with him.*

K. Rich. Old John of Gaunt, time-honour'd Lancaster,
Hast thou, according to thy oath and band,[1]
Brought hither Henry Hereford,[2] thy bold son:
Here to make good the boisterous late appeal,
Which then our leisure would not let us hear,
Against the Duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray?

Gaunt. I have, my liege.

K. Rich. Tell me, moreover, hast thou sounded him?
If he appeal the duke on ancient malice;
Or worthily, as a good subject should,
On some known ground of treachery in him?

Gaunt. As near as I could sift him on that argument,
On some apparent danger seen in him,
Aim'd at your highness, — no inveterate malice.

K. Rich. Then call them to our presence; face to face,
And frowning brow to brow, ourselves will hear
The accuser, and the accused, freely speak:—
[*Exeunt some* Attendants.
High-stomach'd are they both, and full of ire,
In rage deaf as the sea, hasty as fire.

Re-enter Attendants *with* BOLINGBROKE *and* NORFOLK.

Boling. May many years of happy days befal
My gracious sovereign, my most loving liege!

Nor. Each day still better other's happiness;
Until the heavens, envying earth's good hap,
Add an immortal title to your crown!

K. Rich. We thank you both: yet one but flatters us,
As well appeareth by the cause you come;[3]
Namely, to appeal each other of high treason. —
Cousin of Hereford, what dost thou object
Against the Duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray?

Boling. First, (Heaven be the record to my speech!)
In the devotion of a subject's love,
Tendering the precious safety of my prince,
And free from other misbegotten hate,
Come I appellant to this princely presence.
Now, Thomas Mowbray, do I turn to thee,
And mark my greeting well; for what I speak
My body shall make good upon this earth,
Or my divine soul answer it in heaven.
Thou art a traitor, and a miscreant;
Too good to be so, and too bad to live;
Since the more fair and crystal is the sky,
The uglier seem the clouds that in it fly.
Once more, the more to aggravate the note,
With a foul traitor's name stuff I thy throat;
And wish (so please my sovereign), ere I move,
What my tongue speaks, my right-drawn sword may prove.

Nor. Let not my cold words here accuse my zeal:
'Tis not the trial of a woman's war,
The bitter clamour of two eager tongues,
Can arbitrate this cause betwixt us twain:
The blood is hot that must be cool'd for this.
Yet can I not of such tame patience boast,
As to be hush'd, and nought at all to say:
First, the fair reverence of your highness curbs me
From giving reins and spurs to my free speech;
Which else would post, until it had return'd
These terms of treason doubled down his throat.
Setting aside his high blood's royalty,
And let him be no kinsman to my liege,
I do defy him, and I spit at him;
Call him a slanderous coward, and a villain:
Which to maintain, I would allow him odds;
And meet him, were I tied to run a-foot
Even to the frozen ridges of the Alps,
Or any other ground inhabitable[1]
Wherever Englishman durst set his foot.
Meantime, let this defend my loyalty, —
By all my hopes, most falsely doth he lie.

Boling. Pale trembling coward, there I throw my gage,
Disclaiming here the kindred of the king;
And lay aside my high blood's royalty,
Which fear, not reverence, makes thee to except:
If guilty dread hath left thee so much strength,
As to take up mine honour's pawn, then stoop;

[1] *Band* and *bond* are each the past participle passive of the verb *to bind*; and hence the *band*, that by which a thing is confined, and the *bond*, that by which one is constrained, are one and the same thing. [2] In the old copies this title is invariably spelt and pronounced *Herford*. In Hardynge's 'Chronicle' the word is always written Herford or Harford. It is constantly Herford, as a dissyllable, in Daniel's 'Civile Warres.' [3] On which you come; or you come on.

[1] Uninhabitable, unhabitable.

By that, and all the rites of knighthood else,
Will I make good against thee, arm to arm,
What I have spoke, or thou canst worse devise.
Nor. I take it up; and by that sword I swear,
Which gently laid my knighthood on my shoulder,
I'll answer thee in any fair degree,
Or chivalrous design of knightly trial:
And, when I mount, alive may I not light,
If I be traitor, or unjustly fight!
K. Rich. What doth our cousin lay to Mowbray's charge?
It must be great, that can inherit us[1]
So much as of a thought of ill in him.
Boling. Look, what I speak my life shall prove it true; —
That Mowbray hath receiv'd eight thousand nobles,
In name of lendings, for your highness' soldiers:
The which he hath detain'd for lewd[2] employments,
Like a false traitor and injurious villain.
Besides I say, and will in battle prove, —
Or here, or elsewhere, to the furthest verge
That ever was survey'd by English eye, —
That all the treasons, for these eighteen years
Complotted and contrived in this land,
Fetch'd from false Mowbray their first head and spring.
Further I say, — and further will maintain
Upon his bad life, to make all this good, —
That he did plot the duke of Gloster's death;
Suggest[3] his soon-believing adversaries;
And, consequently, like a traitor coward,
Sluic'd out his innocent soul through streams of blood:
Which blood, like sacrificing Abel's, cries
Even from the tongueless caverns of the earth,
To me for justice and rough chastisement;
And, by the glorious worth of my descent,
This arm shall do it, or this life be spent.
K. Rich. How high a pitch his resolution soars! —
Thomas of Norfolk, what say'st thou to this?
Nor. O, let my sovereign turn away his face,
And bid his ears a little while be deaf,
Till I have told this slander of his blood,
How God, and good men, hate so foul a liar.
K. Rich. Mowbray, impartial are our eyes and ears:
Were he my brother, nay, our kingdom's heir,
(As he is but my father's brother's son,)
Now by my sceptre's awe I make a vow,
Such neighbour nearness to our sacred blood
Should nothing privilege him, nor partialize
The unstooping firmness of my upright soul:
He is our subject, Mowbray; so art thou;
Free speech, and fearless, I to thee allow.
Nor. Then, Bolingbroke, as low as to thy heart,
Through the false passage of thy throat, thou liest!
Three parts of that receipt I had for Calais
Disburs'd I duly to his highness' soldiers:
The other part reserv'd I by consent;
For that my sovereign liege was in my debt,
Upon remainder of a clear account,
Since last I went to France to fetch his queen:
Now swallow down that lie. — For Gloster's death, —
I slew him not; but to my own disgrace,
Neglected my sworn duty in that case.
For you, my noble lord of Lancaster,
The honourable father to my foe,
Once I did lay an ambush for your life,
A trespass that doth vex my grieved soul:
But, ere I last receiv'd the sacrament,
I did confess it; and exactly begg'd
Your grace's pardon, and, I hope, I had it.
This is my fault: As for the rest appeal'd,
It issues from the rancour of a villain,
A recreant and most degenerate traitor:
Which in myself I boldly will defend;
And interchangeably hurl down my gage
Upon this overweening traitor's foot,
To prove myself a loyal gentleman
Even in the best blood chamber'd in his bosom:
In haste whereof, most heartily I pray
Your highness to assign our trial day.
K. Rich. Wrath-kindled gentlemen, be rul'd by me;
Let's purge this choler without letting blood;
This we prescribe, though no physician;
Deep malice makes too deep incision:
Forget, forgive; conclude, and be agreed;
Our doctors say, this is no month to bleed.
Good uncle, let this end where it begun:
We'll calm the duke of Norfolk, you your son.
Gaunt. To be a make-peace shall become my age: —
Throw down, my son, the duke of Norfolk's gage.
K. Rich. And, Norfolk, throw down his.
Gaunt. When, Harry? when?[1]
Obedience bids, I should not bid again.
K. Rich. Norfolk, throw down, we bid; there is no boot.[2]
Nor. Myself I throw, dread sovereign, at thy foot:
My life thou shalt command, but not my shame:
The one my duty owes; but my fair name,
(Despite of death,) that lives upon my grave,

[1] To inherit was not only used in the sense of to inherit as an heir, but in that of to receive generally. It is here used for *to cause to receive* [2] *Lewd*, in its early signification, means, misled, deluded; and thence it came to stand, as here, for wicked. [3] Prompt.

[1] *When*, so used, is an expression of impatience. [2] *Boot* is here used in its original sense of compensation. There is no boot, no remedy for what is past, — nothing to be added, or substituted.

To dark dishonour's use thou shalt not have.
I am disgrac'd, impeach'd, and baffled here;
Pierc'd to the soul with slander's venom'd spear;
The which no balm can cure, but his heart-blood
Which breath'd this poison.

K. Rich. Rage must be withstood:
Give me his gage: — Lions make leopards tame.[1]

Nor. Yea, but not change his spots: take but my shame,
And I resign my gage. My dear, dear lord,
The purest treasure mortal times afford
Is spotless reputation; that away,
Men are but gilded loam, or painted clay.
A jewel in a ten-times-barr'd-up chest
Is a bold spirit in a loyal breast.
Mine honour is my life; both grow in one;
Take honour from me, and my life is done:
Then, dear my liege, mine honour let me try;
In that I live and for that will I die.

K. Rich. Cousin, throw down your gage; do you begin.

Boling. O, heaven defend my soul from such foul sin!
Shall I seem crest-fallen in my father's sight?
Or with pale beggar fear impeach my height
Before this outdar'd dastard? Ere my tongue
Shall wound mine honour with such feeble wrong,
Or sound so base a parle, my teeth shall tear
The slavish motive of recanting fear;
And spit it bleeding, in his high disgrace,
Where shame doth harbour, even in Mowbray's face.

[*Exit* GAUNT.

K. Rich. We were not born to sue, but to command:
Which since we cannot do to make you friends,
Be ready, as your lives shall answer it,
At Coventry, upon Saint Lambert's day;
There shall your swords and lances arbitrate
The swelling difference of your settled hate;
Since we cannot atone you,[2] you shall see
Justice design[3] the victor's chivalry.
Lord marshal, command our officers at arms
Be ready to direct these home-alarms.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. — London. *A Room in the Duke of* Lancaster's *Palace.*

Enter GAUNT *and* DUCHESS OF GLOSTER.

Gaunt. Alas! the part[4] I had in Gloster's blood
Doth more solicit me than your exclaims,
To stir against the butchers of his life.
But since correction lieth in those hands
Which made the fault that we cannot correct,
Put we our quarrel to the will of Heaven;
Who, when he sees the hours ripe on earth,
Will rain hot vengeance on offenders' heads.

Duch. Finds brotherhood in thee no sharper spur?
Hath love in thy old blood no living fire?
Edward's seven sons, whereof thyself art one,
Were as seven phials of his sacred blood,
Or seven fair branches springing from one root:
Some of those seven are dried by nature's course,
Some of those branches by the destinies cut;
But Thomas, my dear lord, my life, my Gloster, —
One phial full of Edward's sacred blood,
One flourishing branch of his most royal root,
Is crack'd, and all the precious liquor spilt;
Is hack'd down, and his summer leaves all vaded,[1]
By envy's hand, and murder's bloody axe.
Ah, Gaunt! his blood was thine; that bed, that womb,
That mettle, that self-mould, that fashion'd thee
Made him a man; and though thou liv'st and breath'st,
Yet art thou slain in him: thou dost consent
In some large measure to thy father's death,
In that thou seest thy wretched brother die,
Who was the model of thy father's life.
Call it not patience, Gaunt, it is despair:
In suffering thus thy brother to be slaughter'd,
Thou show'st the naked pathway to thy life,
Teaching stern murder how to butcher thee:
That which in mean men we entitle patience
Is pale cold cowardice in noble breasts.
What shall I say? to safeguard thine own life,
The best way is to 'venge my Gloster's death.

Gaunt. Heaven's is the quarrel; for heaven's substitute,
His deputy anointed in his sight,
Hath caus'd his death: the which if wrongfully,
Let heaven revenge; for I may never lift
An angry arm against his minister.

Duch. Where then, alas! may I complain myself?[2]

Gaunt. To heaven, the widow's champion and defence.

Duch. Why then, I will. Farewell, old Gaunt.
Thou go'st to Coventry, there to behold
Our cousin Hereford and fell Mowbray fight:
O, sit my husband's wrongs on Hereford's spear,
That it may enter butcher Mowbray's breast!
Or, if misfortune miss the first career,
Be Mowbray's sins so heavy in his bosom,

[1] The crest of Norfolk was a golden leopard. [2] Make you in concord — cause you to be at *one*. [3] Designate — point out — exhibit — show by a token. [4] My consanguinity to Gloster.

[1] Vade seems to have a stronger sense than to *fade* although fade was often written vade. [2] The verb is here the same as the French verb *se plaindre*.

That they may break his foaming courser's back,
And throw the rider headlong in the lists,
A caitiff[1] recreant to my cousin Hereford!
Farewell, old Gaunt; thy sometimes brother's wife
With her companion grief must end her life.
Gaunt. Sister, farewell; I must to Coventry:
As much good stay with thee, as go with me!
Duch. Yet one word more; — Grief boundeth where it falls,
Not with the empty hollowness, but weight:
I take my leave before I have begun;
For sorrow ends not when it seemeth done.
Commend me to my brother, Edmund York.
Lo, this is all: — Nay, yet depart not so;
Though this be all, do not so quickly go;
I shall remember more. Bid him — O, what? —
With all good speed at Plashy visit me.
Alack, and what shall good old York there see,
But empty lodgings and unfurnish'd walls,
Unpeopled offices, untrodden stones?
And what cheer there for welcome but my groans?
Therefore commend me; let him not come
To seek out sorrow that dwells everywhere:
Desolate, desolate, will I hence, and die;
The last leave of thee takes my weeping eye.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. — *Open Space near* Coventry. *Lists set out, and a Throne.* Heralds, &c., *attending.*

Enter the Lord Marshal *and* Aumerle.

Mar. My lord Aumerle, is Harry Hereford arm'd?
Aum. Yea, at all points; and longs to enter in.
Mar. The duke of Norfolk, sprightfully and bold,
Stays but the summons of the appellant's trumpet.
Aum. Why, then the champions are prepar'd, and stay
For nothing but his majesty's approach.

Flourish of trumpets. Enter King Richard, *who takes his seat on his throne;* Gaunt, *and several Noblemen, who take their places. A trumpet is sounded, and answered by another trumpet within. Then enter* Norfolk, *in armour, preceded by a Herald.*

K. Rich. Marshal, demand of yonder champion
The cause of his arrival here in arms:
Ask him his name; and orderly proceed
To swear him in the justice of his cause.
Mar. In God's name and the king's, say who thou art,
And why thou com'st thus knightly clad in arms:
Against what man thou com'st, and what's thy quarrel:
Speak truly, on thy knighthood, and thine oath;
As so defend thee heaven, and thy valour!
Nor. My name is Thomas Mowbray, duke of Norfolk;
Who hither come engaged by my oath;
(Which heaven defend a knight should violate!)
Both to defend my loyalty and truth
To God, my king, and his succeeding issue,
Against the duke of Hereford that appeals me;
And, by the grace of God, and this mine arm,
To prove him, in defending of myself,
A traitor to my God, my king, and me:
And, as I truly fight, defend me heaven!
[*He takes his seat.*

Trumpet sounds. Enter Bolingbroke, *in armour preceded by a Herald.*

K. Rich. Marshal, ask yonder knight in arms,
Both who he is, and why he cometh hither
Thus plated in habiliments of war!
And formally according to our law
Depose him in the justice of his cause.
Mar. What is thy name? and wherefore com'st thou hither,
Before king Richard, in his royal lists?
Against whom comest thou? and what's thy quarrel?
Speak like a true knight, so defend thee heaven!
Boling. Harry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby,
Am I; who ready here do stand in arms,
To prove, by heaven's grace, and my body's valour,
In lists, on Thomas Mowbray duke of Norfolk,
That he's a traitor, foul and dangerous,
To God of heaven, king Richard, and to me;
And, as I truly fight, defend me heaven!
Mar. On pain of death, no person be so bold,
Or daring-hardy, as to touch the lists,
Except the marshal, and such officers
Appointed to direct these fair designs.
Boling. Lord marshal, let me kiss my sovereign's hand,
And bow my knee before his majesty:
For Mowbray and myself are like two men
That vow a long and weary pilgrimage;
Then let us take a ceremonious leave,
And loving farewell, of our several friends.
Mar. The appellant in all duty greets your highness,
And craves to kiss your hand, and take his leave.
K. Rich. We will descend, and fold him in our arms.
Cousin of Hereford, as thy cause is right,
So be thy fortune in this royal fight!
Farewell, my blood; which if to-day thou shed,
Lament we may, but not revenge thee dead.

[1] The original meaning of this word was, a prisoner. As the captive anciently became a slave, the word gradually came to indicate a man in a servile condition — a mean creature — a dishonest person.

Boling. O, let no noble eye profane a tear
For me, if I be gor'd with Mowbray's spear;
As confident as is the falcon's flight
Against a bird do I with Mowbray fight. —
My loving lord, [*to* LORD MARSHAL] I take my leave of you;
Of you, my noble cousin, lord Aumerle: —
Not sick, although I have to do with death;
But lusty, young, and cheerly drawing breath.
Lo, as at English feasts, so I regreet
The daintiest last, to make the end most sweet:
O thou, the earthly author of my blood, —
[*To* GAUNT.
Whose youthful spirit, in me regenerate,
Doth with a two-fold vigour lift me up
To reach at victory above my head, —
Add proof unto mine armour with thy prayers;
And with thy blessings steel my lance's point,
That it may enter Mowbray's waxen coat,[1]
And furnish new the name of John of Gaunt,
Even in the lusty 'haviour of his son.
Gaunt. Heaven in thy good cause make thee prosperous!
Be swift like lightning in the execution;
And let thy blows, doubly redoubled,
Fall like amazing thunder on the casque
Of thy adverse pernicious enemy: [live.
Rouse up thy youthful blood, be valiant and
Boling. Mine innocency, and saint George to thrive. [*He takes his seat.*
Nor. [*Rising.*] However heaven, or fortune, cast my lot, [throne,
There lives, or dies, true to king Richard's
A loyal, just, and upright gentleman:
Never did captive with a freer heart
Cast off his chains of bondage, and embrace
His golden uncontroll'd enfranchisement,
More than my dancing soul doth celebrate
This feast of battle with mine adversary.
Most mighty liege, and my companion peers,
Take from my mouth the wish of happy years:
As gentle and as jocund, as to jest,[2]
Go I to fight: Truth hath a quiet breast.
K. Rich. Farewell, my lord: securely I espy
Virtue with valour couched in thine eye.
Order the trial, marshal, and begin.
[*The* KING *and the* LORDS *return to their seats.*
Mar. Harry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby,
Receive thy lance; and God defend thy right!
Boling. [*Rising.*] Strong as a tower in hope, I cry—amen.
Mar. Go bear this lance [*to an* Officer] to Thomas, duke of Norfolk.
1. *Her.* Harry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby,
Stands here for God, his sovereign and himself,
On pain to be found false and recreant,
To prove the duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray,
A traitor to his God, his king, and him,
And dares him to set forward to the fight.
2. *Her.* Here standeth Thomas Mowbray, duke of Norfolk,
On pain to be found false and recreant,
Both to defend himself, and to approve
Henry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby,
To God, his sovereign, and to him, disloyal;
Courageously, and with a free desire,
Attending but the signal to begin.
Mar. Sound, trumpets; and set forward, combatants.
[*A charge sounded.*
Stay, the king hath thrown his warder[1] down.
K. Rich. Let them lay by their helmets and their spears,
And both return back to their chairs again:
Withdraw with us; and let the trumpets sound,
While we return these dukes what we decree.
[*A long flourish.*
Draw near, [*To the Combatants.*
And list, what with our council we have done
For that our kingdom's earth should not be soil'd
With that dear blood which it hath fostered;
And for our eyes do hate the dire aspect
Of civil wounds plough'd up with neighbours' swords;
[And for we think the eagle-winged pride
Of sky-aspiring and ambitious thoughts,
With rival-hating envy, set you on
To wake our peace, which in our country's cradle
Draws the sweet infant breath of gentle sleep;]
Which so rous'd up with boisterous untun'd drums, [bray,
With harsh resounding trumpets' dreadful
And grating shock of wrathful iron arms,
Might from our quiet confines fright fair peace,
And make us wade even in our kindred's blood; —
Therefore, we banish you our territories: —
You, cousin Hereford, upon pain of death,
Till twice five summers have enrich'd our fields,
Shall not regreet our fair dominions,
But tread the stranger paths of banishment.
Boling. Your will be done: This must my comfort be,
That sun that warms you here, shall shine on me;
And those his golden beams, to you here lent,
Shall point on me, and gild my banishment.

[1] Mowbray's waxen coat, into which Bolingbroke's lance's point may enter, is his frail and penetrable coat, or armour. [2] To play a part in a mask.

[1] The truncheon, *or staff of command.*

K. Rich. Norfolk, for thee remains a heavier doom,
Which I with some unwillingness pronounce:
The fly-slow hours shall not determinate
The dateless limit of thy dear[1] exile; —
The hopeless word of, never to return.
Breathe I against thee, upon pain of life.
Nor. A heavy sentence, my most sovereign liege,
And all unlook'd for from your highness' mouth:
A dearer merit;[2] not so deep a maim
As to be cast forth in the common air,
Have I deserved at your highness' hands.
The language I have learn'd these forty years,
My native English, now I must forego:
And now my tongue's use is to me no more
Than an unstringed viol, or a harp;
Or like a cunning instrument cas'd up,
Or, being open, put into his hands
That knows no touch to tune the harmony.
Within my mouth you have engaol'd my tongue,
Doubly portcullis'd with my teeth and lips;
And dull, unfeeling, barren ignorance
Is made my gaoler to attend on me.
I am too old to fawn upon a nurse,
Too far in years to be a pupil now;
What is thy sentence, then, but speechless death,
Which robs my tongue from breathing native breath?
K. Rich. It boots thee not to be compassionate;[3]
After our sentence plaining comes too late.
Nor. Then thus I turn me from my country's light,
To dwell in solemn shades of endless night.
[Retiring.
K. Rich. Return again and take an oath with thee.
Lay on our royal sword your banish'd hands;
Swear by the duty that you owe to heaven,
(Our part therein we banish with yourselves,)
To keep the oath that we administer: —
You never shall, (so help you truth and heaven!)
Embrace each other's love in banishment;
Nor ever look upon each other's face;
Nor ever write, regreet, or reconcile
This lowering tempest of your home-bred hate;
Nor ever by advised purpose meet
To plot, contrive, or complot any ill
'Gainst us, our state, our subjects, or our land.
Boling. I swear.
Nor. And I, to keep all this.
Boling. Norfolk, — so far as to mine enemy; —
By this time, had the king permitted us,
One of our souls had wander'd in the air,
Banish'd this frail sepulchre of our flesh,
As now our flesh is banish'd from this land.
Confess thy treasons ere thou fly this realm;
Since thou hast far to go, bear not along
The clogging burthen of a guilty soul.
Nor. No, Bolingbroke; if ever I were traitor
My name be blotted from the book of life,
And I from heaven banish'd as from hence!
But what thou art, heaven, thou, and I do know;
And all too soon, I fear, the king shall rue.
Farewell, my liege: — Now no way can I stray; [way. *[Exit.*
Save back to England; all the world's my
K. Rich. Uncle, even in the glasses of thine eyes
I see thy grieved heart; thy sad aspect
Hath from the number of his banish'd years
Pluck'd four away: — Six frozen winters spent,
Return *[to* BOLING.*]* with welcome home from banishment.
Boling. How long a time lies in one little word!
Four lagging winters, and four wanton springs
End in a word: Such is the breath of kings.
Gaunt. I thank my liege, that, in regard of me,
He shortens four years of my son's exile;
But little vantage shall I reap thereby;
For ere the six years that he hath to spend
Can change their moons, and bring their times about,
My oil-dried lamp, and time-bewasted light,
Shall be extinct with age and endless night;
My inch of taper will be burnt and done,
And blindfold death not let me see my son.
K. Rich. Why, uncle, thou hast many years to live.
Gaunt. But not a minute, king, that thou canst give:
Shorten my days thou canst with sullen sorrow,
And pluck nights from me, but not lend a morrow:
Thou canst help time to furrow me with age,
But stop no wrinkle in his pilgrimage;
Thy word is current with him for my death:
But, dead, thy kingdom cannot buy my breath.
K. Rich. Thy son is banish'd upon good advice,
Whereto thy tongue a party-verdict gave;
Why at our justice seem'st thou then to lower?
Gaunt. Things sweet to taste prove in digestion sour.
You urg'd me as a judge; but I had rather

[1] To *dere*, the old English verb, from the Anglo-Saxon *der-ian*, is to hurt, — to do mischief; and thence *dearth*, meaning, which hurteth, *dereth*, or maketh *dear*. In the expression *dear exile* we have the primitive meaning of to *dere*. But in the other expression, *dear blood*, we have the secondary meaning. One of the most painful consequences of mischief on a large scale, such as the mischief of a bad season, was *dearth*. What was spared was thence called *dear* — precious — costly — greatly coveted — highly prized. [2] Reward. [3] In the sense of *complaining*.

You would have bid me argue like a father:
[O, had it been a stranger, not my child,
To smooth his fault I should have been more mild:
A partial slander sought I to avoid,
And in the sentence my own life destroy'd.]
Alas, I look'd when some of you should say,
I was too strict, to make mine own away;
But you gave leave to mine unwilling tongue,
Against my will, to do myself this wrong.
K. Rich. Cousin, farewell:—and, uncle, bid him so;
Six years we banish him, and he shall go.
[*Flourish. Exeunt* K. RICHARD *and Train.*
Aum. Cousin, farewell: what presence must not know,
From where you do remain, let paper show.
Mar. My lord, no leave take I; for I will ride
As far as land will let me by your side.
Gaunt. O, to what purpose dost thou hoard thy words,
That thou return'st no greeting to thy friends?
Boling. I have too few to take my leave of you,
When the tongue's office should be prodigal
To breathe the abundant dolour of the heart.
Gaunt. Thy grief is but thy absence for a time. [time.
Boling. Joy absent, grief is present for that
Gaunt. What is six winters? they are quickly gone. [one hour ten.
Boling. To men in joy; but grief makes
Gaunt. Call it a travel that thou tak'st for pleasure.
Boling. My heart will sigh when I miscall
Which finds it an enforced pilgrimage. [it so,
Gaunt. The sullen passage of thy weary steps
Esteem a foil,[1] wherein thou art to set
The precious jewel of thy home-return.
Boling. Nay, rather, every tedious stride I make
Will but remember me, what a deal of world
I wander from the jewels that I love.
Must I not serve a long apprenticehood
To foreign passages; and in the end,
Having my freedom, boast of nothing else
But that I was a journeyman to grief?
Gaunt. All places that the eye of heaven visits
Are to a wise man ports and happy havens:
Teach thy necessity to reason thus;
There is no virtue like necessity.
Think not, the king did banish thee;
But thou the king: Woe doth the heavier sit,
Where it perceives it is but faintly borne.
Go, say, I sent thee forth to purchase honour,
And not, the king exil'd thee: or suppose,
Devouring pestilence hangs in our air,
And thou art flying to a fresher clime.
Look, what thy soul holds dear, imagine it
To lie that way thou go'st, not whence thou com'st.
Suppose the singing birds, musicians;
The grass whereon thou tread'st, the presence strew'd; [more
The flowers, fair ladies; and thy steps, no
Than a delightful measure or a dance:
For gnarling sorrow hath less power to bite
The man that mocks at it, and sets it light.
Boling. O, who can hold a fire in his hand,
By thinking on the frosty Caucasus?
Or cloy the hungry edge of appetite,
By bare imagination of a feast?
Or wallow naked in December snow,
By thinking on fantastic summer's heat?
O, no! the apprehension of the good
Gives but the greater feeling to the worse:
Fell sorrow's tooth doth never rankle more,
Than when it bites but lanceth not the sore.
Gaunt. Come, come, my son, I'll bring thee on thy way:
Had I thy youth and cause, I would not stay.
Boling. Then, England's ground, farewell; sweet soil, adieu;
My mother, and my nurse, that bears me yet!
Where'er I wander, boast of this I can,
Though banish'd, yet a true-born Englishman. [*Ex.*

SCENE IV. — *A Room in the King's Palace.*

Enter KING RICHARD, BAGOT *and* GREEN; AUMERLE *following.*

K. Rich. We did observe. — Cousin Aumerle, [way?
How far brought you high Hereford on his
Aum. I brought high Hereford, if you call him so,
But to the next highway, and there I left him.
K. Rich. And, say, what store of parting tears were shed?
Aum. 'Faith, none for me,[1] except the north-east wind,
Which then blew bitterly against our face,
Awak'd the sleepy rheum; and so, by chance,
Did grace our hollow parting with a tear.
K. Rich. What said our cousin when you parted with him?
Aum. Farewell!
And, for my heart disdained that my tongue
Should so profane the word, that taught me craft
To counterfeit oppression of such grief, [grave.
That word seem'd buried in my sorrow's
Marry, would the word farewell have lengthen'd hours,

[1] *Foil* or *foyl*, the thin plate or leaf of metal used in setting jewelry.

[1] None on my part.

And added years to his short banishment,
He should have had a volume of farewells;
But, since it would not, he had none of me.
K. Rich. He is our cousin, cousin; but 't is doubt,
When time shall call him home from banishment,
Whether our kinsman come to see his friends.
Ourself and Bushy, Bagot here, and Green,
Observ'd his courtship to the common people: —
How he did seem to dive into their hearts,
With humble and familiar courtesy;
What reverence he did throw away on slaves;
Wooing poor craftsmen with the craft of smiles,
And patient underbearing of his fortune,
As 't were to banish their affects with him.
Off goes his bonnet to an oyster-wench;
A brace of draymen bid — God speed him well,
And had the tribute of his supple knee,
With — Thanks, my countrymen, my loving friends;
As 'were our England in reversion his,
And he our subjects' next degree in hope.
Green. Well, he is gone; and with him go these thoughts.
Now for the rebels, which stand out in Ireland;
Expedient[1] manage must be made, my liege,
Ere further leisure yield them further means,
For their advantage, and your highness' loss.
K. Rich. We will ourself in person to this war.
And, for our coffers, with too great a court,
And liberal largess, are grown somewhat light,
We are enforc'd to farm our royal realm;
The revenue whereof shall furnish us
For our affairs in hand: If that come short,
Our substitutes at home shall have blank charters;
Whereto, when they shall know what men are rich,
They shall subscribe them for large sums of gold,
And send them after to supply our wants;
For we will make for Ireland presently.

Enter BUSHY.

Bushy, what news?
Bushy. Old John of Gaunt is grievous sick, my lord;
Suddenly taken; and hath sent post haste,
To entreat your majesty to visit him.
K. Rich. Where lies he?
Bushy. At Ely-house.
K. Rich. Now put it, heaven, in his physician's mind,
To help him to his grave immediately!
The lining of his coffers shall make coats
To deck our soldiers for these Irish wars.
Come, gentlemen, let 's all go visit him;
Pray God, we may make haste, and come too late!

Exeunt.

[1] Prompt — suitable — disengaged from entanglements.

ACT II.

SCENE I. — London. *A Room in* Ely House.

GAUNT *on a couch; the Duke of* YORK, *and others standing by him.*

Gaunt. Will the king come? that I may breathe my last
In wholesome counsel to his unstaid youth.
York. Vex not yourself, nor strive not with your breath;
For all in vain comes counsel to his ear.
Gaunt. O, but they say, the tongues of dying men
Enforce attention, like deep harmony;
Where words are scarce, they are seldom spent in vain;
For they breathe truth, that breathe their words in pain.
He, that no more must say, is listen'd more
Than they whom youth and ease have taught to glose;
More are men's ends mark'd, than their lives before;
The setting sun, and music at the close,
(As the last taste of sweets is sweetest,) last,
Writ in remembrance, more than things long past;
Though Richard my life's counsel would not hear,
My death's sad tale may yet undeaf his ear.
York. No; it is stopp'd with other flattering sounds,
As praises of his state: then, there are found
Lascivious metres; to whose venom sound
The open ear of youth doth always listen;
Report of fashions in proud Italy;
Whose manners still our tardy apish nation
Limps after in base imitation.
Where doth the world thrust forth a vanity,
(So it be new, there 's no respect how vile,)
That is not quickly buzz'd into his ears?
Then all too late comes counsel to be heard,
Where will doth mutiny with wit's regard.
Direct not him, whose way himself will choose;
'T is breath thou lack'st, and that breath wilt thou lose.
Gaunt. Methinks I am a prophet new inspir'd;
And thus, expiring, do foretell of him:
His rash fierce blaze of riot cannot last;
For violent fires soon burn out themselves;
Small showers last long, but sudden storms are short;
He tires betimes, that spurs too fast betimes:

With eager feeding food doth choke the feeder:
Light vanity, insatiate cormorant,
Consuming means, soon preys upon itself.
This royal throne of kings, this scepter'd isle,
This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars,
This other Eden, demi-paradise,
This fortress, built by nature for herself,
Against infestion[1] and the hand of war;
This happy breed of men, this little world,
This precious stone set in the silver sea,
Which serves it in the office of a wall,
Or as a moat defensive to a house,
Against the envy of less happier lands;
This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England,
This nurse, this teeming womb of royal kings,
Fear'd by their breed, and famous for their birth,
Renowned for their deeds as far from home,
(For Christian service, and true chivalry,)
As is the sepulchre in stubborn Jewry
Of the world's ransom, blessed Mary's son:
This land of such dear souls, this dear dear land,
Dear for her reputation through the world,
Is now leas'd out, (I die pronouncing it,)
Like to a tenement, or pelting[2] farm;
England, bound in with the triumphant sea,
Whose rocky shore beats back the envious siege
Of watery Neptune, is now bound in with shame,
With inky blots, and rotten parchment bonds;
That England, that was wont to conquer others,
Hath made a shameful conquest of itself:
Ah, would the scandal vanish with my life,
How happy then were my ensuing death!

Enter KING RICHARD *and* QUEEN; AUMERLE, BUSHY, GREEN, BAGOT, ROSS, *and* WILLOUGHBY.

York. The king is come: deal mildly with his youth;
For young hot colts, being rag'd, do rage the more.

Queen. How fares our noble uncle, Lancaster?

K. Rich. What comfort, man? How is 't with aged Gaunt?

Gaunt. O, how that name befits my composition!
Old Gaunt, indeed; and gaunt in being old:
Within me grief hath kept a tedious fast;
And who abstains from meat, that is not gaunt?
For sleeping England long time have I watch'd;
Watching breeds leanness, leanness is all gaunt:
The pleasure that some fathers feed upon
Is my strict fast, — I mean my children's looks;
And, therein fasting, hast thou made me gaunt:
Gaunt am I for the grave, gaunt as a grave,
Whose hollow womb inherits nought but bones.

K. Rich. Can sick men play so nicely with their names?

Gaunt. No, misery makes sport to mock itself:
Since thou dost seek to kill my name in me,
I mock my name, great king, to flatter thee.

K. Rich. Should dying men flatter with those that live?

Gaunt. No, no; men living flatter those that die.

K. Rich. Thou, now a dying, say'st thou flatterest me.

Gaunt. Oh! no; thou diest, though I the sicker be.

K. Rich. I am in health, I breathe, and see thee ill;

Gaunt. Now, He that made me knows I see thee ill;
Ill in myself to see, and in thee seeing ill.
Thy death-bed is no lesser than the land
Wherein thou liest in reputation sick:
And thou, too careless patient as thou art,
Committ'st thy anointed body to the cure
Of those physicians that first wounded thee.
A thousand flatterers sit within thy crown,
Whose compass is no bigger than thy head;
And yet, incaged in so small a verge,
The waste is no whit lesser than thy land.
O, had thy grandsire, with a prophet's eye,
Seen how his son's son should destroy his sons,
From forth thy reach he would have laid thy shame,
Deposing thee before thou wert possess'd,
Which art possess'd now to depose thyself.
Why, cousin, wert thou regent of the world,
It were a shame to let this land by lease:
But, for thy world, enjoying but this land:
Is it not more than shame to shame it so?
Landlord of England art thou, and not king:
Thy state of law is bondslave to the law;
And———

K. Rich. And thou a lunatic lean-witted fool,
Presuming on an ague's privilege,
Dar'st with thy frozen admonition
Make pale our cheek: chasing the royal blood,
With fury, from his native residence.
Now by my seat's right royal majesty,
Wert thou not brother to great Edward's son,
This tongue, that runs so roundly in thy head,
Should run thy head from thy unreverend shoulders.

Gaunt. O, spare me not, my brother Edward's son,

[1] All the ancient copies read *infection*. Farmer suggested the substitution of *infestion*, an abbreviation of *infestation*, which appears to have designated those violent incursions of an enemy — those annoying, joy-depriving (*infestus*) ravages — to which an unprotected frontier is peculiarly exposed. Still, *infection*, being a word of which there can be no doubt of the meaning, is to be preferred, if we can be content to receive the idea in a limited sense — that the sea in some sort kept out pestilence, though not absolutely. [2] *Pelting* invariably means something petty — of little worth.

For that I was his father Edward's son;
That blood already, like the pelican,
Hast thou tapp'd out, and drunkenly carous'd; [soul,
My brother Gloster, plain well-meaning
(Whom fair befal in heaven 'mongst happy souls!)
May be a precedent and witness good,
That thou respect'st not spilling Edward's blood:
Join with the present sickness that I have;
And thy unkindness be like crooked age,
To crop at once a too-long wither'd flower.
Live in thy shame, but die not shame with thee! —
These words hereafter thy tormentors be! —
Convey me to my bed, then to my grave:
Love they to live, that love and honour have.
[*Exit, borne out by his* Attendants.

K. Rich. And let them die, that age and sullens have; [grave.
For both hast thou, and both become the

York. I do beseech your majesty, impute his words
To wayward sickliness and age in him:
He loves you, on my life, and holds you dear
As Harry duke of Hereford, were he here.

K. Rich. Right; you say true: as Hereford's love, so his:
As theirs, so mine; and all be as it is.

Enter NORTHUMBERLAND.

North. My liege, old Gaunt commends him to your majesty.

K. Rich. What says he? [said:

North. Nay, nothing; all is
His tongue is now a stringless instrument;
Words, life, and all, old Lancaster hath spent. [rupt soil

York. Be York the next that must be bankThough death be poor, it ends a mortal woe.

K. Rich. The ripest fruit first falls, and so doth he;
His time is spent, our pilgrimage must be:
So much for that. Now for our Irish wars:
We must supplant those rough rug-headed kerns, [else,
Which live like venom, where no venom
But only they, hath privilege to live.
And, for these great affairs do ask some charge,
Towards our assistance, we do seize to us
The plate, coin, revenues, and moveables,
Whereof our uncle Gaunt did stand possess'd.

York. How long shall I be patient? Ah, how long
Shall tender duty make me suffer wrong?
Not Gloster's death, nor Hereford's banishment, [wrongs,
Nor Gaunt's rebukes, nor England's private
Nor the prevention of poor Bolingbroke
About his marriage, nor my own disgrace,
Have ever made me sour my patient cheek,
Or bend one wrinkle on my sovereign's face.
I am the last of noble Edward's sons,
Of whom thy father, prince of Wales, was first;
In war, was never lion rag'd more fierce,
In peace, was never gentle lamb more mild,
Than was that young and princely gentleman:
His face thou hast, for even so look'd he,
Accomplish'd with the number of thy hours;
But when he frown'd it was against the French,
And not against his friends: his noble hand
Did win what he did spend, and spent not that
Which his triumphant father's hand had won:
His hands were guilty of no kindred's blood,
But bloody with the enemies of his kin.
O, Richard, York is too far gone with grief,
Or else he never would compare between.

K. Rich. Why, uncle, what's the matter?

York. O, my liege,
Pardon me, if you please; if not, I, pleas'd
Not to be pardon'd, am content withal.
Seek you to seize, and gripe into your hands, [ford?
The royalties and rights of banish'd Here-
Is not Gaunt dead? and doth not Hereford live?
Was not Gaunt just? and is not Harry true?
Did not the one deserve to have an heir?
Is not his heir a well-deserving son?
Take Hereford's rights away, and take from time
His charters, and his customary rights;
Let not to-morrow then ensue to-day;
Be not thyself, for how art thou a king,
But by fair sequence and succession?
Now, afore God (God forbid, I say true!)
If you do wrongfully seize Hereford's rights,
Call in his letters-patent that he hath
By his attorneys-general to sue
His livery, and deny his offer'd homage,
You pluck a thousand dangers on your head,
You lose a thousand well-disposed hearts,
And prick my tender patience to those thoughts
Which honour and allegiance cannot think.

K. Rich. Think what you will; we seize into our hands [lands.
His plate, his goods, his money, and his

York. I'll not be by the while: My liege, farewell:
What will ensue hereof there's none can tell;
But by bad courses may be understood,
That their events can never fall out good.
[*Exit.*

K. Rich. Go, Bushy, to the earl of Wiltshire straight:
Bid him repair to us to Ely-house

To see this business: To-morrow next
We will for Ireland; and 'tis time, I trow;
And we create, in absence of ourself,
Our uncle York lord governor of England,
For he is just, and always lov'd us well.
Come on, our queen: to-morrow must we part;
Be merry, for our time of stay is short.
[*Flourish.*
[*Exeunt* KING, QUEEN, BUSHY, AUM., GREEN, *and* BAGOT.

North. Well, lords, the duke of Lancaster is dead.
Ross. And living too; for now his son is duke.
Willo. Barely in title, not in revenue.
North. Richly in both, if justice had her right.
Ross. My heart is great; but it must break with silence,
Ere 't be disburthen'd with a liberal tongue.
North. Nay, speak thy mind; and let him ne'er speak more
That speaks thy words again to do thee harm!
Willo. Tends that thou 'dst speak to the duke of Hereford?
If it be so, out with it boldly, man; [him.
Quick is mine ear to hear of good towards
Ross. No good at all that I can do for him;
Unless you call it good to pity him,
Bereft and gelded of his patrimony.
North. Now, afore heaven, 'tis shame such wrongs are borne,
In him a royal prince, and many more
Of noble blood in this declining land.
The king is not himself, but basely led
By flatterers; and what they will inform,
Merely in hate, 'gainst any of us all,
That will the king severely prosecute
'Gainst us, our lives, our children, and our heirs.
Ross. The commons hath he pill'd with grievous taxes,
And quite lost their hearts: the nobles hath he fin'd [hearts.
For ancient quarrels, and quite lost their
Willo. And daily new exactions are devis'd—
As blanks, benevolences, and I wot not what;
But what, o' God's name, doth become of this?
North. Wars have not wasted it, warr'd he hath not,
But basely yielded upon compromise
That which his ancestors achiev'd with blows:
More hath he spent in peace than they in wars.
Ross. The earl of Wiltshire hath the realm in farm.
Willo. The king's grown bankrupt, like a broken man.
North. Reproach and dissolution hangeth over him.
Ross. He hath not money for these Irish wars,
His burthenous taxations notwithstanding,
But by the robbing of the banish'd duke.
North. His noble kinsman: most degenerate king!
But, lords, we hear this fearful tempest sing,
Yet seek no shelter to avoid the storm:
We see the wind sit sore upon our sails,
And yet we strike not,[1] but securely perish.
Ross. We see the very wreck that we must suffer;
And unavoided is the danger now,
For suffering so the causes of our wreck.
North. Not so; even through the hollow eyes of death
I spy life peering; but I dare not say
How near the tidings of our comfort is.
Willo. Nay, let us share thy thoughts, as thou dost ours.
Ross. Be confident to speak, Northumberland:
We three are but thyself; and, speaking so,
Thy words are but as thoughts; therefore, be bold.
North. Then thus: — I have from Port le Blanc, a bay
In Brittany, receiv'd intelligence
That Harry duke of Hereford, Reignold lord Cobham,
That late broke from the duke of Exeter,
His brother, archbishop late of Canterbury,
Sir Thomas Erpingham, sir John Ramston,
Sir John Norbery, sir Robert Waterton, and Francis Quoint,—[tagne,
All these, well furnish'd by the duke of Bre-
With eight tall ships, three thousand men of war,
Are making hither with all due expedience,
And shortly mean to touch our northern shore:
Perhaps they had ere this, but that they stay
The first departing of the king for Ireland.
If then we shall shake off our slavish yoke,
Imp out[2] our drooping country's broken wing,
Redeem from broking pawn the blemish'd crown,
Wipe off the dust that hides our sceptre's gilt,
And make high majesty look like itself,
Away with me in post to Ravenspurg:
But if you faint, as fearing to do so,
Stay and be secret, and myself will go.
Ross. To horse, to horse! urge doubts to them that fear.
Willo. Hold out my horse, and I will first be there.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. — *The same. A Room in the Palace.*

Enter QUEEN, BUSHY, *and* BAGOT.

Bushy. Madam, your majesty is too much sad:
You promis'd, when you parted with the king,

[1] To strike sail is to lower sail. [2] To imp a hawk was artificially to supply such wing feathers as were dropped or forced out by accident. To imp is to engraft — to insert.

To lay aside life-harming heaviness,
And entertain a cheerful disposition.
Queen. To please the king, I did; to please myself,
I cannot do it: yet I know no cause
Why I should welcome such a guest as grief,
Save bidding farewell to so sweet a guest
As my sweet Richard: Yet, again, methinks,
Some unborn sorrow, ripe in fortune's womb,
Is coming towards me; and my inward soul
With nothing trembles: at something it grieves
More than with parting from my lord the king.
Bushy. Each substance of a grief hath twenty shadows,
Which show like grief itself, but are not so:
For sorrow's eye, glazed with blinding tears,
Divides one thing entire to many objects,
Like perspectives, which, rightly gaz'd upon,
Show nothing but confusion, — ey'd awry,
Distinguish form; so your sweet majesty,
Looking awry upon your lord's departure,
Finds shapes of griefs more than himself to wail; [shadows
Which, look'd on as it is, is nought but
Of what it is not. Then, thrice-gracious queen,
More than your lord's departure weep not; more 's not seen:
Or if it be, 'tis with false sorrow's eye,
Which, for things true, weeps things imaginary.
Queen. It may be so; but yet my inward soul
Persuades me it is otherwise; Howe'er it be,
I cannot but be sad; so heavy sad,
As — though, in thinking, on no thought I think —
Makes me with heavy nothing faint and shrink.
Bushy. 'Tis nothing but conceit, my gracious lady.
Queen. 'Tis nothing less; conceit is still deriv'd
From some forefather grief; mine is not so;
For nothing hath begot my something grief;
Or something hath the nothing that I grieve;
'Tis in reversion that I do possess;
But what it is, that is not yet known; what
I cannot name; 'tis nameless woe, I wot.

Enter GREEN.

Green. Heaven save your majesty! — and well-met, gentlemen,
I hope the king is not yet shipp'd for Ireland.
Queen. Why hop'st thou so? 't is better hope he is; [hope;
For his designs crave haste, his haste good
Then wherefore dost thou hope he is not shipp'd?
Green. That he, our hope, might have retir'd his power,
And driven into despair an enemy's hope,
Who strongly hath set footing in this land:
The banish'd Bolingbroke repeals himself,
And with uplifted arms is safe arriv'd
At Ravenspurg.
Queen. Now God in heaven forbid!
Green. O, madam 't is too true; and that is worse, —
The lord Northumberland, his young son Henry Percy,
The lords of Ross, Beaumond, and Willoughby,
With all their powerful friends, are fled to him.
Bushy. Why have you not proclaim'd Northumberland
And the rest of the revolting faction traitors?
Green. We have: whereupon the earl of Worcester
Hath broke his staff, resign'd his stewardship,
And all the household servants fled with him
To Bolingbroke. [to my woe,
Queen. So, Green, thou art the midwife
And Bolingbroke my sorrow's dismal heir:
Now hath my soul brought forth her prodigy;
And I, a gasping new-deliver'd mother,
Have woe to woe, sorrow to sorrow, join'd.
Bushy. Despair not, madam.
Queen. Who shall hinder me?
I will despair, and be at enmity
With cozening hope; he is a flatterer,
A parasite, a keeper-back of death,
Who gently would dissolve the bands of life,
Which false hope lingers in extremity.

Enter YORK.

Green. Here comes the duke of York.
Queen. With signs of war about his aged neck;
O, full of careful business are his looks!
Uncle,
For heaven's sake, speak comfortable words.
York. [Should I do so, I should belie my thoughts:] [earth,
Comfort 's in heaven; and we are on the
Where nothing lives, but crosses, care, and grief.
Your husband he is gone to save far off,
Whilst others come to make him lose at home:
Here am I left to underprop his land;
Who, weak with age, cannot support myself:
Now comes the sick hour that his surfeit made;
Now shall he try his friends that flatter'd him.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. My lord, your son was gone before I came.
York. He was? — Why so! — go all which way it will!
The nobles they are fled, the commons they are cold,
And will, I fear, revolt on Hereford's side. —
Sirrah, get thee to Plasby, to my sister Gloster; —

Bid her send me presently a thousand pound:
Hold, take my ring. [lordship:
Serv. My lord, I had forgot to tell your
To-day, as I came by, I called there; —
But I shall grieve you to report the rest.
York. What is it, knave? [ess died.
Serv. An hour before I came, the duch-
York. Heaven for his mercy! what a tide of woes
Comes rushing on this woeful land at once!
I know not what to do: — I would to heaven,
(So my untruth had not provok'd him to it,)
The king had cut off my head with my brother's. [land? —
What, are there posts despatch'd for Ire-
How shall we do for money for these wars? —
Come, sister, — cousin, I would say: pray, pardon me. —
Go, fellow, [*to the* Servant] get thee home, provide some carts,
And bring away the armour that is there. —
[*Exit Serv.*
Gentlemen, will you go muster men? if I know
How, or which way, to order these affairs,
Thus thrust disorderly into my hands,
Never believe me. Both are my kinsmen; —
The one's my sovereign, whom both my oath
And duty bids defend; the other again
Is my kinsman, whom the king hath wrong'd,
Whom conscience and my kindred bids to right. [sin, I'll
Well, somewhat we must do. — Come, cou-
Dispose of you: — Gentlemen, go muster up your men,
And meet me presently at Berkley castle.
I should to Plashy too; —
But time will not permit: — All is uneven,
And everything is left at six and seven.
[*Exeunt* York *and* Queen.
Bushy. The wind sits fair for news to go to Ireland,
But none returns. For us to levy power,
Proportionable to the enemy,
Is all impossible. [in love,
Green. Besides, our nearness to the king
Is near the hate of those love not the king.
Bagot. And that 's the wavering commons; for their love
Lies in their purses; and whoso empties them,
By so much fills their hearts with deadly hate.
Bushy. Wherein the king stands generally condemn'd. [do we,
Bagot. If judgment lie in them, then so
Because we have been ever near the king.
Green. Well, I'll for refuge straight to Bristol castle;
The earl of Wiltshire is already there.
Bushy. Thither will I with you: for little office
Will the hateful commons perform for us;
Except, like curs, to tear us all in pieces. —
Will you go along with us?
Bagot. No; I will to Ireland to his majesty.
Farewell: if heart's presages be not vain,
We three here part, that ne'er shall meet again.
Bushy. That 's as York thrives to beat back Bolingbroke. [takes
Green. Alas, poor duke! the task he under-
Is numb'ring sands, and drinking oceans dry;
Where one on his side fights, thousands will fly. [all, and ever
Bushy. Farewell at once; for once, for
Green. Well, we may meet again.
Bagot. I fear me, never
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. — *The Wilds in* Glostershire.

Enter Bolingbroke *and* Northumberland, *with Forces.*

Boling. How far is it, my lord, to Berkley now?
North. Believe me, noble lord, [now?
I am a stranger here in Glostershire.
These high wild hills, and rough uneven ways,
Draw out our miles, and make them wearisome:
And yet our fair discourse hath been as sugar,
Making the hard way sweet and delectable.
But, I bethink me, what a weary way
From Ravenspurg to Cotswold will be found
In Ross and Willoughby, wanting your company;
Which, I protest, hath very much beguil'd
The tediousness and process of my travel:
But theirs is sweeten'd with the hope to have
The present benefit which I possess:
And hope to joy,[1] is little less in joy,
Than hope enjoy'd: by this the weary lords
Shall make their way seem short; as mine hath done
By sight of what I have, your noble company.
Boling. Of much less value is my company
Than your good words. But who comes here?
Enter Harry Percy.
North. It is my son, young Harry Percy,
Sent from my brother Worcester, whencesoever. —
Harry, how fares your uncle?
Percy. I had thought, my lord, to have learn'd his health of you.
North. Why, is he not with the queen?
Percy. No, my good lord; he hath forsook the court,
Broken his staff of office, and dispers'd
The household of the king.
North. What was his reason?
He was not so resolv'd when we last spake together.

[1] *To joy* is here used as a verb.

Percy. Because your lordship was proclaimed traitor.
But he, my lord, is gone to Ravenspurg,
To offer service to the duke of Hereford;
And sent me over by Berkley, to discover
What power the duke of York had levied there;
Then with direction to repair to Ravenspurg.
North. Have you forgot the duke of Hereford, boy? [forgot
Percy. No, my good lord; for that is not
Which ne'er I did remember: to my knowledge,
I never in my life did look on him.
North. Then learn to know him now; this is the duke.
Percy. My gracious lord, I tender you my service,
Such as it is, being tender, raw, and young;
Which elder days shall ripen, and confirm
To more approved service and desert.
Boling. I thank thee, gentle Percy; and be sure,
I count myself in nothing else so happy
As in a soul rememb'ring my good friends;
And as my fortune ripens with thy love,
It shall be still thy true love's recompense:
My heart this covenant makes, my hand thus seals it. [what stir
North. How far is it to Berkley? And
Keeps good old York there, with his men of war? [tuft of trees,
Percy. There stands the castle, by yon
Mann'd with three hundred men, as I have heard: [and Seymour;
And in it are the lords of York, Berkley,
None else of name and noble estimate.

Enter Ross *and* Willoughby.

North. Here come the lords of Ross and Willoughby,
Bloody with spurring, fiery-red with haste.
Boling. Welcome my lords: I wot your love pursues
A banish'd traitor; all my treasury
Is yet but unfelt thanks, which, more enrich'd,
Shall be your love and labour's recompense.
Ross. Your presence makes us rich, most noble lord.
Willo. And far surmounts our labour to attain it. [of the poor,
Boling. Evermore thanks, th' exchequer
Which, till my infant fortune comes to years,
Stands for my bounty. But who comes here?

Enter Berkley.

North. It is my lord of Berkley, as I guess.
Berk. My lord of Hereford, my message is to you. [caster:[1]
Boling. My lord, my answer is—to Lan-

[1] I do not answer to the name of Hereford — my answer is to the name of Lancaster.

And I am come to seek that name in England:
And I must find that title in your tongue,
Before I make reply to aught you say.
Berk. Mistake me not, my lord; 't is not my meaning
To raze one title of your honour out:—
To you, my lord, I come, (what lord you will,)
From the most gracious regent of this land,
The duke of York; to know what pricks you on
To take advantage of the absent time, [arms.
And fright our native peace with self-born

Enter York, *attended.*

Boling. I shall not need transport my words by you; [uncle.
Here comes his grace in person.—My noble
[*Kneels.*
York. Show me thy humble heart, and not thy knee,
Whose duty is deceivable and false.
Boling. My gracious uncle!
York. Tut, tut!
Grace me no grace, nor uncle me no uncle.
I am no traitor's uncle; and that word, grace,
In an ungracious mouth, is but profane.
Why have these banish'd and forbidden legs
Dar'd once to touch a dust of England's ground? [to march
But more then, why, why have they dar'd
So many miles upon her peaceful bosom,
Frighting her pale-fac'd villages with war,
And ostentation of despised arms?[1]
Com'st thou because the anointed king is hence?
Why, foolish boy, the king is left behind,
And in my loyal bosom lies his power.
Were I but now the lord of such hot youth
As when brave Gaunt, thy father, and myself,
Rescued the Black Prince, that young Mars of men, [French,
From forth the ranks of many thousand
O, then, how quickly should this arm of mine,
Now prisoner to the palsy, chastise thee,
And minister correction to thy fault!
Boling. My gracious uncle, let me know my fault;
On what condition stands it, and wherein?
York. Even in condition of the worst degree,—
In gross rebellion, and detested treason:
Thou art a banish'd man, and here art come,
Before the expiration of thy time,
In braving arms against thy sovereign.
Boling. As I was banish'd, I was banish'd Hereford:
But as I come, I come for Lancaster.
And, noble uncle, I beseech your grace,
Look on my wrongs with an indifferent eye:

[1] The ostentation of arms which we despise.

You are my father, for methinks in you
I see old Gaunt alive; O, then, my father!
Will you permit that I shall stand condemn'd
A wand'ring vagabond; my rights and royalties [away
Pluck'd from my arms perforce, and given
To upstart unthrifts? Wherefore was I born?
If that my cousin king be king of England,
It must be granted I am duke of Lancaster.
You have a son, Aumerle, my noble kinsman;
Had you first died, and he been thus trod down,
He should have found his uncle Gaunt a father,
To rouse his wrongs, and chase them to the bay.
I am denied to sue my livery here,
And yet my letters-patent give me leave:
My father's goods are all distrain'd, and sold;
And these, and all, are all amiss employ'd.
What would you have me do? I am a subject,
And challenge law: Attorneys are denied me;
And therefore personally I lay my claim
To my inheritance of free descent.

North. The noble duke hath been too much abus'd. [him right.

Ross. It stands your grace upon, to do

Willo. Base men by his endowments are made great.

York. My lords of England, let me tell you this, —
I have had feeling of my cousin's wrongs,
And labour'd all I could to do him right;
But in this kind to come, in braving arms,
Be his own carver, and cut out his way,
To find out right with wrongs, — it may not be;
And you that do abet him in this kind,
Cherish rebellion, and are rebels all.

North. The noble duke hath sworn his coming is
But for his own: and, for the right of that,
We all have strongly sworn to give him aid;
And let him ne'er see joy that breaks that oath. [arms;

York. Well, well, I see the issue of these
I cannot mend it, I must needs confess,
Because my power is weak, and all ill left:
But, if I could, by Him that gave me life,
I would attach you all, and make you stoop
Unto the sovereign mercy of the king;
But, since I cannot, be it known to you,
I do remain as neuter. So, fare you well; —
Unless you please to enter in the castle,
And there repose you for this night.

Boling. An offer, uncle, that we will accept.
But we must win your grace to go with us
To Bristol castle; which, they say, is held
By Bushy, Bagot, and their complices,
The caterpillars of the commonwealth,
Which I have sworn to weed, and pluck away.

York. It may be I will go with you: — but yet I'll pause;
For I am loth to break our country's laws.
Nor friends, nor foes, to me welcome you are;
Things past redress are now with me past care. [*Ex.*

SCENE IV. — *A Camp in* Wales.

Enter SALISBURY *and a* Captain.

Cap. My lord of Salisbury, we have stay'd ten days,
And hardly kept our countrymen together,
And yet we hear no tidings from the king;
Therefore we will disperse ourselves; farewell. [Welshman;

Sal. Stay yet another day, thou trusty
The king reposeth all his confidence
In thee. [will not stay

Cap. 'T is thought the king is dead; we
The bay-trees in our country are all wither'd,
And meteors fright the fixed stars of heaven;
The pale-fac'd moon looks bloody on the earth, [change;
And lean-look'd prophets whisper fearful
Rich men look sad, and ruffians dance and leap, —
The one, in fear to lose what they enjoy,
The other, to enjoy by rage and war:
These signs forerun the death [or fall] of kings. — [fled,
Farewell; our countrymen are gone and
As well assur'd Richard their king is dead. [*Ex.*

Sal. Ah, Richard! with the eyes of heavy mind,
I see thy glory, like a shooting star,
Fall to the base earth from the firmament!
Thy sun sets weeping in the lowly west,
Witnessing storms to come, woe, and unrest;
Thy friends are fled, to wait upon thy foes;
And crossly to thy good all fortune goes. [*Exit.*

ACT III.

SCENE I. — Bolingbroke's *Camp at* Bristol.

Enter BOLINGBROKE, YORK, NORTHUMBERLAND, PERCY, WILLOUGHBY, ROSS: Officers *behind, with* BUSHY *and* GREEN, *prisoners.*

Boling. Bring forth these men. —
Bushy, and Green, I will not vex your souls
(Since presently your souls must part your bodies,)
With too much urging your pernicious lives,
For 't were no charity: yet, to wash your blood
From off my hands, here, in the view of men,
I will unfold some causes of your deaths.
You have misled a prince, a royal king,
A happy gentleman in blood and lineaments,

By you unhappied and disfigur'd clean.
You have, in manner, with your sinful hours,
Made a divorce betwixt his queen and him;
Broke the possession of a royal bed,
And stain'd the beauty of a fair queen's cheeks
With tears drawn from her eyes by your foul wrongs.
Myself — a prince, by fortune of my birth;
Near to the king in blood; and near in love,
Till you did make him misinterpret me, —
Have stoop'd my neck under your injuries,
And sigh'd my English breath in foreign clouds,
Eating the bitter bread of banishment:
While you have fed upon my seignories,
Dispark'd my parks, and fell'd my forest woods;
From mine own windows torn my household coat,
Raz'd out my impress, leaving me no sign —
Save men's opinions, and my living blood —
To show the world I am a gentleman.
This, and much more, much more than twice all this,
Condemns you to the death: — See them
To execution and the hand of death.

Bushy. More welcome is the stroke of death to me,
Than Bolingbroke to England. Lords, farewell.

Green. My comfort is, that heaven will take our souls,
And plague injustice with the pains of hell.

Boling. My lord Northumberland, see them dispatch'd.

[*Ex.* Northumberland *and others, with* Prisoners.
Uncle, you say, the queen is at your house:
For heaven's sake, fairly let her be entreated:
Tell her, I send to her my kind commends;
Take special care my greetings be deliver'd.

York. A gentleman of mine I have dispatch'd
With letters of your love to her at large.

Boling. Thanks, gentle uncle. — Come, my lords, away;
To fight with Glendower and his complices;
Awhile to work, and, after, holiday. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. — *The Coast of* Wales. *A Castle in View.*

Flourish: Drums and Trumpets. Enter King Richard, Bishop of Carlisle, Aumerle, *and* Soldiers.

K. Rich. Barkloughly castle call you this at hand? [grace the air,

Aum. Yea, my lord. How brooks your
After your late tossing on the breaking seas?

K. Rich. Needs must I like it well; I weep for joy,
To stand upon my kingdom once again.
Dear earth, I do salute thee with my hand,
Though rebels wound thee with their horses' hoofs:
As a long-parted mother with her child
Plays fondly with her tears and smiles, in meeting;
So, weeping, smiling, greet I thee, my earth,[1]
And do thee favour with my royal hands.
Feed not thy sovereign's foe, my gentle earth,
Nor with thy sweets comfort his ravenous sense:
But let thy spiders, that suck up thy venom,
And heavy-gaited toads, lie in their way,
Doing annoyance to the treacherous feet
Which with usurping steps do trample thee.
Yield stinging nettles to mine enemies:
And when they from thy bosom pluck a flower,
Guard it, I pray thee, with a lurking adder,
Whose double tongue may with a mortal touch
Throw death upon thy sovereign's enemies.
Mock not my senseless conjuration, lords;
This earth shall have a feeling, and these stones
Prove armed soldiers, ere her native king
Shall falter under foul rebellion's arms.

Bishop. Fear not, my lord; that Power that made you king
Hath power to keep you king, in spite of all.
[The means that heaven yields must be embrac'd,
And not neglected; else, if heaven would,
And we will not, heaven's offer we refuse;
The proffer'd means of succour and redress.]

Aum. He means, my lord, that we are too remiss:
Whilst Bolingbroke, through our security,
Grows strong and great, in substance, and in friends.

K. Rich. Discomfortable cousin! know'st thou not,
That, when the searching eye of heaven is hid
Behind the globe, and lights the lower world,
Then thieves and robbers range abroad unseen,
In murders, and in outrage, bloody here;
But when, from under this terrestrial ball,
He fires the proud tops of the eastern pines,
And darts his light through every guilty hole,
Then murders, treasons, and detested sins,
The cloak of night being pluck'd from off their backs,
Stand bare and naked, trembling at themselves?
So when this thief, this traitor, Bolingbroke, —
Who all this while hath revell'd in the night,
Whilst we were wand'ring with the antipodes, —
Shall see us rising in our throne the east,
His treasons will sit blushing in his face,

[1] The repeated use, by Richard, of the word *earth*, would seem to indicate that Shakspeare employs the word in the meaning of *inheritance*, — possession, — „my kingdom," — „dear earth," — „my earth," — „my gentle earth."

Not able to endure the sight of day,
But, self-affrighted, tremble at his sin.
Not all the water in the rough rude sea
Can wash the balm from an anointed king:
The breath of worldly men cannot depose
The deputy elected by the Lord:
For every man that Bolingbroke hath press'd,
To lift shrewd steel against our golden crown,
Heaven for his Richard hath in heavenly pay
A glorious angel: then, if angels fight,
Weak men must fall; for heaven still guards the right.

Enter SALISBURY.

Welcome, my lord; How far off lies your power?

Sal. Nor near, nor farther off, my gracious lord,
Than this weak arm: Discomfort guides my tongue,
And bids me speak of nothing but despair.
One day too late, I fear, my noble lord,
Hath clouded all thy happy days on earth:
O, call back yesterday, bid time return,
And thou shalt have twelve thousand fighting men:
To-day, to-day, unhappy day, too late,
O'erthrows thy joys, friends, fortune, and thy state;
For all the Welshmen, hearing thou wert dead,
Are gone to Bolingbroke, dispers'd, and fled.

Aum. Comfort, my liege: why looks your grace so pale?

K. Rich. But now, the blood of twenty thousand men
Did triumph in my face, and they are fled;
And, till so much blood thither come again,
Have I not reason to look pale and dead?
All souls that will be safe fly from my side;
For time hath set a blot upon my pride.

Aum. Comfort, my liege; remember who you are.

K. Rich. I had forgot myself: Am I not king?
Awake thou sluggard majesty! thou sleepest.
Is not the king's name forty thousands names?
Arm, arm, my name! a puny subject strikes
At thy great glory. — Look not to the ground,
Ye favourites of a king. Are we not high?
High be our thoughts: I know, my uncle York
Hath power enough to serve our turn. But who
Comes here?

Enter SCROOP.

Scroop. More health and happiness betide my liege,
Than can my care-tun'd tongue deliver him.

K. Rich. Mine ear is open, and my heart prepar'd;
The worst is worldly loss thou canst unfold.
Say, is my kingdom lost? why, 't was my care;
And what loss is it to be rid of care?
Strives Bolingbroke to be as great as we?
Greater he shall not be; if he serve God,
We 'll serve him too, and be his fellow so.
Revolt our subjects? that we cannot mend;
They break their faith to God, as well as us:
Cry woe, destruction, ruin, loss, decay;
The worst is death, and death will have his day.

Scroop. Glad am I that your highness is so arm'd
To hear the tidings of calamity.
Like an unseasonable stormy day,
Which makes the silver rivers drown their shores,
As if the world were all dissolv'd to tears;
So high above his limits swells the rage
Of Bolingbroke, covering your fearful land
With hard bright steel, and hearts harder than steel.
White beards have arm'd their thin and hairless scalps
Against thy majesty; and boys, with women's voices,
Strive to speak big, and clap their female joints
In stiff unwieldy arms against thy crown:
Thy very headsmen learn to bend their bows
Of double-fatal yew against thy state;
Yea, distaff-women manage rusty bills
Against thy seat: both young and old rebel,
And all goes worse than I have power to tell.

K. Rich. Too well, too well, thou tell'st a tale so ill.
Where is the earl of Wiltshire? where is Bagot?
What is become of Bushy? where is Green?
That they have let the dangerous enemy
Measure our confines with such peaceful steps?
If we prevail, their heads shall pay for it.
I warrant they have made peace with Bolingbroke.

Scroop. Peace have they made with him, indeed, my lord.

K. Rich. O villains, vipers, damn'd without redemption!
Dogs, easily won to fawn on any man!
Snakes, in my heart-blood warm'd, that sting my heart!
Three Judases, each one thrice worse than Judas!
Would they make peace? terrible hell make war
Upon their spotted souls for this offence!

Scroop. Sweet love, I see, changing his property,
Turns to the sourest and most deadly hate:
Again uncurse their souls; their peace is made
With heads, and not with hands: those whom you curse
Have felt the worst of death's destroying wound,
And lie full low, grav'd in the hollow ground.

Aum. Is Bushy, Green, and the earl of Wiltshire, dead?

Scroop. Yea, all of them at Bristol lost their heads.

Aum. Where is the duke my father with his power?

K. Rich. No matter where. Of comfort no man speak;
Let 's talk of graves, of worms, and epitaphs;
Make dust our paper, and with rainy eyes
Write sorrow on the bosom of the earth.
Let 's choose executors, and talk of wills;
And yet not so, — for what can we bequeath,
Save our deposed bodies to the ground?
Our lands, our lives, and all, are Bolingbroke's,
And nothing can we call our own but death;
And that small model[1] of the barren earth,
Which serves as paste and cover to our bones.
For heaven's sake, let us sit upon the ground,
And tell sad stories of the death of kings: —
How some have been depos'd, some slain in war,
Some haunted by the ghosts they have deposd:[2]
Some poison'd by their wives, some sleeping kill'd;
All murder'd: — For within the hollow crown
That rounds the mortal temples of a king,
Keeps Death his court; and there the antic sits,
Scoffing his state, and grinning at his pomp, —
Allowing him a breath, a little scene
To monarchize, be fear'd, and kill with looks;
Infusing him with self and vain conceit, —
As if this flesh, which walls about our life,
Were brass impregnable, — and, humour'd thus,
Comes at the last, and with a little pin
Bores through his castle walls, and — farewell king! [blood
Cover your heads, and mock not flesh and
With solemn reverence; throw away respect,
Tradition, form, and ceremonious duty,
For you have but mistook me all this while:
I live with bread like you, feel want, taste grief,
Need friends: — Subjected thus,
How can you say to me — I am a king?

Car. My lord, wise men ne'er wail their present woes,
But presently prevent the ways to wail.
To fear the foe, since fear oppresseth strength,
Gives, in your weakness, strength unto your foe,
[And so your follies fight against yourself.]
Fear, and be slain; no worse can come, to fight:
And fight and die, is death destroying death;
Where fearing dying pays death servile breath.

Aum. My father hath a power, inquire of him;
And learn to make a body of a limb.

K. Rich. Thou chid'st me well: — Proud Bolingbroke, I come [doom.
To change blows with thee for our day of
This ague-fit of fear is over-blown;
An easy task it is to win our own.
Say, Scroop, where lies our uncle with his power? [sour.
Speak sweetly, man, although thy looks be

Scroop. Men judge by the complexion of the sky
The state and inclination of the day:
So may you by my dull and heavy eye;
My tongue hath but a heavier tale to say.
I play the torturer, by small and small,
To lengthen out the worst that must be spoken: — [broke;
Your uncle York is join'd with Bolingbroke;
And all your northern castles yielded up,
And all your southern gentlemen in arms
Upon his faction.

K. Rich. Thou hast said enough. —
Beshrew thee, cousin, which didst lead me forth [To Aum.
Of that sweet way I was in to despair!
What say you now? What comfort have we now?
By heaven, I 'll hate him everlastingly
That bids me be of comfort any more.
Go to Flint castle; there I 'll pine away;
A king, woe's slave, shall kingly woe obey.
That power I have, discharge; and let them go [grow,
To ear the land[1] that hath some hope to
For I have none: — Let no man speak again
To alter this, for counsel is but vain.

Aum. My liege, one word. [wrong,

K. Rich. He does me double
That wounds me with the flatteries of his tongue.
Discharge my followers, let them hence. — [Away,
From Richard's night to Bolingbroke's fair day. [*Ex.*

SCENE III. — Wales. *Before* Flint Castle.

Enter, with drum and colours, Bolingbroke *and Forces;* York, Northumberland, *and others.*

Boling. So that by this intelligence we learn,
The Welshmen are dispers'd; and Salisbury
Is gone to meet the king, who lately landed,
With some few private friends, upon this coast.

North. The news is very fair and good, my lord;
Richard, not far from hence, hath hid his head.

York. It would beseem the lord Northumberland
To say, king Richard: Alack the heavy day,
When such a sacred king should hide his head!

[1] This word is, probably, here used for something formed or fashioned. The earth assumes the shape of the body which it covers. [2] Ghosts of those whom they have deposed.

[1] Plough the land. *Ear* is the same as the Latin *arare*, to plough, to till. *Arable* is ear-able.

North. Your grace mistakes me; only to be brief,
Left I his title out.
York. The time hath been,
Would you have been so brief with him, he would
Have been so brief with you, to shorten you,
For taking so the head,[1] your whole head's length.
Boling. Mistake not, uncle, farther than you should.
York. Take not, good cousin, farther than you should,
Lest you mis-take: The heavens are o'er your head.
Boling. I know it, uncle; and oppose not myself
Against their will. — But who comes here?

Enter PERCY.

Welcome, Harry; what, will not this castle yield?
Percy. The castle royally is mann'd, my lord,
Against thy entrance.
Boling. Royally?
Why, it contains no king?
Percy. Yes, my good lord,
It doth contain a king; king Richard lies
Within the limits of you lime and stone:
And with him the lord Aumerle, lord Salisbury,
Sir Stephen Scroop; besides a clergyman
Of holy reverence, who, I cannot learn.
North. Oh! belike it is the bishop of Carlisle.
Boling. Noble lord, [To NORTH.
Go to the rude ribs of that ancient castle:
Through brazen trumpet send the breath of parle
Into his ruin'd ears, and thus deliver:
Henry Bolingbroke
Upon his knees doth kiss king Richard's hand;
And sends allegiance, and true faith of heart,
To his most royal person: hither come
Even at his feet to lay my arms and power;
Provided that, my banishment repeal'd,
And lands restor'd again, be freely granted:
If not I'll use the advantage of my power;
And lay the summer's dust with showers of blood,
Rain'd from the wounds of slaughter'd Englishmen:
The which, how far off from the mind of Bolingbroke
It is such crimson tempest should bedrench
The fresh green lap of fair king Richard's land,
My stooping duty tenderly shall show.
Go, signify as much; while here we march
Upon the grassy carpet of this plain.
[NORTH. *advances to the castle with a trumpet.*
Let 's march without the noise of threat'ning drum,
That from this castle's totter'd[1] battlements
Our fair appointments may be well perus'd.
Methinks, king Richard and myself should meet
With no less terror than the elements
Of fire and water, when their thund'ring shock
At meeting tears the cloudy cheeks of heaven.
Be he the fire, I'll be the yielding water:
The rage be his, while on the earth I rain
My waters; on the earth, and not on him
March on, and mark king Richard how he looks.

A parle sounded, and answered by another trumpet within. Flourish. Enter on the walls KING RICHARD, *the* BISHOP OF CARLISLE, AUMERLE, SCROOP, *and* SALISBURY.

York. See, see, king Richard doth himself appear,
As doth the blushing discontented sun,
From out the fiery portal of the east;
When he perceives the envious clouds are bent
To dim his glory, and to stain the track
Of his bright passage to the occident.
Yet looks he like a king; behold, his eye,
As bright as is the eagle's, lightens forth
Controlling majesty; Alack, alack, for woe,
That any harm should stain so fair a show!
K. Rich. We are amaz'd; and thus long have we stood
To watch the fearful bending of thy knee,
[To NORTH.
Because we thought ourself thy lawful king:
And if we be, how dare thy joints forget
To pay their awful duty to our presence?
If we be not, show us the hand of God
That hath dismiss'd us from our stewardship;
For well we know, no hand of blood and bone
Can gripe the sacred handle of our sceptre,
Unless he do profane, steal, or usurp.
And though you think that all, as you have done,
Have torn their souls, by turning them from us,
And we are barren, and bereft of friends;
Yet know, — my master, God omnipotent,
Is mustering in his clouds, on our behalf,
Armies of pestilence; and they shall strike
Your children yet unborn, and unbegot,
That lift your vassal hands against my head,
And threat the glory of my precious crown.
Tell Bolingbroke, (for yond', methinks, he is,)
That every stride he makes upon my land
Is dangerous treason: He is come to ope
The purple testament of bleeding war;
But ere the crown he looks for live in peace,
Ten thousand bloody crowns of mothers' sons
Shall ill become the flower of England's face;
Change the complexion of her maid-pale peace
To scarlet indignation, and bedew
Her pastures' grass with faithful English blood.

[1] Johnson thinks that to take the head is to take undue liberties. We incline to Douce's opinion, that the expression means to take away the sovereign's *chief* title.

[1] *Totter'd* for *tottering*; the passive for the active participle.

North. The king of heaven forbid, our lord the king
Should so with civil and uncivil arms
Be rush'd upon! Thy thrice-noble cousin,
Harry Bolinghroke, doth humbly kiss thy hand;
And by the honourable tomb he swears,
That stands upon your royal grandsire's bones;
And by the royalties of both your bloods,
Currents that spring from one most gracious head;
And by the buried hand of warlike Gaunt;
And by the worth and honour of himself,
Comprising all that may be sworn or said, —
His coming hither hath no further scope,
Than for his lineal royalties, and to beg
Enfranchisement immediate on his knees;
Which on thy royal party granted once,
His glittering arms he will commend to rust,
His barbed steeds to stables, and his heart
To faithful service of your majesty.
This swears he, as he is a prince, is just;
And, as I am a gentleman, I credit him.
K. Rich. Northumberland, say, — thus the king returns: —
His noble cousin is right welcome hither;
And all the number of his fair demands
Shall be accomplish'd without contradiction:
With all the gracious utterance thou hast,
Speak to his gentle hearing kind commends. —
We do debase ourself, cousin, do we not,
[*To* AUMERLE.
To look so poorly, and to speak so fair?
Shall we call back Northumberland, and send
Defiance to the traitor, and so die?
Aum. No, good my lord; let's fight with gentle words,
Till time lend friends, and friends their helpful swords.
K. Rich. O God! O God! that e'er this tongue of mine,
That laid the sentence of dread banishment
On yon proud man, should take it off again
With words of sooth![1] O, that I were as great
As is my grief, or lesser than my name!
Or that I could forget what I have been!
Or not remember what I must be now?
Swell'st thou, proud heart? I'll give thee scope to beat,
Since foes have scope to beat both thee and me.
Aum. Northumberland comes back from Bolinghroke.
K. Rich. What must the king do now? Must he submit?
The king shall do it. Must he be depos'd?
The king shall be contented: Must he lose
The name of king? o' God's name, let it go:
I'll give my jewels, for a set of beads;
My gorgeous palace, for a hermitage;
My gay apparel, for an alms-man's gown;
My figur'd goblets, for a dish of wood;
My sceptre, for a palmer's walking-staff;
My subjects, for a pair of carved saints;
And my large kingdom, for a little grave,
A little little grave, an obscure grave: —
Or I'll be buried in the king's highway,
Some way of common trade,[1] where subjects' feet
May hourly trample on their sovereign's head;
For on my heart they tread, now whilst I live;
And, buried once, why not upon my head?
Aumerle, thou weep'st; My tender-hearted cousin! —
We 'll make foul weather with despised tears;
Our sighs, and they, shall lodge the summer corn,
And make a dearth in this revolting land.
Or shall we play the wantons with our woes,
And make some pretty match with shedding tears?
As thus; — To drop them still upon one place,
Till they have fretted us a pair of graves
Within the earth; and, therein laid, — „There lies
Two kinsmen, digg'd their graves with weeping eyes?"
Would not this ill do well? — Well, well, I see
I talk but idly, and you mock at me. —
Most mighty prince, my lord Northumberland,
What says king Bolinghroke? will his majesty
Give Richard leave to live till Richard die?
You make a leg, and Bolingbroke says — ay.
North. My lord, in the base court[2] he doth attend
To speak with you; may't please you to come down?
K. Rich. Down, down, I come; like glistering Phaeton,
Wanting the manage of unruly jades.
[NORTH. *retires to* BOLING.
In the base court? Base court, where kings grow base,
To come at traitors' calls, and do them grace.
In the base court? Come down? Down court! down king!
For night-owls shriek, where mounting larks should sing.
Boling. What says his majesty?
[*Exeunt from above.*
North. Sorrow and grief of heart
Makes him speak fondly, like a frantic man:
Yet he is come.
Enter KING RICHARD *and his* Attendants *below.*
Boling. Stand all apart,
And show fair duty to his majesty. —
My gracious lord, — [*Kneeling.*
K. Rich. Fair cousin, you debase your princely knee,

[1] Words of assent — assuaging, *soothing* words.

[1] The original meaning of *trade* is a course — a path traded or trodden continuously. [2] Lower court.

To make the base earth proud with kissing it:
Me rather had my heart might feel your love,
Than my unpleas'd eye see your courtesy.
Up, cousin, up; your heart is up, I know,
Thus high at least [*touching his own head*] although your knee be low.

Boling. My gracious lord, I come but for mine own.

K. Rich. Your own is yours, and I am yours, and all.

Boling. So far be mine, my most redoubted lord,
As my true service shall deserve your love.

K. Rich. Well you deserve: — They well deserve to have
That know the strong'st and surest way to get.
Uncle, give me your hand; nay, dry your eyes;
Tears show their love, but want their remedies. —
Cousin, I am too young to be your father,
Though you are old enough to be my heir.
What you will have, I 'll give, and willing too;
For do we must what force will have us do. —
Set on towards London: — Cousin, is it so?

Boling. Yea, my good lord.

K. Rich. Then I must not say no.

[*Flourish. Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. Langley. *The Duke of* York's *Garden.*

Enter the QUEEN *and two* Ladies.

Queen. What sport shall we devise here in this garden,
To drive away the heavy thought of care?

1. *Lady.* Madam, we 'll play at bowls.

Queen. 'T will make me think the world is full of rubs,
And that my fortune runs 'gainst the bias.

1. *Lady.* Madam, we 'll dance.

Queen. My legs can keep no measure in delight,
When my poor heart no measure keeps in grief:
Therefore, no dancing, girl; some other sport.

1. *Lady.* Madam, we 'll tell tales.

Queen. Of sorrow, or of joy?

1. *Lady.* Of either, madam.

Queen. Of neither, girl:
For if of joy, being altogether wanting,
It doth remember me the more of sorrow;
Or if of grief, being altogether had,
It adds more sorrow to my want of joy:
For what I have, I need not to repeat;
And what I want, it boots not to complain.

1. *Lady.* Madam, I 'll sing.

Queen. 'T is well that thou hast cause;
But thou shouldst please me better wouldst thou weep.

1. *Lady.* I could weep, madam, would it do good,

Queen. And I could sing,[1] would weeping do me good,
And never borrow any tear of thee.

But stay, here come the gardeners:
Let 's step into the shadow of these trees. —

Enter a Gardener *and two* Servants.

My wretchedness unto a row of pins,
They 'll talk of state: for every one doth so
Against a change: Woe is forerun with woe.

[QUEEN *and* Ladies *retire.*

Gard. Go, bind thou up yon' dangling apricocks,
Which, like unruly children, make their sire
Stoop with oppression of their prodigal weight:
Give some supportance to the bending twigs.
Go thou, and, like an executioner,
Cut off the heads of too-fast-growing sprays,
That look too lofty in our commonwealth:
All must be even in our government.
You thus employ'd, I will go root away
The noisome weeds, that without profit suck
The soil's fertility from wholesome flowers.

1. *Serv.* Why should we, in the compass of a pale,
Keep law, and form, and due proportion,
Showing, as in a model, our firm estate?
When our sea-walled garden, the whole land,
Is full of weeds; her fairest flowers chok'd up,
Her fruit-trees all unprun'd, her hedges ruin'd,
Her knots disorder'd,[1] and her wholesome herbs
Swarming with caterpillars?

Gard. Hold thy peace: —
He that hath suffer'd this disorder'd spring
Hath now himself met with the fall of leaf:
The weeds, that his broad-spreading leaves did shelter,
That seem'd in eating him to hold him up,
Are pluck'd up, root and all, by Bolingbroke;
I mean the earl of Wiltshire, Bushy, Green.

1. *Serv.* What, are they dead?

Gard. They are;
And Bolinghroke hath seiz'd the wasteful king. —
Oh! what pity is it,
That he had not so trimm'd and dress'd his land,
As we this garden! We at time of year
Do wound the bark, the skin of our fruit-trees;
Lest, being over-proud with sap and blood,
With too much riches it confound itself:
Had he done so to great and growing men,
They might have liv'd to bear, and he to taste,
Their fruits of duty. Superfluous branches
We lop away, that bearing boughs may live:
Had he done so, himself had borne the crown,
Which waste and idle hours hath quite thrown down.

1. *Serv.* What, think you then, the king shall be depos'd?

Gard. Depress'd he is already; and depos'd,
'T is doubt, he will be: Letters came last night

[1] If my griefs were *removed by weeping*, — if my tears could take away my sorrow, — I should be ready to sing. — I could sing, and then, my sorrows being past, I would „never borrow any tear of thee," — not ask thee to weep, as I did just now.

[1] The symmetrical beds of a garden were the knots.

To a dear friend of the good duke of York's,
That tell black tidings. [want of speaking!—
Queen. O, I am press'd to death through
Thou, old Adam's likeness, [*coming from her concealment*] set to dress this garden,
How dares thy harsh-rude tongue sound this unpleasing news?
What Eve, what serpent hath suggested thee
To make a second fall of cursed man? 1850
Why dost thou say king Richard is depos'd?
Dar'st thou, thou little better thing than earth,
Divine his downfall? Say where, when, and how [wretch.
Cam'st thou by these ill-tidings? speak, thou
Gard. Pardon me, madam: little joy have I
To breathe these news: yet what I say is true.
King Richard, he is in the mighty hold
Of Bolingbroke; their fortunes both are weigh'd:
In your lord's scale is nothing but himself,
And some few vanities that make him light;
But in the balance of great Bolingbroke,
Besides himself, are all the English peers,
And with that odds he weighs king Richard down.
Post you to London, and you 'll find it so:
I speak no more than every one doth know.
Queen. Nimble mischance, that art so light of foot,
Doth not thy embassage belong to me,
And am I last that know it? O, thou think'st
To serve me last, that I may longest keep
Thy sorrow in my breast. Come, ladies, go,
To meet at London London's king in woe.
What, was I born to this! that my sad look
Should grace the triumph of great Bolingbroke? [grow.
I would the plants thou graft'st may never
[*Exeunt* Queen *and* Ladies.
Gard. Poor queen! so that thy state might be no worse,
I would my skill were subject to thy curse.—
Here did she drop a tear; here, in this place,
I 'll set a bank of rue, sour herb of grace:
Rue, even for ruth, here shortly shall be seen,
In the remembrance of a weeping queen.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—London. Westminster Hall. *The Lords spiritual on the right side of the throne; the Lords temporal on the left; the Commons below.*

Enter Bolingbroke, Aumerle, Surrey, Northumberland, Percy, Fitzwater, *another* Lord, Bishop of Carlisle, Abbot of Westminster, *and* Attendants. Officers *behind with* Bagot.

Boling. Call forth Bagot.
Now, Bagot, freely speak thy mind;
What thou dost know of noble Gloster's death; [perform'd
Who wrought it with the king, and who
The bloody office of his timeless[1] end.
Bagot. Then set before my face the lord Aumerle. [that man.
Boling. Cousin, stand forth, and look upon
Bagot. My lord Aumerle, I know your daring tongue
Scorns to unsay what it hath once deliver'd.
In that dead time when Gloster's death was plotted,
I heard you say,—Is not my arm of length,
That reacheth from the restful English court
As far as Calais, to my uncle's head?—
Amongst much other talk, that very time,
I heard you say, that you had rather refuse
The offer of an hundred thousand crowns,
Than Bolingbroke's return to England;
Adding withal, how blest this land would be
In this your cousin's death.
Aum. Princes, and noble lords,
What answer shall I make to this base man?
Shall I so much dishonour my fair stars,
On equal terms to give him chastisement?
Either I must, or have mine honour soil'd
With the attainder of his slanderous lips.
There is my gage, the manual seal of death,
That marks thee out for hell: I say, thou liest, [false,
And will maintain what thou hast said is
In thy heart-blood, though being all too base
To stain the temper of my knightly sword.
Boling. Bagot, forbear, thou shalt not take it up. [the best
Aum. Excepting one, I would he were
In all this presence, that hath mov'd me so.
Fitz. If that thy valour stand on sympathies,[2]
There is my gage, Aumerle, in gage to thine: [stand'st,
By that fair sun that shows me where thou
I heard thee say, and vauntingly thou spak'st it, [death.
That thou wert cause of noble Gloster's
If thou deny'st it, twenty times thou liest;
And I will turn thy falsehood to thy heart,
Where it was forged, with my rapier's point.
Aum. Thou dar'st not, coward, live to see the day. [this hour.
Fitz. Now, by my soul, I would it were
Aum. Fitzwater, thou art damn'd to hell for this. [as true,
Percy. Aumerle, thou liest; his honour is
In this appeal, as thou art all unjust;
And, that thou art so, there I throw my gage,

[1] Untimely. [2] Sympathy is, passion with, — mutual passion.

To prove it on thee to the extremest point
Of mortal breathing; seize it, if thou dar'st.
Aum. And if I do not, may my hands rot off,
And never brandish more revengeful steel
Over the glittering helmet of my foe!
Lord. I task the earth[1] to the like, forsworn Aumerle;
And spur thee on with full as many lies
As may be holla'd in thy treacherous ear
From sun to sun; [2]there is my honour's pawn;
Engage it to the trial, if thou dar'st.
Aum. Who sets me else? by heaven, I 'll throw at all:
I have a thousand spirits in one breast,
To answer twenty thousand such as you.
Surrey. My lord Fitzwater, I do remember well
The very time Aumerle and you did talk.
Fitz. 'T is very true: you were in presence then;
And you can witness with me, this is true.
Surrey. As false, by heaven, as heaven itself is true.
Fitz. Surrey, thou liest.
Surrey. Dishonourable boy!
That lie shall lie so heavy on my sword,
That it shall render vengeance and revenge,
Till thou the lie-giver, and that lie, do lie
In earth as quiet as thy father's skull.
In proof whereof, there is my honour's pawn;
Engage it to the trial, if thou dar'st.
Fitz. How fondly dost thou spur a forward horse!
If I dare eat, or drink, or breathe, or live,
I dare meet Surrey in a wilderness,
And spit upon him, whilst I say, he lies,
And lies, and lies: there is my bond of faith,
To tie thee to my strong correction.
As I intend to thrive in this new world,
Aumerle is guilty of my true appeal:
Besides, I heard the banish'd Norfolk say
That thou, Aumerle, didst send two of thy men
To execute the noble duke at Calais.
Aum. Some honest Christian trust me with a gage, [this,
That Norfolk lies: here do I throw down
If he may be repeal'd to try his honour.
Boling. These differences shall all rest under gage, [be,
Till Norfolk be repeal'd; repeal'd he shall
And, though mine enemy, restor'd again
To all his land and seignories; when he 's return'd,

[1] When the lord threw down his gage, he tasked the earth, in the same way that Percy had done by throwing down his gage. [2] The time appointed for the combats of chivalry was betwixt the rising and the setting sun.

Against Aumerle we will enforce his trial.
Car. That honourable day shall ne'er be seen.
Many a time hath banish'd Norfolk fought
For Jesu Christ; in glorious Christian field
Streaming the ensign of the Christian cross,
Against black pagans, Turks, and Saracens;
And, toil'd with works of war, retir'd himself
To Italy; and there, at Venice, gave
His body to that pleasant country's earth,
And his pure soul unto his captain Christ,
Under whose colours he had fought so long.
Boling. Why, bishop, is Norfolk dead?
Car. As sure as I live, my lord.
Boling. Sweet peace conduct his sweet soul to the bosom
Of good old Abraham! — Lords appellants,
Your differences shall all rest under gage,
Till we assign you to your days of trial.
Enter YORK, *attended.*
York. Great duke of Lancaster, I come to thee [ing son!
From plume-pluck'd Richard; who with willAdopts thee heir, and his high sceptre yields
To the possession of thy royal hand:
Ascend his throne, descending now from him, —
And long live Henry, of that name the fourth!
Boling. In God's name, I 'll ascend the regal throne.
Car. Marry, heaven forbid! —
Worst in this royal presence may I speak,
Yet best beseeming me to speak the truth.
Would God, that any in this noble presence
Were enough noble to be upright judge
Of noble Richard; then true nobleness would
Learn him forbearance from so foul a wrong.
What subject can give sentence on his king?
And who sits here that is not Richard's subject? [hear,
Thieves are not judg'd but they are by to
Although apparent guilt be seen in them:
And shall the figure of God's majesty,
His captain, steward, deputy elect,
Anointed, crowned, planted many years,
Be judg'd by subject and inferior breath,
And he himself not present? O, forbid it, God,
That, in a Christian climate, souls refin'd
Should show so heinous, black, obscene a deed!
I speak to subjects, and a subject speaks,
Stirr'd up by heaven thus boldly for his king. [king,
My lord of Hereford here, whom you call
Is a foul traitor to proud Hereford's king:
And if you crown him, let me prophesy, —
The blood of English shall manure the ground,
And future ages groan for this foul act;

Peace shall go sleep with Turks and infidels,
And, in this seat of peace, tumultuous wars
Shall kin with kin and kind with kind confound;
Disorder, horror, fear, and mutiny,
Shall here inhabit, and this land be call'd
The field of Golgotha, and dead men's skulls.
O, if you rear this house against this house,
It will the woefullest division prove
That ever fell upon this cursed earth:
Prevent, resist it, let it not be so,
Lest child, child's children, cry against you woe!

North. Well have you argued, sir; and, for your pains,
Of capital treason we arrest you here:
My lord of Westminster, be it your charge
To keep him safely till his day of trial.
May 't please you, lords, to grant the commons' suit?

Boling. Fetch hither Richard, that in common view
He may surrender; so we shall proceed
Without suspicion.

York. I will be his conduct.

Boling. Lords, you that here are under our arrest,
Procure your sureties for your days of answer:
Little are we beholden to your love,
And little look'd for at your helping hands.

[To Carlisle.

Re-enter York, with King Richard, *and* Officers *bearing the crown, &c.*

K. Rich. Alack, why am I sent for to a king,
Before I have shook off the regal thoughts
Wherewith I reign'd? I hardly yet have learn'd
To insinuate, flatter, bow, and bend my knee:—
Give sorrow leave awhile to tutor me
To this submission. Yet I well remember
The favours[1] of these men: Were they not mine?
Did they not sometime cry, all hail! to me?
So Judas did to Christ: but he, in twelve,
Found truth in all but one; I, in twelve thousand, none.
God save the king!—Will no man say, amen?
Am I both priest and clerk? well then, amen.
God save the king; although I be not he;
And yet, amen, if heaven do think him me.—
To do what service am I sent for hither?

York. To do that office, of thine own good will,
Which tired majesty did make thee offer,—
The resignation of thy state and crown
To Henry Bolinghroke.

K. Rich. Give me the crown:—Here, cousin, seize the crown:
Here, cousin, on this side my hand; on that side thine.
Now is this golden crown like a deep well,
That owes two buckets filling one another;
The emptier ever dancing in the air,
The other down, unseen, and full of water:
That bucket down, and full of tears, am I,
Drinking my griefs, whilst you mount up on high.

Boling. I thought you had been willing to resign.

K. Rich. My crown I am, but still my griefs are mine:
You may my glories and my state depose,
But not my griefs; still am I king of those.

Boling. Part of your cares you give me with your crown.

K. Rich. Your cares set up do not pluck my cares down.
My care is loss of care, by old care done;
Your care is gain of care, by new care won:
The cares I give I have, though given away;
They tend the crown, yet still with me they stay.

Boling. Are you contented to resign the crown?

K. Rich. Ay, no;—no, ay; for I must nothing be;
Therefore no, no, for I resign to thee.
Now mark me how I will undo myself:—
I give this heavy weight from off my head,
And this unwieldy sceptre from my hand,
The pride of kingly sway from out my heart;
With mine own tears I wash away my balm,
With mine own hands I give away my crown,
With mine own tongue deny my sacred state,
With mine own breath release all duteous oaths:
All pomp and majesty I do forswear;
My manors, rents, revenues, I forego;
My acts, decrees, and statutes, I deny:
God pardon all oaths that are broke to me!
God keep all vows unbroke are made to thee!
Make me, that nothing have, with nothing griev'd;
And thou with all pleas'd, that hast all achiev'd!
Long mayst thou live in Richard's seat to sit,
And soon lie Richard in an earthy pit!
God save King Henry unking'd Richard says,
And send him many years of sunshine days!
What more remains?

North. No more, but that you read [*Offering a paper.*
These accusations, and these grievous crimes,
Committed by your person, and your followers,
Against the state and profit of this land;
That, by confessing them, the souls of men
May deem that you are worthily depos'd.

K. Rich. Must I do so? and must I ravel out
My weav'd-up follies! Gentle Northumber-

[1] Features — countenances.

If thy offences were upon record,
Would it not shame thee, in so fair a troop,
To read a lecture of them? If thou wouldst,
There shouldst thou find one heinous article,
Containing the deposing of a king,
And cracking the strong warrant of an oath, [of heaven:—
Mark'd with a blot, damn'd in the book
Nay, all of you, that stand and look upon me, [myself,
Whilst that my wretchedness doth bait
Though some of you, with Pilate, wash your hands,
Showing an outward pity; yet you Pilates
Have here deliver'd me to my sour cross,
And water cannot wash away your sin.

North. My lord, dispatch; read o'er these articles. [cannot see:

K. Rich. Mine eyes are full of tears, I
And yet salt water blinds them not so much,
But they can see a sort[1] of traitors here.
Nay, if I turn mine eyes upon myself,
I find myself a traitor with the rest:
For I have given here my soul's consent
To undeck the pompous body of a king;
Made glory base; a sovereignty a slave;
Proud majesty a subject; state a peasant.

North. My lord,—— [insulting man,

K. Rich. No lord of thine, thou haught,
No, nor no man's lord; I have no name, no title,— [font,—
No, not that name was given me at the
But 't is usurp'd;—Alack the heavy day,
That I have worn so many winters out,
And know not now what name to call myself!
O, that I were a mockery king of snow,
Standing before the sun of Bolingbroke,
To melt myself away in water-drops!—
Good king,—great king,—(and yet not greatly good,)
An if my word be sterling yet in England,
Let it command a mirror hither straight,
That it may show me what a face I have,
Since it is bankrupt of his majesty.

Boling. Go some of you, and fetch a looking-glass.

[*Exit an* Attendant.

North. Read o'er this paper, while the glass doth come.

K. Rich. Fiend! thou torment'st me ere I come to hell.

Boling. Urge it no more, my lord Northumberland.

North. The commons will not then be satisfied.

K. Rich. They shall be satisfied: I'll read enough,
When I do see the very book indeed
Where all my sins are writ, and that's myself.

Re-enter Attendant, *with a glass.*

Give me that glass, and therein will I read.
No deeper wrinkles yet? Hath sorrow struck
So many blows upon this face of mine,
And made no deeper wounds?—O, flattering glass,
Like to my followers in prosperity,
Thou dost beguile me! Was this face the face
That every day under his household roof
Did keep ten thousand men? Was this the face
That like the sun, did make beholders wink?
Is this the face which fac'd so many follies,
That was at last outfac'd by Bolingbroke?
A brittle glory shineth in this face:
As brittle as the glory is the face;

[*Dashes the glass against the ground.*

For there it is, crack'd in an hundred shivers.
Mark, silent king, the moral of this sport,—
How soon my sorrow hath destroy'd my face.

Boling. The shadow of your sorrow hath destroy'd
The shadow of your face.

K. Rich. Say that again.
The shadow of my sorrow? Ha! let 's see:—
'T is very true, my grief lies all within;
And these external manners of laments
Are merely shadows to the unseen grief,
That swells with silence in the tortur'd soul;
There lies the substance: and I thank thee, king,
For thy great bounty, that not only giv'st
Me cause to wail, but teachest me the way
How to lament the cause. I 'll beg one boon,
And then be gone, and trouble you no more.
Shall I obtain it?

Boling. Name it, fair cousin.

K. Rich. Fair cousin? I am greater than a king:
For when I was a king my flatterers
Were then but subjects; being now a subject,
I have a king here to my flatterer.
Being so great, I have no need to beg.

Boling. Yet ask.

K. Rich. And shall I have?

Boling. You shall.

K. Rich. Then give me leave to go.

Boling. Whither?

K. Rich. Whither you will, so I were from your sights.

Boling. Go, some of you, convey him to the Tower.

K. Rich. O, good! Convey?—Conveyers[1] are you all,
That rise thus nimbly by a true king's fall.

[*Ex.* K. Richard, *some* Lords, *and a* Guard.

Boling. On Wednesday next, we solemnly set down
Our coronation: lords, prepare yourselves.

[*Ex. all but the* Abbot, Bishop of Carl., *and* Aum.

[1] A company.

[1] Conveyer was sometimes used in an ill sense, — as a fraudulent appropriator of property, a juggler.

Abbot. A woeful pageant have we here beheld.
Car. The woe 's to come; the children yet unborn
Shall feel this day as sharp to them as thorn.
Aum. You holy clergymen, is there no plot
To rid the realm of this pernicious blot?
Abbot. Before I freely speak my mind herein,
You shall not only take the sacrament
To bury mine intents, but to effect
Whatever I shall happen to devise:—
I see your brows are full of discontent,
Your hearts of sorrow, and your eyes of tears;
Come home with me to supper; I will lay
A plot shall show us all a merry day. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—London. *A Street leading to the* Tower.

Enter QUEEN *and* Ladies.

Queen. This way the king will come; this is the way
To Julius Cæsar's ill-erected tower,
To whose flint bosom my condemned lord
Is doom'd a prisoner by proud Bolingbroke:
Here let us rest, if this rebellious earth
Have any resting for her true king's queen.

Enter KING RICHARD *and* Guards.

But soft, but see, or rather do not see,
My fair rose wither: Yet look up; behold;
That you in pity may dissolve to dew,
And wash him fresh again with true-love tears.
Ah, thou, the model where old Troy did stand!
Thou map of honour! thou king Richard's tomb,
And not king Richard! thou most beauteous inn,[1]
Why should hard-favour'd grief be lodg'd in thee,
When triumph is become an alehouse guest?
K. Rich. Join not with grief, fair woman, do not so,
To make my end too sudden: learn, good soul,
To think our former state a happy dream;
From which awak'd, the truth of what we are
Shows us but this: I am sworn brother,[2] sweet,
To grim necessity; and he and I [France,
Will keep a league till death. Hie thee to
And cloister thee in some religious house:
Our holy lives must win a new world's crown,
Which our profane hours here have stricken down.
Queen. What, is my Richard both in shape and mind
Transform'd and weaken'd? Hath Bolingbroke [thy heart?
Depos'd thine intellect? Hath he been in
The lion, dying, thrusteth forth his paw,
And wounds the earth, if nothing else, with rage
To be o'erpower'd; and wilt thou, pupil-like,
Take thy correction mildly? kiss the rod,
And fawn on rage with base humility,
Which art a lion, and a king of beasts?
K. Rich. A king of beasts, indeed; if aught but beasts,
I had been still a happy king of men.
Good sometime queen, prepare thee hence for France: [tak'st,
Think I am dead; and that even here thou
As from my death-bed, my last living leave.
In winter's tedious nights sit by the fire
With good old folks; and let them tell the tales
Of woeful ages, long ago betid:
And, ere thou bid good night, to quit their grief,
Tell thou the lamentable fall of me,
And send the hearers weeping to their beds.
For why, the senseless brands will sympathize
The heavy accent of thy moving tongue,
And, in compassion, weep the fire out:
And some will mourn in ashes, some coal-black,
For the deposing of a rightful king.

Enter NORTHUMBERLAND, *attended.*

North. My lord, the mind of Bolingbroke is chang'd;
You must to Pomfret, not unto the Tower.
And, madam, there is order ta'en for you;
With all swift speed you must away to France.
K. Rich. Northumberland, thou ladder wherewithal
The mounting Bolingbroke ascends my throne,
The time shall not be many hours of age
More than it is, ere foul sin, gathering head,
Shall break into corruption: thou shalt think,
Though he divide the realm, and give thee half,
It is too little, helping him to all:
And he shall think that thou, which know'st the way,
To plant unrightful kings, wilt know again,
Being ne'er so little urg'd another way,
To pluck him headlong from the usurped throne.
The love of wicked friends converts to fear;
That fear to hate, and hate turns one, or both,
To worthy danger, and deserved death.
North. My guilt be on my head, and there an end.
Take leave, and part; for you must part forthwith. [violate
K. Rich. Doubly divorc'd?—Bad men, ye
A twofold marriage; 'twixt my crown and me;
And then betwixt me and my married wife.
Let me unkiss the oath 'twixt thee and me;

[1] An inn was originally a dwelling — a place of cover or protection. When the queen opposes the term *alehouse* to *inn*, she does not mean to discriminate between two classes of houses of entertainment, but between a public-house and a 'beauteous mansion.' [2] Military adventurers were sometimes leagued to share each others' fortunes — to divide their plunder, and even their honours. They were then *fratres jurati* — sworn brothers.

And yet not so, for with a kiss 't was made.[1]
Part us, Northumberland; I towards the north,
Where shivering cold and sickness pines the clime;
My queen to France; from whence, set forth in pomp,
She came adorned hither like sweet May,
Sent back like Hallowmas,[2] or short'st of day.
Queen. And must we be divided? must we part?
K. Rich. Ay, hand from hand, my love, and heart from heart.
Queen. Banish us both, and send the king with me.
North. That were some love, but little policy.
Queen. Then whither he goes thither let me go.
K. Rich. So two, together weeping, make one woe.
Weep thou for me in France, I for thee here;
Better far off than near, be ne'er the near.[3]
Go, count thy way with sighs; I mine with groans.
Queen. So longest way shall have the longest moans.
K. Rich. Twice for one step I 'll groan, the way being short,
And piece the way out with a heavy heart.
Come, come, in wooing sorrow let 's be brief,
Since, wedding it, there is such length in grief.
One kiss shall stop our mouths, and dumbly part;
Thus give I mine, and thus take I thy heart.
[*They kiss.*
Queen. Give me mine own again; 't were no good part,
To take on me to keep, and kill thy heart.
[*Kiss again.*
So, now I have mine own again, begone,
That I may strive to kill it with a groan.
K. Rich. We make woe wanton with this fond delay;
Once more, adieu; the rest let sorrow say.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The same. A Room in the Duke of* York's *Palace.*

Enter York *and his* Duchess.

Duch. My lord, you told me you would tell the rest,
When weeping made you break the story off
Of our two cousins coming into London.
York. Where did I leave?
Duch. At that sad stop, my lord,
Where rude misgovern'd hands, from windows' tops,
Threw dust and rubbish on king Richard's head.
York. Then, as I said, the duke, great Bolingbroke,
Mounted upon a hot and fiery steed,
Which his aspiring rider seem'd to know,
With slow, but stately pace, kept on his course,
While all tongues cried — God save thee, Bolingbroke!
You would have thought the very windows spake,
So many greedy looks of young and old
Through casements darted their desiring eyes
Upon his visage; and that all the walls,
With painted imagery, had said at once, —
Jesu preserve thee! welcome, Bolingbroke!
Whilst he, from one side to the other turning,
Bare-headed, lower than his proud steed's neck,
Bespake them thus, — I thank you, countrymen:
And thus still doing, thus he pass'd along.
Duch. Alas, poor Richard! where rides he the whilst?
York. As in a theatre, the eyes of men,
After a well-grac'd actor leaves the stage,
Are idly bent on him that enters next,
Thinking his prattle to be tedious:
Even so, or with much more contempt, men's eyes
Did scowl on Richard; no man cried, God save him;
No joyful tongue gave him his welcome home:
But dust was thrown upon his sacred head;
Which with such gentle sorrow he shook off,
His face still combating with tears and smiles,
The badges of his grief and patience,
That had not God, for some strong purpose, steel'd
The hearts of men, they must perforce have melted,
And barbarism itself have pitied him.
But heaven hath a hand in these events;
To whose high will we bound our calm contents.
To Bolingbroke are we sworn subjects now,
Whose state and honour I for aye allow.

Enter Aumerle.

Duch. Here comes my son Aumerle.
York. Aumerle that was;
But that is lost, for being Richard's friend,
And, madam, you must call him Rutland now:
I am in parliament pledge for his truth,
And lasting fealty to the new-made king.
Duch. Welcome, my son: Who are the violets now
That strew the green lap of the new-come spring?
Aum. Madam, I know not, nor I greatly care not:
God knows, I had as lief be none, as one.
York. Well, bear you well in this new spring of time,

[1] The kiss was an established form of the ancient ceremony of affiancing. [2] The first of November, — opposed to ‚sweet May.' [3] Some deem this a provarbial expression, meaning not nearer to good. It appears to us here to mean ‚never the nearer.'

Lest you be cropp'd before you come to prime.
What news from Oxford? hold those justs and triumphs?
Aum. For aught I know, my lord, they do.
York. You will he there, I know.
Aum. If God prevent it not; I purpose so.
York. What seal is that that hangs without thy bosom?[1]
Yea, look'st thou pale? let me see the writing.
Aum. My lord, 't is nothing.
York. No matter then who sees it:
I will be satisfied,—let me see the writing.
Aum. I do beseech your grace to pardon me;
It is a matter of small consequence, [seen.
Which for some reasons I would not have
York. Which, for some reasons, sir, I mean to see.
I fear, I fear, —
Duch. What should you fear? [into
'T is nothing but some bond, that he is enter'd
For gay apparel, 'gainst the triumph.
York. Bound to himself? what doth he with a bond
That he is bound to? Wife, thou art a fool. —
Boy, let me see the writing. [not show it.
Aum. I do beseech you, pardon me; I may
York. I will be satisfied; let me see it, I say.
[*Snatches it, and reads.*
Treason! foul treason! — villain! traitor! slave!
Duch. What 's the matter, my lord?
York. Ho! who 's within there?
Enter a Servant.
Saddle my horse.
Heaven for his mercy! what treachery is here!
Duch. Why, what is 't, my lord? [horse: —
York. Give me my boots, I say; saddle my
Now by my honour, by my life, my troth,
I will appeach the villain. [*Exit* Servant.
Duch. What 's the matter?
York. Peace, foolish woman.
Duch. I will not peace; — What is the matter, son? [more
Aum. Good mother, be content; it is no
Than my poor life must answer.
Duch. Thy life answer?
Re-enter Servant, *with boots.*
York. Bring me my boots, I will unto the king. [thou art amaz'd:
Duch. Strike him, Aumerle. — Poor boy,
Hence, villain; never more come in my sight. — [*To the* Servant.
York. Give me my boots, I say.
Duch. Why, York, what wilt thou do?
Wilt thou not hide the trespass of thine own?
Have we more sons? or are we like to have?
Is not my teeming date drunk up with time?
And wilt thou pluck my fair son from mine age,
And rob me of a happy mother's name?
Is he not like thee? is he not thine own?
York. Thou fond mad woman,
Wilt thou conceal this dark conspiracy?
A dozen of them here have ta'en the sacrament,
And interchangeably set down their hands,
To kill the king at Oxford.
Duch. He shall be none;
We 'll keep him here: Then what is that to him?
York. Away,
Fond woman! were he twenty times my son
I would appeach him.
Duch. Hadst thou groan'd for him,
As I have done, thou 'dst be more pitiful.
But now I know thy mind; thou dost suspect
That I have been disloyal to thy bed,
And that he is a bastard, not thy son: [mind:
Sweet York, sweet husband, be not of that
He is as like thee as a man may be,
Not like to me, or any of my kin,
And yet I love him.
York. Make way, unruly woman. [*Exit.*
Duch. After, Aumerle; mount thee upon his horse;
Spur, post; and get before him to the king,
And beg thy pardon ere he do accuse thee.
I 'll not be long behind; though I be old,
I doubt not but to ride as fast as York:
And never will I rise up from the ground,
Till Bolingbroke have pardon'd thee: Away;
Begone. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. — Windsor. *A Room in the Castle.*

Enter BOLINGBROKE, *as King;* PERCY, *and other* Lords.

Boling. Can no man tell of my unthrifty son?
'T is full three months since I did see him last:
If any plague hang over us, 't is he. [found.
I would to Heaven, my lords, he might be
Inquire at London, 'mongst the taverns there,
For there, they say, he daily doth frequent,
With unrestrained loose companions —
Even such, they say, as stand in narrow lanes,
And beat our watch, and rob our passengers;
While he, young, wanton, and effeminate boy,
Takes on the point of honour, to support
So dissolute a crew. [the prince,
Percy. My lord, some two days since I saw
And told him of these triumphs held at Oxford.
Boling. And what said the gallant?
Percy. His answer was, — he would unto the stews, [glove,
And from the common'st creature pluck a
And wear it as a favour; and with that
He would unhorse the lustiest challenger.
Boling. As dissolute as desperate: yet through both
I see some sparkles of a better hope,
Which elder days may happily bring forth.
But who comes here?

[1] The seal was formerly not impressed on the deed itself, but attached to it by a slip of parchment. The Great Seal is applied in a similar manner at the present day.

Enter AUMERLE, *hastily.*

Aum. Where is the king?
Boling. What means
Our cousin, that he stares and looks so wildly?
Aum. God save your grace. I do beseech your majesty,
To have some conference with your grace alone.
Boling. Withdraw yourselves, and leave us here alone. [*Exeunt* PERCY *and* Lords.
What is the matter with our cousin now?
Aum. For ever may my knees grow to the earth, [*Kneels.*
My tongue cleave to my roof within my mouth,
Unless a pardon, ere I rise, or speak. [fault?
Boling. Intended, or committed, was this
If on the first, how heinous ere it be,
To win thy after-love, I pardon thee.
Aum. Then give me leave that I may turn the key,
That no man enter till my tale be done.
Boling. Have thy desire. [AUMERLE *locks the door.*] [thyself;
York. [*Within.*] My liege, beware; look to
Thou hast a traitor in thy presence there.
Boling. Villain, I'll make thee safe. [*Drawing.*
Aum. Stay thy revengeful hand!
Thou hast no cause to fear.
York. [*Within.*] Open the door, secure, [fool-hardy king;
Shall I, for love, speak treason to thy face?
Open the door, or I will break it open.
[BOLINGBROKE *opens the door.*

Enter YORK.

Boling. What is the matter, uncle? speak;
Recover breath; tell us how near is danger,
That we may arm us to encounter it.
York. Peruse this writing here, and thou shalt know
The treason that my haste forbids me show.
Aum. Remember, as thou read'st, thy promise past:
I do repent me; read not my name there,
My heart is not confederate with my hand.
York. 'Twas, villain, ere thy hand did set it down. —
I tore it from the traitor's bosom, king;
Fear, and not love, begets his penitence:
Forget to pity him, lest thy pity prove
A serpent that will sting thee to the heart.
Boling. O heinous, strong, and bold conspiracy!
O loyal father of a treacherous son!
Thou sheer,[1] immaculate, and silver fountain,
From whence this stream through muddy passages
Hath held his current, and defil'd himself!
Thy overflow of good converts to bad;
And thy abundant goodness shall excuse
This deadly blot in thy digressing son.
York. So shall my virtue be his vice's bawd;
And he shall spend mine honour with his shame,
As thriftless sons their scraping father's gold.
Mine honour lives when his dishonour dies,
Or my sham'd life in his dishonour lies;
Thou kill'st me in his life, giving him breath,
The traitor lives, the true man's put to death.
Duch. [*Within.*] What ho, my liege! for heaven's sake let me in.
Boling. What shrill-voic'd suppliant makes this eager cry?
Duch. A woman, and thine aunt, great king; 't is I.
Speak with me, pity me, open the door:
A beggar begs that never begg'd before.
Boling. Our scene is alter'd, — from a serious thing, [King.'
And now chang'd to 'The Beggar and the
My dangerous cousin, let your mother in;
I know she 's come to pray for your foul sin.
York. If thou do pardon, whosoever pray,
More sins, for this forgiveness, prosper may.
This fester'd joint cut off, the rest rests sound;
This, let alone, will all the rest confound.

Enter DUCHESS.

Duch. O king, believe not this hard-hearted man;
Love, loving not itself, none other can.
York. Thou frantic woman, what dost thou make here?
Shall thy old dugs once more a traitor rear?
Duch. Sweet York, be patient. Hear me, gentle liege. [*Kneels.*
Boling. Rise up, good aunt.
Duch. Not yet, I thee beseech;
For ever will I kneel upon my knees,
And never see day that the happy sees,
Till thou give joy; until thou bid me joy,
By pardoning Rutland, my transgressing boy.
Aum. Unto my mother's prayers I bend my knee. [*Kneels.*
York. Against them both my true joints bended be. [*Kneels.*
[Ill mayst thou thrive, if thou grant any grace!] [face;
Duch. Pleads he in earnest? look upon his
His eyes do drop no tears, his prayers are in jest; [our breast:
His words come from his mouth, ours from
He prays but faintly, and would be denied;
We pray with heart, and soul, and all beside:
His weary joints would gladly rise, I know;
Our knees shall kneel till to the ground they grow:
His prayers are full of false hypocrisy:
Ours of true zeal and deep integrity.

[1] Separated, unmingled, free from admixture and thus *pure.*

Our prayers do out-pray his; then let them have
That mercy which true prayers ought to have!
Boling. Good aunt, stand up.
Duch. Nay, do not say — stand up;
But pardon, first; and afterwards, stand up.
An if I were thy nurse, thy tongue to teach,
Pardon — should be the first word of thy speech.
I never long'd to hear a word till now;
Say — pardon, king: let pity teach thee how:
The word is short, but not so short as sweet;
No word like pardon, for kings' mouths so meet. [*donnez moy.*
York. Speak it in French, king: say, *par-*
Duch. Dost thou teach pardon pardon to destroy?
Ah, my sour husband, my hard-hearted lord,
That sett'st the word itself against the word!
Speak, pardon, as 't is current in our land;
The chopping French[1] we do not understand.
Thine eye begins to speak, set thy tongue there:
Or, in thy piteous heart plant thou thine ear;
That, hearing how our plaints and prayers do pierce,
Pity may move thee pardon to rehearse.
Boling. Good aunt, stand up.
Duch. I do not sue to stand,
Pardon is all the suit I have in hand.
Boling. I pardon him, as heaven shall pardon me.
Duch. O happy vantage of a kneeling knee!
Yet am I sick for fear: speak it again:
Twice saying pardon doth not pardon twain,
But makes one pardon strong.
Boling. With all my heart
I pardon him.
Duch. A god on earth thou art.
Boling. But for our trusty brother-in-law, and the abbot,
With all the rest of that consorted crew, [heels.
Destruction straight shall dog them at the
Good uncle, help to order several powers
To Oxford, or where'er these traitors are:
They shall not live within this world, I swear,
But I will have them, if I once know where.
Uncle, farewell, — and cousin, too, adieu;
Your mother well hath pray'd, and prove you true. [make thee new.
Duch. Come, my old son; — I pray Heaven
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. — *Enter* EXTON *and a* Servant.

Exton. Didst thou not mark the king, what words he spake?
'Have I no friend will rid me of this living fear?'
Was it not so? [fear?'
Serv. Those were his very words.
Exton. 'Have I no friend?' quoth he: he spake it twice,
And urg'd it twice together; did he not?
Serv. He did. [on me;
Exton. And, speaking it, he wistly look'd
As who should say, — I would thou wert the man
That would divorce this terror from my heart;
Meaning the king at Pomfret. Come, let's go;
I am the king's friend, and will rid his foe.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. — Pomfret. *The Dungeon of the Castle.*
Enter KING RICHARD.

K. Rich. I have been studying how to compare
This prison, where I live, unto the world:
And, for because the world is populous,
And here is not a creature but myself,
I cannot do it; — yet I 'll hammer it out.
My brain I'll prove the female to my soul;
My soul, the father; and these two beget
A generation of still-breeding thoughts,
And these same thoughts people this little world;
In humours like the people of this world,
For no thought is contented. The better sort, — [mix'd
As thoughts of things divine, — are inter-
With scruples, and do set the faith itself
Against the faith: [again, —
As thus, — Come, little ones; and then
It is as hard to come, as for a camel
To thread the postern of a needle's eye.
Thoughts tending to ambition they do plot
Unlikely wonders: how these vain weak nails
May tear a passage through the flinty ribs
Of this hard world, my ragged prison walls;
And, for they cannot, die in their own pride.
Thoughts tending to content flatter themselves
That they are not the first of fortune's slaves,
Nor shall not be the last; like silly beggars,
Who, sitting in the stocks, refuge their shame,
That many have, and others must sit there:
And in this thought they find a kind of ease,
Bearing their own misfortunes on the back
Of such as have before endur'd the like.
Thus play I, in one person, many people,
And none contented: Sometimes am I king;
Then treason makes me wish myself a beggar,
And so I am. Then crushing penury
Persuades me I was better when a king;
Then am I king'd again: and by-and-by,
Think that I am unking'd by Bolinghroke,
And straight am nothing: — But, whate'er I
Nor I, nor any man, that but man is, [am,
With nothing shall be pleas'd till he be eas'd
With being nothing. Music do I hear? [*Music.*

[1] Chopping is here used in the sense of changing, which is derived from cheaping, trafficking. We still say *a chopping wind.*

Ha, ha! keep time; — How sour sweet music is,
When time is broke, and no proportion kept!
So is it in the music of men's lives.
And here have I the daintiness of ear,
To check time broke in a disorder'd string;
But, for the concord of my state and time,
Had not an ear to hear my true time broke.
I wasted time, and now doth time waste me.
For now hath time made me his numb'ring clock:
My thoughts are minutes; and, with sighs,
Their watches unto mine eyes, the outward watch,
Whereto my finger, like a dial's point,
Is pointing still, in cleansing them from tears.
Now, sir, the sounds that tell what hour it is
Are clamorous groans, that strike upon my heart,
Which is the bell; So sighs, and tears, and groans,
Show minutes, times, and hours; — but my time
Runs posting on in Bolingbroke's proud joy,
While I stand fooling here, his Jack o' the clock.
This music mads me, let it sound no more;
For, though it have holpe madmen to their wits,
In me it seems it will make wise men mad.
Yet blessing on his heart that gives it me!
For 't is a sign of love; and love to Richard
Is a strange brooch in this all-hating world.

Enter Groom.

Groom. Hail, royal prince!

K. Rich. Thanks, noble peer;
The cheapest of us is ten groats too dear.
What art thou? and how comest thou hither
Where no man ever comes, but that sad[1] dog
That brings me food, to make misfortune live?

Groom. I was a poor groom of thy stable,
When thou wert king; who, travelling towards York,
With much ado, at length have gotten leave
To look upon my sometimes royal master's face.
O, how it yearn'd my heart, when I beheld,
In London streets that coronation day,
When Bolingbroke rode on roan Barbary!
That horse that thou so often hast bestrid;
That horse that I so carefully have dress'd!

K. Rich. Rode he on Barbary? Tell me,
How went he under him?

Groom. So proudly as if he had disdain'd the ground.

K. Rich. So proud that Bolingbroke was on his back!
That jade hath eat bread from my royal hand;
This hand hath made him proud with clapping him.
Would he not stumble? Would he not fall down,
(Since pride must have a fall,) and break the neck
Of that proud man that did usurp his back?
Forgiveness, horse! why do I rail on thee,
Since thou, created to be aw'd by man,
Wast born to bear? I was not made a horse;
And yet I bear a burthen like an ass,
Spur-gall'd, and tir'd, by jauncing[1] Bolingbroke.

Enter Keeper, *with a dish.*

Keep. Fellow, give place; here is no longer stay.

K. Rich. If thou love me, 't is time thou wert away.

Groom. What my tongue dares not that my heart shall say. *Exit.*

Keep. My lord, will 't please you to fall to?

K. Rich. Taste of it first, as thou art wont to do.

Keep. My lord, I dare not; Sir Pierce of Exton, who
Lately came from the king, commands the contrary.

K. Rich. The devil take Henry of Lancaster, and thee!
Patience is stale, and I am weary of it.

[*Beats the* Keeper.

Keep. Help, help, help!

Enter Exton, *and* Servants, *armed.*

K. Rich. How now? what means death in this rude assault?
Villain, thine own hand yields thy death's instrument.

[*Snatching a weapon, and killing one.*

Go thou, and fill another room in hell.

[*He kills another, then* Exton *strikes him down.*

That hand shall burn in never-quenching fire,
That staggers thus my person. — Exton, thy fierce hand
Hath with the king's blood stain'd the king's own land.
Mount, mount, my soul! thy seat is up on high;
Whilst my gross flesh sinks downward, here to die.

[*Dies.*

Exton. As full of valour as of royal blood:
Both have I spilt; O would the deed were good!
For now the devil, that told me I did well,
Says that this deed is chronicled in hell.
This dead king to the living king I 'll bear.
Take hence the rest, and give them burial here.

[*Ex.*

[1] Grave, gloomy.

[1] Richard compares himself to a spur-galled beast that Bolingbroke rides. — Jauncing — jaunting — hurriedly moving Bolingbroke. It is possible, however, that it may be a contraction of *joyauncing.*

SCENE VI. — Windsor. *A Room in the Castle.*

Flourish. Enter BOLINGBROKE, *and* YORK, *with* Lords *and* Attendants.

Boling. Kind uncle York, the latest news we hear
Is that the rebels have consum'd with fire
Our town of Cicester in Glostershire; [not.
But whether they be ta'en, or slain, we hear

Enter NORTHUMBERLAND.

Welcome my lord: what is the news?

North. First, to thy sacred state wish I all happiness.
The next news is, — I have to London sent
The heads of Salishury, Spencer, Blunt, and Kent:
The manner of their taking may appear
At large discoursed in this paper here.

[*Presenting a paper.*

Boling. We thank thee, gentle Percy, for thy pains;
And to thy worth will add right worthy gains.

Enter FITZWATER.

Fitz. My lord, I have from Oxford sent to London
The heads of Brocas, and sir Bennet Seely;
Two of the dangerous consorted traitors
That sought at Oxford thy dire overthrow.

Boling. Thy pains, Fitzwater, shall not be forgot;
Right noble is thy merit, well I wot.

Enter PERCY *with the* BISHOP OF CARLISLE.

Percy. The grand conspirator, abbot of Westminster,
With clog of conscience and sour melancholy,
Hath yielded up his body to the grave;
But here is Carlisle living, to abide
Thy kingly doom, and sentence of his pride.

Boling. Carlisle, this is your doom: —
Choose out some secret place, some reverend room,
More than thou hast, and with it joy thy life;
So, as thou liv'st in peace, die free from strife:
For though mine enemy thou hast ever been,
High sparks of honour in thee have I seen.

Enter EXTON, *with* Attendants *bearing a coffin.*

Exton. Great king, within this coffin I present
Thy buried fear; herein all breathless lies
The mightiest of thy greatest enemies,
Richard of Bordeaux, by me hither brought.

Boling. Exton, I thank thee not; for thou hast wrought
A deed of slander, with thy fatal hand,
Upon my head and all this famous land.

Exton. From your own mouth, my lord, did I this deed.

Boling. They love not poison that do poison need,
Nor do I thee; though I did wish him dead,
I hate the murderer, love him murdered.
The guilt of conscience take thou for thy labour, [favour:
But neither my good word, nor princely
With Cain go wander through the shade of night,
And never show thy head by day nor light.
Lords, I protest, my soul is full of woe
That blood should sprinkle me to make me grow:
Come, mourn with me for that I do lament,
And put on sullen black, incontinent;
I 'll make a voyage to the Holy Land,
To wash this blood off from my guilty hand: —
March sadly after; grace my mourning here,
In weeping after this untimely hier.

[*Exeunt.*

BEN JONSON.

Ben Jonson was born at Westminster in the year 1574 where he was educated in a grammar school. The death of his father took place before his birth, and his mother's second husband, a bricklayer, obliged his stepson to follow his own avocation. Ben, however, ran away and served as a soldier in the Low Countries. On his return to England he studied at Cambridge, but the want of funds prevented his staying there. In 1596 he commenced his career as an aether by publishing a comedy 'Every Man in his Humour', which play was patronized by Queen Elisabeth and Jonson's reputation was at once made. This was followed by a number of comedies and tragedies, as for instance 'Cynthia's Revels', 'Sejanus', 'Eastward Hoe' (written in conjunction with Chapman and Marston, for which the three were imprisoned for a considerable period), 'Volpone or the Fox', 'Epicene or the Silent Woman', 'The Alchemist' and 'The Devil is an Ass'. In 1614 the University of Oxford conferred upon him the degree of Master of Arts, and in 1619 he received the office of Poet laureate with a pension. From 1625 his health began to decline, and the productions of his pen showed no longer the same vigour; they are styled by Dryden his dotages. His latest compositions were 'The Magnetic Lady' (1632) and 'The Tale of a Tub' (1634). He left a very beautiful unfinished drama entitled 'The Sad Shepherd', and died 1637 at the age of sixty three. His scenes and characters exhibit an extensive knowledge of life and his comical characters, though often exaggerated, bear evidence of great wit, of which, however, he was rather frugal. On his tomb in Westminster-Abbey was inscribed this epigram:

'O Rare Ben Jonson'.

TO CELIA.

Drink to me only with thine eyes,
And I will pledge with mine;
Or leave a kiss but in the cup,
And I'll not look for wine.

The thirst that from the soul doth rise,
Doth ask a drink divine;
But might I of Jove's nectar sup,
I would not change for thine.

I sent thee late a rosy wreath,
Not so much honouring thee,
As giving it a hope, that there
It could not wither'd be.
But thou thereon didst only breathe,
And sent'st it back to me;
Since when it grows, and smells, I swear,
Not of itself, but thee.

SONG.

Oh do not wanton with those eyes,
Lest I be sick with seeing;
Nor cast them down, but let them rise,
Lest shame destroy their being.

Oh be not angry with those fires,
For then their threats will kill me;
Nor look too kind on my desires,
For then my hopes will spill me.

Oh do not steep them in thy tears
For so will sorrow slay me;
Nor spread them as distraught with fears;
Mine own enough betray me.

CELIA'S TRIUMPH.

See the chariot at hand here of love,
Wherein my lady rideth!
Each that draws is a swan or a dove,
And well the car love guideth.
As she goes all hearts do duty
Unto her beauty;
And enamour'd do wish, so they might
But enjoy such a sight
That they still were to run by her side,
Through swords, through seas, whither she would ride.

Do but look on her eyes, they do light
All that love's world compriseth!
Do but look on her, she is bright
As love's star when it riseth!
Do but mark, her forehead's smoother
Than words that soothe her!
And from her arch'd brows, such a grace
Sheds itself through the face,
As alone there triumphs to the life
All the gain, all the good of the elements' strife.

Have you seen but a bright lily grow,
Before rude hands have touch'd it?
Have you mark'd but the fall of the snow
Before the soil hath smutch'd it?
Have you felt the wool of the beaver,
Or swan's down ever?
Or have smell'd of the bud o' the brier?
Or the 'nard in the fire?
Or have tasted the bag of the bee?
O so white! O so soft! O so sweet is she!

HYMN TO DIANA.

Queen and huntress, chaste and fair,
Now the sun is laid to sleep;
Seated in thy silver chair,
State in wonted manner keep.
Hesperus entreats thy light,
Goddess excellently bright!

Earth, let not thy envious shade
Dare itself to interpose;
Cynthia's shining orb was made
Heaven to clear when day did close;
Bless us then with wished sight,
Goddess excellently bright!

Lay thy bow of pearl apart,
And thy crystal shining quiver:
Give unto the flying heart,
Space to breathe, how short soever;
Thou that mak'st a day of night,
Goddess excellently bright!

THE SWEET NEGLECT.

Still to be neat, still to be drest,
As you were going to a feast;
Still to be powder'd, still perfum'd:
Lady, it is to be presum'd,
Though art's hid causes are not found,
All is not sweet, all is not sound.
Give me a look, give me a face,
That makes simplicity a grace;
Robes loosely flowing, hair as free.
Such sweet neglect more taketh me
Than all the adulteries of art:
They strike mine eyes, but not mine heart.

ON MARGARET RATCLIFFE.

M arble, weep, for thou dost cover
A dead beauty underneath thee,
R ich as nature could bequeath thee:
G rant then, no rude hand remove her.
A ll the gazers on the skies
R ead not in fair heaven's story,
E xpresser truth, or truer glory,
T han they might in her bright eyes.

R are as wonder was her wit;
A nd, like nectar, ever flowing:
T ill time, strong by her bestowing,
C onquer'd hath both life and it;
L ife, whose grief was out of fashion
I n these times. Few so have rued
F ate in a brother. To conclude,
F or wit, feature, and true passion,
E arth, thou hast not such another.

TO KING JAMES.

Who would not be thy subject, James,
t' obey
A prince that rules by' example, more than sway?

Whose manners draw, more than thy powers constrain,
And in this short time of thy happiest reign,
Hast purg'd thy realms, as we have now no cause
Left us of fear, but first our crimes, then laws.
Like aids 'gainst treasons who hath found before,
And than in them, how could we know God more?
First thou preserved wert our king to be;
And since, the whole land was preserv'd for thee.

ON MY FIRST SON.

Farewell, thou child of my right hand, and joy;
My sin was too much hope of thee, lov'd boy:
Seven years thou wert lent to me, and I thee pay,
Exacted by thy fate, on the just day.
O, could I lose all father, now! for why,
Will man lament the state he should envy?
To have so soon 'scaped world's, and flesh's rage,
And, if no other misery, yet age!
Rest in soft peace, and ask'd, say here doth lie
Ben Jonson his best piece of poetry:
For whose sake henceforth all his vows be such,
As what he loves may never like too much.

ADVICE TO A RECKLESS YOUTH.

Knowell. What would I have you do? I'll tell you, kinsman;
Learn to be wise, and practice how to thrive
That would I have you do: and not to spend
Your coin on every bauble that you fancy,
Or every foolish brain that humours you.
I would not have you to invade each place,
Nor thrust yourself on all societies,
Till men's affections, or your own desert,
Should worthily invite you to your rank.
He that is so respectless in his courses,
Oft sells his reputation at cheap market.
Nor would I you should melt away yourself
In flashing bravery, lest, while you affect
To make a blaze of gentry to the world,
A little puff of scorn extinguish it,
And you be left like an unsavoury snuff,
Whose property is only to offend.
I'd ha' you sober, and contain yourself;
Not that your sail be bigger than your boat;
But moderate your expenses now (at first)
As you may keep the same proportion still.
Nor stand so much on your gentility,
Which is an airy, and mere borrow'd thing
From dead men's dust, and bones; and none of yours,
Except you make, or hold it.

THE FALL OF CATILINE.

Petreius. The straits and needs of Catiline being such,
As he must fight with one of the two armies
That then had near inclosed him, it pleas'd fate
To make us the object of his desperate choice,
Wherein the danger almost pois'd the honour:
And, as he rose, the day grew black with him,
And fate descended nearer to the earth,
As if she meant to hide the name of things
Under her wings, and make the world her quarry.
At this we roused, lest one small minute's stay
Had left it to be inquired what Rome was;
And (as we ought) arm'd in the confidence
Of our great cause, in form of battle stood,
Whilst Catiline came on, not with the face
Of any man, but of a public ruin:
His countenance was a civil war itself;
And all his host had, standing in their looks,
The paleness of the death that was to come;
Yet cried they out like vultures, and urged on,
As if they would precipitate our fates.
Nor stay'd we longer for 'em, but himself
Struck the first stroke, and with it fled a life,
Which out, it seem'd a narrow neck of land,
Had broke between two mighty seas, and either
Flow'd into other; for so did the slaughter;
And whirl'd about, as when two violent tides
Meet and not yield. The furies stood on hills,
Circling the place, and trembling to see men
Do more than they; whilst pity left the field,
Griev'd for that side, that in so bad a cause
They knew not what a crime their valour was.
The sun stood still, and was, behind the cloud
The battle made, seen sweating, to drive up
His frighted horse, whom still the noise drove backward;
And now had fierce Enyo, like a flame
Consum'd all it could reach, and then itself,
Had not the fortune of the commonwealth,
Come, Pallas-like, to every Roman thought;
Which Catiline seeing, and that now his troops,
Cover'd the earth they 'ad fought on with their trunks,
Ambitious of great fame, to crown his ill,
Collected all his fury, and ran in
(Arm'd with a glory high as his despair)
Into our battle, like a Libyan lion
Upon his hunters, scornful of our weapons,
Careless of wounds, plucking down lives about him,
Till he had circled on himself with death:
Then fell he too, t' embrace it where it lay.
And as in that rebellion 'gainst the gods,
Minerva holding forth Medusa's head,
One of the giant brethren felt himself
Grow marble at the killing sight; and now,

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Almost made stone, began to inquire what flint,
What rock, it was that crept through all his limbs; [fear'd:
And, ere he could think more, was that he
So Catiline, at the sight of Rome in us,
Became his tomb; yet did his look retain
Some of his fierceness, and his hands still mov'd,
As if he labour'd yet to grasp the state
With those rebellious parts.
Cato. A brave bad death!
Had this been honest now, and for his country,
As 't was against it, who had e'er fall'n greater?

TOWERING SENSUALITY.

Sir Epicure Mammon, expecting to obtain the Philosopher's Stone, riots in the anticipation of enjoyment.

Enter MAMMON *and* SURLY.

Mam. Come on, sir. Now, you set your foot on shore
In *Novo Orbe*: here's the rich Peru:
And there within, sir, are the golden wines,
Great Solomon's Ophir! *he was sailing to't Three years; but we have reach'd it in ten months.*
This is the day, wherein, to all my friends,
I will pronounce the happy word, BE RICH. —
Where is my Subtle there! Within!
Enter FACE.
How now?
Do we succeed? Is our day come? and holds it?
Face. The evening will set red upon you, sir;
You have colour for it, crimson: the red ferment
Has done his office: three hours hence prepare you
To see projection.
Mam. Pertinax, my Surly,
Again I say to thee, aloud, BE RICH.
This day thou shalt have ingots; *and to-morrow Give lords the affront.* — Is it, my Zephyrus, right? —
Thou'rt sure thou saw'st it blood?
Face. Both blood and spirit, sir.
Mam. I will have all my beds blown up, not stuff'd:
Down is too hard. — My mists
I'll have of perfume, vapoured 'bout the room
To lose ourselves in; and my baths, like pits,
To fall into: from whence we will come forth,
And roll us dry in gossamer and roses,
Is it arriv'd at ruby? — And my flatterers
Shall be the pure and *gravest of divines.* —
And they shall fan me with ten estrich tails
A-piece, made in a plume to gather wind.
We will be brave, Puffe, now we have the med'cine.
My meat shall all come in, in Indian shells,
Dishes of agate, set in gold, and studded
With emeralds, sapphires, hyacinths, and rubies,
The tongues of carps, dormice, and camels' heels,
Boil'd in the spirit of sol, *and dissolv'd pearl,*
Apicius' diet 'gainst the epilepsy: [amber,
And I will eat these broths with spoons of
Headed with diamond and carbuncle.
My foot-boy shall eat pheasants, calver'd salmons,
Knots, godwits, lampreys: I myself will have
The beards of barbels serv'd, instead of salads;
Oil'd mushrooms; and the swelling, unctuous paps
Of a fat pregnant sow, newly cut off,
Drest with an exquisite and poignant sauce, For which I'll say unto my cook, „There's gold; Go forth, and be a knight.“
Face. Sir, I'll go look
A little, how it heightens. [*Exit* FACE.
Mam. Do. — My shirts
I'll have of taffeta-sarsnet, soft and light
As cobwebs; and for all my other raiment,
It shall be such as might provoke the Persian,
Were he to teach the world riot anew.
My gloves of fishes' and bird's skins, perfum'd
With gums of Paradise and eastern air.
Sur. And do you think to have the stone with this?
Mam. No; I do think t' have all this with the stone!
Sur. Why, I have heard he must be *homo frugi*,
A pious, holy, and religious man,
One free from mortal sin, a very virgin.
Mam. That makes it, Sir; he *is* so; BUT I BUY IT.

THE WITCH.

From the Pastoral Fragment, entitled „The Sad Shepherd.“

Alken. Know ye the witch's dell?
Scathlock. No more than I do know the walks of hell. [dwell,
Alken. Within a gloomy dimble she doth
Down in a pit, o'ergrown with brakes and briars,
Close by the ruins of a shaken abbey,
Torn with an earthquake down unto the ground,
'Mongst graves and grots, near an old charnel-house,
Where you shall find her sitting in her form,
As fearful and melancholic as that
She is about; with caterpillars' kells,
And knotty cobwebs, rounded in with spells.
Then she steals forth to relief in the fogs,
And rotten mists, upon the fens and bogs,
Down to the drowned lands of Lincolnshire;
To make ewes cast their lambs, swine eat their farrow, [churn!
And housewives' tun not work, nor the milk

Writhe children's wrists, and suck their breath in sleep,
Get vials of their blood! and where the sea
Casts up his slimy ooze, search for a weed
To open locks with, and to rivet charms,
Planted about her in the wicked feat
Of all her mischiefs; which are manifold.
John. I wonder such a story could be told
Of her dire deeds.
George. I thought a witch's banks
Had inclosed nothing but the merry pranks
Of some old woman.
Scarlet. Yes, her malice more.
Scath. As it would quickly appear had we the store
Of his collects.
George. Ay, this good learned man
Can speak her right.
Scar. He knows her shifts and haunts —
Alken. And all her wiles and turns. The venom'd plants
Wherewith she kills! where the sad mandrake grows,
Whose groans are deathful; and dead-numbing night-shade,
The stupefying hemlock, adder's tongue,
And martagan: the shricks of luckless owls
We hear, *and crooking night-crows in the air!*
Green-bellied snakes, blue fire-drakes in the sky,
And giddy flitter-mice with leather wings!
The scaly beetles, with their habergeons,
That make a humming murmur as they fly!
There in the stocks of trees, *white fairies do dwell,*
And span-long elves that dance about a pool,
With each a little changeling in their arms!
The airy spirits play with falling stars,
And mount the spheres of fire to kiss the moon!
While she sits reading by the glow-worm's light,
Or rotten wood, o'er which the worm hath crept,
The baneful schedule of her nocent charms.

A MEETING OF WITCHES

for the purpose of doing a mischief to a joyful house, and bringing an evil spirit into birth in the midst of it.

From the Masque of Queens.

Charm. The owl is abroad, the bat and the toad,
And so is the cat-a-mountain;
The ant and the mole both sit in a hole,
And the frog peeps out of the fountain:
The dogs they do bay, and the timbrels play,
The spindle is now a-turning;
The moon it is red, and the stars are fled,
But all the sky is a-burning.
1st Hag. I have been all day looking after
A raven feeding upon a quarter;
And soon as she turn'd her beak to the south,
I snatch'd this morsel out of her mouth.
2nd Hag. I have been gathering wolves' hairs,
The mad dog's foam, and the adder's ears;
The spurging of a dead man's eyes,
And all since the evening star did rise.
3rd Hag. I, last night, *lay all alone*
On the ground to hear the mandrake groan;
And pluck'd him up, though he grew full low,
And as had done, the cock did crow.
4th Hag. And I have been choosing out this skull
From charnel-houses that were full;
From private grots, and public pits;
And frighted a sexton out of his wits.
5th Hag. Under a cradle I did creep,
By day; and when the child was asleep
At night, I suck'd the breath; and rose,
And pluck'd the nodding nurse by the nose.
6th Hag. I had a dagger: what did with that?
Kill'd an infant to have his fat.
I scratch'd out the eyes of the owl before,
I tore the bat's wing; what would you have more?
Dame. Yes, I have brought to help our vows
Hornèd poppy, cypress boughs,
The fig-tree wild that grows on tombs,
And juice that from the larch-tree comes,
The basilisk's blood and the viper's skin;
And now our orgies let us begin.
You fiends and fairies, if yet any be
Worse than ourselves, you that have quak'd to see
These knots untied (*she unties them*) — exhale earth's rottenest vapours,
And strike a blindness through these blazing tapers.
Charm. Deep, O deep we lay thee to sleep;
We leave thee drink by, if thou chance to be dry; [flood;
Both milk and blood, the dew and the
We breathe in thy bed, at the foot and the head; [shall quake
And when thou dost wake, *Dame Earth*
Such a birth to make, as is the Blue Drake.
Dame. Stay; all our charms do nothing win
Upon the night; our labour dies,
Our magic feature will not rise,
Nor yet the storm! We must repeat
More direful voices far, *and beat*
The ground with vipers, till it sweat.
Charm. Blocker go in, and blacker come out:
At thy going down, we give thee a shout; Hoo!
At thy rising again thou shalt have two;
And if thou dost what we'd have thee do,
Thou shalt have three, thou shalt have four,
Hoo! har! har! hoo!
A cloud of pitch, a spur and a switch,
To haste him away, and a whirlwind play,
Before and after, *with thunder for laughter*
And storms of joy, of the roaring boy.
His head of a drake, his tail of a snake.
(*A loud and beautiful music is heard, and the Witches vanish.*)

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

Francis Beaumont, the son of Judge Beaumont, was born in 1588, studied at Cambridge, and entered the Middle Temple, but left his legal pursuits as early as 1606 and attached himself to the stage. In 1602 he wrote poetry and attracted attention by the publication of his Salmacis and Hermaphroditus. He produced his first play 'The Woman Hater' at the age of 21, in conjunction with Fletcher. Between the years 1607 and 1618 he composed with the help of Fletcher, plays to the number of thirty-eight of which the principal are the following: 'Rule a Wife and Have a Wife', 'The Chances', 'The Wild-Goose-Chase', 'The Night-Walker', 'The False One', 'The Bloody Brother', 'The Maid's Tragedy' and 'Boadicea'.

Beaumont and Fletcher show their talents better in Comedy than in Tragedy, but in the greater number of their plays there is much obscene and indelicate, which renders them unfit for general perusal. Of the two, Beaumont's was the graver character, which softened down and regulated the stronger and more exuberant strokes of his companion. Their partnership was brought to a close by the death of Beaumont, which took place in 1615 when he was only thirty years of age.

John Fletcher was born in 1576 and studied at Cambridge, but did not take any degree there. Although Fletcher was ten years older than his friend Beaumont, the latter came first before the public, for Fletcher had written nothing alone, before the publication of their first joint play 'The Woman-Hater 1607'. From this time till 1616 Fletcher and Beaumont wrote conjointly and after the death of the latter, Fletcher composed eleven more pieces. He died in 1625. After Shakspeare, they have left us the best and richest dramas in English; but although their plays appear very well represented on the stage, exciting interest perhaps even more than those of Shakspeare, yet they fall far short of his in force of expression and delineation of character; and in all their compositions there is a coarseness which renders them unfit to be brought before the public at the present day.

CARATACH, PRINCE OF THE BRITONS, WITH HIS NEPHEW HENGO ASLEEP.

Car. SLEEP still, sleep sweetly, child; 'tis all thou feed'st on:
No gentle Briton near, no valiant charity
To bring thee food. Poor knave, thou'rt sick, extreme sick,
Almost grown wild for meat, and yet thy goodness
Will not confess or show it. All the woods
Are double lined with soldiers, no way left us
To make a noble 'scape. I'll sit down by thee,
And when thou wakest either get meat to save
Or lose my life i'the purchase. Good gods comfort thee!

Enter CARATACH *and* HENGO *on the rock.*

Car. Courage, my boy, I've found meat: look, Hengo,
Look, where some blessed Briton, to preserve thee,
Has hung a little food and drink. Cheer up,
Do not forsake me now. [boy!

Hengo. Oh! uncle, uncle,
I feel I cannot stay long; yet I'll fetch it
To keep your noble life. Uncle, I'm heart
And would live. [whole,

Car. Thou shalt, long, I hope.

Hengo. But — my head, uncle —
Methinks the rock goes round.

Enter MACER *and* JUDAS, *Romans.*

Macer. Mark 'em well, Judas.

Judas. Peace, as you love your life.

Hengo. Do not you hear
The noise of bells?

Car. Of bells, boy? 'tis thy fancy.
Alas! thy body's full of wind.

Hengo. Methinks, sir,
They ring a strange sad knell, a preparation
To some near funeral of state. Nay, weep not.

Car. Oh! my poor chicken.

Hengo. Fye, faint-hearted uncle;
Come, tie me in your belt, and let me down.

Car. I'll go myself, boy.

Hengo. No; as you love me, uncle,
I will not eat it if I do not fetch it,
The danger only I desire; pray tie me.

Car. I will, and all my care hang o'er thee.
My valiant child. [Come, child,

Hengo. Let me down apace, uncle,
And you shall see how like a daw I'll whip it
From all their policies; for 'tis most certain
A Roman train. And yon must hold me sure too, [it, uncle,
You'll spoil all else. When I have brought
We'll be as merry — —

Car. Go i'the name of heav'n, boy.

Hengo. Quick, quick, uncle, I have it. Oh! [JUDAS *shoots* HENGO.

Car. What ail'st thou?

Hengo. O! my best uncle, I am slain.

Car. I see you — [*Kills* JUDAS *with a stone.*
And heav'n direct my hand! Destruction
Go with thy coward soul! How dost thou, boy?
Oh! villain — —

Hengo. Oh! uncle, uncle!
Oh! how it pricks me; extremely pricks me.

Car. Coward rascal!
Dogs eat thy flesh!

Hengo. O, I bleed hard — I faint too — ont upon't!
How sick I am — the lean rogue, uncle!

Car. Look, boy, I've laid him sure enough.

Hengo. Have you knock'd out his brains?

Car. I warrant thee, for stirring more. Cheer up, child.

Hengo. Hold my sides hard; stop, stop; oh! wretched fortune —
Must we part thus? Still I grow sicker, uncle.

Car. Heav'n look upon this noble child.

Hengo. I once hoped
I should have lived to have met these bloody Romans [father,
At my sword's point, to have revenged my
To have beaten 'em. — Oh! hold me hard: — but, uncle — —

Car. Thou shalt live still, I hope, boy.
Shall I draw it?
Hengo. Yon draw away my soul then.
I wonld live
A little longer (spare me, heav'n!) but only
To thank you for your tender love, good uncle.
Good, noble uncle, weep not.
Car. Oh! my chicken!
My dear boy! what shall I lose?
Hengo. Why, a child, ['scaped me,
That must have died however, had this
Fever or famine. I was born to die, sir.
Car. But thus unblown, my boy —
Hengo. I go the straighter
My journey to the gods. Sure I shall know
When you come, my uncle. [you
Car. Yes, boy.
Hengo. And I hope
We shall enjoy together that great blessedness
You told me of.
Car. Most certain, child.
Hengo. I grow cold;
Mine eyes are going.
Car. Lift 'em up.
Hengo. Pray for me.
And, noble uncle, when my bones are ashes,
Think of your little nephew. Mercy!
Car. Mercy! You blessed angels take him.
Hengo. Kiss me! so —
Farewell! farewell!
Car. Farewell the hopes of Britain:
Thou royal graft, farewell for ever! Time
and Death,
You've done your worst. — Fortune, now
see, now proudly
Pluck off thy veil, and view thy triumph. Look,
Look what th' hast brought this land to.
Oh! fair flower,
How lovely yet thy ruins show! how sweetly
Ev'n death embraces thee! The peace of
heav'n —
The fellowship of all good souls be with thee!

MELANCHOLY.
By Beaumont.

Hence, all you vain delights,
As short as are the nights
Wherein you spend your folly;
There's nought in this life sweet,
Were men but wise to see't,
But only Melancholy;
O sweetest Melancholy!
Welcome, folded arms and fixed eyes;
A sigh, that piercing, mortifies;
A look that's fasten'd to the ground;
A tongue chain'd up without a sound.
Fountain heads and pathless groves,
Places which pale passion loves;
Moonlight walks, when all the fowls
Are warmly hous'd save bats and owls;
A midnight bell, a parting groan,
These are the sounds we *feed upon:*
Then stretch our bones in a still gloomy valley;
Nothing so dainty sweet as lovely Melancholy.

INVOCATION TO SLEEP.

Care-charming Sleep, thou easer of all woes,—
Brother to Death, *sweetly thyself dispose*
On this afflicted prince: fall like a cloud
In gentle showers; give nothing that is loud
Or painful to his slumbers; — easy, sweet,
And as a purling stream, thou son of night,
Pass by his troubled senses: — sing his pain,
Like hollow murmuring wind, or silver rain:
Into this prince *gently, oh, gently slide,*
And kiss him into slumbers like a bride!

AN HONEST MAN'S FORTUNE.
By Fletcher.

Ob, man! thou image of thy Maker's good,
What canst thou fear, when breath'd into
thy blood
His Spirit is that built thee? What dull
sense
Makes thee suspect, in need, that Providence
Who made the morning, and who plac'd the
light
Guide to thy labours; who call'd up the night,
And bid her fall upon thee *like sweet showers*
In hollow murmurs to lock up thy powers.

PHILIP MASSINGER.

Philip Massinger was born about the year 1584. In 1602 he entered Alban Hall, Oxford, where he is supposed to have remained two years. He probably began to write for the stage in 1606. Out of thirty eight plays which he is said to have written, eighteen only have been preserved. His best known productions are 'The Virgin Martyr', 'The Bondman', 'The Fatal Dowry', 'A New Way to pay Old Debts' and 'The City Madam'. He died in 1640.

THE CITY MADAM.

LUKE, *from a state of indigence and dependence is suddenly raised into immense affluence by a deed of gift of the estates of his brother* SIR JOHN FRUGAL, *a merchant, retired from the world. He enters, from taking a survey of his new riches.*

Luke. 'Twas no fantastic object but a truth,
A real truth, no dream. I did not slumber;

And could wake ever with a brooding eye
To gaze upon't! it did endure the touch,
I saw, and felt it. Yet what I beheld
And handled oft, did so transcend belief
(My wonder and astonishment pass'd o'er)
I faintly could give credit to my senses.
Thou dumb magician, [*To the Key.*
That without a charm
Didst make my entrance easy, to possess
What wise men wish and toil for. Hermes' Moly;
Sybilla's golden bough; the great elixir;
Imagin'd only by the alchymist; [stance
Compar'd with thee, are shadows, thou the sub-
And guardian of felicity. No marvel,
My brother made thy place of rest his bosom,
Thou being the keeper of his heart, a mistress
To be hugg'd ever. In by-corners of
This sacred room, silver, in bags heap'd up,
Like billets saw'd and ready for the fire,
Unworthy to hold fellowship with bright gold,
That flow'd about the room, conceal'd itself.
There needs no artificial light, the splendour
Makes a perpetual day there, night and darkness
By that still-burning lamp for ever banish'd,
But when, guided by that, my eyes had made
Discovery of the caskets, and they open'd,
Each sparkling diamond from itself shot forth
A pyramid of flames, and in the roof
Fix'd it a glorious star, and made the place
Heaven's abstract, or epitome: Rubies, sapphires, [not
And ropes of orient pearl, these seen, I could
But look on gold with contempt. And yet I found,
What weak credulity could have no faith in,
A treasure far exceeding these. Here lay
A manor bound fast in a skin of parchment;
The wax continuing hard, the acres melting.
Here a sure deed of gift for a market town,
If not redeem'd this day; which is not in
The unthrift's power. There being scarce one shire
In Wales or England, where my monies are not
Lent out at usury, the certain hook
To draw in more.

The extravagance of the City Madam's *aping court-fashions reprehended.*

LUKE, *having come into the possession of his brother* SIR JOHN FRUGAL'S *estates.* Lady, *wife to* SIR JOHN FRUGAL, *and two daughters, in homely attire.*

Luke. Save you, sister;
I now dare style you so. You were before
Too glorious to be look'd on: now you appear
Like a city matron, and my pretty nieces
Such things
As they were born and bred there. Why should you ape
The fashions of court ladies, whose high titles
And pedigrees of long descent give warrant
For their superfluous bravery? 'twas monstrous.
Till now you ne'er look'd lovely.
Lady. Is this spoken
In scorn?
Luke. Fie, no; with judgment, I make good
My promise, and now shew you like yourselves,
In your own natural shapes.
Lady. We acknowledge
We have deserv'd ill from you,[1] yet despair not,
Though we're at your disposure, you 'll maintain us
Like your brother's wife and daughters.
Luke. 'Tis my purpose.
Lady. And not make us ridiculous.
Luke. Admir'd rather,
As fair examples for our proud city dames
And their proud brood to imitate. Hear
Gently, and in gentle phrase I 'll reprehend
Your late disguis'd deformity.
Your father was
An honest country farmer, Goodman Humble,
By his neighbours ne'er call'd master. Did your pride [fortune,
Descend from him? but let that pass. Your
Or rather your husband's industry, advanc'd you [a knight,
To the rank of merchant's wife. He made
And your sweet mistress-ship ladyfy'd, you
Satin on solemn days, a chain of gold, [wore
A velvet hood, rich borders, and sometimes
A dainty miniver cap, a silver pin
Headed with a pearl worth threepence; and thus far
You were privileg'd, and no man envied it:
It being for the city's honour that
There should be distinction between
The wife of a patrician and a plebeian.
But when the height
And dignity of London's blessings grew
Contemptible, and the name lady mayoress
Became a by-word, and you scorn'd the means
By which you were rais'd (my brother's fond indulgence [you
Giving the reins to't) and no object pleas'd
But the glitt'ring pomp and bravery of the court; [sis follow'd!
What a strange, nay monstrous metamorpho-
No English workman then could please your fancy; [discourse;
The French and Tuscan dress, your whole
This bawd to prodigality entertain'd,
To buz into your ears, what shape this countess
Appear'd in, the last mask; and how it drew
The young lord's eyes upon her: and this usher
Succeeded in the eldest 'prentice's place,

[1] In his dependent state they had treated him very cruelly. They are now dependent on him.

To walk before you. Then, as I said,
(The reverend hood cast off) your horrow'd hair,
Powder'd and curl'd, was by your dresser's art
Form'd like a coronet, hang'd with diamonds,
And the richest orient pearl: your carkanets,
That did adorn your neck, of equal value;
Your Hungerland bands, and spanish Quellio ruffs:
Great lords and ladies feasted, to survey
Embroider'd petticoats; and sickness feign'd,
That your nightrails of forty pounds a-piece
Might be seen with envy of the visitants:
Rich pantables in ostentation shewn,
And roses worth a family. You were serv'd
In plate;
Stirr'd not a foot without a coach; and going
To church, not for devotion, but to shew
Your pomp, you were tickled when the beggars cried
Heaven save your honour. This idolatry
Paid to a painted room. And when you lay
In childbed, at the christening of this minx,
I well remember it, as you had been
An absolute princess (since they have no more)
Three several chambers hung: the first with arras,
And that for waiters; the second, crimson satin,
For the meaner sort of guests; the third of scarlet
Of the rich Tyrian dye: a canopy
To cover the brat's cradle; you in state,
Like Pompey's Julia.

Lady. No more, I pray you.

Luke. Of this be sure you shall not. I 'll cut off
Whatever is exorbitant in you,
Or in your daughters; and reduce you to
Your natural forms and habits: not in revenge
Of your base usage of me; but to fright
Others by your example.

Compassion for Misfortune.

Luke. No word, sir,
I hope, shall give offence: nor let it relish
Of flattery, though I proclaim aloud,
I glory in the bravery of your mind,
To which your wealth 's a servant. Not that riches
Is, or should be, contemn'd, it being a blessing
Deriv'd from heaven, and by your industry
Pull'd down upon you; but in this, dear sir,
You have many equals; such a man's possessions
Extend as far as yours; a second hath
His bags as full; a third in credit flies
As high in the popular voice: but the distinction
And noble difference by which you are
Divided from them, is, that you are styled
Gentle in your abundance, good in plenty;
And that you feel compassion in your bowels
Of others' miseries (I have found it, sir;
Heaven keep me thankful for't!), while they are curs'd
As rigid and inexorable. * *
Your affability and mildness, clothed
In the garments of your thankful debtors' breath
Shall everywhere, though you strive to conceal it,
Be seen and wonder'd at, and in the act
With a prodigal hand rewarded. Whereas, such
As are born only for themselves, and live so,
Though prosperous in worldly understandings,
Are but like beasts of rapine, that, by odds
Of strength, usurp and tyrannise o'er others
Brought under their subjection. * *
Can you think, sir,
In your unquestion'd wisdom, I beseech you,
The goods of this poor man sold at an outcry,
His wife turn'd out of doors, his children forc'd
To beg their bread; this gentleman's estate
By wrong extorted, can advantage you!
Or that the ruin of this once brave merchant,
For such he was esteem'd, though now decay'd,
Will raise your reputation with good men?
But you may urge (pray you, pardon me, my zeal
Makes me thus bold and vehement), in this
You satisfy your anger, and revenge
For being defeated. Suppose this, it will not
Repair your loss, and there was never yet
But shame and scandal in a victory, [it.
When the rebels unto reason, passions, fought
Then for revenge, by great souls it was ever
Contemn'd, though offer'd; entertain'd by none
But cowards, base and abject spirits, strangers
To moral honesty, and never yet
Acquainted with religion. * *

Sir John. Shall I be
Talk'd out of my money?

Luke. No, sir, but intreated
To do yourself a benefit; and preserve
What you possess entire.

Sir John. How, my good brother?

Luke. By making these your beadsmen. When they eat,
Their thanks, next heaven, will be paid to your mercy; [swell
When your ships are at sea, their prayers will
The sails with prosperous winds, and guard them from
Tempests and pirates; keep your warehouses
From fire, or quench them with their tears.

III. PROSE-WRITERS.

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

Sir Philip Sidney was born in Kent in 1554; after studying at Oxford, and travelling on the continent, he figured at the court of Queen Elisabeth. In 1580 he began his principal literary work, 'The Countess of Pembroke's Arcadia', which he did not live to finish: by some it is considered a talented, by others a tedious and wearisome production. Many parts have been written in a very brilliant style; yet the ideas are more poetical than the language. Of his other prose works, the principal are, 'The Defense of Poesy' and 'Leicester's Commonwealth'. Sidney would, in all probability, have risen to some high post of honour, but Elisabeth kept him at her court; thus preventing him from obtaining any important offices. At length she sent him into the Netherlands to aid the Protestants against the Spaniards; he there distinguished himself as an officer in many battles, but received a wound in a skirmish at Zutphen which proved fatal; he died in 1586. He wrote some poetry, of which the greater part is now considered of small merit.

THE DEFENCE OF POESY.

There is no art delivered unto mankind, that hath not the works of nature for his principal object, without which they could not consist, and on which they so depend, as they become actors and players, as it were, of what nature will have set forth. So doth the Astronomer look upon the stars, and by that he seeth, set down what order nature hath taken therein. So doth the Geometrician and Arithmetician, in their divers sorts of quantities. So doth the Musician, in times, tell you, which by nature agree, which not. The natural Philosopher thereon hath his name, and the moral Philosopher standeth upon the natural virtues, vices, or passions of man: and follow nature, saith he, therein, and thou shalt not err. The Lawyer saith what men have determined. The Historian what men have done. The Grammarian speaketh only of the rules of speech, and the Rhetorician and Logician, considering what in nature will soonest prove, and persuade thereon, give artificial rules, which still are compassed within the circle of a question, according to the proposed matter. The Physician weigheth the nature of man's body, and the nature of things helpful or hurtful unto it. And the Metaphysic, though it be in the second, and abstract notions, and therefore be counted supernatural, yet doth he, indeed, build upon the depth of nature. Only the Poet, disdaining to be tied to any such subjection, lifted up with the vigour of his own invention, doth grow, in effect, into another nature: in making things either better than nature bringeth forth, quite anew, forms such as never were in nature, as the Heroes, Demi-gods, Cyclops, Chimæras, Furies, and such like; so as he goeth hand in hand with nature, not inclosed within the narrow warrant of her gifts, but freely ranging within the zodiac of his own wit. Nature never set forth the earth in so rich tapestry as divers poets have done; neither with so pleasant rivers, fruitful trees, sweetsmelling flowers, nor whatsoever else may make the too much loved earth more lovely; her world is brazen, the poets only deliver a golden. But let those things alone, and go to Man, for whom, as the other things are, so it seemeth in him her uttermost cunning is employed, and know, whether she have brought forth so true a lover as Theagenes, so constant a friend as Pylades, so valiant a man as Orlando, so right a prince as Xenophon's Cyrus, and so excellent a man every way as Virgil's Æneas? Neither let this be jestingly conceived, because the works of the one be essential, the other in imitation or fiction; for every understanding knoweth the skill of each artificer standeth in that *idea*, or foreconceit of the work, and not in the work itself. And that the poet hath that *idea*, is manifest, by the delivering them forth in such excellency as he had imagined them; which delivering forth, also, is not wholly imaginative, as we were wont to say by them that build castles in the air; but so far substantially it worketh, not only to make a Cyrus, which had been but a particular excellency, as nature might have done, but to bestow a Cyrus upon the world to make many Cyruses, if they will learn aright, why, and how that Maker made him. Neither let it be deemed too saucy a comparison, to balance the highest point of man's wit with the efficacy of nature; but rather give right honour to the heavenly Maker of that maker, who having made man to his own likeness, set him beyond, and over all the works of that second nature, which in nothing he shewed so much as in poetry, when, with the force of a divine breath, he bringeth things forth surpassing her doings, with no small arguments to the incredulous of that first accursed fall of Adam, since our erected wit maketh us know what perfection is, and yet our infected will keepeth

us from reaching unto it. But these arguments will by few be understood, and by fewer granted: thus much I hope will be given me, that the Greeks, with some probability of reason, gave him the name above all names of learning. Now let us go to a more ordinary opening of him, that the truth may be the more palpable; and so, I hope, though we get not so unmatched a praise as the *etymology* of his names will grant, yet his very description, which no man will deny, shall not justly be barred from a principal commendation. Poesy therefore is an art of *imitation*; for so Aristotle termeth it in the word *μίμησις*, that is to say, a representing, counterfeiting, or figuring forth, to speak metaphorically. A speaking *picture*, with this end, to teach and delight. Of this have been three general kinds; the chief, both in antiquity and excellency, were they that did imitate the unconceivable excellencies of God; such were David in his Psalms; Solomon in this Song of Songs, in his Ecclesiastes and Proverbs; Moses and Deborah in their hymns; and the writer of Job; which, besides others, the learned Emmanuel Tremellius, and Fr. Junius do intitle, the poetical part of the Scripture; against these none will speak that hath the Holy Ghost in due holy reverence. In this kind, though in a full wrong divinity, were Orphens, Amphion, Homer in his Hymns, and many others, both Greeks and Romans. And this *Poesy* must be used by whosoever will follow St. Paul's counsel, in singing psalms when they are merry; and I know is used with the fruit of comfort by some, when, in sorrowful pangs of their death-bringing sins, they find the consolation of the never-leaving goodness. The second kind, is of them that deal with matter philosophical; either moral, as Tyrtæus, Phocylides, Cato; or natural, as Lucretius, and Virgil's Georgics; or astronomical, as Manilius and Pontanus; or historical, as Lucan; which who mislike, the fault is in their judgment, quite out of taste, and not in the sweet food of sweetly uttered knowledge. But because this second sort is wrapped within the fold of the proposed subject, and takes not the free course of his own invention, whether they properly be Poets, or no, let Grammarians dispute, and go to the third, indeed right Poets, of whom chiefly this question ariseth: betwixt whom and these second is such a kind of difference, as betwixt the meaner sort of Painters, who counterfeit only such faces as are set before them; and the more excellent, who having no law but wit, bestow that in colours upon you which is fittest for the eye to see, as the constant, though lamenting look of Lucretia, when she punished in herself another's fault: wherein he painteth not Lucretia, whom he never saw, but painteth the outward beauty of such a virtue. For these three be they which most properly do imitate to teach and delight; and to imitate, borrow nothing of what is, hath been, or shall be, but range only, reined with learned discretion, into the divine consideration of what may be, and should be. These be they, that, as the first and most noble sort, may justly be termed *Vates:* so these are waited on in the excellentest languages and best understandings, with the fore-described name of *Poets*. For these, indeed, do merely make to imitate, and imitate both to delight and teach, and delight to move men to take that goodness in hand which, without delight, they would fly as from a stranger, and teach to make them know that goodness whereunto they are moved; which being the noblest scope to which ever any learning was directed, yet want there not idle tongues to bark at them.

Now, therein, of all Sciences, I speak still of human, and, according to the human conceit, is our *Poet* the monarch. For he doth not only shew the way, but giveth so sweet a prospect into the way, as will intice any man to enter into it: nay, he doth, as if your journey should lie through a fair vineyard, at the very first, give you a cluster of grapes, that full of that taste, you may long to pass farther. He beginneth not with obscure definitions, which must blur the margin with interpretations, and load the memory with doubtfulness; but he cometh to you with words set in delightful proportion, either accompanied with, or prepared for the well-enchanting skill of *music*, and with a tale, forsooth, he cometh into you with a tale, which holdeth children from play, and old men from the chimney corner; and, pretending no more, doth intend the winning of the mind from wickedness to virtue; even as the child is often brought to take most wholesome things by hiding them in such other as have a pleasant taste: which, if one should begin to tell them the nature of the Aloes or Rhabarbarum they should receive, would sooner take their physic at their ears than at their mouth: so is it in men, most of which are childish in the best things, 'till they be cradled in their graves, glad they will be to hear the tales of Hercules, Achilles, Cyrus, Æneas, and hearing them, must needs hear the right description of wisdom, valour and justice; which, if they had been barely, that is to say, philosophically, set out, they

would swear they be brought to school again. That imitation whereof Poetry is, hath the most conveniency to nature of all other: insomuch that, as Aristotle saith, those things which in themselves are horrible, as cruel battles, unnatural monsters, are made, in poetical imitation, delightful. Truly I have known men, that even with reading Amadis de Gaul, which, God knoweth, wanteth much of a perfect Poesy, have found their hearts moved to the exercise of courtesy, liberality, and especially courage. Who readeth Æneas carrying old Anchises on his back, that wisheth not, it were his fortune to perform so excellent an act? Whom doth not those words of Turnus move, the tale of Turnus having planted his image of the imagination,

— — Fugientem haec terra videbit?
Usque adeone mori miserum est?

Where the Philosophers, as they think, scorn to delight, so much they be content little to move, saving wrangling whether *Virtus* be the chief or the only good, whether the contemplative or the active life do excel: which Plato and Boetius well knew; and therefore made mistress Philosophy very often borrow the masking raiment of Poesy. For even those hard hearted evil men, who think virtue a schoolname, and know no other good but *indulgere genio*, and therefore despise the austere admonitions of the Philosopher, and feel not the inward reason they stand upon, yet will he content to be delighted, which is all the good fellow Poet seems to promise; and so steal to see the form of goodness, which seen, they cannot but love, e'er themselves be aware, as if they took a medicine of cherries.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

Sir Walter Raleigh, born in Devonshire in 1552, was from his youth a distinguished soldier and navigator. Upon his attaching himself to the court he became a brilliant courtier and favourite of Queen Elisabeth, to whom he made himself agreeable and useful by his sagacity and knowledge of navigation. In 1592 Sir Walter was disgraced and forbidden to appear at court. In 1595 he made a journey to Guiana in search of a supposed source of wealth: he failed in his purpose, but upon his return published a work describing his expedition and entitled it 'A Discovery of the Large, Rich and Beautiful Empire of Guiana' which for that time was a learned production. Some time after his return, having regained his favour at court, he was appointed commander of one or two naval expeditions where he distinguished himself by his bravery, and firmness. Upon the accession of James I. Raleigh was accused of high treason and confined in the Tower where he remained twelve years, during which time he wrote his 'History of the World'. After his release he undertook an expedition to South America, and upon its failure was executed in 1618. During his youth, Raleigh was a poet of small repute. Besides the two works, above mentioned, he has written several other political and scientific works of which his 'Maxims of State', 'Cabinet Council' and 'Sceptic' may be mentioned. His style is clear and graphic and the substance of his works always the result of sound reflection.

THAT THE INVISIBLE GOD IS SEEN IN HIS CREATURES.

God, whom the wisest men acknowledge to be a power ineffable, and virtue infinite, a light by abundant clarity invisible; an understanding which itself can only comprehend; an essence eternal and spiritual, of absolute pureness and simplicity; was, and is pleased to make himself known by the work of the world: In the wonderful magnitude whereof, all which he embraceth, filleth and sustaineth, we behold the image of that glory which cannot be measured; and withal, that one, and yet universal nature, which cannot be defined. In the glorious lights of heaven we perceive a shadow of his divine countenance; in his merciful provision for all that live, his manifold goodness: and lastly, in creating and making existent the world universal, by the absolute art of his own word, his power and almightiness; which power, light, virtue, wisdom, and goodness, being all but attributes of one simple essence, and one God, we in all admire, and in part discern *per speculum creaturarum*, that is, in the disposition, order, and variety of celestial and terrestrial bodies: terrestrial, in their strange and manifold diversities; celestial, in their beauty and magnitude; which in their continual and contrary motions, are neither repugnant, intermixt, nor confounded. By these potent effects, we approach to the knowledge of the omnipotent Cause, and by these motions, their Almighty Maker.

OF PROVIDENCE.

Providence, which the Greeks call *Pronoia*, is an intellectual knowledge, both fore-seeing, caring for, and ordering all things, and doth not only behold all past, all present, and all to come, but is the cause of their so being, which prescience, simply taken, is not: and therefore Providence by the Philosophers, saith St. Augustine, is divided into memory, knowledge, and care: memory of the past, knowledge of the present, and care of the

future: and we ourselves account such a man for provident, as remembering things past, and observing things present, can by judgment, and comparing the one with the other, provide for the future and times succeeding. That such a thing there is as Providence, the Scriptures every where teach us; Moses in many places, the Prophets in their predictions, Christ himself and his Apostles assnre us bereof; and besides the Scriptures, Hermes, Orpheus, Euripides, Pythagoras, Plato, Plotinus, and, in effect, all learned mea acknowledge the Providence of God; yea, the Turks themselves are so confident therein, as they refuse not to accompany and visit each other in the most pestilent diseases, nor shun any peril whatsoever, though death therein do manifestly present itself.

Tbe places of Scripture proving Providence are so many, both in general and particular, as I shall need to repeat but a few of them in this place; 'Sing unto God', saith David, 'which covereth the Heavens with clonds, and prepareth rain for the earth, and maketh the grass to grow upon the mountains; which giveth the beasts their food, and feedeth the young raven that cries: All these wait upou thee, that thou mayest give them food in due season:' 'And thou shalt drink of the river Cherith', saith God to Eliah, 'and I have commanded the ravens to feed thee there'. 'Behold the fowls of the air, they sow not, nor reap, and yet your heavenly father feedeth them,' Again' 'Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing? And one of them shall not fall on tbe ground without your Fatber: Yea, all the hairs of your head are nambered.' And St. Peter, 'Cast all your care on him, for he careth for you.' 'And his judgments are written', saith David.

God therefore, who is every where present, 'who filleth the heavens and the earth, whose eyes are upon the rigbteous, and his countenance against them that do evil,' was therefore, by Orpheus, called *oculus infinitus*, an infinite eye, bcholding all things; and cannot therefore be esteemed as an idle looker on, as if he had transferred his power to any other; for it is contrary to his own word, *Gloriam meam alteri non dabo;* I will not give my glory to another. No man commandeth in the King's presence, but by the King's direction; but God is every where present, and King of Kings. The example of God's universal providence is seen in his creatures. The father provideth for his children; beasts and birds, and all living beings for their young ones. If Providence be found in second fathers, much more in the first and universal: and if tbere be a natural loving care in men aud beasts, much more in God, who hath formed this nature, and whose divine love was the beginning, and is the bond of the universal: *Amor divinus rerum omnium est principium & vinculum universi,* saitb Plato, *Amor dei est nodus perpetuus, Mundi copula partiumque ejus immobile sustentaculum, ac universæ machinæ fundamentum;* The love of God is the perpetual knot, and link, or chain of the world, and the immoveable pillar of every part thereof, and the basis and foundation of the universal. God therefore who could only be the cause of all, can only provide for all, and sustain all; so, as to absolute power, to every-where presence, to perfect goodness, to pure and divine love, this attribute transcendent ability of Providence is only proper and belonging.

It is not therefore, as aforesaid, by reason of immortality, nor in reason, nor in dominion, nor in any one of these by itself, nor in all these joined, by any of which, or by all which wo resemble, or may be called the Shadow of God, thougb by reason and understanding, with the other faculties of the soul, we are made capable of this print; but chiefly, in respect of the habit of original rigbteousness, most perfectly infused by God into the mind and soul of man in his first creation. For it is not by nature, nor by her liberality, that we are printed with the seal of God's image, though reason may be said to be of her gift, which, joined to tho soul, is a part of the essential constitution of our proper species, but from the bountiful grace of the Lord of all goodness, who breathed life into earth, and contrived within the trunk of dust and clay the inimitable ability of his own piety and righteousness.

So long therefore, for that resemblance which dominion hath, do those that are powerful retain the image of God, as according to his commandments they exercise the office or magistracy to which they are called, and sincerely walk in the ways of God, which in the Scriptures is called 'walking with God' and all other men so long retain this image, as they fear, love, and serve God truly, that is for the love of God alone, and do not bruise and deface his seal by the weight of manifold and voluntary offences, and obstinate sins. For the unjust mind cannot be after the image of God, seeing God is justice itself; the blood-thirsty hath it not, for God is charity and mercy itself; falsebood, canning practice, and ambition, are properties of Satan, and therefore cannot dwell in one soul together with God: And, to be short, there is no likelihood between pure light and black darkness, between beauty and deformity, or between righteousness and reprobation. And thoagb nature, ac-

cording to common understanding, have made us capable by the power of reason, and apt enough to receive this image of God's goodness, which the sensual souls of beasts cannot perceive; yet were that aptitude naturally more inclinable to follow and embrace the false and dureless pleasures of this stage-play world, than to become the shadow of God, by walking after him, had not the exceeding workmanship of God's wisdom, and the liberality of his mercy, formed eyes to our souls as to our bodies; which piercing through the impurity of our flesh, behold the highest heavens, and thence bring knowledge and object to the mind and soul, to contemplate the ever-during glory, and termless joy, prepared for those who retain the image and similitude of their creator, preserving undefiled and unrent the garment of the new man, which, after the image of God, is created in righteousness and holiness, as saith St. Paul. Now whereas it is thought by some of the fathers, as by St. Augustine, with whom St. Ambrose joineth, that by sin the perfection of the image is lost, and not the image itself: both opinions by this distinction may be well reconciled, to wit, that the image of God, in man, may be taken two ways; for, either it is considered according to natural gifts, and consisteth therein, namely, to have a reasonable and understanding nature, &c.; and in this sense, the image of God is no more lost by sin, than the very reasonable or understanding nature, &c., is lost, for sin doth not abolish and take away these natural gifts; or, the image of God is considered, according to supernatural gifts, namely, of divine grace and heavenly glory, which is indeed the perfection and accomplishment of the natural image; and this manner of similitude and image of God is wholly blotted out, and destroyed by sin.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH TO HIS WIFE.

Written in 1603, after sentence of death had been passed on him.

You shall now receive, my dear wife, my last words in these my last lines. My love I send you, that you may keep it when I am dead; and my counsel, that you may remember it, when I am no more. I would not, by my will, present you with sorrows, dear Bess: let them go into the grave with me, and be buried in the dust. And, seeing it is not the will of God that ever I shall see you more in this life, bear it patiently, and with a heart like thyself.

First, I send you all the thanks which my heart can conceive, or my words can express, for your many travails and care taken for me; which, though they have not taken effect as you wished, yet my debt to you is not the less. But pay it I never shall in this world.

Secondly, I beseech you, for the love you bear me living, do not hide yourself many days after my death. But, by your travails, seek to help your miserable fortunes, and the right of your poor child. Thy mournings cannot avail me; I am but dust.

Thirdly, you shall understand that my land was conveyed *bonâ fide* to my child. The writings were drawn at Midsummer. My honest cousin, Brett, can testify so much, and Dalberrie too can remember somewhat therein: and I trust my blood will quench their malice that have thus cruelly murdered me, and that they will not seek also to kill thee and thine with extreme poverty. To what friend to direct thee I know not, for all mine have left me in the true time of trial; and I plainly perceive that my death was determined from the first day. Most sorry I am, God knows, that, being thus surprised with death, I can leave you in no better estate. God is my witness, I meant you to have all my office of wines, or all that I could have purchased by selling it, half my stuff, and all my jewels, but some one for the boy. But God hath prevented all my resolutions, even that great God that ruleth all in all. B. if you can live free from want, care for no more; the rest is but vanity. Love God, and begin betimes to repose yourself on him; and therein shall you find true and lasting riches, and endless comfort. For the rest, when you have travailed, and wearied your thoughts over all sorts of worldly cogitation, you shall but sit down by sorrow in the end. Teach your son also to love and fear God, while he is yet young, that the fear of God may grow up with him. And then God will be a husband to you, and a father to him; a husband, and a father, which cannot be taken from you.

Bayly oweth me 200*l.*, and Adrian Gilbert 600*l.* In Jersey, also, I have much money owing me. Besides, the arrears of the wines will pay my debts; and, howsoever you do, for my soul's sake pay all poor men.

When I am gone, no doubt, you shall be sought to by many; for the world thinks that I was very rich. But take heed of the pretences of men, and their affections. For they last not, but in honest and worthy men; and no greater misery can befall you in this life, than to become a prey, and afterwards to be despised. I speak not this,

God knows, to dissuade you from marriage: for it will be best for you, both in respect of the world and of God. As for me, I am no more yours, nor you mine. Death has cut us asunder; and God hath divided me from the world, and you from me.

Remember your poor child, for his father's sake, who chose you and loved you in his happiest time. Get those letters, if it be possible, which I writ to the lords, wherein I sued for my life. God is my witness, it was for you and yours that I desired life. But it is true, that I disdain myself for begging it; for know it, dear wife, that your son is the son of a true man, and one who in his own respect despiseth death, and all his misshapen and ugly forms.

I cannot write much. God, he knoweth, how hardly I steal this time, while others sleep: and it is also high time that I should separate my thoughts from the world. Beg my dead body, which, living, was denied thee; and either lay it at Sherborne, if the land continue, or in Exeter church, by my father and mother. I can say no more: time and death call me away.

The everlasting, powerful, infinite, and omnipotent God, who is goodness itself, the true life and true light, keep thee and thine; have mercy on me, and teach me to forgive my persecutors and accusers; and send us to meet in his glorious kingdom! My dear wife, farewell! Bless my poor boy, pray for me, and let my good God hold you both in his arms!

Written with the dying hand of sometime thy husband, but now, alas! overthrown,

Yours that was, but now not my own,
WALTER RALEIGH.

FRANCIS BACON.

Francis Bacon, a great English philosopher, was born in London in 1561. His father was a distinguished lawyer in Queen Elizabeth's reign. He studied at Cambridge, and upon leaving the university spent some time on the continent, from whence he was recalled upon the death of his father in 1579. A valuable essay on the state of Europe appeared soon after, which showed that he had not spent his time there uselessly. Having in vain endeavoured to procure a situation under government in which he might devote a portion of his time to literature, he studied the law and during this period published his great work 'The instauration of the sciences' divided into six parts. In 1593 he entered parliament and there showed the weakness of his character by first strongly adhering to one party and then becoming quite as partial to the opposite. He wrote many works, but his essays are the principal and the most interesting, and continue to be read with great admiration to the present day. The philosophy of Aristotle had reigned for a long time in all Europe, but it became corrupted in the course of time, and Francis Bacon perceiving its barren and stationary character, formed it, as its name implies, into a search after truth; this he did in so masterly a manner that he has justly obtained the title of father of that science. He has written all his works in a highly finished style; his ideas are so lofty, his figures so beautiful and clearly drawn, that the reader is interested as well as instructed. He wrote also a work in 1610 entitled 'The Wisdom of the Ancients', 'The felicities of Queen Elizabeth's reign', History of King Henry VII., 'The New Atlantic', a philosophical romance and many other minor publications. In 1603 he was created Knight by James I. and in 1619 he was installed into the office of Lord chancellor of England. The death of this great man happened in a very singular manner, he was once riding during winter in his carriage, when the thought struck him that flesh might be preserved as well with snow as with salt; he therefore alighted, purchased a fowl, and helped with his own hands to stuff it; after this he felt a chill come upon him; he rode immediately to the Earl of Arundel's, where his illness was increased by being put into a damp bed, and he died a few days after, aged 65. (1626.)

OF TRUTH.

WHAT is truth? said jesting Pilate; and would not stay for an answer. Certainly there be that delight in giddiness; and count it a bondage to fix a belief; affecting freewill in thinking, as well as in acting. And though the sects of philosophers of that kind be gone, yet there remain certain discoursing wits, which are of the same veins, though there be not so much blood in them as was in those of the ancients. But it is not only the difficulty and labour which men take in the finding out of truth, nor again, that when it is found, it imposeth upon men's thoughts, that doth bring lies in favour, but a natural though corrupt love of the lie itself. One of the latter school of the Grecians examineth the matter, and is at a stand to think what should be in it, that men should love lies; which neither they make for pleasure, as with poets, nor for advantage, as with the merchant; but for the lie's sake. But I cannot tell; this same truth is a naked and open daylight, that doth not show the masks, and mummeries, and triumphs of the world, half so stately and daintily as candle-lights.

Truth may, perhaps, come to the price of a pearl, that showeth best by day, but it will not rise to the price of a diamond or carbuncle, that showeth best in varied lights. A mixture of a lie doth ever add pleasure. Doth any man doubt, that if there were taken out of men's minds vain opinions, flattering hopes, false valuations, imaginations as one would, and the like, but it would

leave the minds of a number of men, poor shrunken things, full of melancholy, and indisposition, and unpleasing to themselves? One of the fathers called poesy *vinum daemonum*, because it filleth the imagination, and yet it is but the shadow of a lie. But it is not the lie that passeth through the mind, but the lie that sinketh in, and settleth in it, that doth the hurt, such as we spoke of before. But howsoever these things are thus in men's depraved judgments and affections, yet truth, which only doth judge itself, teacheth that the inquiry of truth, which is the love-making, or wooing of it; the knowledge of truth, which is the presence of it; and the belief of truth, which is the enjoying of it; is the sovereign good of human nature.

The first creation of God, in the works of the days, was the light of the sense; the last was the light of reason; and his sabbath-work, ever since, is the illumination of his Spirit. First he breathed light upon the face of the matter or chaos; then he breathed light into the face of man, and still he breatheth and inspireth light into the face of his chosen. The poet that beautified the sect that was otherwise inferior to the rest, saith yet excellently well, 'It is a pleasure to stand upon the shore, and to see ships tost upon the sea: a pleasure to stand in the window of a castle, and to see a battle, and the adventures thereof below: but no pleasure is comparable to the standing upon the vantage ground of truth, a hill not to be commanded, and where the air is always clear and serene; and to see the errors, and wanderings, and mists, and tempests in the vale below:' so always, that this prospect be with pity, and not with swelling or pride. Certainly it is heaven upon earth, to have a man's mind move in charity, rest in providence, and turn upon the poles of truth.

To pass from theological and philosophical truth, to the truth of civil business; it will be acknowledged, even by those that practise not, that clear and round dealing is the honour of man's nature; and that mixture of falsehood is like alloy in coin of gold and silver, which may make the metal work the better, but it embaseth it. For these winding and crooked courses are the goings of the serpent, which goeth basely upon the belly, and not upon the feet.

There is no vice that doth so cover a man with shame, as to be found false and perfidious. And therefore Montagne saith prettily, when he inquired the reason why the word of the lie should be such a disgrace and such an odious charge? Saith he, 'If it be well weighed, to say, that a man lieth, is as much as to say, that he is brave towards God, and a coward towards men. For a lie faces God, and shrinks from man.' Surely the wickedness of falsehood, and breach of faith, cannot possibly be so highly expressed, as in that it shall be the last peal to call the judgments of God upon the generations of men: it being foretold, that when Christ cometh, 'he shall not find faith upon the earth.'

OF REVENGE.

Revenge is a kind of wild justice, which the more man's nature runs to, the more ought law to weed it out. For as for the first wrong, it doth but offend the law, but the revenge of that wrong putteth the law out of office. Certainly, in taking revenge, a man is but even with his enemy; but in passing it over he is superior; for it is a prince's part to pardon. And Solomon, I am sure, saith, 'It is the glory of a man to pass an offence.' That which is past is gone and irrevocable; and wise men have enough to do with things present and to come; therefore they do but trifle with themselves that labour in past matters. There is no man doth a wrong for the wrong's sake; but thereby to purchase himself profit, or pleasure, or honour, or the like. Therefore why should I be angry with a man for loving himself better than me? And if any man should do wrong merely out of ill-nature, why? Yet it is but like the thorn or brier, which prick and scratch because they can do no other. The most tolerable sort of revenge is for those wrongs which there is no law to remedy: but then let a man take heed the revenge be such as there is no law to punish; else a man's enemy is still beforehand, and it is two for one; some, when they take revenge, are desirous the party should know whence it cometh: this is the more generous. For the delight seemeth to be not so much in doing the hurt as in making the party repent, but base and crafty cowards are like the arrow that flieth in the dark. Cosmus, duke of Florence, had a desperate saying against perfidious or neglecting friends, as if those wrongs were unpardonable. 'You shall read,' saith he, 'that we are commanded to forgive our enemies, but you never read that we are commanded to forgive our friends.' But yet the spirit of Job was in a better tune, 'Shall we,' saith he, 'take good at God's hand, and not be content to take evil also?' And so of friends in a proportion. This is certain, that a man that studieth revenge keeps his own wounds green, which otherwise would heal, and do

well. Public revenges are, for the most part, fortunate, as that for the death of Cæsar, for the death of Pertinax, for the death of Henry the Third of France, and many more, but in private revenges it is not so; nay, rather vindictive persons live the life of witches, who as they are mischievous, so end they unfortunate.

OF GOODNESS, AND GOODNESS OF NATURE.

I take goodness in this sense, the affecting of the weal of men; which is that the Grecians called Philanthropia, and the word humanity, as it is used, is a little too light to express it. Goodness I call the habit, and goodness of nature the inclination. This, of all virtues and dignities of the mind is the greatest, being the character of the Deity; and without man is a busy, mischievous, wretched thing, no better than a kind of vermin. Goodness answers to the theological virtue, charity, and admits no excess but error. The desire of power in excess caused the angels to fall, the desire of knowledge in excess caused man to fall, but in charity there is no excess, neither can angel or man come in danger by it. The inclination to goodness is imprinted deeply in the nature of man, insomuch, that if it issue not towards men, it will take unto other creatures, as it is seen in the Turks, a cruel people, who nevertheless are kind to beasts, and give alms to dogs and birds, insomuch as Busbechius reporteth, a Christian boy in Constantinople had liked to have been stoned for gagging in waggishness a long-billed fowl. Errors indeed, in this virtue of goodness or charity, may be committed.

The Italians have an ungracious proverb, *Tanto buon che val niente;* 'So good, that he is good for nothing.' And one of the doctors of Italy, Nicholas Macchiavel, had the confidence to put in writing, almost in plain terms, that the Christian faith had given up good men in prey to those that are tyrannical and unjust; which he spake, because indeed there was never law, or sect, or opinion, did so magnify goodness as the Christian Religion doth; therefore, to avoid the scandal, and the danger both, it is good to take knowledge of the errors of a habit so excellent. Seek the good of other men, but be not in bondage to their faces or fancies; for that is but facility or softness, which taketh an honest mind prisoner. Neither give thou Æsop's cock a gem, who would be better pleased, and happier if he had a barley-corn. The example of God teacheth the lesson truly, He sendeth his rain, and maketh his sun to shine upon the just and unjust: but He doth not rain wealth, nor shine honours upon men equally; common benefits are to be communicated with all, but peculiar benefits with choice.

Beware how in making the portraiture thou breakest the pattern; for divinity maketh the love of ourselves the pattern; the love of our neighbours but the portraiture: 'Sell all thou hast, and give it to the poor, and follow me.' But sell not all thou hast, except thou come and follow me; that is, except thou have a vocation, wherein thou mayest do as much good with little means as with great; for otherwise in feeding the streams thou driest the fountain. Neither is there only a habit of goodness, directed by right reason; but there is in some men, even in nature, a disposition towards it, as on the other side, there is a natural malignity. For there be that in their nature do not affect the good of others. The lighter sort of malignity turneth but to a crossness or frowardness, or aptness to oppose, or difficilness or the like, but the deeper sort, to envy and mere mischief. Such men, in other men's calamities, are as it were in season, and are ever on the loading part; not so good as the dogs that licked Lazarus' sores, but like flies that are still buzzing upon anything that is raw; Misanthropi that make it their practice to bring men to the bough, and yet have never a tree for the purpose in their gardens, as Timon had. Such dispositions are the very errors of human nature, and yet they are the fittest timber to make great politics of; like to knee-timber, that is good for ships that are ordained to be tossed, but not for building houses that shall stand firm.

The parts and signs of goodness are many. If a man be gracious and courteous to strangers, it shows he is a citizen of the world, and that his heart is no island cut off from other lands, but a continent that joins to them. If he be compassionate towards the afflictions of others, it shows that his heart is like the noble tree that is wounded itself when it gives the balm. If he easily pardons and remits offences, it shows that his mind is planted above injuries, so that he cannot be shot. If he be thankful for small benefits, it shows that he weighs men's minds, and not their trash. But above all, if he have St. Paul's perfection, that he would wish to be an *anathema* from Christ, for the salvation of his brethren, it shows much of a divine nature, and of a kind of conformity with Christ himself.

OF TRAVEL.

Travel, in the younger sort, is a part of education, in the elder, a part of experience.

He that travelleth into a country before he hath some entrance into the language, goeth to school, and not to travel. That young men travel under some tutor or grave servant, I allow well; so that he be such a one that hath the language, and hath been in the country before, whereby he may be able to tell them what things are worthy to be seen in the country where they go, what acquaintances they are to seek, what exercises or discipline the place yieldeth. For else young men shall go hooded, and look abroad little.

It is a strange thing, that in sea-voyages, where there is nothing to be seen but sky and sea, men should make diaries, but in land-travel, wherein so much is to be observed, for the most part they omit it, as if chance were fitter to be registered than observation. Let diaries, therefore, be brought in use. The things to be seen and observed are, the courts of princes, especially when they give audience to ambassadors: the courts of justice, while they sit and hear causes; and so of consistories ecclesiastic; the churches and monasteries, with the monuments which are therein extant; the walls and fortifications of cities and towns, and so the havens and harbours; antiquities and ruins, libraries, colleges, disputations and lectures, where any are; shipping and navies, houses and gardens of state and pleasure near great cities; armories, arsenals, magazines, exchanges, bourses, warehouses, exercises of horsemanship, fencing, training of soldiers, and the like; comedies, such whereunto the better sort of persons do resort; treasuries of jewels and robes, cabinets and varieties, and to conclude, whatsoever is memorable in the places where they go. After all which the tutors or servants ought to make diligent inquiry.

As for triumphs, masks, feasts, weddings, funerals, capital executions, and such shows, men need not to be put in mind of them, yet they are not to be neglected. If you will have a young man to put his travel into a little room, and in short time to gather much, this you must do; first, as was said, he must have some entrance into the language before he goeth. Then he must have such a servant, or tutor, as knoweth the country, as was likewise said. Let him carry with him also some card, or book, describing the country where he travelleth, which will be a good key to his inquiry. Let him keep also a diary. Let him not stay long in one city or town, (more or less as the place deserveth, but not long,) nay, when he stayeth in one city or town, let him change his lodging from one end and part of the town to another, which is a great adamant of acquaintance. Let him sequester himself from the company of his countrymen, and diet in such places where there is good company of the nation where he travelleth. Let him, upon his removes from one place to another, procure recommendation to some person of quality, residing in the place whither he removeth; that he may use his favour in those things he desireth to see or know. Thus he may abridge his travel with much profit. As for the acquaintance which is to be sought in travel, that which is most of all profitable, is acquaintance with the secretaries, and employed men of ambassadors; for so in travelling in one country, he shall suck the experience of many. Let him also see and visit eminent persons in all kinds which are of great name abroad, that he may be able to tell how the life agreeth with the fame. For quarrels, they are with care and discretion to be avoided, they are commonly for mistresses, healths, place, and words. And let a man beware how he keepeth company with choleric and quarrelsome persons, for they will engage him into their own quarrels. When a traveller returneth home, let him not leave the countries where he hath travelled altogether behind him, but maintain a correspondence by letters with those of his acquaintance which are of most worth. And let his travel appear rather in his discourse than in his apparel or gesture, and in his discourse, let him be rather advised in his answers, than forward to tell stories, and let it appear that he doth not change his country manners for those of foreign parts; but only prick in some flowers of that he hath learned abroad into the customs of his own country.

OF FRIENDSHIP.

It had been hard for him that spake it to have put more truth and untruth together in few words, than in that speech, 'Whosoever is delighted in solitude, is either a wild beast or a god.' For it is most true, that a natural and secret hatred and aversation towards society in any man hath somewhat of the savage beast; but it is most untrue that it should have any character at all of the divine nature, except it proceed, not out of a pleasure in solitude, but out of a love and desire to sequester a man's self for a higher conversation, such as is found to have been falsely and feignedly in some of the heathen; as Epimenides the Candian, Numa the Roman, Empedocles the Sicilian, and Apollonius of Tyana; and truly

and really in divers of the ancient hermits, and holy fathers of the Church. But little do men perceive what solitude is, and how far it extendoth. For a crowd is not company, and faces are but a gallery of pictures, and talk but a tinkling cymbal, where there is no love. The Latin adage meeteth with it a little; *Magna civitas, magna solitudo*, because in a great town friends are scattered, so that there is not that fellowship for the most part, which is in less neighbourhoods. But we may go further, and affirm most truly, that it is a mere and miserable solitude, to want true friends, without which the world is but a wilderness. And even in this sense also of solitude, whosoever, in the frame of his nature and affections, is unfit for friendship, he taketh it of the beast and not from humanity.

A principal fruit of friendship is the ease and discharge of the fulness and swellings of the heart, which passions of all kinds do cause and induce. We know diseases of stoppings and suffocations are the most dangerous in the body, and it is not much otherwise in the mind; you may take sarza to open the liver, steel to open the spleen, flower of sulphur for the lungs, castoreum for the brain, but no receipt openeth the heart but a true friend; to whom you may impart griefs, joys, fears, hopes, suspicions, counsels, and whatsoever lieth upon the heart to oppress it, in a kind of civil shrift or confession.

It is a strange thing to observe how high a rate great kings and monarchs do set up this fruit of friendship whereof we speak, so great as they purchase it many times at the hazard of their own safety and greatness. For princes, in regard to the distance of their fortune from that of their subjects and servants, cannot gather this fruit, except to make themselves capable thereof they raise some persons to be as it were companions, and almost equals to themselves, which many times sorteth to inconvenience. The modern languages give unto such persons the name of favourites or privadoes, as if it were matter of grace or conversation; but the Roman name attaineth the true use and cause thereof, naming them *participes curarum;* for it is that which tieth the knot. And we see plainly that this hath been done, not by weak and passionate princes only, but by the wisest and most politic that ever reigned; who have oftentimes joined to themselves some of their servants whom both themselves have called friends, and allowed others likewise to call them in the same manner, using the word which is received between private men.

L. Sylla, when he commanded Rome, raised Pompey, after surnamed the Great, to that height that Pompey vaunted himself for Sylla's overmatch. For when he had carried the consulship for a friend of his against the pursuit of Sylla, and that Sylla did a little resent thereat, and began to speak great, Pompey turned upon him again, and in effect, bade him be quiet, for that more men adored the sun-rising than the sun-setting. With Julius Cæsar, Decimus Brutus had obtained that interest, as he set him down in his testament for heir in remainder after his nephew. And this was the man that had power with him to draw him forth to his death. For when Cæsar would have discharged the senate in regard of some ill presages, and specially a dream of Calpurnia, this man lifted him gently by the arm out of his chair, telling him, he hoped he would not dismiss the senate till his wife had dreamed a better dream. And it seemeth his favour was so great, as Antonius, in a letter which is recited verbatim in one of *Cicero's Philippics* calleth him *venefica*, witch; as if he had enchanted Cæsar. Augustus raised Agrippa, though of mean birth, to that height, as when he consulted with Mæcenas about the marriage of his daughter Julia, Mæcenas took the liberty to tell him that he must either marry his daughter to Agrippa, or take away his life; there was no third way, he had made him so great. With Tiberius Cæsar, Sejanus had ascended to that height, as they two were termed, and reckoned as a pair of friends. Tiberius, in a letter to him saith *Haec pro amicitia nostra non occultavi*, and the whole senate dedicated an altar to friendship, as to a goddess, in respect of the great dearness of friendship between them two. The like or more was between Septimius Severus and Plautianus; for he forced his eldest son to marry the daughter of Plautianus, and would often maintain Plautianus, in doing affronts to his son; and did write also in a letter to the senate by these words: 'I love the man so well as I wish he may overlive me.' Now if these princes had been as a Trajan or a Marcus Aurelius, a man might have thought that this had proceeded of an abundant goodness of nature; but being men so wise, of such strength and severity of mind, and so extreme lovers of themselves, as all these were, it proveth most plainly that they found their own felicity, though as great as ever happened to mortal men, but as a halfprice, except they might have a friend to make it entire, and yet, which is more, they were princes that had wives, sons, nephews; and yet all these could not supply the comfort of friendship.

It is not to be forgotten what Commineus observeth of his first master, Duke Charles the Hardy; namely, that he would communicate his secrets with none, and least of all those secrets which troubled him most. Whereupon he goeth on and saith, that towards his latter time, that closeness did impair and a little perish his understanding. Surely, Commineus might have made the same judgment also, if it had pleased him, of his second master Louis XI., whose closeness was indeed his tormentor. The parable of Pythagoras is dark, but true, *Cor ne edito*, Eat not the heart. Certainly if a man would give it a hard phrase, those who want friends to open themselves unto, are cannibals of their own hearts. But one thing is most admirable, wherewith I will conclude this first fruit of friendship, which is, that this communicating of a man's self to his friend works two contrary effects: for it redoubleth joys, and cutteth griefs in halves. For there is no man that imparteth his joys to his friend, but he joyeth the more: and no man that imparteth his griefs to his friend, but he grieveth the less. So that it is in truth, of operation upon a man's mind of like virtue, as the alchymists use to attribute to their stone, for man's body; that it worketh all contrary effects, but still to the good and benefit of nature. But yet without praying in aid of alchymists, there is a manifest image of this in the ordinary course of nature. For in bodies, union strengtheneth and cherisheth any natural action, and on the other side, weakeneth and dulleth any violent impression; and even so is it of minds.

The second fruit of friendship is healthful and sovereign for the understanding, as the first is for the affections. For friendship maketh indeed a fair day in the affections, from storm and tempests, but it maketh day-light in the understanding out of darkness and confusion of thoughts; neither is this to be understood only of faithful counsel which a man receiveth from his friends; but before you come to that, certain it is, that whosoever hath his mind fraught with many thoughts, his wits and understanding do clarify and break up in the communicating and discoursing with another: he loseth his thoughts more easily: he marshalleth them more orderly; he seeth how they look when they are turned into words; finally he waxeth wiser than himself: and that, more by an hour's discourse, than by a day's meditation. It was well said by Themistocles to the king of Persia, That speech was like cloth of Arras, opened and put abroad, whereby the imagery doth appear in figure, whereas, in thoughts, they lie but as in packs. Neither is this second fruit of friendship, in opening the understanding, restrained only to such friends as are able to give a man counsel; they indeed are best, but even without that, a man learneth of himself, and bringeth his own thoughts to light, and whetteth his wits as against a stone, which itself cuts not. In a word, a man were better relate himself to a statue or picture, than to suffer his thoughts to pass in smother.

And now, to make this second fruit of friendship complete, that other point which lieth more open, and falleth within vulgar observation, which is faithful counsel from a friend. Heraclitus saith well in one of his enigmas, Dry light is ever the best, and certain it is that the light that a man receiveth by counsel from another, is drier and purer than that which cometh from his own understanding and judgment, which is ever infused and drenched in his affections and customs: so as there is as much difference between the counsel that a friend giveth, and that a man giveth himself, as there is between the counsel of a friend and of a flatterer. For there is no such flatterer as a man's self, and there is no such remedy against flattery of a man's self, as the liberty of a friend. Counsel is of two sorts, the one concerning manners, the other concerning business. For the first, the best preservative to keep the mind in health is, the faithful admonition of a friend. The calling of a man's self to a strict account, is a medicine sometimes too piercing and corrosive. Reading good books of morality is a little flat and dead. Observing our faults in others is sometimes improper for our case; but the best receipt, best I say to work, and best to take, is the admonition of a friend. It is a strange thing to behold what gross errors and extreme absurdities many, especially of the greater sort, do commit, for want of a friend to tell them of them, to the great damage of both their fame and fortune. For, as St. James saith, they are as men that look sometimes into a glass, and presently forget their own shape and favour. As for business, a man may think if he will that two eyes see no more than one, or that a gamester seeth always more than a looker on, or that a man in anger is as wise as he that hath said over the four and twenty letters, or that a musket may be shot off as well upon the arm as upon a rest, and such other fond and high imaginations, to think himself all in all. But when all is done, the help of good counsel is that which setteth business straight. And if any man think that he will take counsel,

but it shall be by pieces, asking counsel in one business of one man, and in another business of another man; it is well, that is to say better perhaps, than if he had asked none at all; but he runneth two dangers, one, that he shall not be faithfully counselled, for it is a rare thing, except it be from a perfect and entire friend, to have counsel given, but such as shall be bowed and crooked to some ends which he hath that giveth it. The other that he shall have counsel given hurtful and unsafe, though with good meaning, and mixed partly of mischief and partly of remedy, even as if you would call a physician, that is thought good for the cure of the disease you complain of, but is unacquainted with your body; and therefore may put you in way for a present cure but overthroweth your health in some other kind, and so cure the disease and kill the patient. But a friend that is wholly acquainted with a man's estate, will beware, by furthering any present business, how he dasheth upon other inconvenience. And therefore, rest not upon scattered counsels; they will rather distract and mislead, than settle and direct.

After these two noble fruits of friendship, peace in the affections and support of the judgment, followeth the last fruit, which is like the pomegranate, full of many kernels. I mean aid and bearing a part in all actions and occasions. Here, the best way to represent to life the manifold use of friendship, is to cast and see how many things there are, which a man cannot do himself; and then it will appear that it was a sparing speech of the ancients to say 'that a friend is another himself;' for, a friend is far more than himself. Men have their time and die many times in desire of some things which they principally take to heart, the bestowing of a child, the finishing of a work, or the like. If a man have a true friend he may rest almost secure, that the care of those things will continue after him; so that a man hath, as it were, two lives in his desires. A man hath a body, and that body is confined to a place, but where friendship is, all offices of life are, as it were, granted to him and his deputy, for he may exercise them by his friend. How many things are there which a man cannot with any face of comeliness, say or do himself? A man can scarce allege his own merits with modesty, much less extol them. A man cannot sometimes brook to supplicate or beg, and a number of the like. But all these things are graceful in a friend's mouth, which are blushing in a man's own. So again, a man's person hath many proper relations which he cannot put off. A man cannot speak to his son, but as a father; to his wife, but as a husband; to his enemy, but upon terms; whereas a friend may speak as the case requires, and not as it sorteth with the person. But to enumerate these things were endless. I have given the rule where a man cannot play his own part: if he have not a friend, he may quit the stage.

WILLIAM HARRISON.

William Harrison lived in the sixteenth century; he is the author of a 'Description of Britain and its Inhabitants' which is highly valued to the present day, as giving an amusing account of the manners and customs of the English at that period. He has expatiated in a very sarcastic style upon the extravagance of the dress and manners of his countrymen; he has also written an interesting account of the English language, in a very quaint manner.

THE LANGUAGES OF BRITAIN.

The British tongue called Cymric doth yet remain in that part of the island which is now called Wales, whither the Britons were driven after the Saxons had made a full conquest of the other, which we now call England, although the pristine integrity thereof be not a little diminished by mixture of the Latin and Saxon speeches withal. Howbeit, many poesies and writings (in making whereof that nation hath evermore delighted) are yet extant in my time, whereby some difference between the ancient and present language may easily be discerned, notwithstanding that among all these there is nothing to be found which can set down any sound and full testimony of their own original, in remembrance whereof their bards and cunning men have been most slack and negligent.

Next unto the British speech, the Latin tongue was brought in by the Romans, and in manner generally planted through the whole region, as the French was after by the Normans. Of this tongue I will not say much, because there are few which be not skilful in the same. Howbeit, as the speech itself is easy and delectable, so hath it perverted the names of the ancient rivers, regions, and cities of Britain, in such wise, that in these our days their old British denominations are quite grown out of memory,

and yet those of the new Latin left us most uncertain. This remaineth, also, nnto my time, borrowed from the Romans, that all our deeds, evidences, charters, and writings of record, are set down in the Latin tongue, though now very barbarous, and thereunto the copies and court-rolls, and processes of courts and leets registered in the same.

The third language apparently known is the Scythian, or High Dntch, indnced at the first by the Saxons (which the Britons call Saysonaec, as they do the speakers Sayson), a hard and rough kind of speech, God wot, when our nation was bronght first into acquaintance withal, but now changed with us into a far more fine and easy kind of utterance, and so polished and helped with new and milder words, that it is to be avouched how there is no one speech under the sun spoken in our time that hath or can have more variety of words, copiousness of phrases, or figures and flowers of eloquence, than hath our English tongue, although some have affirmed us rather to bark as dogs than talk like men, because the most of our words (as they do indeed) incline unto one syllable. This, also, is to be noted as a testimony remaining still of our language, derived from the Saxons, that the general name, for the most part, of every skilful artificer in his trade endeth in *here* with us, albeit the *h* be left out, and *er* only inserted, as, scrivenhere, writehere, shiphere, &c. — for scrivener, writer, and shipper, &c.; beside many other relics of that speech, never to be abolished.

After the Saxon tongue came the Norman or French language over into our country, and therein were our laws written for a long time. Our children, also, were, by an especial decree, taught first to speak the same, and thereunto enforced to learn their constructions in the French, whensoever they were set to the grammar-school. In like sort, few bishops, abbots, or other clergymen, were admitted unto any ecclesiastical function here among us, but such as came out of religions houses from beyond the seas, to the end they shonld not use the English tongue in their sermons to tho people. In the court, also, it grew into such contempt, that most men thought it no small dishonour to speak any English there; which bravery took his hold at the last likewise in the country with every ploughman, that even the very carters began to wax weary of their mother-tongue, and laboured to speak French, which as then was counted no small token of gentility. And no marvel; for every French rascal, when he came once hither, was taken for a gentleman, only because he was proud, and could use his own langnage. And all this (I say) to exile the English and British speeches quite out of the country. But in vain; for in the time of king Edward I., to wit, toward the latter end of his reign, the French itself ceased to be spoken generally, but most of all and by law in the midst of Edward III., and then began the English to recover and grow in more estimation than before; notwithstanding that, among our artificers, the most part of their implements, tools, and words of art, retain still their French denominations even to these our days, as the language itself is used likewise in sundry courts, books of record, and matters of law; whereof here is no place to make any particular rehearsal. Afterward, also, by diligent travail of Geoffrey Chaucer and John Gower, in the time of Richard II., and after them of John Scogan and John Lydgate, monk of Bury, our said tongue was brought to an excellent pass, notwithstanding that it never came unto the type of perfection until the time of Queen Elizabeth, wherein John Jewel, bishop of Sarum, John Fox, and sundry learned and excellent writers, have fully accomplished the ornatnre of the same, to their great praise and immortal commendation; although not a few others do greatly seek to stain the same, by fond affectation of foreign and strange words, presuming that to be the best English which is most corrupted with external terms of eloqnence and sound of many syllables. But as this excellency of the English tongue is found in one, and the south part of this island, so in Wales the greatest number (as I said) retain still their own ancient language, that of the north part of the said country being less corrupted than the other, and therefore reputed for the better in their own estimation and judgment. This, also, is proper to us Englishmen, that since ours is a middle or intermediate language, and neither too rough nor too smooth in utteranee, we may with mnch facility learn any other languagc, beside Hebrew, Greek, and Latin, and speak it naturally, as if we were home-born in those countries; and yet on the other side it falleth out, I wot not by what other means, that few foreign nations can rightly pronounce ours, withont some and that great note of imperfection, especially the Frenchmen, who also seldom write anything that savoureth of English truly. But this of all the rest doth breed most admiration with me, that if any stranger do hit upon some likely pronunciation of our tongue, yet in age he swerveth so mnch from the same, that he is worse therein than ever he was,

and thereto, peradventure, halteth not a little also in his own, as I have seen by experience in Reginald Wolfe, and others, whereof I have justly marvelled.

The Cornish and Devonshire men, whose country the Britons call Cerniw, have a speech in like sort of their own, and such as hath indeed more affinity with the Armorican tongue than I can well discuss of. Yet in mine opinion, they are both but a corrupted kind of British, albeit so far degenerating in these days from the old, that if either of them do meet with a Welshman, they are not able at the first to understand one another, except here and there in some odd words, without the help of interpreters. And no marvel, in mine opinion, that the British of Cornwall is thus corrupted, since the Welsh tongue that is spoken in the north and south part of Wales doth differ so much in itself, as the English used in Scotland doth from that which is spoken among us here in this side of the island, as I have said already.

The Scottish-English hath been much broader and less pleasant in utterance than ours, because that nation hath not, till of late, endeavoured to bring the same to any perfect order, and yet it was such in manner as Englishmen themselves did speak for the most part beyond the Trent, whither any great amendment of our language had not, as then, extended itself. Howbeit, in our time the Scottish language endeavoureth to come near, if not altogether to match, our tongue in fineness of phrase and copiousness of words, and this may in part appear by a history of the Apocrypha translated into Scottish verse by Hudson, dedicated to the king of that country, and containing six books, except my memory do fail me.

THIRD PERIOD.

THE AGE OF TRANSITION.

I. POETS.

EDMUND WALLER.

Edmund Waller was born in 1605 at Coleshill in Hertfordshire, and after studying at Cambridge, he obtained a seat in parliament in his eighteenth year. He was a party to a conspiracy which was discovered in 1643, when Waller saved his life by confessing all the particulars of the plot. He was however banished from the kingdom and remained in exile ten years; at the end of which period, he was recalled by Cromwell and upon that occasion wrote a panegyric on the Protector which is considered the best of his compositions. At the Restoration he welcomed Charles II. in a poem, thus showing as little consistency in his politics after his exile, as before it. In his later years he wrote a great number of sacred poems, some of which are very beautiful. Waller's poetry is in general remarkable for its precision, and often for its elegance, but he never expressed himself with extraordinary eloquence nor wrote with any passion. He died in 1687.

UPON THE DEATH OF THE LORD PROTECTOR.

We must resign! Heaven his great soul doth claim
In storms, as loud as his immortal fame:
His dying groans, his last breath shakes our isle;
And trees uncut fall for his funeral pile:
About his palace their broad roots are tost
Into the air. — So Romulus was lost!
New Rome in such a tempest miss'd her king;
And, from obeying, fell to worshipping.
On Œta's top thus Hercules lay dead,
With ruin'd oaks and pines about him spread.
The poplar too, whose bough he wont to wear
On his victorious head, lay prostrate there.
Those his last fury from the mountain rent:
Our dying hero from the continent
Ravish'd whole towns, and forts from Spaniards reft,
As his last legacy to Britain left.
The ocean, which so long our hopes confined,
Could give no limits to his vaster mind;
Our bounds' enlargement was his latest toil;

Nor had he left us prisoners to our isle:
Under the tropic is our language spoke,
And part of Flanders hath received our yoke.
From civil broils he did us disengage;
Found nobler objects for our martial rage:
And with wise conduct, to his country show'd
The ancient way of conquering abroad.
Ungrateful then! if we no tears allow
To him, that gave us peace and empire too.
Princes that fear'd him, grieve; concern'd to see
No pitch of glory from the grave is free.
Nature herself took notice of his death,
And, sighing, swell'd the sea with such a breath,
That, to remotest shores her billows roll'd,
Th' approaching fate of their great ruler told.

OF THE QUEEN.

The lark, that shuns on lofty boughs to build
Her humble nest, lies silent in the field;
But if (the promise of a cloudless day)
Aurora, smiling, bids her rise and play,
Then straight she shows 'twas not for want of voice
Or power to climb, she made so low a choice:
Singing she mounts; her airy wings are stretch'd
Tow'rds heaven, as if from heaven her note fetch'd.
So we, retiring from the busy throng,
Use to restrain th' ambition of our song:
But since the light which now informs our age
Breaks from the court, indulgent to her rage,
Thither my Muse, like bold Prometheus, flies,
To light her torch at Gloriana's eyes.

* * * *

For Mercy has, could Mercy's self be seen,
No sweeter look than this propitious queen,
Such guard and comfort the distressed find,
From her large power, and from her larger mind,
That whom ill Fate would ruin, it prefers,
For all the miserable are made hers.
So the fair tree whereon the eagle builds,
Poor sheep from tempests, and their shepherds shields:
The royal bird possesses all the boughs,
But shade and shelter to the flock allows.

ENGLISH GENIUS.

From a prologue to Beaumont and Fletcher's 'Maid's Tragedy'.

Scarce should we have the boldness to pretend
So long-renown'd a tragedy to mend,
Had not already some deserv'd your praise
With like attempt. Of all our elder plays,
This and Philaster have the loudest fame:
Great are their faults, and glorious is their flame.
In both our English genius is express'd;
Lofty and bold, but negligently dress'd.
Above our neighbours our conceptions are;
But faultless writing is the effect of care.
Our lines reform'd, and not compos'd in haste,
Polish'd like marble, would like marble last.
But as the present, so the last age writ:
In both we find like negligence and wit.
Were we but less indulgent to our faults,
And patience had to cultivate our thoughts,
Our Muse would flourish, and a nobler rage
Would honour this than did the Grecian stage.

THE BRITISH NAVY.

When Britain, looking with a just disdain
Upon this gilded majesty of Spain,
And knowing well that empire must decline
Whose chief support and sinews are of coin,
Our nation's solid virtue did oppose
To the rich troublers of the world's repose.
And now some months, encamping on the main,
Our naval army had besieged Spain:
They that the whole world's monarchy design'd,
Are to their ports by our bold fleet confin'd,
From whence our Red Cross they triumphant see,
Riding without a rival on the sea.
Others may use the ocean as their road,
Only the English make it their abode,
Whose ready sails with every wind can fly
And make a covenant with the inconstant sky;
Our oaks secure, as if they there took root,
We tread on billows with a steady foot.

LOVE OF GOD TO MAN.

That early love of creatures yet unmade,
To frame the world th' Almighty did persuade:
For love it was that first created light,
Moved on the waters, chas'd away the night
From the rude chaos, and bestow'd new grace
On things dispos'd of to their proper place,
Some to rest here, and some to shine above:
Earth, sea, and heav'n, were all th' effects of love.
And love would be return'd, but there was none
That to themselves or others yet were known.
The world a palace was without a guest,
Till one appears that must excel the rest;
One like the Author, whose capacious mind
Might by the glorious work the Maker find;
Might measure heav'n, and give each star a name,
With art and courage the rough ocean tame;
Over the globe with swelling sails might go,
And that 'tis round by his experience know
Make strongest beasts obedient to his will,
And serve his use the fertile earth to till.

When by his word God had accomplished all,
Man to create he did a council call;
Employ'd his hand to give the dust he took
A graceful figure and majestic look;
With his own breath convey'd into his breast
Life and a soul, fit to command the rest,
Worthy alone to celebrate his name,
For such a gift, and tell from whence it came:
Birds sing his praises in a wilder note,
But not with lasting numbers, and with thought,
Man's great prerogative. But above all,
His grace abounds in his new fav'rite's fall.
If he create, it is a world he makes;
If he be angry, the creation shakes.

ABRAHAM COWLEY.

Abraham Cowley, born in London 1618, received his education at Westminster School and in 1636 was chosen Scholar in Trinity College, Cambridge; but being of the royalist party he found himself obliged to leave this university for Oxford, where he pursued his studies. In 1633 was published his first poetical work entitled: 'Poetic Blossoms'; he wrote his unfinished Epic poem 'Davideis' at Cambridge. He accompanied Queen Henrietta, wife of Charles I., to France, received there the office of secretary to the Earl of St. Albans, and during an absence of ten years from his native country, was employed in confidential commissions by the Royal Family. In 1638 appeared his drama 'Loves Riddle' and his Latin comedy 'Naufragium Joculare' and in 1647 his collection of poems entitled 'The Mistress'. In 1656 upon his return to England he was seized by the Cromwell party, and imprisoned upon the charge of being a spy; after his release, he became a physician. At the death of Cromwell he retired into France, where he remained until the Restoration, but the party of Charles II. were ungrateful to him for all his services, and he was refused a situation which had often been promised him. He however procured a farm which produced an income of about £. 300 and enabled him to enjoy what he had long desired, a country life; this gratification of his wishes, however, he did not long survive, for in 1667 he died and was interred with great pomp in Westminster-Abbey between Chaucer and Spencer. Cowley also distinguished himself as a prose writer; he composed essays on the following subjects: 'Liberty', 'Solitude', 'Obscurity', 'Agriculture', 'The Garden', 'Greatness', 'Avarice', 'The dangers of an honest man in much company', 'The shortness of life and uncertainty of Procrastination. 'Of Myself'. Among his poetical works we must not forget to mention his 'Pindaric Odes'.

ANACREONTICS.

I. Drinking.

The thirsty earth soaks up the rain,
And drinks, and gapes for drink again.
The plants suck in the earth, and are
With constant drinking fresh and fair.
The sea itself, which one would think
Should have but little need of drink,
Drinks ten thousand rivers up,
So fill'd that they o'erflow the cup.
The busy sun (and one would guess
By's drunken fiery face no less)
Drinks up the sea, and when he has done,
The moon and stars drink up the sun.
They drink and dance by their own light;
They drink and revel all the night.
Nothing in nature's sober found,
But an eternal health goes round.
Fill up the bowl then, fill it high,
Fill all the glasses there, for why
Should every creature drink but I,
Why, men of morals, tell me why?

II. Gold.

A mighty pain to love it is,
And 'tis a pain that pain to miss,
But of all pain the greatest pain
It is to love, but love in vain.
Virtue now nor noble blood,
Nor wit, by love is understood.
Gold alone does passion move;
Gold monopolises love!
A curse on her and on the man
Who this traffic first began!
A curse on him who found the ore!
A curse on him who digg'd the store!
A curse on him who did refine it!
A curse on him who first did coin it!
A curse all curses else above
On him who us'd it first in love!
Gold begets in brethren hate!
Gold, in families debate;
Gold does friendship separate;
Gold does civil wars create.
These the smallest harms of it;
Gold, alas! does love beget.

III. The Epicure.

Fill the bowl with rosy wine,
Around our temples roses twine,
And let us cheerfully a while,
Like the wine and roses smile.
Crown'd with roses, we contemn
Gyges' wealthy diadem.
To-day is ours; what do we fear?
To-day is ours; we have it here.
Let's treat it kindly, that it may
Wish at least with us to stay.
Let's banish business, banish sorrow;
To the gods belongs to-morrow.

IV. The Grasshopper.

Happy insect, what can be
In happiness compared to thee?

Fed with nourishment divine,
The dewy morning's gentle wine!
Nature waits upon thee still,
And thy verdant cup does fill;
'Tis fill'd wherever thou dost tread,
Nature self's thy Ganymede.
Thou dost drink, and dance, and sing,
Happier than the happiest king!
All the fields which thou dost see,
All the plants belong to thee;
All the summer hours produce,
Fertile made with early juice.
Man for thee does sow and plough;
Farmer he, and landlord thou!
Thou dost innocently enjoy;
Nor does thy luxury destroy.
The shepherd gladly heareth thee,
More harmonious than he.
Thee country hinds with gladness hear,
Prophet of the ripen'd year!
Thee Phœbus loves, and does inspire;
Phœbus is himself thy sire.
To thee, of all things upon earth,
Life is no longer than thy mirth.
Happy insect! happy thou,
Dost neither age nor winter know.
But when thou'st drunk, and dane'd, and sung
Thy fill, the flowery leaves among,
(Voluptuous and wise withal,
Epicurean animal!)
Satiated with thy summer feast,
Thou retir'st to endless rest.

DESCRIPTION OF THE CREATION.

They sung how God spoke-out the world's vast hall [all.
From nothing; and from nowhere call'd forth
No nature yet, or place for't to possess,
But an unbottom'd gulph of emptiness;
Full of himself, th' Almighty sate, his own
Palace, and without solitude, alone.
But he was goodness whole, and all things will'd;
Which ere they were, his active word fulfill'd:
And their astonish'd heads o' th' sudden rear'd;
An unshaped kind of something first appear'd,
Confessing its new being, and undrest,
As if it stepp'd in haste before the rest;
Yet, buried in this matter's darksome womb,
Lay the rich seeds of ev'ry thing to come;
From hence the cheerful flame leap'd up so high,
Close at its heels the nimble air did fly;
Dull earth with his own weight did downwards pierce
To the fix'd navel of the universe,
And was quite lost in waters; till God said
To the proud sea, 'shrink in your insolent head;
See how the gaping earth has made you place!'
That durst not murmur, but shrunk in apace;
Since when his bounds are set; at which in vain
He foams and rages, and turns back again.
With richer stuff he bade heaven's fabric shine,
And from him a quick spring of light divine
Swell'd up the sun, from whence his cherishing flame
Fills the whole world, like him from whom it came. [mould,
He smooth'd the rough-cast moon's imperfect
And comb'd her beamy locks with sacred gold:
'Be thou', said he, 'queen of the mournful night!'
And as he spake, she rose, clad o'er in light,
With thousand stars attending in her train,
With her they rise, with her they set again.
Then herbs peep'd forth, now trees admiring stood, [wood;
And smelling flowers painted the infant
Then flocks of birds through the glad air did flee,
Joyful, and safe before man's luxury;
Singing their Maker in their untaught lays;
Nay, the mute fish witness no less his praise;
For those he made, and cloth'd with silver scales,
From minnows to those living islands, whales.
Beasts, too, were his command; what could he more?
Yes, man he could, the bond of all before;
In him he all things with strange order hurl'd,
In him that full abridgment of the world!

THE SHORTNESS OF LIFE AND UNCERTAINTY OF RICHES.

Why dost thou heap up wealth, which thou must quit,
Or, what is worse, be left by it?
Why dost thou load thyself when thou'rt to fly,
O man! ordain'd to die?

Why dost thou build up stately rooms on high,
Thou who art under ground to lie?
Thou sow'st and plant'st, but no fruit must thou see,
For death, alas! is reaping thee.

Suppose thou fortune couldst to tameness bring,
And clip or pinion her wing;
Suppose thou couldst on fate so far prevail,
As not to cut off thy entail;

Yet death at all that subtlety will laugh;
Death will that foolish gard'ner mock,
Who does a slight and annual plant ingraff
Upon a lasting stock.

Thou dost thyself wise and industrious deem;
A mighty husband thou wouldst seem;

Fond man! like a bought slave, thou all the while
Dost but for others sweat and toil.

Officious fool! that needs must meddling be
In bus'ness that concerns not thee;
For when to future years thou extend'st thy cares,
Thou deal'st in other men's affairs.

Ev'n aged men, as if they truly were
Children again, for age prepare;
Provisions for long travel they design,
In the last point of their short line.

Wisely the ant against poor winter hoards
The stock which summer's wealth affords;
In grasshoppers, that must at autumn die,
How vain were such an industry!

The wise example of the heav'nly lark,
Thy fellow-poet, Cowley! mark;
Above the clouds let thy proud music sound;
Thy humble nest build on the ground.

JOHN MILTON.

John Milton was born in London on the 9th of December 1608. He studied at Cambridge and took his degree of M. A. in 1632, after which he retired into private life. In the year 1637 he set out upon his travels into France and Italy. He visited Galileo, then a prisoner of the Inquisition, was introduced to many of the great scholars on the Continent, and was everywhere received with the honours due to his talents and genius. He remained abroad for fifteen months; at the end of which period he was recalled to his country by the commotions which were then taking place between the royalist and parliamentary parties. Milton upon his return into England, established an institution for classical instruction: but in the year 1641 he emerged from this comparatively retired life, and appeared on the political stage. He sided with the Puritans and published several very clever controversial works, all of them proving the most ardent attachment to republican principles. In the year 1643 Milton took his first wife, but the marriage proved an unhappy one, and his wife left him a month after their union. On this account he wrote four pamphlets in favour of divorce which although written with a deal of erudition and fiery eloquence, made but little impression on the public mind. Milton was however determined to divorce his wife and accordingly began to pay his attentions to another young lady, but the former came back repentant and he, moved by her entreaties, consented to live with her again. In 1652 she died leaving him three daughters: this loss was soon after followed by one, still more melancholy, viz: the total loss of his sight. Two years after the death of his first wife he married a daughter of Captain Woodcock, but she died in the following year. He was led to a third union in a great measure by the bad treatment he experienced from his daughters who behaved towards their blind father with great neglect and unkindness. The composition of his most noble poem Paradise Lost, occupied five years and was finished in 1665; the subject is the fall of the Angels from Heaven, the creation of the world and the fall of man. This wonderful composition is universally considered the finest epic poem written in the English language. The subject, the grandest that could have been chosen, and of the greatest interest to all human beings, was one exactly calculated for the deeply learned poet to bestow his labours upon. In every part he seems to have succeeded in describing the beauties and delightfulness of heaven and the dreadful and desolate kingdom of the Prince of Terrors. His Adam and Eve are at once so pure and yet so human that they are highly fitted for appearing as inhabitants in a spot not yet degraded by the wickedness of fallen man. In 1670 Milton published a history of England, and also several minor works, in 1672; but his health had already begun to decline and in the year 1674 he expired aged 66. Amongst his other poetical works we must mention 'Paradise Regained', 'L'Allegro, Il Penseroso' and 'Comus'. He has also written many prose works and several controversial pamphlets, but his genius lay in poetry as must be observed by all who peruse his productions.

SATAN'S RECOVERY FROM HIS DOWNFALL.

He scarce had ceas'd, when the superior Fiend
Was moving toward the shore, his ponderous shield
Behind him cast; *the broad circumference*
Hung on his shoulders like the moon, whose orb
Through optic glass the Tuscan artist views
At evening from the top of Fesolé.
Or in Valdarno, to descry new lands,
Rivers or mountains in her spotty globe.
His spear, to equal which the tallest pine
Hewn on Norwegian hills, *to be the mast*
Of some great admiral, were but a wand,
He walk'd with, to support uneasy steps
Over the burning marle, not like those steps
On Heaven's azure; and the torrid clime
Smote on him sore besides, *vaulted* with fire:
Nathless he so endur'd, till on the beach
Of that inflamed sea he stood, and call'd
His legions, angel forms, who lay entranc'd,
Thick as autumnal leaves that strow the brooks
In Vallombrosa, where the Etrurian shades,
High over-arch'd, embower; or scatter'd sedge
Afloat, when with fierce winds Orion arm'd
Hath *vex'd* the Red-Sea coast, whose waves o'erthrew
Busiris and his Memphian chivalry,
While with perfidious hatred they pursued
The sojourners of Goshen, who beheld
From the safe shore their floating carcasses
And broken chariot wheels: so thick bestrown,
Abject and lost lay these, covering the flood,
Under amazement of their hideous change.
He call'd so loud, that all the hollow deep
Of Hell resounded. Princes, Potentates,
Warriors, the flower of Heaven, once yours, now lost,
If such astonishment as this can seize
Eternal Spirits; or have ye chosen this place
After the toil of battle to repose

Your *wearied virtue*, for the ease you find
To slumber here, as in the vales of Heaven?
Or in this abject posture have ye sworn
To adore the conqueror? who now beholds
Cherub and Seraph rolling in the flood,
With scatter'd arms and ensigns; till anon
His swift pursuers from heaven-gates discern
The advantage, and, descending, tread us down,
Thus drooping, or with linked thunderbolts
Transfix us to the bottom of this gulf.
Awake, arise, or be for ever fallen!

THE FALLEN ANGELS GATHERED AGAIN TO WAR.

All these and more came flocking; but with looks [pear'd,
Downcast and damp; yet such wherein ap-
Obscure, some glimpse of joy, to have found their chief [cast
Not in despair; which on his countenance
Like doubtful hue; but he, his wonted pride
Soon recollecting, with high words, that bore [rais'd
Semblance of worth, not substance, gently
Their fainting courage, and dispell'd their fears. [like sound
Then straight commands, that at the war-
Of trumpets loud and clarions be uprear'd
His mighty standard: that proud honour claim'd
Azazel as his right, a cherub tall; [furl'd
Who forthwith from the glittering staff un-
The imperial ensign; which, full high advanc'd,
Shone like a meteor streaming to the wind
With gems and golden lustre rich emblaz'd,
Seraphic arms and trophies; *all the while*
Sonorous metal blowing martial sounds:
At which the universal host up-sent
A shout, that tore Hell's concave, and beyond
Frighted the reign of Chaos and old Night,
All in a moment *through the gloom* were seen
Ten thousand banners rise into the air
With orient colours waving: with them rose
A forest huge of spears; and thronging helms
Appear'd, and serried shields, in thick array
Of depth immeasurable: *anon they move*
In perfect phalanx to the Dorian mood
Of flutes and soft recorders; such as raised
To height of noblest temper heroes old
Arming to battle; and instead of rage
Deliberate valour breath'd, firm and unmov'd
With dread of death to flight or foul retreat;
Nor wanting power to mitigate and swage
With solemn touches troubled thoughts, and chase [and pain,
Anguish, and doubt, and fear, and sorrow,
From mortal *or immortal* minds. Thus they
Breathing united force, with fixed thought,
Mov'd on in silence to soft pipes, that charm'd
Their painful steps o'er the burnt soil: and now
Advanc'd in view they stand, a horrid front
Of dreadful length and dazzling arms, in guise
Of warriors old with order'd spear and shield;
Awaiting what command their mighty chief
Had to impose: he through the armed files
Darts his experienc'd eye, and soon traverse
The whole battalion views; their order due;
Their visages and stature as of gods;
Their number last he sums. And now his heart
Distends with pride, and hardening in his strength,
Glories: for never, since created man,
Met such embodied force, as nam'd with these
Could merit more than that small infantry
Warr'd on by cranes: though all the giant brood
Of Phlegra with the heroic race were join'd
That fought at Thebes and Ilium, on each side
Mix'd with *auxiliar gods;* and what resounds
In fable or romance of Uther's son
Begirt with British and Armoric knights:
And all who since, *baptiz'd or infidel,*
Jousted in Aspramont, or Montalban,
Damasco, or Marocco, or Trebisond,
Or whom Biserta sent from Afric shore,
When Charlemain with all his peerage fell
By Fontarabbia. Thus far these beyond
Compare of mortal prowess, yet observ'd
Their dread commander; he, above the rest
In shape and gesture proudly eminent,
Stood like a tower: his form had yet not lost
All her original brightness; nor appear'd
Less than arch-angel ruin'd, and the excess
Of glory obscur'd: as when the sun, new risen,
Looks through the horizontal misty air
Shorn of his beams; or from behind the moon,
In dim eclipse, disastrous twilight sheds
On half the nations, and with fear of change
Perplexes monarchs. Darken'd so, yet shone
Above them all the arch-angel: but his face
Deep scars of thunder had intrench'd; and care
Sat on his faded cheek; but under brows
Of dauntless courage, and considerate pride,
Waiting revenge.

SATAN ON THE WING FOR EARTH.

Meanwhile the adversary of God and man,
Satan, with thoughts inflam'd of highest design, [of hell
Puts on swift wings, and towards the gates
Explores his solitary flight: sometimes

He scours the right-hand coast, sometimes the left;
Now shaves with level wing the deep; then soars
Up to the fiery concave towering high.
As when far off at sea a fleet descried
Hangs in the clouds, by equinoctial winds
Close sailing from Bengala, or the isles
Of Ternato and Tidore, whence merchants hring
Their spicy drugs; they, on the trading flood,
Through the wide Ethiopian to the Cape,
Ply stemming nightly towards the pole: So seem'd
Far off the flying Fiend.

THE MEETING OF SATAN AND DEATH.

The other shape,
If shape it might be call'd that shape had none
Distinguishable in member, joint, or limb;
Or substance might be call'd that shadow seem'd,
For each seem'd either: black it stood as Night,
Fierce as ten Furies, terrible as Hell, [head
And shook a dreadful dart; what *seem'd* his
The likeness of a kingly crown had on.
Satan was now at hand, and from his seat
The monster moving onward came as fast
With horrid strides; Hell trembled as he strode.
The undaunted Fiend what this might be admir'd,
Admir'd, not fear'd; God and his Son except,
Created thing nought valued he, nor shunn'd;
And with disdainful look thus first began: —
'Whence and what art thou, *execrable shape!* [vance
That dar'st, though grim and terrible, ad-
Thy miscreated front athwart my way
To yonder gates? through them I mean to pass,
That be assur'd, with leave unask'd of thee:
Retire, or taste thy folly; and learn by proof,
Hell-born! not to contend with Spirits of Heaven.' [plied: —
To whom *the Goblin*, full of wrath, re-
'Art thou that Traitor-angel; art thou he
Who first broke peace in heaven, and faith, till then
Unbroken, and in proud rebellious arms
Drew after him the third part of Heaven's sons [both thou
Conjur'd against the Highest; for which
And they, outcast from God, are here condemn'd
To waste eternal days in woe and pain? 30
And reckon'st thou thyself with Spirits of Heaven, [and scorn,
Hell-doom'd! and breath'st defiance here
Where I reign king, and to enrage thee more, [ment,
Thy king and lord? Back to thy punish-
False fugitive! and to thy speed add wings,
Lest with a whip of scorpions I pursue
Thy lingering, or with one stroke of this dart, [before.'
Strange horror seize thee, and pangs unfelt
So spake *the grizly Terror*, and in shape
So speaking and so threatening, grew ten-fold
More dreadful and deformed. On the other side
Incens'd with indignation, Satan stood
Unterrified, *and like a comet burn'd,*
That fires the length of Ophiuchus huge
In the arctic sky, and from his horrid hair
Shakes pestilence and war. Each at the head
Levelled his deadly aim; their fatal hands
No second stroke intend; and such a frown
Each cast at the other, *as when two black clouds* [ling on
With Heaven's artillery fraught, come rat-
Over the Caspian, then stand front to front,
Hovering a space, till winds the signal blow
To join their dark encounter in mid air:
So frown'd the mighty combatants, that hell
Grew darker at their frown; so match'd they stood;
For never but once more was either like
To meet so great a foe: and now great deeds [rung,
Had been achiev'd, whereof all hell had
Had not the snaky Sorceress that sat
Fast by hell-gate, and kept the fatal key,
Risen, and with hideous outcry rush'd between.

ADAM'S ACCOUNT OF HIMSELF.

As new wak'd from soundest sleep
Soft on the flowery herb I found me laid
In balmy sweat, which with his beams the sun
Soon dried, and on the reeking moisture fed,
Straight toward heav'n my wond'ring eyes I turn'd,
And gaz'd awhile the ample sky, till rais'd
By quick instinctive motion up I sprung,
As thitherward endeavouring, and upright
Stood on my feet. About me round I saw
Hill, dale, and shady woods, and sunny plains,
And liquid lapse of murm'ring streams; by these, [or flew,
Creatures that liv'd and mov'd, and walk'd,
Birds on the branches warbling; all things smil'd [o'erflow'd.
With fragrance, and with joy my heart
Myself I then perus'd, and limb by limb
Survey'd, and sometimes went, and sometimes ran
With supple joints, as lively vigour led:
But who I was, or where, or from what cause,
Knew not; to speak I tried, and forthwith spake;
My tongue obey'd, and readily could name
Whate'er I saw. Thou sun, said I, fair light,
And thou enlighten'd earth, so fresh and gay,

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Ye hills and dales, ye rivers, woods, and plains,
And ye that live and move, fair creatures tell,
Tell if ye saw, how I came thus, how here;
Not of myself, by some great Maker then,
In goodness and in power pre-eminent;
Tell me how I may know him, how adore
From whom I have that thus I move and live,
And feel that I am happier than I know.
While thus I call'd, and stray'd, I knew not whither,
From where I first drew air, and first beheld
This happy light, when answer none return'd,
On a green shady bank, profuse of flowers,
Pensive I sat me down; there gentle sleep
First found me, and with soft oppression seiz'd [thought
My drowsed sense, untroubled, though I
I then was passing to my former state
Insensible, and forthwith to dissolve:
When suddenly stood at my head a dream,
Whose inward apparition gently mov'd
My fancy to believe I yet had being,
And liv'd: one came, methought of shape divine, [rise,
And said, thy mansion waits thee, Adam,
First man, of men innumerable ordain'd
First father, call'd by thee I come thy guide
To the garden of bliss, thy seat prepar'd.
So saying, by the hand he took me rais'd,
And over fields and waters, as in air
Smooth sliding without step, last led me up
A woody mountain, whose high top was plain,
A circuit wide, enclosed, with goodliest trees
Planted, with walks, and bowers, that what I saw [tree
Of earth before scarce pleasant seem'd, each
Loaden with fairest fruit that hung to th' eye
Tempting, stirr'd in me sudden appetite
To pluck and eat; whereat I wak'd and found
Before mine eyes all real, as the dream
Had lively shadow'd: here had now begun
My wand'ring, had not he who was my guide
Up hither, from among the trees appear'd
Presence divine. Rejoicing, but with awe,
In adoration at his feet I fell
Submiss; he rear'd me, and whom thou sought'st I am,
Said mildly, author of all this thou see'st
Above, or round about thee, or beneath.
This paradise I give thee, count it thine,
To till and keep, and of the fruit to eat
Of every tree that in the garden grows,
Eat freely with glad heart; for here no dearth:
But of the tree whose operation brings
Knowledge of good and ill, which I have set,
The pledge of thy obedience and thy faith,
Amid the garden by the tree of life,
Remember what I warn thee, shun to taste,
And shun the bitter consequence; for know
The day thou eat'st thereof, my sole command
Transgress'd, inevitably thou shalt die,
From that day mortal, and this happy state
Shalt lose, expell'd from hence into a world
Of woe and sorrow.

EVE'S FIRST AWAKENING TO LIFE.

That day I oft remember, when from sleep
I first awaked, and found myself reposed
Under a shade on flow'rs, much wond'ring where [and how.
And what I was, whence thither brought
Not distant far from thence a murm'ring sound
Of waters issued from a cave, and spread
Into a liquid plain, then stood unmoved
Pure as th' expanse of Heav'n; I thither went [down
With unexperienced thought, and laid me
On the green bank, to look into the clear
Smooth lake, that to me seem'd another sky.
As I bent down to look, just opposite
A shape within the watery gleam appear'd,
Bending to look on me: I started back,
It started back; but pleased I soon return'd;
Pleased it return'd as soon with answ'ring looks
Of sympathy and love: there I had fix'd
Mine eyes till now, and pined with vain desire, [thou seest,
Had not a voice thus warn'd me, What
What there thou seest, fair Creature, is thyself;
With thee it came and goes: but follow me,
And I will bring thee where no shadow stays
Thy coming, and thy soft embraces, he
Whose image thou art; him thou shalt enjoy
Inseparably thine, to him shalt bear
Multitudes like thyself, and thence be call'd
Mother of human race. What could I do,
But follow strait, invisibly thus led?
Till I espy'd thee, fair indeed and tall,
Under a platane; yet methought less fair,
Less winning soft, less amiably mild,
Than that smooth watery image: back I turn'd;
Thou following cry'dst aloud, Return fair Eve,

* * * *

My other half. With that thy gentle hand
Seized mine; I yielded, and from that time see
How beauty is excell'd by manly grace
And wisdom, which alone is truly fair.

MORNING HYMN.

Fountain of light! from whom yon rising sun
First drew his splendour; source of life and love! [face
Whose smile awakes o'er earth's rekindling

The boundless hlush of spring; O first and best!
Thy essence, though from human sight and search,
Though from the climh of all created thought,
Ineffably removed; yet man himself,
Thy humble child of reason, man may read
The Maker's hand, intelligence supreme,
Unbounded power, on all his works imprest,
In characters coeval with the sun,
And with the sun to last; from world to world,
From age to age, through every clime re-veal'd.
Hail Universal Goodness! in full stream
For ever flowing have life;
Through earth, air, sea, to all things that have
From all that live on earth, in air, and sea
The great community of nature's sons,
To Thee, first Father, ceaseless praise ascend,
And in the general hymn my gratefnl voice
Be duly heard, among thy works, not least,
Nor lowest; with intelligence inform'd,
To know thee and adore; with freedom crown'd,
Where virtue leads, to follow and be blest.
Oh, whether hy thy prime decree ordain'd
To days of future life, or whether now
The mortal hour is instant, still vouchsafe,
Parent and friend! to guide me blameless on
Through this dark scene of error and of ill,
Thy truth to light me, and thy peace to cheer,
All else, of me unask'd, thy will supreme
Withhold or grant: and let that will he done.

ON HIS OWN BLINDNESS.

When I consider how my light is spent
Ere half my days, in this dark world and wide,
And that one talent which is death to hide,
Lodged with me useless, though my soul more bent
To serve therewith my Maker, and present
My true account, lest he, returning, chide;
'Doth God exact day-labour, light denied?'
I fondly ask: hut Patience, to prevent
That murmur, soon replies, 'God doth not need
Either man's work, or his own gifts; who best
Bear his mild yoke, they serve him hest; his state
Is kingly; thousands at his hidding speed
And post o'er land and ocean without rest;
They also serve who only stand and wait.'

GLORY.

O what is glory hut the hlaze of fame,
The people's praise, if always praise unmix'd?
And what the people, hut a herd confus'd,
A miscellaneous rabhle, who extol
Things vulgar, and well weigh'd, scarce worth the praise?
They praise and they admire they know not what,
And know not whom, but as one leads the other;
And what delight to he hy such extoll'd,
To live upon their tongues, and be their talk,
Of whom to he disprais'd were no small praise? —
His lot who dares be singularly good,
Th' intelligent among them and the wise
Are few, and glory scarce of few is rais'd.
They err, who count it glorious to subdue
By conquest far and wide, to overrun
Large countries, and in field great hattles win,
Great cities hy assault: what do these wor-thies,
But roh and spoil, hurn, slaughter, and en-slave
Peaceahle nations, neighh'ring, or remote,
Made captive, yet deserving freedom more
Than those their conquerors, who leave he-hind
Nothing hut ruin wheresoe'er they rove,
And all the flourishing works of peace de-stroy,
Then swell with pride, and must be titled Gods,
Great benefactors of mankind, deliverers,
Worshipp'd with temple, priest and sacrifice;
One is the son of Jove, of Mars the other;
Till conqu'ror Death discover them scarce men,
Rolling in hrutish vices, and deform'd,
Violent or shameful death their due re-ward.
But if there be in glory aught of good,
It may by means far different be attain'd,
Without ambition, war, or violence;
By deeds of peace, hy wisdom eminent,
By patience, temperance: I mention still
Him whom thy wrongs with saintly patience borne,
Made famous in a land and times obscure;
Who names not now with honour patient Joh?
Poor Socrates, who next more memorable?
By what he taught and suffer'd for so doing,
For truth's sake suffering death unjust, lives now
Equal in fame to proudest conquerors.
Yet if for fame and glory aught be done,
Aught suffered; if young African for fame
His wasted country freed from Punic rage,
The deed becomes unprais'd, the man at least,
And loses, though hut verbal, his reward.

L'ALLEGRO.

Hence, loathed Melancholy,
Of Cerberus and hlackest midnight born
In Stygian cave forlorn,

'Mongst horrid shapes, and shrieks, and sights unholy;
Find out some uncouth cell,
Where brooding Darkness spreads his jealous wings,
And the night-raven sings;
There under *ebon shades*, and low brow'd rocks
As ragged as thy locks,
In dark Cimmérian desert ever dwell.
But come, thou goddess fair and free,
In heaven yclept Euphrosyne,
And by men, heart-easing Mirth,
Whom lovely Venus, at a birth
With two sister Graces more,
To ivy-crowned Bacchus bore:
Or whether (as some sages) sing
The frolic wind, that breathes the spring,
Zephyr with Aurora playing,
As he met her once a Maying,
There on beds of violets blue
And fresh-blown roses wash'd in dew,
Fill'd her with thee, a daughter fair,
So buxom, blithe and debonair.
Haste thee, Nymph, and bring with thee
Jest and youthful Jollity,
Quips and Cranks, and wanton Wiles,
Nods and Becks and *wreathed Smiles*
Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,
And love to live in dimple sleek;
Sport that wrinkled Care derides,
And Laughter holding both his sides.
Come and trip it, as you go,
On the light fantastic toe;
And in thy right hand lead with thee
The mountain-nymph, sweet Liberty;
And, if I give thee honour due,
Mirth, admit me of thy crew,
To live with her, and live with thee,
In unreproved pleasures free;
To hear the lark begin his flight,
And singing, *startle* the dull night,
From his watch-tower in the skies,
Till the dappled dawn doth rise;
Then to come *in spite of sorrow,*
And at my window bid good morrow,
Through the sweet-briar, or the vine,
Or the twisted eglantine;
While the cock with lively din,
Scatters the rear of *darkness thin,*
And to the stack or the barn-door
Stoutly struts his dames before:
Oft listening how the hounds and horn
Cheerly rouse the slumbering morn,
From the side of some hoar hill,
Through the high wood echoing shrill:
Sometimes walking, *not unseen,*
By hedge-row elms, on hillocks green,
Right against the eastern gate
Where the great Sun begins his state,
Robed in flames and amber light,
The clouds in thousand liveries dight;
While the ploughman near at hand,
Whistles o'er the furrowed land,
And the milkmaid singeth blithe,
And the mower whets his scythe,
And every shepherd tells his tale
Under the hawthorn in the dale.
Straight mine eye hath caught new pleasures,
Whilst the landskip round it measures;
Russet lawns, and fallows gray,
Where the nibbling flocks do stray;
Mountains, on whose barren breast
The labouring clouds do often rest;
Meadows trim with daisies pied,
Shallow brooks and rivers wide.
Towers and battlements it sees
Bosom'd high in tufted trees,
Where perhaps *some beauty lies,*
The cynosure of neighbouring eyes.
Hard by, *a cottage chimney smokes,*
From betwixt two aged oaks;
Where Corydon and Thyrsis, met,
Are at their savoury dinner set
Of herbs, and other country messes,
Which the neat-handed Phillis dresses:
And then in haste her bower she leaves
With Thestylis to bind the sheaves;
Or, if the earlier season lead,
To the tann'd haycock in the mead.
Sometimes, with secure delight,
The upland hamlets will invite,
When the merry bells ring round,
And the jocund rebecks sound
To many a youth and many a maid,
Dancing in the chequer'd shade;
And young and old come forth to play
On a sunshine holy-day,
Till the live-long day-light fail.
Then to the spicy nut-brown ale,
With stories told of many a feat,
How faery Mab the junkets eat;
She was pinch'd, and pull'd, she said,
And he, by friars' lantern led;
Tells how the drudging Goblin sweat,
To earn his cream-bowl duly set,
When in one night, ere glimpse of morn,
His shadowy flail had thrash'd the corn,
That ten day-labourers could not end;
Then lies him down the lubber fiend,
And stretch'd out all the chimney's length
Basks at the fire his hairy strength;
And crop-full out of doors he flings,
Ere the first cock his matin rings.
Thus done the tales, *to bed they creep,*
By whispering winds soon lull'd to sleep.
Tower'd cities please us then,
And the busy hum of men,
Where throngs of knights and barons hold,
In weeds of peace, high triumphs hold,
With store of ladies, whose bright eyes
Rain influence, and judge the prize
Of wit, or arms, while both contend

To win her grace, whom all commend.
There let Hymen oft appear
In saffron robe, with taper clear;
And pomp, and feast, and revelry,
With masque and antique pageantry;
Such sights as youthful poets dream
On summer eves by haunted stream.
Then to the well-trod stage anon,
If Jonson's learned sock be on,
Or sweetest Shakspeare, Fancy's child,
Warble his native wood-notes wild.
And ever against eating cares,
Lap me in soft Lydian airs.
Married to immortal verse,
Such as the meeting soul may pierce,
In notes with many a winding bout
Of linked sweetness long drawn out,
With wanton heed and giddy cunning,
The melting voice through mazes running,
Untwisting all the chains that tie
The hidden soul of harmony;
That Orpheus' self may heave his head
From golden slumbers on a bed
Of heap'd Elysian flowers and hear
Such strains as would have won the ear
Of Pluto, to have quite set free
His half regain'd Eurydice.
These delights if thou canst give,
Mirth, with thee I mean to live.

IL PENSEROSO.

Hence, vain deluding Joys,
The brood of Folly *without Father* bred!
How little you bested,
Or fill the fixed mind with all your toys!
Dwell in some idle brain,
And fancies fond with gaudy shapes possess,
As thick and numberless
As the gay motes that *people* the sunbeams;
Or likeliest hovering dreams,
The fickle pensioners of Morpheus' train.
But hail, thou goddess, sage and holy,
Hail, divinest Melancholy!
Whose saintly visage is too bright
To hit the sense of human sight,
And therefore, to our weaker view,
O'erlaid with black, staid Wisdom's hue;
Black, but such as in esteem
Prince Memnon's sister might beseem,
Or that starr'd Ethiop queen that strove
To set her beauty's praise above
The sea nymphs, and their powers offended:
Yet thou art higher far descended:
Thee bright-haired Vesta, long of yore,
To solitary Saturn bore;
His daughter she; in Saturn's reign
Such mixture was not held a stain:
Oft in glimmering bowers and glades
He met her, and in secret shades
Of woody Ida's inmost grove,
Whilst yet there was no fear of Jove.
Come, pensive nun, devout and pure,
Sober, stedfast, and demure,
All in a robe of darkest grain,
Flowing with majestic train,
And sable stole of Cypress lawn
Over thy decent shoulders drawn.
Come, but keep thy wonted state,
With even step and musing gait,
And looks commercing with the skies,
Thy rapt soul sitting in thine eyes;
There held in holy passion still,
Forget thyself to marble, till,
With a sad leaden downward cast,
Thou fix them on the earth as fast.—
And join with thee calm Peace and Quiet,
Spare Fast, *that oft with gods doth diet,*
And hears the Muses in a ring
Aye round about Jove's altar sing:
And add to these retired Leisure,
That in trim gardens takes his pleasure:
But first, and chiefest, with thee bring
Him that yon soars on golden wing,
Guiding the fiery-wheeled throne,
The cherub Contemplation;
And the mute Silence *hist along,*
Less Philomel will deign a song,
In her sweetest saddest plight,
Smoothing the rugged brow of night,
While Cynthia checks her dragon yoke
Gently o'er the accustom'd oak.
Sweet bird, that shunn'st the noise of folly,
Most musical, most melancholy!
Thee, chauntress, oft the woods among
I woo to hear thy even-song;
And missing thee, I walk *unseen*
On the dry smooth-shaven green,
To behold the wandering moon,
Riding near her highest noon,
Like one that hath been led astray
Through the heaven's wide pathless way;
And oft, as if her head she bow'd,
Stooping through a fleecy cloud.
Oft, on a plot of rising ground,
I hear the far-off curfew sound,
Over some wide-water'd shore,
Swinging slow with sullen roar;
Or, if the air will not permit,
Some *still removed place* will fit,
Where glowing embers through the room
Teach light to counterfeit a gloom;
Far from all resort of mirth.
Save the cricket on the hearth,
Or the bellman's drowsy charm,
To bless the doors from nightly harm.
Or let my lamp at midnight hour,
Be *seen* in some *high lonely tower,*
Where I may oft out-watch the Bear
With thrice-great Hermes, or unsphere
The spirit of Plato, to unfold
What worlds, or what vast regions, hold

The immortal mind, that hath forsook
Her mansion in this fleshly nook:
And of those demons that are found
In fire, air, flood, or under ground,
Whose power hath a true consent
With planet or with element.
Sometime let gorgeous Tragedy
In *sceptred pall* come sweeping by,
Presenting Thebes or Pelops' line,
Or the tale of Troy divine;
Or what (though rare) of later age
Ennobled hath the buskin'd stage.
But O, sad virgin, that thy power
Might raise Musæus from his bower!
Or bid the soul of Orpheus sing
Such notes as, warbled to the string,
Drew *iron* tears down Pluto's cheek,
And made Hell grant what love did seek!
Or call up him that left half told
The story of Cambuscan bold,
Of Camball, and of Algarsife,
And who had Canace to wife,
That own'd the virtuous ring and glass;
And of the wondrous horse of brass,
On which the Tartar king did ride:
And if aught else great bards beside
In sage and solemn tunes have sung,
Of turneys and of trophies hung,
Of forests and enchantments drear,
Where more is meant than meets the ear.
Thus, Night, oft see me in thy pale career,
Till civil-suited morn appear;
Not trick'd and frounc'd as she was wont
With the Attic boy to hunt,
But kercheft in a comely cloud,
While rocking winds are piping loud,
Or usher'd with a shower still
When the gust hath blown his fill,
Ending on the rustling leaves
With minute-drops from off the eaves:
And when the sun begins to fling
His flaring beams, me, Goddess bring
To arched walks of twilight groves,
And shadows brown, that Sylvan loves,
Of pine, or monumental oak,
Where the rude axe, with heaved stroke,
Was never heard the nymphs to daunt,
Or fright them from their hallow'd haunt.
There in close covert by some brook,
Where no profaner eye may look,
Hide me from day's *garish* eye,
While the bee with honied thigh,
That at her flowery work doth sing,
And the waters murmuring,
With such consort as they keep,
Entice the dewy-feather'd Sleep;
And let some strange mysterious dream
Wave at his wings in airy stream
Of lively portraiture display'd,
Softly on my eyelids laid;
And, as I wake, sweet music breathe
Above, about, or underneath,
Sent by some spirit to mortals good,
Or the unseen Genius of the wood.
But let my due feet never fail
To walk the *studious cloisters pale,*
And love the high embowed roof,
With antique pillars, massy proof,
And storied windows richly dight,
Casting a dim religious light:
There let the pealing organ blow
To the full-voic'd quire below;
In service high and anthems clear,
As may with sweetness, through mine ear,
Dissolve me into ecstacies,
And bring all heaven before mine eyes.
And may at last my weary age
Find out the peaceful hermitage,
The hairy gown and mossy cell,
Where I may sit and rightly spell
Of every star that heaven doth shew,
And every herb that sips the dew;
Till old experience do attain
To something like prophetic strain.
These pleasures, Melancholy, give,
And I with thee will choose to live.

SAMUEL BUTLER.

Samuel Butler, the author of Hudibras, born in 1612 at Streshan in Worcestershire, was the son of a farmer. He received his early education in the Grammar School of Worcester and went afterwards to Cambridge, where, however, he obtained no degree, probably on account of his limited means. The exact events of his life have not been ascertained, but it is said, that he was never very fortunate. The Restoration proved favourable to him for he obtained the office of secretary to the President of the principality of Wales and afterwards was made steward of Ludloo Castle: at this time Butler, who was now fifty years of age, married a widow with whom he expected to receive a fortune, but the parties on whom the money depended, failed and his expectations were not verified. In 1663 the first part of 'Hudibras' appeared which immediately became popular. It is a witty and satirical poem, written chiefly in opposition to the Puritans of that age. The second part appeared in 1664, and the third, fourteen years later: but it was never completed; the author died in 1680 in great poverty. He has written also several prose works, of which his 'Characters' is the most worthy of notice.

DESCRIPTION OF HUDIBRAS.

When civil dudgeon first grew high,
And men fell out they knew not why;
When hard words, jealousies, and fears,
Set folks together by the ears,
And made them fight, like mad or drunk,
For Dame Religion, as for punk;
Whose honesty they all durst swear for,

Thongh not a man of them knew wherefore;
When Gospel-trumpeter, surrounded
With long-ear'd rout, to battle sounded;
And pulpit, drum ecclesiastic,
Was beat with fist instead of a stick;
Then did Sir Knight abandon dwelling,
And out he rode a colonelling.
A wight he was, whose very sight would
Entitle him Mirror of Knighthood,
That never how'd his stubborn knee
To any thing but Chivalry,
Nor put up blow, but that which laid
Right Worshipful on shoulder-blade;
Chief of domestic knights and errant,
Either for chartel or for warrant;
Great on the bench, great in the saddle,
That could as well bind o'er as swaddle;
Mighty he was at both of these,
And styled of War, as well as Peace,
(So some rats, of amphibious nature,
Are either for the land or water:)
But here our authors make a doubt
Whether he were more wise or stout:
Some hold the one, and some the other,
But, howsoe'er they make a pother,
The difference was so small, his brain
Outweigh'd his rage but half a grain;
Which made some take him for a tool
That knaves do work with, call'd a Fool.
For 't has been held by many, that
As Montaigne, playing with his cat,
Complains she thought him but an ass,
Much more she would Sir Hudibras
(For that 's the name our valiant Knight
To all his challenges did write):
But they 're mistaken very much;
'Tis plain enough he was no such.
We grant, although he had much wit,
H' was very shy of using it,
As being loth to wear it out,
And therefore bore it not about;
Unless on holy-days, or so,
As men their best apparel do.
Beside 'tis known he could speak Greek
As naturally as pigs squeak;
That Latin was no more difficile,
Than to a blackbird 'tis to whistle:
Being rich in both, he never scanted
His bounty unto such as wanted;
But much of either would afford
To many that had not one word.
For Hebrew roots, although they're found
To flourish most in barren ground,
He had such plenty, as sufficed
To make some think him circumcised.

For his religion, it was fit
To match his learning and his wit:
'Twas Presbyterian true blue;
For he was of that stubborn crew
Of errant saints, whom all men grant
To be the true Church Militant;
Such as do build their faith upon
The holy text of pike and gun;
Decide all controversies by
Infallible artillery;
And prove their doctrine orthodox
By apostolic blows and knocks;
Call fire, and sword, and desolation,
A godly, thorough Reformation,
Which always must be carried on,
And still be doing, never done;
As if Religion were intended
For nothing else but to be mended:
A sect whose chief devotion lies
In odd perverse antipathies;
In falling out with that or this,
And finding somewhat still amiss;
More peevish, cross, and splenetic,
Than dog distract, or monkey sick;
That with more care keep holy-day
The wrong, than others the right way;
Compound for sins they are inclined to,
By damning those they have no mind to:
Still so perverse and opposite,
As if they worshipp'd God for spite:
The self-same thing they will abhor
One way, and long another for:
Free-will they one way disavow,
Another, nothing else allow:
All piety consists therein
In them, in other men all sin:
Rather than fail, they will defy
That which they love most tenderly;
Quarrel with minced pies, and disparage
Their best and dearest friend, plum-porridge;
Fat pig and goose itself oppose,
And blaspheme custard through the nose.

Thus was he gifted and accoutred,
We mean on th' inside, not the outward:
That next of all we shall discuss;
Then listen, Sirs, it follows thus.
His tawny beard was th' equal grace
Both of his wisdom and his face;
In cut and dye so like a tile,
A sudden view it would beguile;
The upper part whereof was whey,
The nether orange, mix'd with grey.

* * * *

His back, or rather hurthen, show'd
As if it stoop'd with its own load:
For as Æneas bore his sire
Upon his shoulders through the fire,
Our Knight did bear no less a pack
Of his own buttocks on his back;
Which now had almost got the upper-
Hand of his head for want of crupper:
To poise this equally, he bore
A paunch of the same bulk before,
Which still he had a special care
To keep well cramm'd with thrifty fare:
As white-pot, butter-milk, and curds,

Such as a country house affords;
With other victual, which anon
We farther shall dilate upon,
When of his house we come to treat,
The cupboard where he kept his meat.
His doublet was of sturdy buff,
And though not sword, yet cudgel-proof,
Wherehy 'twas fitter for bis use,
Who fear'd no hlows but such as bruise.
His hreeches were of rugged woollen,
And had been at the siege of Bullen,
To old King Harry so well known,
Some writers held they were his own:
Through they were lined with many a piece
Of ammunition hread and cheese,
And fat black puddings, proper food
For warriors that delight in hlood:
For, as we said, he always chose
To carry vittle in his hose,
That often tempted rats and mice
The ammunition to surprise;
And when he put a hand but in
The one or t' other magazine,
They stoutly in defence on 't stood,
And from the wounded foe drew hlood,
And till th' were storm'd and beaten out,
Ne'er left the fortified redonbt:
And though knigbts-errant, as some think,
Of old did neither eat nor drink,
Because when thorough deserts vast,
And regions desolate, they past,
Where belly-timber above ground,
Or under, was not to be found,
Unless they grazed, there 's not one word
Of their provision on record;
Which made some confidently write,
They had no stomachs hnt to fight:
'Tis false; for Arthur wore in hall
Round table like a farthingal,
On which, with shirt pull'd out behind,
And eke before, bis good knights dined;
Though 'twas no table some suppose,
But a huge pair of round trunk hose,
In which he carried as much meat
As he and all the knigbts could eat,
When laying hy their swords and truncheons, [cheons.
They took tbeir breakfasts or their lnn-
But let that pass at present, lest
We should forget where we digrest,
As learned anthors use, to whom
We leave it, and to th' purpose come.
His puissant sword unto his side,
Near his nndaunted heart, was tied
With basket-hilt that would bold hroth,
And serve for fight and dinner both;
In it he melted lead for bullets
To shoot at foes, and sometimes pullets,
To whom he bore so fell a grutch,
He ne'er gave quarter to any such.
The trenchant blade, 'Toledo trusty,
For want of fighting was grown rusty,
And ate into itself, for lack
Of somebody to hew and hack:
The peaceful scabbard, where it dwelt,
The rancour of its edge had felt;
For of the lower end two handful
It had devoured, 'twas so manful,
And so much scorn'd to lurk in case,
As if it durst not show its face.
In many desperate attempts
Of warrants, exigents, contempts,
It had appear'd with conrage bolder
Than Serjeant Bum invading shoulder:
Oft had it ta'en possession,
And prisoners too, or made them run.
This sword a dagger had, his page,
That was but little for his age,
And therefore waited on him so,
As dwarfs npon knights-errant do:
It was a serviceable dndgeon,
Either for fighting or for drudging:
When it had stabb'd, or broke a head,
It would scrape trenchers, or chip bread:
Toast cheese or bacon; though it were
To bait a mouse-trap, 'twould not care:
'Twould make clean shoes, and in the earth
Set leeks and onions, and so forth:
It had heen 'prentice to a brewer,
Where this and more it did endure,
But left the trade, as many more
Have lately done on the same score.
In th' holsters, at his saddle-how,
Two aged pistols he did stow,
Among the snrplus of such meat
As in his hose he could not get;
These would inveigle rats with th' scent,
To forage when the cocks were hent,
And sometimes catch them with a snap,
As cleverly as th' ablest trap:
They were upon hard duty still,
And every night stood sentinel,
To guard the magazine i' th' bose
From two-legg'd and from four-legg'd foes.

FORTUNE OF HUDIBRAS IN BATTLE.

For Colon, chusing out a stone,
Levell'd so right, it thump'd npon
His manly paunch with such a force,
As almost beat him off his horse.
He loosed his whinyard, and the rein
But laying fast hold on the mane,
Preserved his seat: and as a goose
In death contracts his talons close,
So did the Knight, and with one claw,
The tricker of his pistol draw.
The gun went off; and as it was
Still fatal to stout Hudibras,
In all his feats of arms, when least
He dreamt of it to prosper best,
So now he fared: the shot, let fly

At random 'mong the enemy,
Piorced Talgol's gahardine, and grazing
Upon his shoulder, in the passing
Lodged in Magnano's hrass hahergeon,
Who straight, A surgeon, cried, a surgeon:
He tumhled down, and as he fell,
Did Murther, Murther, Murther, yell.

COMBAT BETWEEN TRULLA AND HUDIBRAS.

This said, he jogg'd his good steed nigher,
And steer'd him gently towards the Squire,
Then howing down his hody, stretch'd
His hand out, and at Ralpho reach'd;
When Trulla, whom he did not mind,
Charged him like lightening behind.
She had heen long in search about
Magnano's wound, to find it out,
Bnt could find none, nor where the shot
That had so startled him was got:
But, having found the worst was past,
She fell to her own work at last,
The pillage of the prisoners,
Which in all feats of arms was her's;
And now to plunder Ralph she flew,
When Hudibras's hard fate drew
To succour him; for as he bow'd
To help him up, she laid a load
Of hlows so heavy, and placed so well,
On th' other side, that down he fell.
Yield, scoundrel base (quoth she), or die;
Thy life is mine, and liberty;
But if thou think'st I took thee tardy,
And dar'st presume to be so hardy
To try thy fortune o'er afresh,
I 'll wave my title to thy flesh,
Thy arms and haggage, now my right,
And, if thou hast the heart to try 't,
I 'll lend thee hack thyself a while,
And once more, for that carcase vile,
Fight upon tick. — Quoth Hudibras,
Thon offer'st nohly, valiant lass,
And I shall take thee at thy word.
First let me rise and take my sword;
That sword which has so oft this day
Through squadrons of my foes made way,
And some to other worlds dispatcht,
Now with a feehle spinster matcht,
Will blush, with hlood ignoble stain'd,
By which no honour 's to he gain'd:
But if thou'lt take m' advice in this,
Consider, whilst thou may'st, what 'tis
To interrupt a victor's course,
B' opposing such a trivial force:
For if with conquest I come off
(And that I shall do sure enough),
Quarter thou canst not have, nor grace,
By law of arms, in such a case;
Both which I now do offer freely.
I scorn (qnoth she), thou coxcomh silly,
Quarter or counsel from a foe;
If thou canst force me to it, do:
But lest it should again he said,
When I have once more won thy head,
I took thee napping, unprepared,
Arm, and betake thee to thy guard.
This said, she to her tackle fell,
And on the Knight let fall a peal
Of hlows so fierce, and press'd so home,
That he retired, and follow'd 's hum.
Stand to 't (quoth she), or yield to mercy
It is not fighting *arsie-versie*
Shall serve thy turn. — This stirr'd his spleen
More than the danger he was in,
The blows he felt, or was to feel,
Althongh th' ulready made him reel;
Honour, despite, revenge, and shame,
At once into his stomach came;
Which fired it so, he raised his arm
Ahove his head, and rain'd a storm
Of hlows so terrihle and thick,
As if he meant to hash her qnick:
But she upon her truncheon took them,
And hy oblique diversion broke them,
Waiting an opportunity
To pay all hack with usury,
Which long she fail'd not of; for now
The Knight with one dead-doing hlow
Resolving to decide the fight,
And she with quick and cunning sleight
Avoiding it, the force and weight
He charged upon it was so great,
As almost sway'd him to the ground:
No sooner she th' advantage found,
Bnt in she flew; and secouding,
With home-made thrust, the heavy swing,
She laid him flat upon his side,
And, mounting on his trunk astride,
Quoth she, I told thee what would come
Of all thy vapouring, hase scum:
Say, will the law of arms allow
I may have grace and quarter now?
Or wilt thou rather hreak thy word,
And stain thine honour, than thy sword?
A man of war to damn his soul,
In bascly breaking his parole;
And when before the fight, th' had'st vow'd
To give no quarter in cold hlood;
Now thou hast got me for a Tarta
To make me against my will take quarter,
Why dost not put me to the sword,
But cowardly fly from thy word?
Quoth Hudibras, The day's thine own,
Thou and thy stars have cast me down:
My laurels are transplanted now,
And flourish on thy conquering hrow:
My loss of hononr's great enough,
Thon ueed'st not hrand it with a scoff:
Sarcasms may eclipse thine own,
But cannot blnr my lost renown:
I am not now in Fortune's power,
He that is down can fall no lower.

The ancient heroes were illustrious
For being benign, and not blustrous
Against a vanquish'd foe: their swords
Were sharp and trenchant, not their words;
And did in fight but cut work ont
T' employ their courtesies about.
Quoth she, Although thou hast deserved,
Base Slubberdegullion, to be served
As thou didst vow to deal with me,
If thou hadst got the victory;
Yet I shall rather act a part
That suits my fame, than thy desert.
Thy arms, thy liberty, beside
All that 's on th' outside of thy hide,
Are mine by military law,
Of which I will not bate one straw;
The rest, thy life and limbs, once more,
Though doubly forfeit, I restore.

* * * *

This said, the Knight did straight submit
And laid his weapons at her feet.
Next he disrobed his gabardine,
And with it did himself resign.
She took it, and forthwith divesting
The mantle that she wore, said, jesting,
Take that, and wear it for my sake:
Then threw it o'er his sturdy back.

JOHN DRYDEN.

This illustrious English poet was born in Northamptonshire in the year 1631. He studied at Cambridge, where he took his degree of master of arts and obtained a fellowship. In 1661 several dramatic pieces appeared from his pen. He never attained any great proficiency in his plays, and they are all infected with the licentiousness characteristic of his age, but in lyric, didactic and satirical poetry, Dryden surpasses almost any author that England ever possessed. In 1668 he was appointed Poet Laureate and in 1681 at the express desire of the king he published his splendid satirical poem of 'Absolom and Achitophel', in which he describes the political intrigues of the Duke of Monmouth and his party. Soon after the accession of James II. to the throne, Dryden changed his religion and became a Roman Catholic and in order to justify his conversion, he wrote his poem of the 'Hind and Panther', in which he makes the animals discuss the doctrines of the churches of Rome and England. The hind is intended to represent the church of Rome and the panther, that of England; other sects are personified by various animals. During the last ten years of his life he wrote translations of Juvenal, Persius, Ovid and Virgil. Of the works of his later years, the most important is his 'Ode on Cecilia's Day' which may be looked upon as the finest lyrical composition in the English language. His last work of importance is his 'Fables' which consists in stories chosen from Chaucer, Homer and Boccaccio, in which, however, we again see traces of his great licentiousness. Dryden died on the first of May 1700 and was buried in Westminster-Abbey.

ALEXANDER'S FEAST, OR, THE POWER OF MUSIC.

'Twas at the royal feast, for Persia won,
By Philip's warlike son:
Aloft in awful state
The godlike hero sate
On his imperial throne:
His valiant peers were plac'd around,
Their brows with roses and with myrtle bound:
So should desert in arms be crown'd.
The lovely Thais by his side
Sat, like a blooming eastern bride,
In flow'r of youth and beauty's pride.
Happy, happy, happy pair!
None but the brave,
None but the brave,
None but the brave deserves the fair.

Timotheus, plac'd on high
Amid the tuneful quire,
With flying fingers touch'd the lyre:
The trembling notes ascend the sky,
And heav'nly joys inspire.
The song began from Jove;
Who left his blissful seats above,
Such is the pow'r of mighty love! —
And stamp'd an image of himself, a sov'reign of the world.
The list'ning crowd admire the lofty sound;
A present deity, the vaulted roofs rebound.
With ravish'd ears
The monarch hears,
Assumes the god,
Affects to nod,
And seems to shake the spheres.

The praise of Bacchus then the sweet musician sung,
Of Bacchus ever fair, and ever young:
The jolly god in triumph comes;
Sound the trumpets, beat the drums;
Flush'd with a purple grace
He shews his honest face.
Now give the hautboys breath; he comes, he comes!
Bacchus, ever fair and young,
Drinking joys did first ordain:
Bacchus' blessings are a treasure,
Drinking is the soldier's pleasure;
Rich the treasure,
Sweet the pleasure;
Sweet is pleasure after pain.

Sooth'd with the sound, the king grew vain,
Fought all his battles o'er again,
And thrice he routed all his foes, and thrice he slew the slain.

The master saw the madness rise;
His glowing cheeks, his ardent eyes;
And, while he heav'n and earth defied,
Chang'd his hand, and check'd his pride.
He chose a mournful Muse,
Soft pity to infuse:
He sung Darius great and good,
By too severe a fate
Fallen, fallen, fallen, fallen,
Fallen from his high estate,
And welt'ring in his blood;
Deserted, at his utmost need,
By those his former bounty fed,
On the bare earth expos'd he lies,
With not a friend to close his eyes.
With downcast look the joyless victor sate,
Revolving in his alter'd soul
The various turns of fate below;
And now and then a sigh he stole,
And tears began to flow.

The mighty master smil'd to see
That love was in the next degree:
'Twas but a kindred sound to move;
For pity melts the mind to love.
Softly sweet, in Lydian measures,
Soon he sooth'd his soul to pleasures.
War, he sung, is toil and trouble;
Honour but an empty bubble;
Never ending, still beginning,
Fighting still, and still destroying:
If the world be worth thy winning,
Think, oh think it worth enjoying!
Lovely Thais sits beside thee,
Take the good the gods provide thee.
The many rend the skies with loud applause; [the cause.
So love was crown'd, but Music won
The prince, unable to conceal his pain,
Gaz'd on the fair
Who caus'd his care,
And sigh'd and look'd, sigh'd and look'd, [again. —
Sigh'd and look'd, and sigh'd

Now strike the golden lyre again;
And louder yet, and yet a louder strain. —
Hark, hark, the horrid sound
Has rais'd up his head;
As awak'd from the dead
And amaz'd, he stares around.
Revenge, revenge, Timotheus cries,
See the furies arise,
See the snakes that they rear,
How they hiss in their hair,
And the sparkles that flash from their eyes!
Behold a ghastly band, [Each a torch in his hand!
These are Grecian ghosts, that in battle were slain,
And unburied remain,
Inglorious on the plain;
Give the vengeance due
To the valiant crew:
Behold how they toss their torches on high,
How they point to the Persian abodes,
And glitt'ring temples of their hostile gods!
The princes applaud with a furious joy;
And the King seiz'd a flambeau, with zeal to destroy;
Thais led the way,
To light him to his prey,
And, like another Helen, fir'd another Troy,

Thus, long ago,
Ere heaving bellows learn'd to blow,
While organs yet were mute,
Timotheus to his breathing flute
And sounding lyre
Could swell the soul to rage, or kindle soft desire.
At last divine Cecilia came,
Inventress of the vocal frame;
The sweet enthusiast, from her sacred store,
Enlarg'd the former narrow bounds,
And added length to solemn sounds,
With nature's mother-wit, and arts unknown before.
Let old Timotheus yield the prize,
Or both divide the crown;
He rais'd a mortal to the skies:
She drew an angel down.

CHARACTER OF THE ENGLISH, UNDER THE SIMILITUDE OF THE JEWISH PEOPLE.

The Jews, a headstrong, moody, murmuring race,
As ever tried th' extent and stretch of grace;
God's pamper'd people, whom, debauch'd with ease, [please:
No king could govern, nor no God could
Gods they had tried of every shape and size, [devise:
That godsmiths could produce, or priests
These Adam-wits, too fortunately free,
Began to dream they wanted liberty;
And when no rule, no precedent, was found,
Of men, by laws less circumscribed and bound, [caves,
They led their wild desires to woods and
And thought that all but savages were slaves.
They who, when Saul was dead, without a blow,
Made foolish Ishbosheth the crown forego;
Who banish'd David did from Hebron bring,
And with a general shout proclaim'd him king;
Those very Jews, who at their very best
Their humour more than loyalty expreat,

Now wonder'd why so long they had obey'd
An idol monarch, which their hands had made;
Thought they might ruin him they could create,
Or melt him to that golden calf, a state.
But these were random bolts: no form'd design,
Nor interest, made the factions crowd to join:
The sober part of Israel, free from stain,
Well knew the value of a peaceful reign;
And, looking backward with a wise affright,
Saw seams of wounds dishonest to the sight;
In contemplation of whose ugly scars,
They curst the memory of civil wars.
The moderate sort of men thus qualified,
Inclined the balance to the better side;
And David's mildness managed it so well,
The bad found no occasion to rebel.
But when to sin our biass'd nature leans,
The careful devil is still at hand with means;
And providently pimps for ill desires:
The good old cause revived a plot requires.
Plots true or false are necessary things,
To raise up commonwealths, and ruin kings.

LONDON.

London, thou great emporium of our isle,
O thou too-bounteous, thou too-fruitful Nile!
How shall I praise or curse to thy desert?
Or separate thy sound from thy corrupted part?
I call'd thee Nile; the parallel will stand:
Thy tides of wealth o'erflow the fatten'd land;
Yet monsters from thy large increase we find,
Engender'd on the slime thou leav'st behind.
Sedition has not wholly seized on thee,
Thy nobler parts are from infection free.
Of Israel's tribe thou hast a numerous band,
But still the Canaanite is in the land.
Thy military chiefs are brave and true;
Nor are thy disenchanted burghers few.
The head is loyal which thy heart commands,
But what 's a head with two such gouty bands?
The wise and wealthy love the surest way,
And are content to thrive and to obey.
But wisdom is to sloth too great a slave;
None are so busy as the fool and knave.
Those let me curse; what vengeance will they urge,
Whose ordures neither plague nor fire can purge?
Nor sharp experience can to duty bring,
Nor angry heaven, nor a forgiving king!
In gospel-phrase their chapmen they betray
Their shops are dens, the buyer is their prey.
The knack of trades is living on the spoil;
They boast ev'n when each other they beguile.
Customs to steal is such a trivial thing,
That 'tis their charter to defraud their king.
All bands unite of every jarring sect;
They cheat the country first, and then infect.
They for God's cause their monarchs dare dethrone,
And they'll be sure to make his cause their own.
Whether the plotting Jesuit laid the plan
Of murdering kings, or the French puritan,
Our sacrilegious sects their guides outgo,
And kings and kingly power would murder too.
What means that traitorous combination
Too plain t' invade, too shameful to confess?
But treason is not own'd when 'tis descried;
Successful crimes alone are justified.
The men who no conspiracy would find
Who doubts? but had it taken, they had join'd,
Join'd in a mutual covenant of defence;
At first without, at last against, their prince.
If sovereign right by sovereign power they scan,
The same bold maxim holds in God and man:
God were not safe, his thunder could they shun;
He should be forced to crown another son.
Thus, when the heir was from the vineyard thrown,
The rich possession was the murderer's own.
In vain to sophistry they have recourse:
By proving their's no plot, they prove 'tis worse —
Unmask'd rebellion, and audacious force;
Which though not actual, yet all eyes may see
'Tis working in th' immediate power to be;
For from pretended grievances they rise,
First to dislike, and after to despise
Then cyclop-like in human flesh to deal,
Chop up a minister at every meal:
Perhaps not wholly to melt down the king;
But clip his regal rights within the ring.
From thence t' assume the power of peace and war;
And ease him by degrees of public care,
Yet, to consult his dignity and fame,
He should have leave to exercise the name;
And hold the cards while commons play'd the game.
For what can pow'r give more than food and drink.
To live at ease, and not be bound to think?
These are the cooler methods of their crime,
But their hot zealots think 'tis loss of time;
On utmost bounds of loyalty they stand,
And grin and whet like a Croatian hand,
That waits impatient for the last command.
Thus outlaws open villany maintain,

They steal not, but in squadrons scour the plain:
And if their power the passengers subdue,
The most have right, the wrong is in the few.
Such impious axioms foolishly they show,
For in some soils republics will not grow:
Our temperate isle will no extremes sustain,
Of popular sway or arbitrary reign:
But slides between them both into the best,
Secure in freedom, in a monarch blest.
And though the climate vex'd with various winds,
Works through our yielding bodies on our minds,
The wholesome tempest purges what it breeds,
To recommend the calmness that succeeds.

A STORM IN HARVEST.
Translated from Virgil.

Ev'n when the farmer, now secure of fear,
Sends in the swains to spoil the finish'd year,
Ev'n when the reaper fills his greedy hands,
And binds the golden sheaves in brittle bands,
Oft have I seen a sudden storm arise
From all the warring winds that sweep the skies.
The heavy harvest from the root is torn,
And whirl'd aloft the lighter stubble borne;
With such a force the flying rack is driv'n,
And such a winter wears the face of heav'n:
The lofty skies at once come pouring down;
The promis'd crop and golden labours drown.
The dikes are fill'd, and with a roaring sound
The rising rivers float the nether ground;
And rocks the bellowing voice of boiling seas rebound.
The father of the gods his glory shrouds,
Involv'd in tempests and a night of clouds;
And from the middle darkness flashing out,
By fits he deals his fiery bolts about.
Deep horror seizes ev'ry human breast,
Their pride is humbled, and their fear confest,
While he from high his rolling thunder throws,
And fires the mountains with repeated blows;
The rocks are from their old foundations rent:
The winds redouble, and the rains augment:
The waves in heaps are dash'd against the shore,
And now the woods and now the billows roar.

THE HAPPY MAN.

Content with poverty my soul I arm,
And virtue, though in rags, will keep me warm.
What is't to me,
Who never sail on fortune's faithless sea,
If storms arise, and clouds grow black,
If the mast split and threaten wreck?
Then let the greedy merchant fear
For his ill-gotten gain,
While the debating winds and billows bear
His wealth into the main.
For me, secure of fortune's blows,
Secure of what I cannot lose,
In my small pinnace I can sail,
Contemning all the blust'ring roar;
And running with a merry gale,
With friendly stars my safety seek
Within some little winding creek,
And see the storm ashore.

ON MILTON.

Three poets, in three distant ages born,
Greece, Italy, and England did adorn.
The first in loftiness of thought surpass'd,
The next in majesty; in both the last.
The force of nature could no further go;
To make a third, she join'd the other two.

II. THE GREAT DIVINES.

RICHARD HOOKER.

Richard Hooker, one of the most distinguished prose-writers of his age, was born in 1553 near Exeter. In 1581 he entered the church, soon after which he married, but his wife through her sour disposition embittered the enjoyment of his life. In 1585 he was appointed to the office of Master of the Temple; whilst occupying this post he commenced his work 'Of the Laws of Ecclesiastical Polity'. At his own request he was removed from this office and presented with the Rectory of Boscomb in Wiltshire where he composed eight books as a continuation of his above mentioned work; four of these were published in 1594, a fifth in 1597, and three more after his death, which took place in 1600. His volumes are written in a very vigorous style and display a great amount of learning and sagacity.

DEFENCE OF REASON.

The name of the light of nature is made hateful with men; the star of reason and learning, and all other such like helps, beginneth no otherwise to be thought of, than if it were an unlucky comet; or as if God had so accursed it, that it should never shine or give light in things concerning our duty

any way towards him, but be esteemed as that star in the revelation, called Wormwood, which, being fallen from heaven, maketh rivers and waters in which it falleth so bitter, that men tasting them die thereof. A number there are who think they cannot admire as they ought the power and authority of the word of God, if in things divine they should attribute any force to man's reason; for which cause they never use reason so willingly as to disgrace reason. Their usual and common discourses are unto this effect. First, 'the natural man perceiveth not the things of the spirit of God, for they are foolishness unto him; neither can he know them, because they are spiritually discerned', &c. &c. By these and the like disputes, an opinion hath spread itself very far in the world; as if the way to be ripe in faith, were to be raw in wit and judgment; as if reason were an enemy unto religion, childish simplicity the mother of ghostly and divine wisdom. * * *

To our purpose, it is sufficient that whosoever doth serve, honour, and obey God, whosoever believeth in him, that man would no more do this than innocents and infants do but for the light of natural reason that shineth in him, and maketh him apt to apprehend those things of God, which being by grace discovered, are effectual to persuade reasonable minds, and none other, that honour, obedience, and credit, belong aright unto God. No man cometh unto God to offer him sacrifice, to pour out supplications and prayers before him, or to do him any service, which doth not first believe him both to be, and to be a rewarder of them who in such sort seek unto him. Let men be taught this, either by revelation from heaven, or by instruction upon earth; by labour, study, and meditation, or by the only secret inspiration of the Holy Ghost; whatsoever the means be they know it by, if the knowledge thereof were possible without discourse of natural reason, why should none be found capable thereof but only men: nor men till such time as they come unto ripe and full ability to work by reasonable understanding? The whole drift of the Scripture of God, what is it, but only to teach theology? Theology, what is it but the science of things divine? What science can be attained unto, without the help of natural discourse and reason? Judge you of that which I speak, saith the apostle. In vain it were to speak anything of God, but that by reason men are able somewhat to judge of what they hear, and by discourse to discern how consonant it is to truth. Scripture, indeed, teacheth things above nature, things which our reason by itself could not reach unto. Yet those also we believe, knowing by reason that the Scripture is the word of God. * * The thing we have handled according to the question moved about it, which question is, whether the light of reason be so pernicious, that, in devising laws for the church, men ought not by it to search what may be fit and convenient? For this cause, therefore, we have endeavoured to make it appear, how, in the nature of reason itself, there is no impediment, but that the self-same spirit which revealeth the things that God hath set down in his law, may also be thought to aid and direct men in finding out, by the light of reason, what laws are expedient to be made for the guiding of his church, over and besides them that are in Scripture.

CHURCH MUSIC.

Touching musical harmony, whether by instrument or by voice, it being but of high and low in sounds a due proportionable disposition, such notwithstanding is the force thereof, and so pleasing effects it hath in that very part of man which is most divine, that some have been thereby induced to think that the soul itself by nature is, or hath in it, harmony; a thing which delighteth all ages, and beseemeth all states; a thing as seasonable in grief as in joy; as decent, being added unto actions of greatest weight and solemnity, as being used when men most sequester themselves from action. The reason hereof is an admirable facility which music hath to express and represent to the mind, more inwardly than any other sensible mean, the very standing, rising, and falling, the very steps and inflections every way, the turns and varieties of all passions whereunto the mind is subject; yea, so to imitate them, that, whether it resemble unto us the same state wherein our minds already are, or a clean contrary, we are not more contentedly by the one confirmed, than changed and led away by the other. In harmony, the very image and character even of virtue and vice is perceived, the mind delighted with their resemblances, and brought by having them often iterated into a love of the things themselves. For which cause there is nothing more contagious and pestilent than some kinds of harmony; than some, nothing more strong and potent unto good. And that there is such a difference of one kind from another, we need no proof but our own experience, inasmuch as we are at the hearing of some more inclined unto sorrow and heaviness, of some more mol-

lified and softened in mind; one kind apter to stay and settle us, another to move and stir our affections; there is that draweth to a marvellous grave and sober mediocrity; there is also that carrieth, as it were, into ecstacies, filling the mind with a heavenly joy, and for the time in a manner severing it from the body; so that, although we lay altogether aside the consideration of ditty or matter, the very harmony of sounds being framed in due sort, and carried from the ear to the spiritual faculties of our souls, is, by a native puissance and efficacy, greatly available to bring to a perfect temper whatsoever is there troubled: apt as well to quicken the spirits as to allay that which is too eager; sovereign against melancholy and despair; forcible to draw forth tears of devotion, if the mind be such as can yield them; able both to move and to moderate all affections. The prophet David having, therefore, singular knowledge, not in poetry alone, but in music also, judged them both to be things most necessary for the house of God, left behind him to that purpose a number of divinely-indited poems, and was further the author of adding unto poetry melody in public prayer; melody, both vocal and instrumental, for the raising up of men's hearts, and the sweetening of their affections towards God. In which considerations the church of Christ doth likewise at this present day retain it as an ornament to God's service, and a help to our own devotion. They which, under pretence of the law ceremonial abrogated, require the abrogation of instrumental music, approving, nevertheless, the use of vocal melody to remain, must show some reason wherefore the one should be thought a legal ceremony, and not the other. In church music, curiosity or ostentation of art, wanton, or light, or unsuitable harmony, such as only pleaseth the ear, and doth not naturally serve to the very kind and degree of those impressions which the matter that goeth with it leaveth, or is apt to leave, in men's minds, doth rather blemish and disgrace that we do, than add either beauty or furtherance unto it. On the other side, the faults prevented, the force and efficacy of the thing itself, when it drowneth not utterly, but fitly suiteth with matter altogether sounding to the praise of God, is in truth most admirable, and doth much edify, if not the understanding, because it teacheth not, yet surely the affection, because therein it worketh much. They must have hearts very dry and tough, from whom the melody of the psalms doth not sometime draw that wherein a mind religiously affected delighteth.

JEREMY TAYLOR.

Jeremy Taylor, the greatest divine of his day, was the son of a barber, and born at Cambridge in 1613. He took his degree in 1631 at the university of his native town, and became a clergyman. He soon came under the notice of Archbishop Land, who helped him considerably in his advancement. At the commencement of the civil war, Taylor sided with the Royalists, and was taken prisoner by the opposite party; upon his release he retired from the scene of strife and set up a school in Wales, where he lived for some time very peaceably. Here he married for the second time (his first wife having died three years after her marriage), a lady with a considerable property; and being now at his ease, he discontinued his school. At the Restoration Taylor was made Bishop of Down and Connor, and of Dromore, but he did not long enjoy these honours, as he died in 1667. The works of Taylor were very numerous, the principal are the following: 'An apology for authorised and set Forms of Liturgy' 'The Life of Christ the Great Exemplar', 'The Golden Grove', 'Theologia Eclectica, a Theory of the Liberty of Prophecying', 'The Rule and Exercise of Holy Living', 'The Rule and Exercise of Holy Dying'. The sermons of Taylor are far superior, both in style and imagery to any that preceded them.

HOLY DYING.

Seneca said well, 'There is no science or art in the world so hard as to live and die well: the professors of other arts are vulgar and many': but he that knows how to do this business, is certainly instructed to eternity. But then let me remember this, that a wise person will also put most upon the greatest interest. Common prudence will teach us this. No man will hire a general to cut wood, or shake hay with a sceptre, or spend his soul and all his faculties upon the purchase of a cockle-shell; but he will fit instruments to the dignity and exigence of the design: and therefore since heaven is so glorious a state, and so certainly designed for us, if we please, let us spend all that we have, all our passions and affections, all our study and industry, all our desires and stratagems, all our witty and ingenious faculties, towards the arriving thither; whither if we do come, every minute will infinitely pay for all the troubles of our whole life: if we do not, we shall have the reward of fools, an unpitied and an upbraided misery.

To this purpose I shall represent the state of dying and dead men in the devout words of some of the fathers of the church, whose

sense I shall exactly keep, but change their order; that by placing some of their dispersed meditations into a chain or sequel of discourse, I may, with their precious stones, make a union, and compose them into a jewel: for though the meditation is plain and easy, yet it is affectionate, and material, and true, and necessary.

The circumstances of a dying man's sorrow and danger.

When the sentence of death is decreed, and begins to be put in execution, it is sorrow enough to see or feel respectively the sad accents of the agony and last contentions of the soul, and the reluctances and unwillingnesses of the body: the forehead washed with a new and stranger baptism, besmeared with a cold sweat, tenacious and clammy, apt to make it cleave to the roof of his coffin; the nose cold and undiscerning, not pleased with perfumes, nor suffering violence with a cloud of unwholesome smoke; the eyes dim as a sullied mirror, or the face of heaven, when God shews his anger in a prodigious storm; the feet cold, the hands stiff, the physicians despairing, our friends weeping, the rooms dressed with darkness and sorrow, and the exterior parts betraying what are the violences, which the soul and spirit suffer; the nobler part, like the lord of the house, being assaulted by exterior rudenesses, and driven from all the outworks, at last faint and weary with short and frequent breathings, interrupted with the longer accents of sighs, without moisture, but the excrescences of a spilt humour, when the pitcher is broken at the cistern, it retires to its last fort, the heart; whither it is pursued, and stormed, and beaten out, as when the barbarous Thracian sacked the glory of the Grecian empire. Then calamity is great, and sorrow rules in all the capacities of man: then the mourners weep, because it is civil, or because they need thee, or because they fear; but who suffers for thee with a compassion sharp as is thy pain? Then the noise is like the faint echo of a distant valley, and few hear, and they will not regard thee, who seemest like a person void of understanding and of a departed interest. *Verè tremendum est mortis sacramentum.* But these accidents are common to all that die; and when a special Providence shall distinguish them, they shall die with easy circumstances; but as no piety can secure it, so must no confidence expect it; but wait for the time, and accept the manner of the dissolution. But that which distinguishes them is this:

He that hath lived a wicked life, if his conscience be alarmed, and that he does not die like a wolf or a tiger, without sense or remorse of all his wildness and his injury, his beastly nature, and desert and untilled manners, if he have but sense of what he is going to suffer, or what he may expect to be his portion; then we may imagine the terror of their abused fancies, how they see affrighting shapes, and because they fear them, they feel the gripes of devils, urging the unwilling souls from the kinder and fast embraces of the body, calling to the grave and hastening to judgment, exhibiting great bills of uncancelled crimes, awaking and amazing the conscience, breaking all their hope in pieces, and making faith useless and terrible, because the malice was great, and the charity was none at all. Then they look for some to have pity on them, but there is no man. No man dares be their pledge: no man can redeem their soul, which now feels what it never feared. Then the tremblings and the sorrow, the memory of the past sin, and the fear of future pains, and the sense of an angry God, and the presence of some devils, consign him to the eternal company of all the damned and accursed spirits. Then they want an angel for their guide, and the Holy Spirit for their comforter, and a good conscience for their testimony, and Christ for their advocate, and they die and are left in prisons of earth or air, in secret and undiscerned regions, to weep and tremble, and infinitely to fear the coming of the day of Christ; at which time they shall be brought forth to change their condition into a worse, where they shall for ever feel more than we can believe or understand.

But when a good man dies, one that hath lived innocently, or made joy in heaven at his timely and effective repentance, and in whose behalf the holy Jesus hath interceded prosperously, and for whose interest the spirit makes interpellations with groans and sighs unutterable, and in whose defence the angels drive away the devils on his deathbed, because his sins are pardoned, and because he resisted the devil in his life-time, and fought successfully, and persevered unto the end; then the joys break forth through the clouds of sickness, and the conscience stands upright, and confesses the glories of God, and owns so much integrity, that it can hope for pardon, and obtain it too: then the sorrows of the sickness, and the flames of the fever, or the faintness of the consumption, do but untie the soul from its chain, and let it go forth, first into liberty, and then to glory: for it is but for a little while that the face of the sky was black,

like the preparations of the night, but quickly the cloud was torn and rent, the violence of thunder parted it into little portions, that the sun might look forth with a watery eye, and then shine without a tear. But it is an infinite refreshment to remember all the comforts of his prayers, the frequent victory over his temptations, the mortification of his lust, the noblest sacrifice to God, in which he most delights, that we have given him our wills, and killed our appetites for the interests of his services: then all the trouble of that is gone; and what remains is a portion in the inheritance of Jesus, of which he now talks no more as a thing at distance, but is entering into the possession. When the veil is rent, and the prison-doors are open at the presence of God's angel, the soul goes forth full of hope, sometimes with evidence, but always with certainty in the thing, and instantly it passes into the throngs of spirits, where angels meet it singing, and the devils flock with malicious and vile purposes, desiring to lead it away with them into their houses of sorrow: there they see things which they never saw, and hear voices which they never heard. There the devils charge them with many sins, and the angels remember that themselves rejoiced when they were repented of. Then the devils aggravate and describe all the circumstances of the sin, and add calumnies; and the angels bear the sword forward still, because their Lord doth answer for them. Then the devils rage and gnash their teeth; they see the soul chaste and pure, and they are ashamed; they see it penitent, and they despair; they perceive, that the tongue was refrained and sanctified, and then hold their peace. Then the soul passeth forth and rejoices, passing by the devils in scorn and triumph, being securely carried into the bosom of the Lord, where they shall rest, till their crowns are finished, and their mansions are prepared; and then they shall feast and sing, rejoice and worship, for ever and ever. Fearful and formidable to unholy persons is the first meeting with spirits in their separation. But the victory, which holy souls receive by the mercies of Jesus Christ and the conduct of angels, is a joy that we must not understand till we feel it: and yet such which by an early and a persevering piety we may secure: but let us inquire after it no further, because it is secret.

WEALTH NOT PRODUCTIVE OF A PROPORTIONATE DEGREE OF ENJOYMENT.

First, then, suppose a man gets all the world, what is it that he gets? It is a bubble and a fantasm, and hath no reality beyond a present transient use; a thing that is impossible to be enjoyed, because its fruits and usages are transmitted to us by parts and by succession. He that hath all the world (if we can suppose such a man) cannot have a dish of fresh summer fruits in the midst of winter, not so much as a green fig: and very much of its possessions is so hid, so fugacious, and of so uncertain purchase, that it is like the riches of the sea to the lord of the shore; all the fish and wealth within all its hollownesses are his, but he is never the better for what he cannot get: all the shell fishes that produce pearl, produce them not for him; and the bowels of the earth shall hide her treasures in undiscovered retirements: so that it will signify as much to this great purchaser to be entitled to an inheritance in the upper region of the air; he is so far from possessing all its riches, that he does not so much as know of them, nor understand the philosophy of her minerals.

I consider that he that is the greatest possessor in the world, enjoys its best and most noble parts, and those which are of most excellent perfection, but in common with the inferior persons, and the most despicable of his kingdom. Can the greatest prince enclose the sun, and set one little star in his cabinet for his own use, or secure to himself the gentle and benign influence of any one constellation? Are not his subjects' fields bedewed with the same showers that water his gardens of pleasure?

Nay, those things which he esteems his ornament, and the singularity of his possessions, are they not of more use to others than to himself? For suppose his garments splendid and shining, like the robe of a cherub, or the clothing of the fields, all that he that wears them enjoys is, that they keep him warm, and clean, and modest; and all this is done by clean and less pompous vestments; and the beauty of them, which distinguishes him from others, is made to please the eyes of the beholders; and he is like a fair bird, or the meretricious painting of a wanton woman, made wholly to be looked on, that is, to be enjoyed by every one but himself: and the fairest face or the sparkling eye cannot perceive or enjoy their own beauties but by reflection. It is I that am pleased with beholding his gaiety; and the gay man, in his greatest bravery, is only pleased because I am pleased with the sight; so borrowing his little and imaginary complacency from the delight that I have, not from any inherency in his own possession.

The poorest artisan of Rome, walking in

Cæsar's gardens, had the same pleasures which they ministered to their lord: and although, it may be, he was put to gather fruits to eat from another place, yet his other senses were delighted equally with Cæsar's: the birds made him as good music, the flowers gave him as sweet smells; he there sucked as good air, and delighted in the beauty and order of the place, for the same reason and upon the same perception as the prince himself; save only that Cæsar paid, for all that pleasure, vast sums of money, the blood and treasure of a province, which the poor man had for nothing.

Suppose a man lord of all the world (for still we are but in supposition), yet since every thing is received, not according to its own greatness and worth, but according to the capacity of the receiver, it signifies very little as to our content or to the riches of our possession. If any man should give to a lion a fair meadow full of hay, or a thousand quince trees; or should give to the goodly bull, the master and the fairest of the whole herd, a thousand fair stags; if a man should present to a child a ship laden with Persian carpets, and the ingredients of the rich scarlet, all these, being disproportionate either to the appetite or to the understanding, could add nothing of content, and might declare the freeness of the presenter, but they upbraid the incapacity of the receiver. And so it does if God should give the whole world to any man. He knows not what to do with it; he can use no more, but according to the capacities of a man; he can use nothing but meat, and drink, and clothes; and infinite riches, that can give him changes of raiment every day and a full table, do but give him a clean trencher every bit he eats; it signifies no more but wantonness and variety, to the same, not to any new purposes. He to whom the world can be given to any purpose greater than a private estate can minister, must have new capacities created in him: he needs the understanding of an angel, to take the accounts of his estate; he had need have a stomach like fire or the grave, for else he can eat no more than one of his healthful subjects; and unless he hath an eye like the sun, and a motion like that of a thought, and a bulk as big as one of the orbs of heaven, the pleasures of his eye can be no greater than to behold the beauty of a little prospect from a hill, or to look upon the heap of gold packed up in a little room, or to dote upon a cabinet of jewels, better than which there is no man that sees at all, but sees every day. For, not to name the beauties and sparkling diamonds of heaven, a man's, or a woman's, or a hawk's eye, is more beauteous and excellent than all the jewels of his crown. And when we remember that a beast, who hath quicker senses than a man, yet hath not so great delight in the fruition of any object, because he wants understanding and the power to make reflex acts upon his perception, it will follow, that understanding and knowledge is the greatest instrument of pleasure, and he that is most knowing hath a capacity to become happy which a less knowing prince, or a rich person, hath not; and in this only a man's capacity is capable of enlargement. But then, although they only have power to relish any pleasure rightly, who rightly understand the nature, and degrees, and essences and ends of things; yet they that do so, understand also the vanity and unsatisfyingness of the things of this world, so that the relish, which could not be great but in a great understanding, appears contemptible, because its vanity appears at the same time; the understanding sees all, and sees through it.

ISAAC BARROW.

Isaac Barrow was born in London in 1630; he studied at Cambridge with the idea of entering the church, but gave much attention to mathematics and astronomy. From 1655 to 1659 he travelled, and upon his return to England obtained the Greek professorship at Cambridge and in 1662 that of geometry in Gresham college, London. He gave them both up on becoming Lucasian professor of mathematics at Cambridge, which office he resigned to Isaac Newton, in 1669, to whom alone he was inferior in that branch of study. In 1672 he was appointed master of Trinity college and in 1675 became vice-chancellor of the university, but died two years after, in 1677 at the age of forty seven. Barrow has left many mathematical treatises all written in the Latin tongue; he is better known to the public by his theological works consisting principally in sermons, expositions of the Creed, and different parts of the Bible.

SERMON, ST. JAMES, III. 2.

A good governance of speech is a strong evidence of a good mind; of a mind pure from vicious desires, calm from disorderly passions, void of dishonest intentions. For since speech is a child of thought, which the mind always travaileth and teemeth with, and which, after its birth, is wont in fea

tures to resemble its parent; since every man naturally is ambitious to propagate his conceits, and without a painful force cannot smother his resentments; since especially bad affections, like ruin or poison, are impetuous and turgid, so agitating all the spirits, and so swelling the heart, that it cannot easily compose or contain them; since a distempered constitution of mind, as of body, is wont to weaken the retentive faculty, and to force an evacuation of bad humours; since he that wanteth the principal wisdom of well ordering his thoughts, and mastering his passions, can hardly be conceived so prudent, as long to refrain, or to regulate their dependence, speech, considering these things, I say, it is scarce possible that he which commonly thinks ill, should constantly either be well silent, or speak well. To conceal fire, to check lightning, to confine a whirlwind, may perhaps be no less feasible, than to keep within due compass the exorbitant motions of a soul, wherein reason hath lost its command, so that *qua data porta*, where the next passage occurs, they should not rush forth, and vent themselves. A vain mind naturally will bubble forth or fly out in frothy expressions; wrath burning in the breast will flame out, or at least smoke through the mouth; rancorous imposthumes of spite and malice will at length discharge purulent matter; lust boiling within will soon foam out in lewd discourse. If the fountain itself is polluted or infected, how can the streams be clear or wholesome? 'How can ye, being evil, speak good things?' saith our Lord; 'for from the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh. A good man,' addeth he, 'out of the good treasure of the heart bringeth forth good things; and an evil man out of the evil treasure bringeth forth evil things:' *ἐκβάλλει πονηρὰ*, 'he casteth forth ill things,' as a fountain doth its waters by a natural and necessary ebullition. It is true, that in some particular cases, or at some times, a foul heart may be disguised by fair words, or covered by demure reservedness; shame, or fear, or crafty design, may often repress the declaration of ill thoughts and purposes. But such fits of dissimulation cannot hold; men cannot abide quiet under so violent constraints; the intestine jars, or unkindly truces, between heart and tongue, those natural friends, cannot be perpetual, or very durable: no man can hold his breath long, or live without evaporating through his mouth those steams of passion which arise from flesh and blood. 'My heart was hot within me, while I was musing, the fire burned; then spake I with my tongue,' saith David, expressing the difficulty of obstructing the eruption of our affections into language. Hence it is that speech is commonly judged the truest character of the mind, and the surest test of inward worth; as that which discloseth the 'hidden man of the heart,' which unlocketh the closets of the breast, which draws the soul out of her dark recesses into open light and view, which rendereth our thoughts visible, and our intentions palpable. Hence, *Loquere, ut te videam*, speak, that I may see you, or know what kind of man you are, is a saying which all men, at first meeting, do in their hearts direct one to another: neither commonly doth any man require more to ground a judgment upon concerning the worth or ability of another, than opportunity of hearing him to discourse for a competent time: yea, often before a man hath spoken ten words, his mind is caught, and a formal sentence is passed upon it. Such a strict affinity and connection do all men suppose between thoughts and words.

From hence, that the use of speech is itself a great ingredient into our practice, and hath a very general influence upon whatever we do, may be inferred, that whoever governeth it well, cannot also but well order his whole life. The extent of speech must needs be vast, since it is nearly commensurate to thought itself, which it ever closely traceth, widely ranging through all the immense variety of objects; so that men almost as often speak incogitantly, as they think silently. Speech is indeed the rudder that steereth human affairs, the spring that setteth the wheels of action on going; the hands work, the feet walk, all the members and all the senses act by its direction and impulse; yea, most thoughts are begotten, and most affections stirred up thereby: it is itself most of our employment, and what we do beside it, is, however, guided and moved by it. It is the profession and trade of many, it is the practice of all men, to be in a manner continually talking. The chief and most considerable sort of men manage all their concernments merely by words; by them princes rule their subjects, generals command their armies, senators deliberate and debate about the great matters of state: by them advocates plead causes, and judges decide them; divines perform their offices, and minister their instructions; merchants strike up their bargains, and drive on all their traffic. Whatever almost great or small is done in the court or in the hall, in the church or at the exchange, in the school or in the shop, it is the tongue alone that doeth it: it is the

force of this little machine, that turneth all the human world about. It is indeed the use of this strange organ which rendereth human life, beyond the simple life of other creatures, so exceedingly various and compounded; which creates such a multiplicity of business, and which transacts it; while by it we communicate our secret conceptions, transfusing them into others; while therewith we instruct and advise one another; while we consult about what is to be done, contest about right, dispute about truth; while the whole business of conversation, of commerce, of government and administration of justice, of learning, and of religion, is managed thereby; yea, while it stoppeth the gaps of time, and filleth up the wide intervals of business, our recreations and divertisements, the which do constitute a great portion of our life, mainly consisting therein, so that, in comparison thereof, the execution of what we determine and all other action do take up small room: and even all that usually dependeth upon foregoing speech, which persuadeth, or counselleth, or commandeth it. Whence the province of speech being so very large, it being so universally concerned, either immediately as the matter, or by consequence as the source of our actions, he that constantly governeth it well may justly be esteemed to live very excellently.

SERMON, ROM. XII. 18.

If we desire to live peaceably with all men, we are to be equal in censuring men's actions, candid in interpreting their meanings, mild in reprehending, and sparing to relate their miscarriages; to derive their actions from the best principles, from which in the judgment of charity they may be supposed to proceed, as from casual mistake rather than from wilful prejudice, from human infirmity rather than from malicious design; to construe ambiguous expressions to the most favourable sense they may admit; not to condemn men's practices without distinct knowledge of the case, and examining the reasons, which possibly may absolve or excuse them; to extenuate their acknowledged faults by such circumstances as aptly serve that purpose, and not to exaggerate them by strained consequences, or uncertain conjectures; to rebuke them, if need be, so as they may perceive we sincerely pity their errors, and tender their good, and wish nothing more than their recovery, and do not design to upbraid, deride, or insult over them, being fallen; and finally, not to recount their misdeeds over frequently, unseasonably, and with complacence. He that thus demeaneth himself, manifestly sheweth himself to prize his neighbour's good will, and to be desirous to continue in amity with him; and assuredly obliges him to be in the same manner affected toward him. But he that is rigidly severe and censorious in his judgments, blaming in them things indifferent, condemning actions allowable, detracting from qualities commendable, deducing men's doings from the worst causes, and imputing them to the worst ends, and representing them under the most odious appellations; that calls all impositions of superiors which he dislikes, tyranny, and all manners of divine worship that suit not to his fancy, superstition, and all pretences to conscience in those that dissent from him, hypocrisy, and all opinions different from his, heresy; that is suspicious of ill intention without sufficient ground, and prejudicates men's meanings before he well apprehends them, and captiously perverts sayings capable of good construction; that is curiously inquisitive into his neighbour's life, and gladly observes failings therein, and upon all occasions recites stories to his disgrace and disadvantage; that is immoderately bitter, fierce, and vehement in accusing and inveighing against others, painting such as he assumes to impugn, with the blackest colours, in the most horrid shape and ugly dress, converting all matter of discourse, though never so unseasonably and impertinently, into declamation, and therein copiously expatiating; in fine, employing his utmost might of wit and eloquence and confidence, in rendering them to others as hateful as he signifies they are to himself; such men, what do they else but loudly proclaim that they despise their neighbour's good will, purposely provoke his anger, and defy his utmost enmity? For it is impossible such dealing should not by them, who are therein concerned, be accounted extremely unjust, and to proceed from desperate hatred.

He that would effectually observe this apostolic rule, must be disposed to overlook such lesser faults committed against him, as make no great breach upon his interest or credit, yea, to forget or forgive the greatest and most grievous injuries; to excuse the mistakes, and connive at the neglects, and bear patiently the hasty passions of his neighbour, and to embrace readily any seasonable overture, and accept any tolerable conditions of reconcilement. For even in common life that observation of our Saviour most exactly holds, 'it is impossible that offences should not come'; the air may

sooner become wholly fixed, and the sea continue in a perfect rest, without waves or undulations, than human conversation be altogether free from occasions of distaste, which he that cannot either prudently dissemble, or patiently digest, must renounce all hopes of living peaceably here. He that like tinder is inflammable by the least spark, and is enraged by every angry word, and resents deeply every petty affront, and cannot endure the memory of a past unkindness should upon any terms be defaced, resolves surely to live in eternal tumult and combustion, to multiply daily upon himself fresh quarrels, and to perpetuate all enmity already begun. Whenas by total passing by those little causes of disgust, the present contention is altogether avoided, or instantly appeased; our neighbour's passion suddenly evaporates and consumes itself; no remarkable footsteps of dissension remain; our neighbour, reflecting upon what is past, sees himself obliged by our discreet forbearance; however all possible means are used to prevent trouble and preserve peace. To this purpose, 'the discretion of a man deferreth his anger, and it is his glory to pass over a transgression,' saith Solomon: and 'he that covereth a transgression seeketh love,' saith the same wise Prince.

Now briefly to induce us to the practice of this duty of living peaceably, we may consider,

1. 'How good and pleasant a thing it is,' as David saith, 'for brethren' and such we are all at least by nature, 'to live together in unity.' How that, as Solomon saith, 'better is a dry morsel and quietness therewith, than a house full of sacrifices with strife.' How delicious that conversation is, which is accompanied with a mutual confidence, freedom, courtesy, and complacence; how calm the mind, how composed the affections, how serene the countenance, how melodious the voice, how sweet the sleep, how contentful the whole life is of him, that neither deviseth mischief against others, nor suspects any to be contrived against himself; and contrariwise, how ingrateful and loathsome a thing it is to abide in a state of enmity, wrath, dissension; having the thoughts distracted with solicitous care, anxious suspicion, envious regret; the heart boiling with choler, the face overclouded with discontent, the tongue jarring and out of tune, the ears filled with discordant noises of contradiction, clamour, and reproach; the whole frame of body and soul distempered and disturbed with the worst of passions. How much more comfortable it is to walk in smooth and even paths, than to wander in rugged ways, overgrown with briars, obstructed with rubs, and beset with snares; to sail steadily in a quiet, than to be tossed in a tempestuous sea; to behold the lovely face of heaven smiling with a cheerful serenity, than to see it frowning with clouds, or raging with storms; to hear harmonious consents, than dissonant janglings; to see objects correspondent in graceful symmetry, than lying disorderly in confused heaps; to be in health, and have the natural humours consent in moderate temper, than, as it happens in diseases, agitated with tumultuous commotions: how all senses and faculties of man unanimously rejoice in those emblems of peace, order, harmony, and proportion; yea how nature universally delights in a quiet stability, or undisturbed progress of motion; the beauty, strength, and vigour of every thing requires a concurrence of force, co-operation, and contribution of help; all things thrive and flourish by communicating reciprocal aid, and the world subsists by a friendly conspiracy of its parts; and especially that political society of men chiefly aims at peace as its end, depends on it as its cause, relies on it as its support. How much a peaceful state resembles heaven, into which neither *complaint*, *pain*, nor *clamour*, *οὔτε πένθος, οὔτε πόνος, οὔτε κραυγή*, as it is in the Apocalypse, do ever enter; but blessed souls converse together in perfect love, and in perpetual concord: and how a condition of enmity represents the state of hell, that black and dismal region of dark hatred, fiery wrath, and horrible tumult. How like a paradise the world would be, flourishing in joy and rest, if men would cheerfully conspire in affection, and helpfully contribute to each other's content: and how like a savage wilderness now it is, when, like wild beasts, they vex and persecute, worry and devour each other. How not only philosophy hath placed the supreme pitch of happiness in a calmness of mind, and tranquillity of life, void of care and trouble, of irregular passions and perturbations; but that Holy Scripture itself in that one term of peace most usually comprehends all joy and content, all felicity and prosperity; so that the heavenly consort of angels, when they agree most highly to bless, and to wish the greatest happiness to mankind, could not better express their sense than by saying, 'be on earth peace, and good will among men.'

2. That as nothing is more sweet and delightful, so nothing more comely and agree-

able to human nature than peaceable living; it being, as Solomon saith, 'an honour to a man to cease from strife,' and consequently also a disgrace to him to continue therein: that rage and fury may be the excellences of beasts, and the exerting their natural animosity in strife and combat may become them; but reason and discretion are the singular eminences of men, and the use of these the most natural and commendable method of deciding controversies among them: and that it extremely misbecomes them that are endowed with those excellent faculties, so to abuse them, as not to apprehend each other's meanings, but to ground vexatious quarrels upon the mistake of them; not to be able by reasonable expedients to compound differences, but with mutual damage and inconvenience to prorogue and increase them; not to discern how exceedingly better it is to be helpful and beneficial, than to be mischievous and troublesome to one another. How foolishly and unskilfully they judge, that think by unkind speech and harsh dealing to allay men's distempers, alter their opinions, or remove their prejudices; as if they should attempt to kill by ministering nourishment, or to extinguish a flame by pouring oil upon it. How childish a thing it is eagerly to contend about trifles, for the superiority in some impertinent contest, for the satisfaction of some petty humour, for the possession of some inconsiderable toy; yea, how barbarous and brutish a thing it is to be fierce and impetuous in the pursuit of things that please us, snarling at, biting, and tearing all competitors of our game, or opposers of our undertaking. But how divine and amiable, how worthy of human nature, of civil breeding, of prudent consideration it is, to restrain partial desires, to condescend to equal terms, to abate from rigorous pretences, to appease discords, and vanquish enmities by courtesy and discretion; like the best and wisest commanders, who by skilful conduct and patient attendance upon opportunity, without striking a stroke, or shedding of blood, subdue their enemy.

3. How that peace with its near alliance and concomitants, its causes and effects, love, meekness, gentleness, and patience, are in sacred writ reputed the genuine fruits of the Holy Spirit, issues of divine grace, and offsprings of heavenly wisdom; producing like themselves a goodly progeny of righteous deeds. But that emulation, hatred, wrath, variance, and strife, derive their extraction from fleshly lust, hellish craft, or beastly folly; propagating themselves also into a like ugly brood of wicked works.

JOHN TILLOTSON.

This eminent divine, born at Sowerby in Yorkshire in 1630, studied at Cambridge where he took the degree of Master of Arts, and entered in holy orders. After filling many ecclesiastical offices he rose to the position of Archbishop of Canterbury, and died in 1694. His sermons are looked upon as models, yet they are now very little perused; he is known at the present day rather by his reputation, which, although his works have fallen into neglect, he will probably never lose. His writings occupy 13 volumes which were published in 1754.

ON SINCERITY.

Truth and Sincerity have all the advantages of appearance, and many more. If the show of any thing be good for any thing, I am sure the reality is better; for why does any man dissemble, or seem to be that which he is not, but because he thinks it good to have the qualities he pretends to? For to counterfeit and to dissemble is to put on the appearance of some real excellency. Now the best way for a man to seem to be any thing is really to be what he would seem to be. Besides, it is often as troublesome to support the pretence of a good quality, as to have it; and if a man have it not, it is most likely he will be discovered to want it, and then all his labour to seem to have it is lost. There is something unnatural in painting, which a skilful eye will easily discern from native beauty and complexion.

It is hard to personate and act a part long; for where truth is not at the bottom, nature will always be endeavouring to return, and will betray herself at one time or other. Therefore if any man think it convenient to seem good, let him be so indeed, and then his goodness will appear to every one's satisfaction; for truth is convincing, and carries its own light and evidence along with it, and will not only commend us to every man's conscience, but, which is much more, to God, who searcheth our hearts. So that upon all accounts sincerity is true wisdom. Particularly as to the affairs of this world, integrity hath many advantages over all the artificial modes of dissimulation and deceit. It is much the plainer and

easier, much the safer and more secure way of dealing in the world; it has less of trouble and difficulty, of entanglement and perplexity, of danger and hazard in it; it is the shortest and nearest way to our end, carrying us thither in a straight line, and will hold out and last longest. The arts of deceit and cunning continually grow weaker, and less effectual and serviceable to those that practise them; whereas integrity gains strength by use, and the more and longer any man practiseth it, the greater service it does him, by confirming his reputation, and encouraging those with whom he hath to do, to repose the greatest confidence in him, which is an unspeakable advantage in business and the affairs of life.

A dissembler must always be upon his guard, and watch himself carefully, that he do not contradict his own pretensions; for he acts an unnatural part, and therefore must put a continual force and restraint upon himself. Whereas he that acts sincerely hath the easiest task in the world; because he follows nature, and so is put to no trouble and care about his words and actions; he needs not invent any pretences beforehand, or make excuses afterward, for any thing he has said or done.

But insincerity is very troublesome to manage; a hypocrite hath so many things to attend to, as make his life a very perplexed and intricate thing. A liar hath need of a good memory, lest he contradict at one time what he said at another: but truth is always consistent with itself, and needs nothing to help it out; it is always near at hand, and sits upon our lips; whereas a lie is troublesome, and needs a great many more to make it good.

Add to all this, that sincerity is the most compendious wisdom, and an excellent instrument for the speedy dispatch of business. It creates confidence in those we have to deal with, saves the labour of many inquiries, and brings things to an issue in few words. It is like travelling in a plain beaten road, which commonly brings a man sooner to his journey's end than by-ways, in which men often lose themselves. In a word, whatever convenience may be thought to be in falsehood and dissimulation, it is soon over; but the inconvenience of it is perpetual, because it brings a man under an everlasting jealousy and suspicion, so that he is not believed when he speaks truth, nor trusted when perhaps he means honestly. When a man hath once forfeited the reputation of his integrity, nothing will then serve his turn, neither truth nor falsehood.

Indeed, if a man were only to deal in the world for a day, and should never have occasion to converse more with mankind, never more need their good opinion or good word, it were then no great matter (as far as respects the affairs of this world) if he spent his reputation all at once, and ventured it at one throw. But if he be to continue in the world, and would have the advantage of reputation while he is in it, let him make use of truth and sincerity in all his words and actions, for nothing but this will hold out to the end. All other arts may fail, but truth and integrity will carry a man through, and bear him out to the last.

THE ADVANTAGES OF EARLY PIETY.

Consider, if we will deny God the hearty and vigorous service of our best days, how can we expect that he will accept the faint and flattering devotions of old age? Wise men are wont to provide some stay and comfort for themselves against the infirmities of that time; that they may have something to lean upon in their weakness, something to mitigate the afflictions of that dark and gloomy evening; that what they cannot enjoy of present pleasure, may in some measure be made up to them in comfortable reflections upon the past actions of a holy and well-spent life.

But on the other hand, if we have neglected religion days without number; if we have lived a vicious life, we have foolishly contrived to make our burden then heaviest, when we are least able to stand under it; we have provided an infinite matter for repentance, when there is hardly any space left for the exercise of it; and whatever is done in it will, I fear, be so done, as to signify but very little, either to our present comfort, or to our future happiness.

Consider this, O young man, in time; and if thou wouldst not have God 'cast thee off in thine old age, and forsake thee when thy strength fail, do thou remember him in the days of thy youth; for this is the acceptable time, this is the day of salvation.'

Acquaint thyself with him, and remember him now; defer not so necessary a work, no, not for a moment: begin it just now, that so thou mayst have made some good progress in it before the 'evil days come,' before the 'sun, and the moon, and the stars be darkened,' and all the comforts and joys of life be fled and gone.

LETTER TO MR. NICHOLAS HUNT.

SIR, Edmonton, Jan. 16, 1688.

I am sorry to understand by Mr. Janeway's letter to my son, that your distemper

grows upon you, and that you seem to decline so fast. I am very sensible how much easier it is to give advice against trouble, in the case of another, than to take it in our own.

It hath pleased God to exercise me of late with a very sore trial in the loss of my dear and only child, in which I do perfectly submit to his good pleasure, firmly believing that he always does that which is best. And yet, though reason be satisfied, our passion is not so soon appeased; and, when nature has received a wound, time must be allowed for the healing of it. Since that God hath thought fit to give me a nearer summons, and a closer warning of my own mortality, in the danger of an apoplexy; which yet, I thank God for it, hath occasioned no very melancholy reflections. But this, perhaps, is more owing to natural temper than philosophy and wise consideration.

Your case I know is very different, who are of a temper naturally melancholy, and under a distemper apt to increase it; for both which, great allowances ought to be made. And yet, methinks, both reason and religion do offer us considerations of that solidity and strength, as may very well support our spirits under all frailties and infirmities of the flesh; such as these:

That God is perfect love and goodness; that we are not only his creatures, but his children, and as dear to him as to ourselves; that he does not afflict willingly, or grieve the children of men; and that all evils and afflictions, which befall us, are intended for the cure and prevention of greater evils of sin and punishment; and therefore we ought not only to submit to them with patience, as being deserved by us, but to receive them with thankfulness, as being designed by him to do us that good, and to bring us to that sense of him and ourselves, which nothing else would perhaps have done: that the sufferings of this present time are but short and light, compared with that extreme and endless misery, which we have deserved, and with that 'exceeding and eternal weight of glory' which we hope for in the other world: that, if we be careful to make the best preparations for death and eternity, whatever brings us nearer to our end brings us nearer to our happiness; and how rugged soever the way be, the comfort is that it leads us to our Father's house, where we shall want nothing that we can wish. When we labour under a dangerous distemper which threatens our life, what would we not be content to bear, in order to a perfect recovery, could we but be assured of it? And should we not be willing to endure much more, in order to perfect happiness and that eternal life which God, that 'cannot lie,' hath promised? Nature, I know, is fond of life, and apt to be still lingering after a long continuance here. And yet a long life, with the usual burthens and infirmities of it, is seldom desirable. It is but the same thing over again, or worse; so many more nights and days, summers and winters, a repetition of the same pleasures, but with less pleasure and relish every day; a return of the same or greater pain and trouble, but with less strength and patience to bear them.

These and the like considerations I use to entertain myself withal, not only with contentment but comfort, though with great inequality of temper at several times, and with much mixture of human frailties, which will always stick to us while we are in this world. However, by these kinds of thoughts death will become more familiar to us, and we shall be able by degrees to bring our minds close to it without starting at it. The greatest tenderness I find in myself is with regard to some near relations, especially the dear and constant companion of my life, which, I must confess, doth very sensibly touch me. But then I consider, and so I hope will they also, that this separation will be but a very little while; and that though I shall leave them in a bad world, yet under the care and protection of a good God, who can be more and better to them than all other relations, and will certainly be so to those that love him and hope in his mercy.

I shall not advise you what to do, and what use to make of this time of your visitation. I have reason to believe, that you have been careful in the time of your health to prepare for the evil day, and have been conversant in those books which give the best directions to this purpose; and have not, as too many do, put off the great work of your life to the end of it. And then you have nothing to do but, as well as you can under your present weakness and pains, to renew your repentance for all the errors and miscarriages of your life, and earnestly to beg God's pardon and forgiveness of them for his sake, who is the propitiation for our sins: to comfort yourself in the goodness and promises of God, and the hope of that happiness you are ready to enter into; and, in the meantime, to exercise faith and patience for a little while. And be of good courage, since you see land. The storm which you are in will soon be over; and then it will be as if it had never been, or rather the remembrance of it will be pleasant.

I do not use to write such long letters; but I do heartily compassionate your case,

and I should be glad if I could suggest any thing that might help to mitigate your trouble, and make that sharp and rugged way, through which you are to pass into a better world, a little more smooth and easy. I pray God to fit us both for that great change, which we must once undergo; and, if we be but in any good measure fit for it, sooner or later makes no great difference. I commend you to the 'Father of all mercies, and the God of all consolation,' beseeching him to increase your faith and patience, and to stand by you in your last and great conflict: that, 'when you walk through the valley of the shadow of death, you may fear no evil'; and when your heart fails, and your strength fails, you may find him 'the strength of your heart and your portion for ever.'

Farewell, my good friend; and whilst we are here let us pray for one another, that we may have a joyful meeting in another world. I rest, sir, your truly affectionate friend and servant,

J. TILLOTSON.

THOMAS BURNET.

Dr. Thomas Burnet, born in 1635, acquired great celebrity by the publication of a work entitled 'The Sacred History of the Earth, containing an account of its origin and of all the general Changes which it hath already undergone or is to undergo till the Consummation of All Things.' This volume appeared first in Latin in 1680, but was translated into the English language by the author in 1891. In a scientific point of view the production is worthless, but it possesses great attractions in its magnificent style and sublime imagery. He also wrote the book entitled 'Archæologia Philosophica' and one published after his death, originally written in Latin, under the name of 'Christian Faith and Duties.' It is said that Burnet was prevented from filling any high or distinguished office on account of his religious views. He died in 1715.

ON THE COMING OF OUR SAVIOUR.

Certainly there is nothing in the whole course of nature, or of human affairs, so great and so extraordinary as the two last scenes of them, The Coming of our Saviour, and the Burning of the World. If we could draw in our minds the pictures of these in true and lively colours, we should scarce be able to attend any thing else, or ever divert our imagination from these two objects: for what can more affect us than the greatest glory that ever was visible upon earth, and at the same time the greatest terror;—a God descending at the head of an array of Angels, and a burning World under his feet?

As to the face of nature just before the coming of our Saviour, that may be best collected from the signs of his coming mentioned in the precedent chapter. Those, all meeting together, help to prepare and make ready a theatre fit for an angry God to come down upon. The countenance of the heavens will be dark and gloomy; and a veil drawn over the face of the sun. The earth in a disposition every where to break into open flames. The tops of the mountains smoking; the rivers dry; earthquakes in several places; the sea sunk and retired into its deepest channel, and roaring as against some mighty storm. These things will make the day dead and melancholy; but the night scenes will have more of horror in them, when the blazing stars appear, like so many furies with their lighted torches, threatening to set all on fire. For I do not doubt but the comets will bear a part in this tragedy, and have something extraordinary in them at that time, either as to number or bigness, or nearness to the earth. Besides the air will be full of flaming meteors, of unusual forms and magnitudes; balls of fire rolling in the sky, and pointed lightnings darted against the earth, mixed with claps of thunder and unusual noises from the clouds. The moon and the stars will be confused and irregular, both in their light and motions; as if the whole frame of the heavens was out of order, and all the laws of nature were broken or expired.

When all things are in this languishing or dying posture, and the inhabitants of the earth under the fears of their last end, the heavens will open on a sudden and the glory of God will appear. A glory surpassing the sun in its greatest radiancy; which though we cannot describe, we may suppose it will bear some resemblance or proportion with those representations that are made in Scripture of God upon his throne. This wonder in the heavens, whatsoever its form may be, will presently attract the eyes of all the Christian world. Nothing can more affect than an object so unusual and so illustrious, and that probably brings along with it their last destiny, and will put a period to all human affairs....

As it is not possible for us to express or conceive the dread and majesty of his ap-

pearance, so neither can we, on the other hand, express the passions and consternation of the people that behold it. These things exceed the measures of human affairs, and of human thoughts: we have neither words nor comparisons to make them known by. The greatest pomp and magnificence of the Emperors of the East, in their armies, in their triumphs, in their inaugurations, is but the sport and entertainment of children, if compared with this solemnity. When God condescends to an external glory, with a visible train and equipage; when, from all the provinces of his vast and boundless empire, he summons his nobles, as I may so say—the several orders of angels and archangels—to attend his person, though we cannot tell the form or manner of his appearance, we know there is nothing in our experience, or in the whole history of this world, that can be a just representation of the least part of it. No armies so numerous as the host of Heaven; and, instead of the wild noises of the rabble, which makes a great part of our worldly state, this blessed company will breathe their hallelujahs into the open air, and repeated acclamations of salvation to God, which sits upon the throne, and to the Lamb

Imagine all Nature now standing in a silent expectation to receive its last doom; the tutelary and destroying angels to have their instructions; every thing to be ready for the fatal hour; and then, after a little silence, all the host of heaven to raise their voice, and sing aloud: Let God arise; let his enemies be scattered; as smoke is driven away, so drive them away; as wax melteth before the fire, so let the wicked perish at the presence of God. And upon this, as upon a signal given, all the sublunary world breaks into flames, and all the treasures of fire are opened in heaven and in earth.

Thus the conflagration begins. If one should now go about to represent the world on fire, with all the confusions that necessarily must be in nature and in mankind upon that occasion, it would seem to most men a romantic scene. Yet we are sure there must be such a scene. The heavens will pass away with a noise, and the elements will melt with fervent heat, and all the works of the earth will be burnt up; and these things cannot come to pass without the greatest disorders imaginable, both in the minds of man and in external nature, and the saddest spectacles that eye can behold. We think it a great matter to see a single person burnt alive; here are millions shrieking in the flames at once. It is frightful to us to look upon a great city in flames, and to see the distractions and misery of the people; here is an universal fire through all the cities of the earth, and an universal massacre of their inhabitants. Whatsoever the prophets foretold of the desolations of Judea, Jerusalem, or Babylon, in the highest strains, is more than literally accomplished in this last and general calamity; and those only that are spectators of it can make its history.

The disorders in nature and the inanimate world will be no less, nor less strange and unaccountable, than those in mankind. Every element, and every region, so far as the bounds of this fire extend, will be in a tumult and a fury, and the whole habitable world running into confusion. A world is sooner destroyed than made; and nature relapses hastily into that chaos state out of which she came by slow and leisurely motions, as an army advances into the field by just and regular marches; but, when it is broken and routed, it flies with precipitation, and one cannot describe its posture. Fire is a barbarous enemy; it gives no mercy; there is nothing but fury and rage, and ruin, and destruction wheresoever it prevails. A storm, or hurricane, though it be but the force of air, makes a strange havoc where it comes; but devouring flames, or exhalations set on fire, have still a far greater violence, and carry more terror along with them. Thunder and earthquakes are the sons of fire; and we know nothing in all nature more impetuous or more irresistibly destructive than these two. And, accordingly, in this last war of the elements, we may be sure they will bear their parts and do great execution in the several regions of the world. Earthquakes and subterraneous eruptions will tear the body and bowels of the earth; and thunders and convulsive motions of the air rend the skies. The waters of the sea will boil and struggle with streams of sulphur that run into them; which will make them fume, and smoke, and roar, beyond all storms and tempests; and these noises of the sea will be answered again from the land by falling rocks and mountains. This is a small part of the disorders of that day.

But if we suppose the storm over, and that the fire hath got an entire victory over all other bodies, and hath subdued every thing to itself, the conflagration will end in a deluge of fire, or in a sea of fire, covering the whole globe of the earth; for, when the exterior region of the earth is melted into a fluor, like molten glass or running metal, it will, according to the nature of other fluids, fill all vacuities and de-

pressions, and fall into a regular surface, at an equal distance every where from its centre. This sea of fire, like the first abyss, will cover the face of the whole earth, make a kind of second chaos, and leave a capacity for another world to rise from it. But that is not our present business. Let us only, if you please to take leave of this subject, reflect, upon this occasion, on the vanity and transient glory of all this habitable world; how, by the force of one element breaking loose upon the rest, all the varieties of nature, all the works of art, all the labours of men, are reduced to nothing; all that we admired and adored before as great and magnificent is obliterated or banished; and another form and face of things plain, simple, and every where the same, overspreads the whole earth. Where are now the great empires of the world, and their great imperial cities? Their pillars, trophies, and monuments of glory? Show me where they stood; read the inscription; tell me the victor's name. What remains, what impressions, what difference or distinction, do you see in this mass of fire? Rome itself, eternal Rome, the great city, the Empress of the world, whose domination and superstition, ancient and modern, make a great part of the history of this earth, what is become of her now? She laid her foundations deep, and her palaces were strong and sumptuous; she glorified herself and lived deliciously, and said in her heart, I sit a queen, and shall see no sorrow. But her hour is come, she is wiped away from the face of the earth, and buried in perpetual oblivion. But it is not cities only, and works of men's hands, but the everlasting hills and mountains and rocks of the earth are melted as wax before the sun; and their place is nowhere found. Here stood the Alps, a prodigious range of stone, the load of the earth, that covered many countries, and reached their arms from the ocean to the Black Sea: this huge mass of stone is softened and dissolved, as a tender cloud into rain. Here stood the African mountains, and Atlas with his top above the clouds. There was frozen Caucasus, and Taurus, and Imaus, and the mountains of Asia. And yonder, towards the north, stood the Riphæan Hills, clothed in ice and snow. All these are vanished, dropt away as the snow upon their heads, and swallowed up in a red sea of fire. Great and marvellous are thy works, Lord God Almighty; just and true are thy ways, thou King of Saints! Hallelujah.

III. PHILOSOPHICAL, HISTORICAL AND MISCELLANEOUS WRITERS.

JOHN MILTON.

LIBERTY OF THE PRESS.

I deny not but that it is of the greatest concernment in the church and commonwealth, to have a vigilant eye how books demean themselves as well as men; and thereafter to confine, imprison, and do sharpest justice on them as malefactors; for books are not absolutely dead things; but do contain a potency of life in them, to be as active as that soul whose progeny they are; nay, they do preserve, as in a vial, the purest efficacy and extraction of that living intellect that bred them. I know they are as lively, and as vigorously productive, as those fabulous dragons' teeth; and being sown up and down, may chance to spring up armed men. And yet, on the other hand, unless wariness be used, as good almost kill a man as kill a good book: who kills a man kills a reasonable creature, God's image; but he who destroys a good book, kills reason itself, kills the image of God, as it were, in the eye. Many a man lives a burden to the earth; but a good book is the precious life-blood of a master-spirit, embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life. 'Tis true no age can restore a life, whereof perhaps there is no great loss; and revolutions of ages do not oft recover the loss of a rejected truth, for the want of which whole nations fare the worse. We should be wary, therefore, what persecution we raise against the living labours of public men, how spill that seasoned life of man, preserved and stored up in books; since we see a kind of homicide may be thus committed, sometimes a kind of martyrdom; and if it extend to the whole

impression, a kind of massacre, whereof the execution ends not in the slaying of an elemental life, but strikes at that ethereal and soft essence, the breath of reason itself, slays an immortality rather than a life. * *

Wholesome meats to a vitiated stomach differ little or nothing from unwholesome; and best books to a naughty mind are not unapplicable to occasions of evil. Bad meats will scarce breed good nourishment in the healthiest concoction; but herein the difference is of bad books, that they to a discreet and judicious reader serve in many respects to discover, to confute, to forewarn, and to illustrate. * * Good and evil, we know, in the field of this world grow up together almost inseparably; and the knowledge of good is so involved and interwoven with the knowledge of evil, and in so many cunning resemblances hardly to be discerned, that those confused seeds which were imposed upon Psyche as an incessant labour to cull out, and sort asunder, were not more intermixed. It was from out the rind of one apple tasted, that the knowledge of good and evil, as two twins cleaving together, leaped forth into the world. And perhaps this is that doom which Adam fell into of knowing good and evil, that is to say, of knowing good by evil. As therefore the state of man now is, what wisdom can there be to choose, what continence to forbear, without the knowledge of evil? He that can apprehend and consider vice, with all her baits and seeming pleasures, and yet abstain, and yet distinguish, and yet prefer that which is truly better, he is the true war-faring Christian. I cannot praise a fugitive and cloistered virtue, unexercised and unbreathed, that never sallies out and sees her adversary, but slinks out of the race where that immortal garland is to be run for, not without dust and heat. Assuredly we bring not innocence into the world, we bring impurity much rather: that which purifies us is trial, and trial is by what is contrary. That virtue, therefore, which is but a yongling in the contemplation of evil, and knows not the utmost that vice promises to her followers, and rejects it, is but a blank virtue, not a pure; her whiteness is but an excremental whiteness: which was the reason why our sage and serious poet, Spenser (whom I dare be known to think a better teacher than Scotus or Aquinas), describing true temperance under the person of Guion, brings him in with his Palmer through the cave of Mammon and the bower of earthly bliss, that he might see and know, and yet abstain. Since, therefore, the knowledge and survey of vice is in this world so necessary to the constituting of human virtue, and the scanning of error to the confirmation of truth, how can we more safely, and with less danger, scout into the regions of sin and falsity, than by reading all manner of tractates, and hearing all manner of reason? * *

I lastly proceed, from the no good it can do, to the manifest hurt it causes, in being first the greatest discouragement and affront that can be offered to learning and to learned men. It was a complaint and lamentation of prelates, upon every least breath of a motion to remove pluralities, and distribute more equally church revenues, that then all learning would be for ever dashed and discouraged. But as for that opinion, I never found cause to think that the tenth part of learning stood or fell with the clergy; nor could I ever but hold it for a sordid and unworthy speech of any churchman who had a competency left him. If, therefore, ye be loath to dishearten utterly and discontent, not the mercenary crew and false pretenders to learning, but the free and ingenuous sort of such as evidently were born to study and love learning for itself, not for lucre, or any other end, but the service of God and of truth, and perhaps that lasting fame and perpetuity of praise which God and good men have consented shall be the reward of those whose published labours advance the good of mankind; then know, that so far to distrust the judgment and honesty of one who hath but a common repute in learning, and never yet offended, as not to count him fit to print his mind without a tutor and examiner, lest he should drop a schism, or something of corruption, is the greatest displeasure and indignity, to a free and knowing spirit, that can be put upon him. What advantage is it to be a man, over it is to be a boy at school, if we have only escaped the ferula to come under the fescue of an imprimatur? — if serious and elaborate writings, as if they were no more than the theme of a grammar lad under his pedagogue, must not be uttered without the cursory eyes of a temporising and extemporising licenser? He who is not trusted with his own actions, his drift not being known to be evil, and standing to the hazard of law and penalty, has no great argument to think himself reputed in the commonwealth wherein he was born for other than a fool or a foreigner. When a man writes to the world, he summons up all his reason and deliberation to assist him; he searches, meditates, is industrious, and likely consults and confers with his judicious friends; after all which is done, he takes himself to be informed in what he writes, as well as any that writ before him;

if in this, the most consummate act of his fidelity and ripeness, no years, no industry, no former proof of his abilities can bring him to that state of maturity, as not to be still mistrusted and suspected, unless he carry all his considerate diligence, all his midnight watchings, and expense of Palladian oil, to the hasty view of an unleisured licenser, perhaps much his younger, perhaps far his inferior in judgment, perhaps one who never knew the labour of bookwriting; and if he be not repulsed, or slighted, must appear in print like a puny with his guardian, and his censor's hand on the back of his title, to be his bail and surety that he is no idiot or seducer; it cannot be but a dishonour and derogation to the author, to the book, to the privilege and dignity of learning. * * And how can a man teach with authority, which is the life of teaching; how can he be a doctor in his book, as he ought to be, or else had better be silent, whenas all he teaches, all he delivers, is but under the tuition, under the correction of his patriarchal licenser, to blot or alter what precisely accords not with the hidebound humour which he calls his judgment? When every acute reader, upon the first sight of a pedantic license, will be ready with these like words to ding the book a quoit's distance from him, I hate a pupil teacher, I endure not an instructor that comes to me under the wardship of an overseeing fist. * *

And lest some should persuade ye, Lords and Commons, that these arguments of learned men's discouragement at this your order are mere flourishes, and not real, I could recount what I have seen and heard in other countries, where this kind of inquisition tyrannises; when I have sat among their learned men (for that honour I had), and been counted happy to be born in such a place of philosophic freedom, as they supposed England was, while themselves did nothing but bemoan the servile condition into which learning amongst them was brought; that this was it which had damped the glory of Italian wits: that nothing had been there written now these many years but flattery and fustian. There it was that I found and visited the famous Galileo, grown old, a prisoner, to the inquisition, for thinking in astronomy otherwise than the Franciscan and Dominican licensers thought. And though I knew that England then was groaning loudest under the prelatical yoke, nevertheless I took it as a pledge of future happiness that other nations were so persuaded of her liberty. Yet it was beyond my hope that those worthies were then breathing in her air, who should be her leaders to such a deliverance, as shall never be forgotten by any revolution of time that this world hath to finish.

Lords and Commons of England! consider what nation it is whereof ye are; and whereof ye are the governors; a nation not slow and dull, but of a quick, ingenious, and piercing spirit; acute to invent, subtile and sinewy to discourse, not beneath the reach of any point that human capacity can soar to. * * Methinks I see in my mind a noble and puissant nation rousing herself like a strong man after sleep, and shaking her invincible locks; methinks I see her as an eagle mewing her mighty youth, and kindling her undazzled eyes at the full mid-day beam; purging and unscaling her long abused sight at the fountain itself of heavenly radiance; while the whole noise of timorous and flocking birds, with those also that love the twilight, flutter about, amazed at what she means. * *

Though all the winds of doctrine were let loose to play upon the earth, so Truth be in the field, we do injuriously, by licensing and prohibiting, to misdoubt her strength. Let her and falsehood grapple; who ever knew Truth put to the worse in a free and open encounter? Her confuting is the best and surest suppressing. He who hears what praying there is for light and clear knowledge to be sent down among us, would think of other matters to be constituted beyond the discipline of Geneva, framed and fabricked already to our hands. Yet when the new light which we beg for shines in upon us, there be who envy and oppose, if it come not first in at their casements. What a collusion is this, whenas we are exhorted by the wise man to use diligence, 'to seek for wisdom as for hidden treasures,' early and late, that another order shall enjoin us to know nothing but by statute! When a man hath been labouring the hardest labour in the deep mines of knowledge, hath furnished out his findings in all their equipage, drawn forth his reasons, as it were a battle ranged, scattered and defeated all objections in his way, calls out his adversary into the plain, offers him the advantage of wind and sun, if he please, only that he may try the matter by dint of argument; for his opponents then to skulk, to lay ambushments, to keep a narrow bridge of licensing where the challenger should pass, though it be valour enough in soldiership, is but weakness and cowardice in the wars of Truth. For who knows not that Truth is strong, next to the Almighty? She needs no policies, nor stratagems, nor licensings, to make her victorious; those are the shifts and the defences that error uses against her power; give her but room, and do not bind her when she sleeps.

JOHN LOCKE.

J. Locke was born in 1632 and received his education at Westminster school, after which he entered college at Oxford, and at a later period studied for the medical profession. In 1664 he accompanied Sir Walter Vane, who was sent as envoy from Charles II, to the Elector of Brandenburg. Upon his return to Oxford, a situation in the Irish church was offered to him, which, however, he refused and soon afterwards became an inmate of the Earl of Shaftesbury's house during which time he was employed in the education of this nobleman's son. In 1672 Locke received from the Earl of Shaftesbury the office of secretary of presentations, of which he was deprived in the following year, when the Earl lost his own appointment of Lord Chancellor. Locke remained on the continent with the exception of one or two visits to England from 1675 till the revolution of 1688; during a part of this time he was obliged to lie concealed in Holland. In this interval he wrote his first letter on Toleration. In 1690 his most celebrated work, 'An Essay on the Human Understanding' was published; the composition of this production had occupied him eighteen years. In the same year he published two 'Treatises on Civil Government', and in 1695 was made a member of the 'Board of Trade', but soon found himself obliged to resign this office on account of ill health. Locke died in 1704 at the age of seventy two. Of his other works may be mentioned 'Thoughts concerning Education' (1693), 'The Reasonableness of Christianity' (1695), of which he also wrote two Vindications' 1696, and a pamphlet on 'The Conduct of the Understanding'. His 'Essay on the Human Understanding' is a most complete and philosophical examination of the human mind, its powers, and capacities, and serves as well for a fundamental book in metaphysics. His style is clear and comprehensive and not spoiled by the great number of technical terms and scholastic phrases which had been generally used in learned books until that time. The Earl of Shaftesbury has said of him: 'No one has done more towards the recalling of philosophy into the use and practice of the world, and into the company of the politer and better sort, who might well be ashamed of it in its other dress'.

CAUSES OF WEAKNESS IN MEN'S UNDERSTANDING.

There is, it is visible, great variety in men's understandings, and their natural constitutions put so wide a difference between some men in this respect, that art and industry would never be able to master; and their very natures seem to want a foundation to raise on it that which other men easily attain unto. Amongst men of equal education there is a great inequality of parts. And the woods of America, as well as the schools of Athens, produce men of several abilities in the same kind. Though this be so, yet I imagine most men come very short of what they might attain unto in their several degrees, by a neglect of their understandings. A few rules of logic are thought sufficient in this case for those who pretend to the highest improvement; whereas I think there are a great many natural defects in the understanding capable of amendment, which are overlooked and wholly neglected. And it is easy to perceive that men are guilty of a great many faults in the exercise and improvement of this faculty of the mind, which hinder them in their progress, and keep them in ignorance and error all their lives. Some of them I shall take notice of, and endeavour to point out proper remedies for, in the following discourse.

Besides the want of determined ideas, and of sagacity and exercise in finding out and laying in order intermediate ideas, there are three miscarriages that men are guilty of in reference to their reason, whereby this faculty is hindered in them from that service it might do and was designed for. And he that reflects upon the actions and discourses of mankind, will find their defects in this kind very frequent and very observable.

1. The first is of those who seldom reason at all, but do and think according to the example of others, whether parents, neighbours, ministers, or who else they are pleased to make choice of to have an implicit faith in, for the saving of themselves the pains and trouble of thinking and examining for themselves.

2. The second is of those who put passion in the place of reason, and being resolved that shall govern their actions and arguments, neither use their own, nor hearken to other people's reason, any farther than it suits their humour, interest, or party; and these, one may observe, commonly content themselves with words which have no distinct ideas to them, though, in other matters, that they come with an unbiassed indifferency to, they want not abilities to talk and hear reason, where they have no secret inclination that hinders them from being intractable to it.

3. The third sort is of those who readily and sincerely follow reason, but for want of having that which one may call large, sound, round-about sense, have not a full view of all that relates to the question, and may be of moment to decide it. We are all short-sighted, and very often see but one side of a matter; our views are not extended to all that has a connexion with it. From this defect, I think, no man is free. We see but in part, and we know but in part, and therefore it is no wonder we conclude not right from our partial views. This might instruct the proudest esteemer of his own parts how useful it is to talk and consult with others, even such as came short with him in capacity, quickness, and penetration; for, since no one sees all, and we generally have different prospects of the same thing,

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according to our different, as I may say, positions to it, it is not incongruous to think, nor beneath any man to try, whether another may not have notions of things which have escaped him, and which his reason would make use of if they came into his mind. The faculty of reasoning seldom or never deceives those who trust to it; its consequences from what it builds on are evident and certain; but that which it oftenest, if not only, misleads us in, is, that the principles from which we conclude, the grounds upon which we bottom our reasoning, are but a part; something is left out which should go into the reckoning to make it just and exact. * *

In this we may see the reason why some men of study and thought, that reason right, and are lovers of truth, do make no great advances in their discoveries of it. Error and truth are uncertainly blended in their minds, their decisions are lame and defective, and they are very often mistaken in their judgments. The reason whereof is, they converse but with one sort of men, they read but one sort of books, they will not come in the hearing but of one sort of nations; the truth is, they canton out to themselves a little Goshen in the intellectual world, where light shines, and, as they conclude, day blesses them; but the rest of that vast expansum they give up to night and darkness, and so avoid coming near it. They have a petty traffic with known correspondents in some little creek; within that they confine themselves, and are dexterous managers enough of the wares and products of that corner with which they content themselves, but will not venture out into the great ocean of knowledge, to survey the riches that nature hath stored other parts with, no less genuine, no less solid, no less useful, than what has fallen to their lot in the admired plenty and sufficiency of their own little spot, which to them contains whatsoever is good in the universe. Those who live thus mewed up within their own contracted territories, and will not look abroad beyond the boundaries that chance, conceit, or laziness, has set to their inquiries, but live separate from the notions, discourses, and attainments of the rest of mankind, may not amiss be represented by the inhabitants of the Marian islands, which, being separated by a large tract of sea from all communion with the habitable parts of the earth, thought themselves the only people of the world. And though the straitness and conveniences of life amongst them had never reached so far as to the use of fire, till the Spaniards, not many years since, in their voyages from Acapulco to Manilla brought it amongst them, yet, in the want and ignorance of almost all things, they looked upon themselves, even after that the Spaniards had brought amongst them the notice of variety of nations abounding in sciences, arts, and conveniences of life, of which they knew nothing, they looked upon themselves, I say, as the happiest and wisest people in the universe.

PRESUMPTION.

The variety of distempers in men's minds is as great as of those in their bodies; some are epidemic, few escape them, and every one too, if he would look into himself, would find some defect of his particular genius. There is scarce any one without some idiosyncrasy, that he suffers by. This man presumes upon his parts, that they will not fail him at time of need, and so thinks it superfluous labour to make any provision beforehand. His understanding is to him like *Fortunatus's* purse, which is always to furnish him without ever putting any thing into it beforehand: and so he sits still satisfied without endeavouring to store his understanding with knowledge. It is the spontaneous product of the country, and what need of labour in tillage? Such men may spread their native riches before the ignorant; but they were best not to come to stress and trial with the skilful. We are born ignorant of every thing. The superficies of things that surround them, make impressions of the negligent; but nobody penetrates into the inside without labour, attention, and industry. Stones and timber grow of themselves; but yet there is no uniform pile, with symmetry and convenience to lodge in, without toil and pains. God has made the intellectual world harmonious and beautiful without us; but it will never come into our heads all at once; we must bring it home piece-meal, and there set it up by our own industry, or else we shall have nothing but darkness and a chaos within, whatever order and light there be in things without us.

READING.

Those who have read of every thing are thought to understand every thing too, but it is not always so. Reading furnishes the mind only with materials of knowledge: it is thinking makes what we read ours. We are of the ruminating kind, and it is not enough to cram ourselves with a great load of collections; unless we chew them over

again, they will not give us strength and nourishment. There are indeed in some writers visible instances of deep thought, close and acute reasoning, and ideas well pursued. The light these would give, would be of great use, if their readers would observe and imitate them: all the rest, at best are but particularly fit to be turned into knowledge; but that can be done only by our own meditation, and examining the reach, force, and coherence, of what is said; and then, as far as we apprehend and see the connexion of ideas, so far is it ours; without that, it is but so much loose matter floating in our brain. The memory may be stored, but the judgment is little better, and the stock of knowledge not increased by being able to repeat what others have said, or produce the arguments we have found in them. Such a knowledge as this is but knowledge by hearsay, and the ostentation of it is at best but talking by rote, and very often upon weak and wrong principles. For all that is to be found in books, is not built upon true foundations, nor always rightly deduced from the principles it is pretended to be built on. Such an examen as is requisite to discover that, every reader's mind is not forward to make; especially in those who have given themselves up to a party, and only hunt for what they can scrape together, that may favour and support the tenets of it. Such men willfully exclude themselves from truth, and from all true benefit to be received by reading. Others of more indifferency often want attention and industry. The mind is backward in itself to be at the pains to trace every argument to its original, and to see upon what basis it stands, and how firmly; but yet it is this that gives so much the advantage to one man more than another in reading. The mind should, by severe rules, be tied down to this, at first uneasy, task; use and exercise will give it facility. So that those who are accustomed to it, readily, as it were with one cast of the eye, take a view of the argument, and presently, in most cases, see where it bottoms. Those who have got this faculty, one may say, have got the true key of books, and the clue to lead them through the mizmaze of a variety of opinions and authors to truth and certainty. This young beginners should be entered in, and shewed the use of, that they might profit by their reading. Those who are strangers to it, will be apt to think it too great a clog in the way of men's studies; and they will suspect they shall make but small progress, if, in the books they read, they must stand to examine and unravel every argument, and follow it step by step up to its original.

I answer, this is a good objection, and ought to weigh with those whose reading is designed for much talk and little knowledge, and I have nothing to say to it. But I am here inquiring into the conduct of the understanding in its progress towards knowledge; and to those who aim at that, I may say, that he who fair and softly goes steadily forward in a course that points right, will sooner be at his journey's end, than he that runs after every one he meets, though he gallop all day fullspeed.

To which let me add, that this way of thinking on and profiting by what we read, will be a clog and rub to any one only in the beginning; when custom and exercise has made it familiar, it will be dispatched, in the most occasions, without resting or interruption in the course of our reading. The motions and views of a mind exercised that way, are wonderfully quick; and a man used to such sort of reflections, sees as much at one glimpse, as would require a long discourse to lay before another, and make out in an entire and gradual deduction. Besides, that when the first difficulties are over, the delight and sensible advantage it brings, mightily encourages and enlivens the mind in reading, which, without this, is very improperly called study.

PLEASURE AND PAIN.

The infinitely wise Author of our being having given us the power over several parts of our bodies, to move or keep them at rest, as we think fit; and also by the motion of them, to move ourselves and contiguous bodies, in which consists all the actions of our body; having also given a power to our mind, in several instances, to choose, amongst its ideas, which it will think on, and to pursue the inquiry of this or that subject, with consideration and attention; to excite us to these actions of thinking and motion, that we are capable of, has been pleased to join to several thoughts, and several sensations, a perception of delight. If this were wholly separated from all our outward sensations and inward thoughts, we should have no reason to prefer one thought or action to another; negligence to attention, or motion to rest. And so we should neither stir our bodies nor employ our minds; but let our thoughts, (if I may so call it,) run adrift, without any direction or design; and suffer the ideas of our minds, like unregarded shadows, to make their appearances there, as it happened, without

attending to them. In which state, man, however furnished with the faculties of understanding and will, would be a very idle inactive creature, and pass his time only in a lazy lethargic dream. It has, therefore, pleased our wise Creator to annex to several objects, and the ideas which we receive from them, as also to several of our thoughts, a concomitant pleasure, and that in several objects, to several degrees; that those faculties which he had endowed us with might not remain wholly idle and unemployed by us.

Pain has the same efficacy and use to set us on work that pleasure has; we being as ready to employ our faculties to avoid that, as to pursue this; only this is worth our consideration, 'that pain is often produced by the same objects and ideas that produce pleasure in us.' This, their near conjunction, which makes us often feel pain in the sensations where we expected pleasure, gives us new occasion of admiring the wisdom and goodness of our Maker, who, designing the preservation of our being, has annexed pain to the application of many things to our bodies, to warn us of the harm that they will do, and as advices to withdraw from them. But He, not designing our preservation barely, but the preservation of every part and organ in its perfection, hath, in many cases, annexed pain to those very ideas which delight us. Thus, heat, that is very agreeable to us in one degree, by a little greater increase of it, proves no ordinary torment; and the most pleasant of all sensible objects, light itself, if there be too much of it, if increased beyond a due proportion to our eyes, causes a very painful sensation; which is wisely and favourably so ordered by nature, that when any object does, by the vehemency of its operation, disorder the instruments of sensation, whose structures cannot but be very nice and delicate, we might, by the pain, be warned to withdraw, before the organ be quite put out of order, and so be unfitted for its proper function for the future. The consideration of those objects that produce it may well persuade us, that this is the end or use of pain. For though great light be insufferable to our eyes, yet the highest degree of darkness does not at all disease them; because that causing no disorderly motion in it, leaves that curious organ unarmed, in its natural state. But yet excess of cold, as well as heat, pains us; because it is equally destructive to that temper, which is necessary to the preservation of life, and the exercise of the several functions of the body, and which consists in a moderate degree of warmth, or, if you please, a motion of the insensible parts of our bodies, confined within certain bounds.

Beyond all this, we may find another reason why God hath scattered up and down several degrees of pleasure and pain in all the things that environ and affect us, and blended them together in almost all that our thoughts and senses have to do with; that we finding imperfection, dissatisfaction, and want of complete happiness, in all the enjoyments which the creatures can afford us, might be led to seek it in the enjoyment of Him, 'with whom there is fulness of joy, and at whose right hand are pleasures for evermore.'

THOMAS FULLER.

Th. Fullar was born in 1608 and studied at Cambridge where he afterwards became a preacher and rose rapidly till he acquired the lectureship of the Savoy in London. During this time he had studied literature and published a 'History of the Holy War'. In the civil war Fuller accompanied the king's army as chaplain to Lord Hopton, and whilst in this occupation he collected materials for his subsequently published works: especially for his, 'Worthies of England', containing the biographies of a great number of men together with a considerable amount of gossip and wit. The ready sale of this work is unexampled in the annals of bookselling. After the war Fuller became a clergyman in London and occupied himself in writing the 'Church History of Britain' which was published in 1656. His other works of importance are 'The Profane and Holy State' and 'A Pisgah view of Palestine': he is also the author of several other historical works and is said to have been one of the greatest and most genuine wits of England. He was on the eve of being made a bishop when he was cut off by fever in 1661.

FROM THE CHURCH HISTORY OF ENGLAND.

Book I.

That we may the more freely and fully pay the tribute of our thanks to God's goodness, for the gospel which we now enjoy, let us recount the sad condition of the Britons our predecessors, before the Christian faith was preached unto them. 'At that time they were without Christ, being aliens from the commonwealth of Israel, and strangers from the covenants of promise, having no hope, and without God in the world.' They were foul idolaters, who, from misap-

plying that undeniable truth of 'God's being in every thing,' made every thing to be their God; trees, rivers, hills, and mountains. They worshipped devils, whose pictures remained in the days of Gildas, within and without the decayed walls of their cities, drawn with deformed faces, no doubt done to the life, according to their terrible apparitions, so that such ugly shapes did not woo, but fright people into adoration of them. Wherefore if any find in Tully that the Britons in his time had no pictures, understand him, they were not artists in that mystery, like the Greeks and Romans, they had not pieces of proportion, being rather dauhers than drawers, stainers than painters, though called *Picti* from their self-discoloration.

Three paramount idols they worshipped above all the rest, and ascribed divine honour unto them: Apollo, by them styled Belinus the Great; Andraste, or Andate, the goddess of victory; Diana, goddess of the game. This last was most especially reverenced, Britain being then all a forest, where hunting was not the recreation but the calling, and venison not the dainties but the diet of common people.

Two sorts of people were most honoured amongst the Britons: Druids, who were their philosophers, divines, lawyers; Bards, who were their prophets, poets, historians. The former were so called from δρῦς, signifying generally a tree, and properly an oak, under which they used to perform their rites and ceremonies. An idolatry whereof the Jews themselves had been guilty, for which the prophet threateneth them; 'they shall be ashamed of the oaks which they have desired.' But the signal oak which the Druids made choice of, was such a one on which misletoe did grow; by which privy token they conceived God marked it out as of sovereign virtue for his service. Under this tree, on the sixth day of the moon, whereon they began their year, they invocated their idols, and offered two white bulls, filleted in the horns, with many other ceremonies. These Pagan priests never wrote any thing, so to procure the greater veneration to their mysteries; men being bound to believe that it was some great treasure, which was locked up in such great secrecy.

The bards were next the Druids in regard and played excellently to their songs on the harps; whereby they had great operation on the vulgar, surprising them into civility unawares, they greedily swallowing whatsoever was sweetened with music. These also, to preserve their ancestors from corruption, embalmed their memories in rhyming verses, which looked both backward, in their relations, and forward, in their predictions; so that, their confidence meeting with the credulity of others, advanced their wild conjectures to the reputation of prophecies. The immortality of the soul they did not flatly deny, but falsely believe, disguised under the opinion of transanimation, conceiving that dying men's souls afterward passed into other bodies, either preferred to better, or condemned to worse, according to their former good or ill behaviour. This made them contemn death, and always maintain erected resolutions, counting a valiant death the best of bargains, wherein they did not lose, but lay out their lives to advantage. Generally they were great magicians; insomuch that Pliny saith, that the very Persians, in some sort, might seem to have learnt their magic from the Britons.

Book II.

In this sad condition God sent England a deliverer, namely, King Alfred or Alured, born in England, bred in Rome, where, by a prolepsis, he was anointed King by Pope Leo, though then but a private prince, and his three elder brothers alive, *in auspicium futuri regni*, in hope that hereafter he should come to the crown. Nor did this unction make Alfred ante-date his kingdom, who quietly waited till his foresaid brothers successively reigned, and died before him, and then took his turn in the kingdom of the West Saxons. The worst was, his condition was like a bridegroom, who, though lawfully wedded, yet might not bed his bride, till first he had conquered his rival; and must redeem England, before he could reign over it. The Danes had London, many of the in-land, most of the maritime towns, and Alfred only three effectual shires, Somerset, Dorset, and Wilts; yet by God's blessing on his valour, he got to be monarch of all England. Yea, consider him as a king in his court, as a general in his camp, as a christian in his closet, as a patron in the church, as a founder in his college, as a father in his family; his actions will every way appear no less excellent in themselves, than exemplary to others.

His most daring design was, when lying hid about Athelney, in Somersetshire, and disguised under the habit of a fiddler, being an excellent musician, he adventured into the Danish camp. Had not his spirit been undaunted, the sight of his armed foes had been enough to have put his instrument out of tune. Here, going unsuspected through their army, he discovered their condition,

and some of their intentions. Some would say, that the Danes deserved to be beaten indeed, if they would communicate their counsels to a fiddler. But let such know, Alfred made this general discovery of them, that they were remiss in their discipline, lay idle and careless; and security disarms the best appointed army. Themistocles said of himself, 'that he could not fiddle, but he knew how to make a little city great.' But our Alfred could fiddle, and make a little city great too; yea, enlarge a petty and contracted kingdom into a vast and absolute monarchy.

But, as the poets feign of Antæus, the son of the Earth, who, fighting with Hercules, and often worsted by him, recovered his strength again every time he touched the earth, revived with an addition of new spirits: so the Danes, who may seem the sons of Neptune, though often beaten by the English in land battles, no sooner recovered their ships at sea, but presently recruiting themselves, they returned from Denmark, more numerous and formidable than before. But at last, to follow the poetical fancy, as Hercules, to prevent Antæus farther reviving, hoisted him aloft, and held him strangled in his arms, till he was stark dead, and utterly expired: so, to secure the Danes from returning to the sea, who out of the Thames had with their fleet sailed up the river Ley, betwixt Hertfordshire and Essex, Alfred, with pioneers, divided the grand stream of Ley into several rivulets; so that their ships lay water-bound, leaving their mariners to shift for themselves over land, most of which fell into the hands of their English enemies; so this proved a mortal defeat to the Danish insolence.

Alfred having thus reduced England to some tolerable terms of quiet, made most of the Danes his subjects by conquest, and the rest his friends by composition, encountered a fiercer foe, namely, ignorance and barbarism, which had generally invaded the whole nation. Insomuch that he writeth, that south of Thames he found not any that could read English. Indeed, in these days all men turned students; but what did they study? Only to live secretly and safely from the fury of the Danes. And now, that the next age might be wiser than this, Alfred intended the founding of an university at Oxford.

THE GOOD YEOMAN

Is a gentleman in ore, whom the next age may see refined; and is the wax capable of a gentle impression, when the prince shall stamp it. Wise Solon, who accounted Tellus, the Athenian, the most happy man for living privately on his own lands, would surely have pronounced the English yeomanry a fortunate condition, living in the temperate zone, betwixt greatness and want, an estate of people almost peculiar to England. France and Italy are like a die, which hath no points between six and ace, nobility and peasantry. Their walls, though high, must needs be hollow, wanting filling stones. Indeed, Germany hath her boors, like our yeomen, but by a tyrannical appropriation of nobility to some few ancient families, their yeomen are excluded from ever rising higher to clarify their bloods. In England the temple of honour is bolted against none who have passed through the temple of virtue: nor is a capacity to be genteel denied to our yeoman who thus behaves himself.

He wears russet clothes, but makes golden payment, having tin in his buttons, and silver in his pocket. If he chance to appear in clothes above his rank, it is to grace some great man with his service, and then he blusheth at his own bravery. Otherwise he is the surest land-mark, whence foreigners may take aim of the ancient English customs; the gentry more floating after foreign fashions.

In his house he is bountiful both to strangers and to poor people. Some hold, when hospitality died in England, she gave her last groan amongst the yeomen of Kent. And still, at our yeoman's table you shall have as many joints as dishes: no meat disguised with strange sances; no straggling joint of a sheep in the midst of a pasture of grass, beset with sallads on every side; but solid substantial food; no servitors, more nimble with their hands than the guests with their teeth, take away meat before stomachs are taken away. Here you have that which in itself is good, made better by the store of it, and best the welcome to it.

He hath a great stroke in making a knight of the shire. Good reason, for he makes a whole line in the subsidy book, where whatsoever he is rated he pays without any regret, not caring how much his purse is let blood, so it be done by the advice of the physicians of the state.

He seldom goes far abroad, and his credit stretcheth further than his travel. He goes not to London, but *se defendendo* to save himself of a fine, being returned of a jury, where seeing the king once, he prays for him ever afterwards.

In his own country he is a main man in juries. Where if the judge please to open his eyes in matters of law, he needs not be led by the nose in matters of fact. He is very observant of the judges *item*, when it follows the truths *imprimis;* otherwise, though not

mutinous in a jury, he cares not whom he displeaseth so he pleaseth his own conscience.

He improveth his land to a double value by his good husbandry. Some grounds that wept with water, or frowned with thorns, by draining the one, and clearing the other, he makes both to laugh and sing with corn. By marl and lime-stones burnt he bettereth his ground, and his industry worketh miracles, by turning stones into bread. Conquest and good husbandry both enlarge the King's dominions: the one by the sword, making the acres more in number: the other by the plough, making the same acres more in value. Solomon saith, 'The King himself is maintained by husbandry.' Pythis, a king, having discovered rich mines in his kingdom, employed all his people in digging of them, whence tilling was wholly neglected, insomuch as a great famine ensued. His queen, sensible of the calamities of the country, invited the King her husband to dinner, as he came home hungry from overseeing his workmen in the mines. She so contrived it, that the bread and meat were most artificially made of gold; and the King was much delighted with the conceit thereof, till at last he called for real meat to satisfy his hunger. 'Nay,' said the Queen, 'if you employ all your subjects in your mines, you must expect to feed upon gold, for nothing else can your kingdom afford'.

In time of famine he is the Joseph of the country, and keeps the poor from starving. Then he taketh his stacks of corn, which not his covetousness but providence hath reserved for time of need, and to his poor neighbours abateth somewhat of the high price of the market. The neighbour gentry court him for his acquaintance, which either he modestly waveth, or thankfully accepteth, but no way greedily desireth. He insults not on the ruins of a decayed gentleman, but pities and relieves him; and as he is called goodman, he desires to answer to the name, and to be so indeed.

In war, though he serveth on foot, he is ever mounted on a high spirit; as being a slave to none, and a subject only to his own prince. Innocence and independence make a brave spirit: whereas, otherwise one must ask his leave to be valiant on whom he depends. Therefore, if a state run up all to noblemen and gentlemen, so that the husbandmen be only mere labourers or cottagers, which one calls but housed beggars, it may have good cavalry, but never good bands of foot; so that their armies will be like those birds called *apodes*, without feet, always only flying on their wings of horse. Wherefore to make good infantry, it requireth men bred, not in a servile or indigent fashion, but in some free and plentiful manner. Wisely, therefore, did that knowing Prince, King Henry the Seventh, provide laws for the increase of his yeomanry, that his kingdom should not be like to coppice-woods; where the staddles being left too thick, all run to bushes and briers, and there is little clean underwood. For enacting that houses used to husbandry should be kept up with a competent proportion of land, he did secretly sow Hydra's teeth, whereupon, according to the poet's fiction, should rise up armed men for the service of this kingdom.

EDWARD HYDE,
EARL OF CLARENDON.

Edward Hyde was born in Wiltshire 1608; his parents intended him to enter the church, but this employment not suiting his fancy, he studied for the bar, in which position he highly distinguished himself. Upon entering parliament in 1640 he quitted the profession and gave himself up to public affairs, in which he sided with the Royalists. Charles I. while at Oxford, appointed him Chancellor of the Exchequer, and created him a knight. — From 1649 to 1651 he was employed by the exiled Charles as ambassador at Madrid. He then joined this unfortunate sovereign in Paris and officiated for him as Lord Chancellor. At the Restoration Hyde took his seat as speaker in the house of Commons, and had a large share in directing the government. By the marriage of his daughter with the Duke of York, Hyde became the ancestor of two sovereigns, Mary and Anne. In 1665 he was compelled to give up the great seal at the command of Charles on account of his opposition to the profligacy of that monarch's court. He then retired to France, where he occupied himself with the accomplishment of his 'History of the Rebellion', a work in six volumes, which however is in many parts tedious. Among works of less importance he has written an autobiography and a superb 'Essay on an active and contemplative Life, and why one should be preferred to the other', which letter is a very valuable production. He died in the year 1674. A great part of his works were published after his death. The volume entitled, 'Religion and Policy, and the Countenance they should give to each other with a Survey of the Power and the Jurisdiction of the Pope in the Dominions of other princes,' appeared for the first time before the public in 1811.

CHARLES I.

It will not be unnecessary to add a short character of his person, that posterity may know the inestimable loss which the nation then underwent, in being deprived of a Prince, whose example would have had a

greater influence upon the manners and piety of the nation, than the most strict laws can have. To speak first of his private qualifications as a man, before the mention of his princely and royal virtues; he was, if ever any, the most worthy of the title of an honest man; so great a lover of justice, that no temptation could dispose him to a wrongful action, except it was so disguised to him that he believed it to be just. He had a tenderness and compassion of nature, which restrained him from ever doing a hard-hearted thing: and therefore he was so apt to grant pardon to malefactors, that the judges of the land represented to him the damage and insecurity to the public, that flowed from such his indulgence. And then he restrained himself from pardoning either murders or highway robberies, and quickly discerned the fruits of his severity by a wonderful reformation of those enormities. He was very punctual and regular in his devotions; he was never known to enter upon his recreations or sports, though never so early in the morning, before he had been at public prayers; so that on hunting days his chaplains were bound to a very early attendance. He was likewise very strict in observing the hours of his private cabinet devotions; and was so severe an exactor of gravity and reverence in all mention of religion, that he could never endure any light or profane word, with what sharpness of wit soever it was covered: and though he was well pleased and delighted with reading verses made upon any occasion, no man durst bring before him any thing that was profane or unclean. That kind of wit had never any countenance then. He was so great an example of conjugal affection, that they who did not imitate him in that particular durst not brag of their liberty: and he did not only permit, but direct his bishops to prosecute those scandalous vices, in the ecclesiastical courts, against persons of eminence and near relation to his service.

His kingly virtues had some mixture and allay, that hindered them from shining in full lustre, and from producing those fruits they should have been attended with. He was not, in his nature, very bountiful, though he gave very much. This appeared more after the Duke of Buckingham's death, after which those showers fell very rarely; and he paused too long in giving, which made those to whom he gave less sensible of the benefit. He kept state to the full, which made his Court very orderly, no man presuming to be seen in a place where he had no pretence to be. He saw and observed men long, before he received them about his person: and did not love strangers nor very confident men. He was a patient hearer of causes, which he frequently accustomed himself to at the Council Board; and judged very well, and was dexterous in the mediating part: so that he often put an end to causes by persuasion, which the stubbornness of men's humours made dilatory in courts of justice.

He was very fearless in his person; but, in his riper years, not very enterprising. He had an excellent understanding, but was not confident enough of it: which made him oftentimes change his own opinion for a worse, and follow the advice of men that did not judge so well as himself. This made him more irresolute than the conjuncture of his affairs would admit. If he had been of a rougher and more imperious nature, he would have found more respect and duty; and his not applying some severe cures to approaching evils, proceeded from the lenity of his nature and the tenderness of his conscience, which, in all cases of blood, made him choose the softer way, and not hearken to severe counsels, how reasonably soever urged. This only restrained him from pursuing his advantage in the first Scottish expedition, when, humanly speaking, he might have reduced that nation to the most entire obedience that could have been wished. But no man can say he had then many who advised him to it, but the contrary, by a wonderful indisposition all his council had to the war, or any other fatigue. He was always a great lover of the Scottish nation, having not only been born there but educated by that people, and besieged by them always, having few English about him till he was King; and the major number of his servants being still of that nation, who he thought could never fail him. And among these, no man had such an ascendant over him, by the humblest insinuations, as Duke Hamilton had.

As he excelled in all other virtues, so in temperance he was so strict, that he abhorred all debauchery to that degree, that, at a great festival solemnity where he once was, when very many of the nobility of the English and Scots were entertained, being told by one who withdrew from thence what vast draughts of wine they drank, and 'that there was one Earl who had drank most of the rest down, and was not himself moved or altered,' the King said, 'that he deserved to be hanged'; and that Earl coming shortly after into the room where his Majesty was in some gaiety, to shew how unhurt he was from that battle, the

King sent one to bid him withdraw from his Majesty's presence; nor did he in some days after appear before him.

So many miraculous circumstances contributed to his ruin, that men might well think that heaven and earth conspired it. Though he was, from the first declension of his power, so much betrayed by his own servants, that there were very few who remained faithful to him, yet that treachery proceeded not always from any treasonable purpose to do him any harm, but from particular and personal animosities against other men. And afterwards, the terror all men were under of the Parliament, and the guilt they were conscious of themselves, made them watch all opportunities to make themselves gracious to those who could do them good; and so they became spies upon their master, and from one piece of knavery were hardened and confirmed to undertake another; till at last they had no hope of preservation but by the destruction of their master. And after all this, when a man might reasonably believe that less than a universal defection of three nations could not have reduced a great King to so ugly a fate, it is most certain, that in that very hour when he was thus wickedly murdered in the sight of the sun, he had as great a share in the hearts and affections of his subjects in general, was as much beloved, esteemed, and longed for by the people in general of the three nations, as any of his predecessors had ever been. To conclude, he was the worthiest gentleman, the best master, the best friend, the best husband, the best father, and the best Christian, that the age in which he lived produced. And if he were not the greatest king, if he were without some parts and qualities which have made some kings great and happy, no other prince was ever unhappy who was possessed of half his virtues and endowments, and so much without any kind of vice.

CROMWELL.

He was one of those men, *quos vituperare ne inimici quidem possunt, nisi ut simul laudent;* whom his very enemies could not condemn without commending him at the same time: for he could never have done half that mischief without great parts of courage, industry, and judgment. He must have had a wonderful understanding in the natures and humours of men, and as great a dexterity in applying them; who, from a private and obscure birth (though of a good family), without interest or estate, alliance or friendship, could raise himself to such a height, and compound and knead such opposite and contradictory tempers, humours, and interests into a consistence that contributed to his designs and to their own destruction; whilst himself grew insensibly powerful enough to cut off those by whom he had climbed, in the instant that they projected to demolish their own building. What was said of Cinna may very justly be said of him, *ausum eum, quae nemo auderet bonus; perfecisse, quae a nullo, nisi fortissimo, perfici possent:* he attempted those things which no good man durst have ventured on; and achieved those in which none but a valiant and great man could have succeeded. Without doubt, no man with more wickedness ever attempted any thing, or brought to pass what he desired more wickedly, more in the face and contempt of religion and moral honesty; yet wickedness as great as his could never have accomplished these designs, without the assistance of a great spirit, an admirable circumspection and sagacity, and a most magnanimous resolution.

When he appeared first in the parliament, he seemed to have a person in no degree gracious, no ornament of discourse, none of those talents which used to conciliate the affections of the stander-by: yet as he grew into place and authority, his parts seemed to be raised as he had occasion to use them; and when he was to act the part of a great man, he did it without any indecency, notwithstanding the want of custom.

After he was confirmed and invested Protector by the humble Petition and Advice, he consulted with very few upon any action of importance, nor communicated any enterprise he resolved upon, with more than those who were to have principal parts in the execution of it; nor with them sooner than was absolutely necessary. What he once resolved, in which he was not rash, he would not be dissuaded from, nor endure any contradiction of his power and authority; but extorted obedience from them who were not willing to yield it.

One time, when he had laid some very extraordinary tax upon the city, one Cony, an eminent fanatic, and one who had heretofore served him very notably, positively refused to pay his part; and loudly dissuaded others from submitting to it, 'as an imposition notoriously against the law, and the property of the subject, which all honest men were bound to defend.' Cromwell sent for him, and cajoled him with the memory of 'the old kindness and friendship that had been between them; and that of all men he did not expect this opposition from him, in a matter that was so necessary for the good of the commonwealth. It had

been always his fortune to meet with the most rude and obstinate behaviour from those who had formerly been absolutely governed by him; and they commonly put him in mind of some expressions and sayings of his own, in cases of the like nature; so this man remembered him how great an enemy he had expressed himself to such grievances, and had declared, 'that all who submitted to them, and paid illegal taxes, were more to blame, and greater enemies to their country, than they who had imposed them; and that the tyranny of princes could never be grievous, but by the tameness and stupidity of the people.' When Cromwell saw that he could not convert him, he told him, 'that he had a will as stubborn as his, and he would try which of them two should be master.' Thereupon, with some expressions of reproach and contempt, he committed the man to prison; whose courage was nothing abated by it; but as soon as the term came, he brought his Habeas Corpus in the King's Bench, which they then called the Upper Bench. Maynard, who was of council with the prisoner, demanded his liberty with great confidence, both upon the illegality of the commitment, and the illegality of the imposition, as being laid without any lawful authority. The judges could not maintain or defend either, and enough declared what their sentence would be; and therefore the protector's attorney required a further day, to answer what had been urged. Before that day, Maynard was committed to the Tower for presuming to question or make doubt of his authority; and the judges were sent for, and severely reprehended for suffering that licence; when they, with all humility, mentioned the law and Magna Charta, Cromwell told them, with terms of contempt and derision, 'their Magna F —— should not control his actions; which he knew were for the safety of the commonwealth.' He asked them, 'who made them judges? whether they had any authority to sit there, but what he gave them? and if his authority were at an end, they knew well enough what would become of themselves; and therefore advised them to be more tender of that which could only preserve them'; and so dismissed them with caution 'that they should not suffer the lawyers to prate what it would not become them to hear.'

Thus he subdued a spirit that had been often troublesome to the most sovereign power, and made Westminster Hall as obedient and subservient to his commands as any of the rest of his quarters. In all other matters, which did not concern the life of his jurisdiction, he seemed to have great reverence for the law, rarely interposing between party and party. As he proceeded with this kind of indignation and haughtiness with those who were refractory, and durst contend with his greatness, so towards all who complied with his good pleasure, and courted his protection, he used great civility, generosity, and bounty.

To reduce three nations, which perfectly hated him, to an entire obedience to all his dictates; to awe and govern those nations by an army that was indevoted to him, and wished his ruin, was an instance of a very prodigious address. But his greatness at home was but a shadow of the glory he had abroad. It was hard to discover which feared him most, France, Spain, or the Low Countries, where his friendship was current at the value he put upon it. As they did all sacrifice their honour and their interest to his pleasure, so there is nothing he could have demanded that either of them would have denied him. To manifest which there needs only two instances. The first is, when those of the valley of Lucerne had unwarily risen in arms against the Duke of Savoy, which gave occasion to the Pope and the neighbouring princes of Italy to call and solicit for their extirpation, and their prince positively resolved upon it, Cromwell sent his agent to the Duke of Savoy, a prince with whom he had no correspondence or commerce, and so engaged the cardinal, and even terrified the pope himself, without so much as doing any grace to the English Roman Catholics (nothing being more usual than his saying, 'that his ships in the Mediterranean should visit Civita Vecchia; and that the sound of his cannon should be heard in Rome),' that the duke of Savoy thought it necessary to restore all that he had taken from them, and did renew all those privileges they had formerly enjoyed and newly forfeited.

The other instance of his authority was yet greater, and more incredible. In the city of Nismes, which is one of the fairest in the province of Languedoc, and where those of the religion do most abound, there was a great faction at that season when the consuls (who are the chief magistrates) were to be chosen. Those of the reformed religion had the confidence to set up one of themselves for that magistracy; which they of the Roman religion resolved to oppose with all their power. The dissension between them made so much noise, that the intendant of the province, who is the supreme minister in all civil affairs throughout the whole province, went thither to prevent

any disorder that might happen. When the day of election came, those of the religion possessed themselves with many armed men of the town-house, where the election was to be made. The magistrates sent to know what their meaning was: to which they answered, 'They were there to give their voices for the choice of the new consuls, and to be sure that the election should be fairly made.' The bishop of the city, the intendant of the province, with all the officers of the church, and the present magistrates of the town, went together in their robes to be present at the election, without any suspicion that there would be any force used. When they came near the gate of the town-house, which was shut, and they supposed would be opened when they came, they within poured out a volley of musket-shot upon them, by which the dean of the church, and two or three of the magistrates of the town, were killed upon the place, and very many others wounded, whereof some died shortly after. In this confusion, the magistrates put themselves into as good posture to defend themselves as they could, without any purpose of offending the other, till they should be better provided; in order to which they sent an express to the court, with a plain relation of the whole matter of fact: 'And that there appeared to be no manner of combination with those of the religion in other places of the province; but that it was an insolence in those of the place, upon the presumption of their great numbers, which were little inferior to those of the Catholics.' The court was glad of the occasion, and resolved that this provocation, in which other places were not involved, and which nobody could excuse, should warrant all kind of severity in that city, even to the pulling down their temples, and expelling many of them for ever out of the city; which, with the execution and forfeiture of many of the principal persons, would be a general mortification to all of the religion in France; with whom they were heartily offended: and a part of the army was forthwith ordered to march towards Nismes, to see this executed with the utmost rigour.

Those of the religion in the town were quickly sensible into what condition they had brought themselves; and sent with all possible submission to the magistrates to excuse themselves, and to impute what had been done to the rashness of particular men, who had no order for what they did. The magistrates answered, 'That they were glad they were sensible of their miscarriage; but they could say nothing upon the subject, till the king's pleasure should be known: to whom they had sent a full relation of all that had passed.' The others very well knew what the king's pleasure would be, and forthwith sent an express, one Moulins, who had lived many years in that place, and in Montpelier, to Cromwell, to desire his protection and interposition. The express made so much haste, and found so good a reception the first hour he came, that Cromwell, after he had received the whole account, bade him, 'refresh himself after so long a journey, and he would take such care of his business that by the time he came to Paris he should find it dispatched;' and, that night, sent away another messenger to his ambassador Lockhart; who, by the time Moulins came thither, had so far prevailed with the cardinal, that orders were sent to stop the troops, which were upon their march towards Nismes; and within a few days after, Moulins returned with a full pardon and amnesty from the king, under the great seal of France, so fully confirmed with all circumstances, that there was never further mention made of it; but all things passed as if there had never been any such thing. So that nobody can wonder that his memory remains still in those parts, and with those people, in great veneration.

He would never suffer himself to be denied any thing he ever asked of the cardinal, alleging, 'that the people would not be otherwise satisfied;' which the cardinal bore very heavily, and complained of to those with whom he would be free. One day he visited Madam Turenne, and when he took his leave of her, she, according to her custom, besought him to continue gracious to the churches. Whereupon the cardinal told her, 'That he knew not how to behave himself; if he advised the king to punish and suppress their insolence, Cromwell threatened him to join the Spaniards: and if he showed any favour to them, at Rome they accounted him a heretic.'

To conclude his character, Cromwell was not so far a man of blood as to follow Machiavel's method; which prescribes, upon a total alteration of government, as a thing absolutely necessary, to cut off all the heads of those, and extirpate their families, who are friends to the old one. It was confidently reported that, in the council of officers, it was more than once proposed, 'That there might be a general massacre of all the royal party, as the only expedient to secure the government;' but that Cromwell would never consent to it, it may be, out of too great a contempt of his enemies. In a word, as he was guilty of many crimes, against

which damnation is denounced, and for which hell-fire is prepared, so he had some good qualities which have caused the memory of some men in all ages to be celebrated; and he will be looked upon by posterity as a brave wicked man.

JOHN BUNYAN,

the son of a tinker, was born at Eton in Bedfordshire in 1628; after receiving some little instruction in reading and writing he resolved to follow his father's trade, and travelled for many years about the country in this capacity. He represents himself as having during this period been deeply sunk in profligacy, but in 1665 he resolved to lead a religious life, was baptized and induced to become a preacher to a Baptist congregation. He retained this post five years, at the end of which time he was apprehended as an upholder of unlawful religious assemblies and confined in Bedford jail, where he remained for twelve years and a half and wrote several works of which that entitled 'The Pilgrim's Progress from this World into that which is to come' is the most celebrated. This allegorical work is, as its title denotes, a description of the life of a christian. After being released from his imprisonment, he resumed his occupation of an itinerant preacher until the proclamation of liberty to his sect was issued by James II., when he erected a meetinghouse in Bedford of which he became Pastor and many attended his preaching. He died when on a visit to London in 1688 in the sixty first year of his age.

CHRISTIAN IN THE HANDS OF GIANT DESPAIR.

Now there was, not far from the place where they lay, a castle, calling Doubting Castle, the owner whereof was Giant Despair, and it was in his grounds they now were sleeping; wherefore he, getting up in the morning early, and walking up and down in his fields, caught Christian and Hopeful asleep in his grounds. Then with a grim and surly voice, he bid them awake, and asked them whence they were, and what they did in his grounds? They told him they were pilgrims, and that they had lost their way. Then said the giant, You have this night trespassed on me, by trampling and lying on my ground, and therefore you must go along with me. So they were forced to go, because he was stronger than they. They also had but little to say, for they knew themselves in fault. The giant, therefore, drove them before him, and put them into his castle, in a very dark dungeon, nasty and stinking to the spirits of those two men. Here they lay from Wednesday morning till Saturday night, without one bit of bread, or drop of drink, or light, or any to ask how they did: they were therefore here in evil case, and were far from friends and acquaintance. Now, in this place Christian had double sorrow, because it was through his unadvised haste that they were brought into this distress.

Now, Giant Despair had a wife, and her name was Diffidence: so when he was gone to bed, he told his wife what he had done, to wit, that he had taken a couple of prisoners and cast them into his dungeon, for trespassing on his grounds. Then he asked her also what he had best to do further to them. So she asked him what they were, whence they came, and whither they were bound, and he told her. Then she counselled him, that when he arose in the morning, he should beat them without mercy. So when he arose, he getteth him a grievous crab-tree cudgel, and goes down into the dungeon to them, and there first falls to rating them as if they were dogs, although they never gave him a word of distaste: then he falls upon them, and beats them fearfully, in such sort that they were not able to help themselves, or turn them upon the floor. This done, he withdraws, and leaves them there to condole their misery, and to mourn under their distress: so all that day they spent their time in nothing but sighs and bitter lamentations. The next night she talked with her husband about them further, and understanding that they were yet alive, did advise him to counsel them to make away with themselves. So when morning was come, he goes to them in a surly manner, as before, and perceiving them to be very sore with the stripes that he had given them the day before, he told them, that since they were never like to come out of that place, their only way would be forthwith to make an end of themselves, either with knife, halter, or poison: For why, said he, should you choose life, seeing it is attended with so much bitterness? But they desired him to let them go; with which he looked ugly upon them, and rushing to them, had doubtless made an end to them himself, but that he fell into one of his fits (for he sometimes in sun-shiny weather fell into fits), and lost for a time the use of his hands: wherefore he withdrew, and left them, as before, to consider what to do. Then did the prisoners consult between themselves whether it was best to take his counsel or no; and thus they began to discourse: —

Chr. Brother, said Christian, what shall

we do? The life that we now live is miserable. For my part, I know not whether it is best to live thus, or die out of hand. 'My soul chooseth strangling rather than life,' and the grave is more easy for me than this dungeon! Shall we be ruled by the giant?

Hope. Indeed our present condition is dreadful, and death would be far more welcome to me, than thus for ever to abide: but let us consider, the Lord of the country to which we are going hath said, Thou shalt do no murder: no, not to any man's person; much more then are we forbidden to take his counsel to kill ourselves. Besides, he that kills another can but commit murder on his own body; but for one to kill himself, is to kill body and soul at once. And, moreover, my brother, thou talkest of ease in the grave; but hast thou forgotten the hell, whither for certain the murderers go? For no murderer hath eternal life, &c. And let us consider, again, that all laws are not in the hand of Giant Despair: others, so far as I can understand, have been taken by him as well as we, and yet have escaped out of his hands. Who knows but that God, who made the world, may cause that Giant Despair may die; or that, at some time or other, he may forget to lock us in; or that he may in a short time have another of his fits before us, and may lose the use of his limbs? and if ever that should come to pass again, for my part I am resolved to pluck up the heart of a man, and to try my utmost to get from under his hand. I was a fool that I did not try to do it before; but, however, my brother, let us be patient, and endure a while: the time may come that he may give us a happy release; but let us not be our own murderers. With these words Hopeful at present did moderate the mind of his brother; so they continued together (in the dark) that day in their sad and doleful condition.

Well, towards the evening, the giant goes down into the dungeon again, to see if his prisoners had taken his counsel; but when he came there he found them alive; and truly, alive was all; for now, what for want of bread and water, and by reason of the wounds they received when he beat them, they could do little but breathe. But, I say, he found them alive; at which he fell into a grievous rage, and told them, that seeing they had disobeyed his counsel, it should be worse with them than if they had never been born.

At this they trembled greatly, and I think that Christian fell into a swoon; but coming a little to himself again, they renewed their discourse about the giant's counsel, and whether yet they had best take it or no. Now, Christian again seemed to be for doing it; but Hopeful made his second reply as followeth: —

Hope. My brother, said he, remembrest thou not how valiant thou hast been heretofore? What hardships, terror, and amazement, hast thou already gone through, and art thou now nothing but fear? Thou seest that I am in the dungeon with thee, a far weaker man by nature than thou art; also this giant has wounded me as well as thee, and hath also cut off the bread and water from my mouth, and with thee I mourn without the light. But let us exercise a little more patience.

Now, night being come again, and the giant and his wife being a-bed, she asked concerning the prisoners, and if they had taken his counsel; to which he replied, They are sturdy rogues; they choose rather to bear all hardships than to make away with themselves. Then said she, Take them into the castle-yard to-morrow, and show them the bones and skulls of those thou hast already despatched, and make them believe, ere a week comes to an end, thou wilt also tear them in pieces, as thou hast done their fellows before them.

So when the morning was come, the giant goes to them again, and takes them into the castle-yard, and shows them as his wife had bidden him. These, said he, were pilgrims, as you are, once; and they trespassed in my grounds, as you have done; and, when I thought fit, I tore them in pieces, and so within ten days I will do you; go, get ye down to your den again: and with that he beat them all the way thither.

They lay, therefore, all day on Saturday in a lamentable case; as before. Now, when night was come, and when Mrs. Diffidence and her husband the giant were got to bed, they began to renew their discourse of their prisoners; and, withal, the old giant wondered that he could neither by his blows nor counsel bring them to an end. And with that his wife replied, I fear, said she, that they live in hope that some will come to relieve them, or that they have pick-locks about them, by the means of which they hope to escape. And sayest thou so, my dear? said the giant: I will therefore search them in the morning.

Well, on Saturday, about midnight, they began to pray, and continued in prayer till almost break of day.

Now, a little before it was day, good Christian, as one half amazed, brake out in this passionate speech: What a fool am I

thus to lie in a stinking dungeon, when I may as well walk at liberty? I have a key in my bosom, called Promise, that will, I am persuaded, open any lock in Doubting Castle. Then said Hopeful, That's good news, good brother; pluck it out of thy bosom and try.

Then Christian pulled it out of his bosom, and began to try at the dungeon-door, whose bolt (as he turned the key) gave back, and the door flew open with ease, and Christian and Hopeful both came out. Then he went to the outer door that leads into the castle-yard, and with his key opened that door also. After, he went to the iron gate, for that must be opened too; but that lock went very hard, yet the key did open it. Then they thrust open the door to make their escape with speed, but that gate, as it opened, made such a cracking, that it waked Giant Despair, who hastily rising to pursue his prisoners, felt his limbs to fail; for his fits took him again, so that he could by no means go after them. Then they went on, and came to the king's highway, and so were safe, because they were out of his jurisdiction.

Now, when they were gone over the stile, they began to contrive with themselves what they should do at that stile to prevent those that should come after from falling into the hands of Giant Despair. So they consented to erect there a pillar, and to engrave upon the stile thereof this sentence: — „Over this stile is the way to Doubting Castle, which is kept by Giant Despair, who despiseth the King of the Celestial Country, and seeks to destroy his holy pilgrims." Many, therefore, that followed after, read what was written, and escaped the danger.

JOHN DRYDEN.

Born 1631. Died 1700.

THE GROUNDS OF CRITICISM IN TRAGEDY.

Tragedy is thus defined by Aristotle, omitting what I thought unnecessary in his definition. It is an imitation of one entire, great, and probable action, not told, but represented; which, by moving in us fear and pity, is conducive to the purging of those two passions in our minds. More largely thus; Tragedy describes or paints an action, which action must have all the proprieties above named. First, it must be one or single, that is, it must not be a history of one man's life, suppose of Alexander the Great, or Julius Cæsar, but one single action of theirs. This condemns all Shakspeare's historical plays, which are rather chronicles represented, than tragedies: and all double action of plays. As to avoid a satire upon others, I will make bold with my own Marriage A-la-mode, where there are manifestly two actions, not depending upon one another: but in Oedipus there cannot properly be said to be two actions, because the love of Adrastus and Eurydice has a necessary dependence on the principal design, into which it is woven. The natural reason of this rule is plain; for two different independent actions distract the attention and concernment of the audience, and consequently destroy the intention of the poet. If his business be to move terror and pity, and one of his actions be comical, the other tragical, the former will divert the people, and utterly make void his greater purpose. Therefore, as in perspective, so in tragedy, there must be a point of sight in which all the lines terminate; otherwise the eye wanders, and the work is false. This was the practice of the Grecian stage. But Terence made an innovation in the Roman: all his plays have double actions; for it was his custom to translate two Greek comedies, and to weave them into one of his, yet so, that both the actions were comical; and one was principal, the other but secondary or subservient. And this has obtained on the English stage, to give us the pleasure of variety.

As the action ought to be one, it ought as such, to have order in it; that is, to have a natural beginning, a middle, and an end. A natural beginning, says Aristotle, is that which could not necessarily have been placed after another thing; and so of the rest.

The following properties of the action are so easy, that they need not my explaining. It ought to be great, and to consist of great persons, to distinguish it from comedy; where the action is trivial, and the persons of inferior rank. The last quality of the action is, that it ought to be probable, as well as admirable and great. It is not necessary that there should be historical truth in it; but always necessary that there should be a likeness of truth, something that is more than is barely possible, *probable* being that which succeeds or happens oftener than it misses. To invent therefore a probability,

and to make it wonderful, is the most difficult undertaking in the art of poetry: for that which is not wonderful is not great, and that which is not probable will not delight a reasonable audience. This action thus described, must be represented, and not told, to distinguish dramatic poetry from epic: — but I hasten to the end, or scope of tragedy; which is to rectify or purge our passions, fear and pity.

To instruct delightfully is the general end of all poetry. Philosophy instructs, but it performs its work by precept; which is not delightful, or not so delightful as example. To purge the passions by example, is therefore the particular instruction which belongs to tragedy. Rapin, a judicious critic, has observed from Aristotle, that pride, and want of commiseration, are the most predominant vices in mankind; therefore, to cure us of these two, the inventors of tragedy have chosen to work upon two other passions, which are, fear and pity. We are wrought to fear, by their setting before our eyes some terrible example of misfortune, which happened to persons of the highest quality; for such an action demonstrates to us, that no condition is privileged from the turns of fortune: this must of necessity cause terror in us, and consequently abate our pride. But when we see that the most virtuous, as well as the greatest, are not exempt from such misfortunes, that consideration moves pity in us, and insensibly works us to be helpful to, and tender over, the distressed; which is the noblest and most godlike of moral virtues. Here it is observable, that it is absolutely necessary to make a man virtuous, if we desire he should be pitied. We lament not, but detest, a wicked man; we are glad when we behold his crimes are punished, and that poetical justice is done upon him. Euripides was censured by the critics of his time, for making his chief characters too wicked: for example, Phædra, though she loved her son-in-law with reluctancy, and that it was a curse upon her family for offending Venus, yet was thought too ill a pattern for the stage. Shall we, therefore, banish all characters of villany? I confess I am not of that opinion; but it is necessary that the hero of the play be not a villain: that is, the characters which should move our pity ought to have virtuous inclinations, and degrees of moral goodness in them. As for a perfect character of virtue, it never was in nature; and therefore there can be no imitation of it. But there are allays of frailty to be allowed for the chief persons; yet so that the good which is in them shall outweigh the bad, and consequently leave room for punishment on the one side, and pity on the other.

After all, if any one will ask me, whether a tragedy cannot be made upon any other grounds, than those of exciting pity and terror in us; — Bossu, the best of modern critics, answers thus in general: that all excellent arts, and particularly that of poetry, have been invented and brought to perfection by men of a transcendent genius: and that, therefore, they who practise afterwards the same arts, are obliged to tread in their footsteps, and to search in their writings the foundation of them; for it is not just that new rules should destroy the authority of the old. But Rapin writes more particularly thus: that no passions in a story are so proper to move our concernment as fear and pity: and that it is from our concernment we receive our pleasure, is undoubted; when the soul becomes agitated with fear for one character, or hope for another, then it is that we are pleased in tragedy, by the interest which we take in their adventures.

Here, therefore, the general answer may be given to the first question, how far we ought to imitate Shakspeare and Fletcher in their plots: namely, that we ought to follow them so far only, as they have copied the excellencies of those who invented and brought to perfection dramatic poetry: those things only excepted, which religion, customs of countries, idioms of languages, &c. have altered in the superstructures, but not in the foundation of the design.

The manners, in a poem, are understood to be those inclinations, whether natural or acquired, which move and carry us to actions, good, bad, or indifferent, in a play; or which incline the persons to such actions. I have anticipated part of this discourse already, declaring that a poet ought not to make the manners perfectly good in his best persons: but neither are they to be more wicked in any of his characters, than necessity requires. To produce a villain without other reason than a natural inclination to villany, is, in poetry, to produce an effect without a cause; and to make him more a villain than he has just reason to be, is to make an effect which is stronger than the cause.

The manners arise from many causes; and are either distinguished by complexion, as choleric and phlegmatic, or by the differences of age or sex, of climates, or quality of the persons, or their present condition. They are likewise to be gathered from the several virtues, vices, or passions, and many other commonplaces which a poet must be

supposed to have learned from natural philosophy, ethics, and history; of all which whosoever is ignorant, does not deserve the name of poet.

But as the manners are useful in this art, they may be all comprised under these general heads: First, they must be apparent; that is, in every character of the play some inclinations of the person must appear; and these are shewn in the actions and discourse. Secondly, the manners must be suitable or agreeing to the persons; that is, to the age, sex, dignity, and the other general heads of manners: thus, when a poet has given the dignity of a king to one of his persons, in all his actions and speeches that person must discover majesty, magnanimity, and jealousy of power: because these are suitable to the general manners of a king. The third property of manners is resemblance; and this is founded upon the particular characters of men, as we have them delivered to us by relation or history: that is, when a poet has the known character of this or that man before him, he is bound to represent him such, at least not contrary to that which fame has reported him to have been. Thus it is not a poet's choice to make Ulysses choleric, or Achilles patient, because Homer has described them quite otherwise. Yet this is a rock on which ignorant writers daily split; and the absurdity is as monstrous, as if a painter should draw a coward running from a battle, and tell us it was the picture of Alexander the Great. — The last property of manners is, that they be constant and equal, that is, maintained the same through the whole design: thus, when Virgil had once given the name of pious to Aeneas, he was bound to shew him such, in all his words and actions, throughout the whole poem. All these properties Horace has hinted to a judicious observer: 1. *Notandi sunt tibi mores;* 2. *Aut famam sequere,* 3. *aut sibi convenientia finge;* 4. *Servetur ad imum, qualis ad incepto processerit, et sibi constet.*

From the manners the characters of persons are derived; for indeed, the characters are no other than the inclinations as they appear in the several persons of the poem; a character being thus defined, — that which distinguishes one man from another. Not to repeat the same things over again, which have been said of the manners, I will only add what is necessary here. A character, or that which distinguishes one man from all others, cannot be supposed to consist of one particular virtue, or vice, or passion only; but it is a composition of qualities which are not contrary to one another in the same person: thus the same man may be liberal and valiant, but not liberal and covetous; so in a comical character, or humour, which is an inclination to this or that particular folly, Falstaff is a liar and a coward, a glutton and a buffoon, because all these qualities may agree in the same man. Yet it is still to be observed, that one virtue, vice, and passion, ought to be shewn in every man, as predominant over all the rest; as covetousness in Crassus, love of his country in Brutus; and the same in characters which are feigned.

The character or hero in a tragedy, as I have already shewn, ought in prudence to be such a man, who has so much more in him of virtue than of vice, that he may be left amiable to the audience, which otherwise cannot have any concernment for his sufferings; it is on this one character that the pity and terror must be principally, if not wholly, founded: a rule which is extremely necessary, and which none of the critics that I know, have fully discovered to us. For terror and compassion work but weakly, when they are divided into many persons. If Creon had been the chief character in Oedipus, there had neither been terror nor compassion moved, but only detestation of the man, and joy for his punishment; if Adrastus and Eurydice had been made more appearing characters, then the pity had been divided, and lessened on the part of Oedipus; but making Oedipus the best and bravest person, and even Jocasta but an under-part to him, his virtues and the punishment of his fatal crime, drew both the pity and the terror to himself.

By what had been said of the manners it will be easy for a reasonable man to judge, whether the characters be truly or falsely drawn in a tragedy; for if there be no manners appearing in the characters, no concernment for the persons can be raised: no pity or horror can be moved, but by vice or virtue; therefore, without them, no person can have business in the play. If the inclinations be obscure, it is a sign the poet is in the dark, and knows not what manner of man he presents to you; and consequently you can have no idea, or very imperfect, of that man; nor can judge what resolutions he ought to take, or what words or actions are proper for him. Most comedies made up of accidents, or adventures, are liable to fall into this error; and tragedies, with many turns, are subject to it: for the manners never can be evident, where the surprises of fortune take up all the business of the stage, and where the poet is more in pain to tell you what happened

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to such a man, than what he was. It is one of the excellencies of Shakspeare, that the manners of his persons are generally apparent, and you see their bent and inclinations. Fletcher comes far short of him in this, as indeed he does almost in every thing; there are but glimmerings of manners in most of his comedies, which run upon adventures; and in his tragedies, Rollo, Otto, the King-and-No-King, Melantius, and many others of his best, are but pictures shewn you in the twilight; you know not whether they resemble vice or virtue; and they are either good, bad, or indifferent, as the present scene requires it. But of all poets, this commendation is to be given to Ben Jonson, that the manners, even of the most inconsiderable persons in his plays, are every where apparent.

By considering the second quality of manners, which is that they may be suitable to the age, quality, country, dignity, &c. of the character, we may likewise judge whether a poet has followed nature. In this kind Sophocles and Euripides have more excelled among the Greeks, than Aeschylus; and Terence more than Plautus among the Romans: thus Sophocles gives to Oedipus the true qualities of a king, in both those plays which bear his name; but in the latter, which is the Oedipus Coloneus, he lets fall on purpose his tragic style; his hero speaks not in the arbitrary tone, but remembers, in the softness of his complaints, that he is an unfortunate old man; that he is banished from his country, and persecuted by his next relations.

SHAKSPEARE.

To begin, then, with Shakspeare. He was the man, who, of all modern, and perhaps ancient poets, had the largest and most comprehensive soul. All the images of nature were still present to him, and he drew them not laboriously, but luckily. When he describes anything, you more than see it — you feel it too. Those who accuse him to have wanted learning, give him the greater commendation. He was naturally learned; he needed not the spectacles of books to read nature; he looked inwards, and found her there. I cannot say he is everywhere alike; were he so, I should do him injury to compare him with the greatest of mankind. He is many times flat, insipid; his comic wit degenerating into clenches, his serious swelling into bombast. But he is always great when some great occasion is presented to him; no man can say he ever had a fit subject for his wit, and did not then raise himself as high above the rest of poets,

Quantum lenta solent inter viburna cupressi.

The consideration of this made Mr. Hales of Eton say, that there was no subject of which any poet ever writ, but he would produce it much better done in Shakspeare; and however others are now generally preferred before him, yet the age wherein he lived, which had contemporaries with him Fletcher and Jonson, never equalled them to him in their esteem. And in the last king's court, when Ben's reputation was at highest, Sir John Suckling, and with him the greater part of the courtiers, set our Shakspeare far above him.

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

Beaumont and Fletcher, of whom I am next to speak, had, with the advantage of Shakspeare's wit, which was their precedent, great natural gifts, improved by study; Beaumont especially, being so accurate a judge of plays, that Ben Jonson, while he lived, submitted all his writings to his censure, and, 'tis thought, used his judgment in correcting, if not contriving, all his plots. What value he had for him, appears by the verses he writ to him, and therefore I need speak no farther of it. The first play that brought Fletcher and him in esteem was their 'Philaster;' for before that they had written two or three very unsuccessfully: as the like is reported of Ben Jonson, before he writ 'Every Man in his Humour.' Their plots were generally more regular than Shakspeare's, especially those which were made before Beaumont's death; and they understood and imitated the conversation of gentlemen much better; whose wild debaucheries, and quickness of wit in repartees, no poet before them could paint as they have done. Humour, which Ben Jonson derived from particular persons, they made it not their business to describe: they represented all the passions very lively, but above all, love. I am apt to believe the English language in them arrived to its highest perfection: what words have since been taken in, are rather superfluous than ornamental. Their plays are now the most pleasant and frequent entertainments of the stage; two of theirs being acted through the year, for one of Shakspeare's or Jonson's: the reason is, because there is a certain gaiety in their comedies, and pathos in their more serious plays, which suits generally with all men's humours. Shakspeare's language is likewise a little obsolete, and Ben Jonson's wit comes short of theirs.

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BEN JONSON.

As for Jonson, to whose character I am now arrived, if we look upon him while he was himself (for his last plays were but his dotages), I think him the most learned and judicious writer which any theatre ever had. He was a most severe judge of himself, as well as others. One cannot say he wanted wit, but rather that he was frugal of it. In his works you find little to retrench or alter. Wit, and language, and humour also in some measure, we had before him; but something of art was wanting to the drama, till he came. He managed his strength to more advantage than any who preceded him. You seldom find him making love in any of his scenes, or endeavouring to move the passions; his genius was too sullen and saturnine to do it gracefully, especially when he knew he came after those who had performed both to such a height. Humour was his proper sphere; and in that he delighted most to represent mechanic people. He was deeply conversant in the ancients, both Greek and Latin, and he borrowed boldly from them; there is scarce a poet or historian among the Roman authors of those times whom he has not translated in 'Sejanus' and 'Catiline.' But he has done his robberies so openly, that one may see he fears not to be taxed by any law. He invades authors like a monarch; and what would be theft in other poets is only victory in him. With the spoils of these writers he so represented Rome to us, in its rites, ceremonies, and customs, that if one of their poets had written either of his tragedies, we had seen less of it than in him. If there was any fault in his language, 'twas that he weaved it too closely and laboriously, in his comedies especially: perhaps, too, he did a little too much romanise our tongue, leaving the words which he translated almost as much Latin as he found them; wherein, though he learnedly followed their language, he did not enough comply with the idiom of ours. If I would compare him with Shakspeare, I must acknowledge him the more correct poet, but Shakspeare the greater wit. Shakspeare was the Homer, or father of our dramatic poets: Jonson was the Virgil, the pattern of elaborate writing: I admire him, but I love Shakspeare. To conclude of him; as he has given us the most correct plays, so, in the precepts which he has laid down in his 'Discoveries,' we have as many and profitable rules for perfecting the stage, as any wherewith the French can furnish us.

SIR WILLIAM TEMPLE.

Sir William Temple was born in London 1628 and studied at Cambridge. In 1661 he obtained a seat in the Irish parliament. Shortly afterwards he entered into the diplomatic service of England, and fulfilled his duties so well, that he was appointed English resident at the court at Brussels, and in 1668, Ambassador at the Hague, in which position he remained during a year. From 1669 to 1674, Temple lived a retired and private life; in 1674 he was again appointed ambassador at the Hague. Upon his return to England in 1679 the king offered him a situation in government which he refused. Charles however still took much council from Temple, and by his advice instituted a privy-council of thirty members. Temple became one of them, but he was so disgusted with their proceedings, that he completely retired from public life in 1681. He died in 1698. The greater part of his works consist in miscellaneous productions. Those worthy to be mentioned are the following: 'Observations upon the United Provinces of the Netherlands', 'Essay on the Origin and Nature of Government', 'Essay on Ancient and Modern Learning', 'Essay on Heroic Virtue', 'Essay on Popular Discontents', 'Essay on Health and long Life'.

AGAINST EXCESSIVE GRIEF.

Addressed to the Countess of Essex in 1674, after the death of her only daughter.

The honour which I received by a letter from your ladyship was too great not to be acknowledged; yet I doubted whether that occasion could bear me out in the confidence of giving your ladyship any further trouble. But I can no longer forbear, on account of the sensible wounds that have so often of late been given your friends here, by the desperate expressions in several of your letters respecting your temper of mind, your health, and your life; in all which you must allow them to be extremely concerned. Perhaps none can be, at heart, more partial than I am to whatever regards your ladyship, nor more inclined to defend you on this very occasion, how unjust and unkind soever you are to yourself. But when you throw away your health, or your life, so great a remainder of your own family, and so great hopes of that into which you are entered, and all by a desperate melancholy, upon an event past remedy, and to which all the mortal race is perpetually subject, give me leave to tell you, madam, that what you do is not at all consistent either with so good a Christian, or so reasonable and great a person, as your ladyship appears to the world in all other lights.

I know no duty in religion more generally agreed on, nor more justly required by God Almighty, than a perfect submission

to his will in all things; nor do I think any disposition of mind can either please him more, or becomes us better, than that of being satisfied with all he gives, and contented with all he takes away. None, I am sure, can be of more honour to God, nor of more ease to ourselves. For, if we consider him as our Maker, we cannot contend with him; if as our Father, we ought not to distrust him; so that we may be confident, whatever he does is intended for good; and whatever happens that we interpret otherwise, yet we can get nothing by repining, nor save anything by resisting.

But if it were fit for us to reason with God Almighty, and your ladyship's loss were acknowledged as great as it could have been to any one, yet, I doubt, you would have but ill grace to complain at the rate you have done, or rather as you do; for the first emotions or passions may be pardoned; it is only the continuance of them which makes them inexcusable. In this world, madam, there is nothing perfectly good; and whatever is called so, is but either comparatively with other things of its kind, or else with the evil that is mingled in its composition; so he is a good man who is better than men commonly are, or in whom the good qualities are more than the bad; so, in the course of life, his condition is esteemed good, which is better than that of most other men, or in which the good circumstances are more than the evil. By this measure, I doubt, madam, your complaints ought to be turned into acknowledgments, and your friends would have cause to rejoice rather than to condole with you. When your ladyship has fairly considered how God Almighty has dealt with you in what he has given, you may be left to judge yourself how you have dealt with him in your complaints for what he has taken away. If you look about you, and consider other lives as well as your own, and what your lot is, in comparison with those that have been drawn in the circle of your knowledge; if you think how few are born with honour, how many die without name or children, how little beauty we see, how few friends we hear of, how much poverty, and how many diseases there are in the world, you will fall down upon your knees, and, instead of repining at one affliction, will admire so many blessings as you have received at the hand of God.

To put your ladyship in mind of what you are, and of the advantages which you have, would look like a design to flatter you. But this I may say, that we will pity you as much as you please, if you will tell us who they are whom you think, upon all circumstances, you have reason to envy. Now, if I had a master who gave me all I could ask, but thought fit to take one thing from me again, either because I used it ill, or gave myself so much over to it as to neglect what I owed to him, or to the world; or, perhaps, because he would show his power, and put me in mind from whom I held all the rest, would you think I had much reason to complain of hard usage, and never to remember any more what was left me, never to forget what was taken away?

It is true you have lost a child, and all that could be lost in a child of that age: but you have kept one child, and you are likely to do so long; you have the assurance of another, and the hopes of many more. You have kept a husband, great in employment, in fortune, and in the esteem of good men. You have kept your beauty and your health, unless you have destroyed them yourself, or discouraged them to stay with you by using them ill. You have friends who are as kind to you as you can wish or as you can give them leave to be. You have honour and esteem from all who know you; or if ever it fails in any degree, it is only upon that point of your seeming to be fallen out with God and the whole world, and neither to care for yourself, nor anything else, after what you have lost.

You will say, perhaps, that one thing was all to you, and your fondness of it made you indifferent to everything else. But this, I doubt, will be so far from justifying you, that it will prove to be your fault as well as your misfortune. God Almighty gave you all the blessings of life, and you set your heart wholly upon one, and despise or undervalue all the rest, is this his fault or yours? Nay, is it not to be very unthankful to Heaven, as well as very scornful to the rest of the world? is it not to say, because you have lost one thing God has given, you thank him for nothing he has left, and care not what he takes away? is it not to say, since that one thing is gone out of the world, there is nothing left in it which you think can deserve your kindness or esteem? A friend makes me a feast, and places before me all that his care or kindness could provide: but I set my heart upon one dish alone, and, if that happens to be thrown down, I scorn all the rest; and though he sends for another of the same kind, yet I rise from the table in a rage, and say, 'My friend is become my enemy, and he has done me the greatest wrong in the world.' Have I reason, madam, or good grace in what I do? or

would it become me better to eat of the rest that is before me, and think no more of what had happened, and could not be remedied?

Christianity teaches and commands us to moderate our passions; to temper our affections towards all things below; to be thankful for the possession, and patient under the loss, whenever he who gave shall see fit to take away. Your extreme fondness was perhaps as displeasing to God before as now your extreme affliction is; and your loss may have been a punishment for your faults in the manner of enjoying what you had. It is at least pious to ascribe all the ill that befalls us to our own demerits, rather than to injustice in God. And it becomes us better to adore the issues of his providence in the effects, than to inquire into the causes; for submission is the only way of reasoning between a creature and its Maker; and contentment in his will is the greatest duty we can pretend to, and the best remedy we can apply to all our misfortunes.

But, madam, though religion were no party in your case, and for so violent and injurious a grief you had nothing to answer to God, but only to the world and yourself, yet I very much doubt how you would be acquitted. We bring into the world with us a poor, needy, uncertain life; short at the longest, and unquiet at the best. All the imaginations of the witty and the wise have been perpetually busied to find out the ways to revive it with pleasures, or to relieve it with diversions; to compose it with ease, and settle it with safety. To these ends have been employed the institutions of lawgivers, the reasonings of philosophers, the inventions of poets, the pains of labouring, and the extravagances of voluptuous men. All the world is perpetually at work that our poor mortal lives may pass the easier and happier for that little time we possess them, or else end the better when we lose them. On this account riches and honours are coveted, friendship and love pursued, and the virtues themselves admired in the world. Now, madam, is it not to bid defiance to all mankind, to condemn their universal opinions and designs, if, instead of passing your life as well and easily, you resolve to pass it as ill and miserably as you can? You grow insensible to the conveniences of riches, the delights of honour and praise, the charms of kindness or friendship: nay, to the observance or applause of virtues themselves; for who can you expect, in these excesses of passions, will allow that you show either temperance or fortitude, either prudence or justice? And as for your friends, I suppose you reckon upon losing their kindness, when you have sufficiently convinced them they can never hope for any of yours, since you have left none for yourself, or anything else.

Passions are perhaps the stings without which, it is said, no honey is made. Yet I think all sorts of men have ever agreed, they ought to be our servants and not our masters; to give us some agitation for entertainment or exercise, but never to throw our reason out of its seat. It is better to have no passions at all, than to have them too violent; or such alone as, instead of heightening our pleasures, afford us nothing but vexation and pain.

In all such losses as your ladyship's has been, there is something that common nature cannot be denied; there is a great deal that good nature may be allowed. But all excessive and outrageous grief or lamentation for the dead was accounted, among the ancient Christians, to have something heathenish; and, among the civil nations of old, to have something barbarous: and therefore it has been the care of the first to moderate it by their precepts, and of the latter to restrain it by their laws. When young children are taken away, we are sure they are well, and escape much ill, which would, in all appearance, have befallen them if they had stayed longer with us. Our kindness to them is deemed to proceed from common opinions or fond imaginations, not friendship or esteem; and to be grounded upon entertainment rather than use in the many offices of life. Nor would it pass from any person besides your ladyship, to say you lost a companion and a friend of nine years old: though you lost one, indeed, who gave the fairest hopes that could be of being both in time and every-thing else that is estimable and good But yet that itself is very uncertain, considering the chances of time, the infection of company, the snares of the world, and the passions of youth: so that the most excellent and agreeable creature of that tender age might, by the course of years and accidents, become the most miserable herself; and a greater trouble to her friends by living long, than she could have been by dying young.

Yet after all, madam, I think your loss so great, and some measure of your grief so deserved, that, would all your passionate complaints, all the anguish of your heart, do anything to retrieve it; could tears water the lovely plant, so as to make it grow again after once it is cut down; could sighs furnish new breath, or could it draw life and spirits from the wasting of yours, I am

snre your friends would be so far from accusing your passion, that they would encourage it as much, and share it as deeply, as they could. But alas! the cternal laws of the creation extinguisb all such hopes, forbid all such designs; nature gives us many children and friends to take them away, but takes none away to give tbem to us again. And this makes tbe excesses of grief to be universally condemned as unnatural, because so much in vain; whereas nature does nothing in vain: as unreasonable, becausc so contrary to our own designs; for we all design to be well and at ease, and hy grief we make onrselves trouhles most properly ont of the dust, whilst our ravings and complaints are bnt like arrows shot up into the air at no mark, and so to no purpose, hnt only to fall back upon our own heads and destroy onrselves.

Perhaps, madam, you will say this is your design, or, if not, your desire; but I hope you are not yet so far gone or so desperately bent. Your ladyship knows very well your life is not your own, hut His who lent it you to manage and preserve in the best way you can, and not to throw it away, as if it came from some common hand. Our life belongs, in a great measure, to our eonntry and our family: therefore, by all human laws, as well as divine, self-murder has ever been agreed upon as the greatest crime; and it is punished here witb the utmost shame, which is all that can he inflicted upon the dead. But is the crime much less to kill ourselves by a slow poison than hy a sudden wound? Now, if we do it, and know we do it, hy a long and contimual grief, can we think ourselves innocent? Wbat great difference is tbere, if we break our hearts or consume them, if we pierce them or bruise them; since all terminates in the same death, as all arises from the same despair? But wbat if it does not go so far; it is not, indeed, so bad as it might be, but that does not excuse it. Though I do not kill my neighbour, is it no hnrt to wound him, or to spoil him of the conveniences of life? The greatest crime is for a man to kill bimsclf: is it a small one to wound himself hy anguisb of heart, hy grief, or despair; to ruin his health, to shorten his age, to deprive himself of all the pleasure, ease, and enjoyment of life?

Next to the mischiefs which we do onrselves, are those which we do our children and onr friends, who deserve best of us, or at least deserve no ill. The child you carry about you, wbat has it done that yon should endeavour to deprive it of life almost as soon as you bestow it? — or, if you suffer it to be born, that you sbould, by your ill-usage of yourself, so mucb impair the strength of its body, and perhaps the very temper of its mind, by giving it such an infusion of melancboly as may serve to discolour the objects and disrelish tbe accidents it may meet with in the common train of life? Would it be a small injury to my lord Capell to deprive him of a mother, from whose prudence and kindness he may justly expect the care of his health and education, the forming of his body, and tbe cultivating of his mind; the seeds of honour and virtue, and the true principles of a happy life? How has Lord Essex deserved that you shonld deprive him of a wife whom he loves with so mnch passion, and, which is more, with so much reason; wbo is so great an honour and support to his family, so great a hope to his fortune, and comfort to his life? Are there so many left of your own great family that you sbould desire in a manner wbolly to reduce it, by suffering almost the last branch of it to wither away before its time? or is your country, in this age, so stored with great persons, that you should envy it those whom we may justly expect from so noble a race?

Wbilst I bad any hopes that your tears would ease you, or that your grief would consume itself hy liberty and time, your ladyship knows very well I never accused it, nor never increased it by the common formal ways of attempting to assnage it: and this, I am surc, is the first office of the kind I ever performed, otherwise than in the most ordinary forms. I was in hopes what was so violent could not be long; but wben I observed it to grow stronger with age, and increase like a stream tbe fnrther it ran; when I saw it draw out to snch unhappy consequences, and threaten not less than yonr child, your healtb, and your life, I could no longer forbear this endeavour. Nor can I end it without begging of your ladyship, for God's sake, for your own, for that of yonr children and your friends, your country and your family, that you would no longer ahandon yourself to so disconsolate a passion; but that you would at length awaken your piety, give way to your prudence, or, at least, rouse up the invincible spirit of tbe Percies, which never yet shrunk at any disaster; that you would sometimes remember the great honours and fortunes of your family, not always the losses; cherish those veins of good humonr that are so natural to you, and sear np those of ill, that would make you so unkind to your children and to yourself; and, above

all, that you would enter upon the cares of your health and your life. For my part, I know nothing that could be so great an honour and a satisfaction to me, as if your ladyship would own me to have contributed towards this cure; but, however, none can perhaps more justly pretend to your pardon for the attempt, since there is none, I am sure, who has always had at heart a greater honour for your ladyship's family, nor can have more esteem for you, than, madam, your most obedient and most humble servant.

FOURTH PERIOD.

FROM THE REIGN OF QUEEN ANNE

TILL THE YEAR 1780.

I. THE WITS OF QUEEN ANNE'S REIGN.

MATTHEW PRIOR.

Matthew Prior was born in 1664 and studied at Cambridge. In 1688 he wrote his 'Country Mouse and City Mouse' a parody upon 'The Hind and the Panther' of Dryden. Afterwards he received the post of secretary to the plenipotentiaries at the Hague, then became a gentleman of the royal bedchamber, at a later period secretary to the lordlieutenant of Ireland, and ultimately ambassador to France. In 1713 he was put into prison upon a charge of high treason: there he remained two years, at the end of which period he was proved innocent of the charge imputed to him, and liberated. During the time of his confinement he wrote his poem 'Alma'. Of his poetical works 'Solomon' is the most extensive; his miscellaneous poems consist in odes, ballads, epigrams and songs. He died in 1721.

CHARITY.

Did sweeter sounds adorn my flowing tongue,
Than ever man pronounc'd or angel sung;
Had I all knowledge, human and divine,
That thought can reach, or science can define;
And had I power to give that knowledge birth,
In all the speeches of the babbling earth;
Did Shadrach's zeal my glowing breast inspire
To weary tortures, and rejoice in fire;
Or had I faith like that which Israel saw,
When Moses gave them miracles and law;
Yet, gracious Charity! indulgent guest,
Were not thy pow'r exerted in my breast,
Those speeches would send up unheeded pray'r,
That scorn of life would be but wild despair;
A cymbal's sound were better than my voice;
My faith were form, my eloquence were noise.

Charity! decent, modest, easy, kind,
Softens the high, and rears the abject mind;
Knows with just reins, and gentle hand, to guide
Betwixt vile shame and arbitrary pride:
Not soon provok'd, she easily forgives,
And much she suffers, as she much believes:
Soft peace she brings wherever she arrives;
She builds our quiet, as she forms our lives:
Lays the rough paths of peevish nature even,
And opens in each heart a little heaven.

Each other gift, which God on man bestows,
Its proper bounds and due restriction knows;
To one fix'd purpose dedicates its pow'r,
And, finishing its act, exists no more.
Thus, in obedience to what heav'n decrees,
Knowledge shall fail, and prophecy shall cease:

But lasting Charity's more ample sway,
Nor bound by time, nor subject to decay,
In happy triumph shall for ever live,
And endless good diffuse, and endless praise receive.

As, through the artist's intervening glass,
Our eye observes the distant planets pass;
A little we discover; but allow
That more remains unseen than art can show;
So, whilst our mind its knowledge would improve,
(Its feeble eye intent on things above,)
High as we may, we lift our Reason up,
By Faith directed, and confirm'd by Hope:
Yet are we able only to survey
Dawnings of beams, and promises of day,
Heav'n's fuller effluence mocks our dazzled sight;
Too great its swiftness, and too strong its light,
But soon the mediate clouds shall be dispell'd;
The sun shall soon be face to face beheld,
In all his robes, with all his glory on,
Seated sublime on his meridian throne.
Then constant Faith, and holy Hope shall die,
One lost in certainty, and one in joy;
Whilst thou, more happy pow'r, fair Charity,
Triumphant sister, greatest of the three,
Thy office and thy nature still the same,
Lasting thy lamp, and unconsum'd thy flame,
Still shalt survive: — —
Shalt stand before the host of heav'n confest,
For ever blessing, and for ever blest.

THE REMEDY WORSE THAN THE DISEASE.

I sent for Radcliffe; was so ill,
That other doctors gave me over:
He felt my pulse, prescribed his pill,
And I was likely to recover.

But, when the wit began to wheeze,
And wine had warm'd the politician,
Cured yesterday of my disease,
I died last night of my physician.

THE CAMELEON.

As the Cameleon, who is known
To have no colours of his own;
But borrows from his neighbour's hue
His white or black, his green or blue;
And struts as much in ready light,
Which credit gives him upon sight,
As if the rainbow were in tail
Settled on him and his heirs male;
So the young 'squire, when first he comes
From country school to Will's or Tom's,
And equally, in truth, is fit
To be a statesman, or a wit;
Without one notion of his own,
He saunters wildly up and down,
Till some acquaintance, good or bad,
Takes notice of a staring lad,
Admits him in among the gang;
They jest, reply, dispute, harangue:
He acts and talks, as they befriend him,
Smear'd with the colours which they lend him.

Thus, merely as his fortune chances,
His merit or his vice advances.

If haply he the sect pursues,
That read and comment upon news;
He takes up their mysterious face;
He drinks his coffee without lace;
This week his mimic tongue runs o'er
What they have said the week before;
His wisdom sets all Europe right,
And teaches Marlborough when to fight.

Or if it be his fate to meet
With folks who have more wealth than wit;
He loves cheap port, and double hub,
And settles in the Hum-drum club;
He learns how stocks will fall or rise;
Holds poverty the greatest vice;
Thinks wit the bane of conversation,
And says that learning spoils a nation.

But if, at first, he minds his bits,
And drinks champaign among the wits;
Five deep he toasts the towering lasses;
Repeats you verses wrote on glasses;
Is in the chair; prescribes the law;
And lies with those he never saw.

ALEXANDER POPE.

This important and distinguished poet was born in London on the 21st of May 1688. His youthful days were passed in Windsor Forest, whose beautiful scenery tended to inspire him with a love of nature, and to furnish him with poetical ideas. At the age of twelve, Pope wrote his 'Ode to Solitude' which gave evidence of his genius, and of his great abilities. At the age of 16 he produced his 'Pastorals or Spring, Summer, Autumn and Winter.' In 1709 appeared his Ode to St. Cecilia's Day, 1711 his Essay on Criticism, in which latter poem the author shows a vast amount of profound reading and ripe judgment: 'The rape of the Lock', 'The Temple of Fame', and the 'Elegy on an unfortunate Lady' followed; in 1713 appeared his 'Windsor Forest' written in 1704; in 1716 the 'Epistle from Eloisa to Abelard' and in 1733 his 'Essay on Man'. In 1727 he published in conjunction with Swift, his 'Miscellanies' in prose and verse, which drew down upon the authors a torrent of invective, and ultimately led to the 'Dunciad' by Pope; but although the critics were so powerfully answered by his biting satire, they took their effect upon him, changed his temper, and embittered his later days. From 1713 to 1725 Pope employed himself in his celebrated work — his Translation of 'Homer's Iliad and Odyssey', of which he could write fifty verses a day. It is universally considered that he has not been successful in conveying the ideas of the original, although the publication was at the time very much approved of. Between the years 1733 and 1740 Pope gave to the world his Satires, Epistles and Moral-Essays, and in 1742 added a fourth book to the Dunciad, describing the reign of the Goddess of Dullness upon Earth and the millennium of ignorance and stupidity. Pope died on the 30th of May 1744 at Twickenham where he was also interred.

CONTENTMENT.

Happy the man, whose wish and care
A few paternal acres bound,
Content to breathe his native air
In his own ground.

Whose herds with milk, whose fields with bread,
Whose flocks supply him with attire;
Whose trees in summer yield him shade,
In winter fire.

Blest who can unconcern'dly find
Hours, days, and years slide soft away,
In health of body, peace of mind,
Quiet by day,

Sound sleep by night: study and ease,
Together mix'd: sweet recreation,
And innocence, which most does please
With meditation.

Thus let me live, unseen, unknown;
Thus unlamented let me die,
Steal from the world, and not a stone
Tell where I lie.

THE UNIVERSAL PRAYER.

Father of All! in every age,
In every clime ador'd,
By saint, by savage, and by sage,
Jehovah, Jove, or Lord.

Thou great first cause, least understood;
Who all my sense confin'd
To know but this, that thou art good,
And that myself am blind;

Yet give me, in this dark estate,
To see the good from ill;
And, binding nature fast in fate,
Left free the human will.

What conscience dictates to be done,
Or warns me not to do,
This, teach me more than hell to shun,
That more than heaven pursue.

What blessings thy free bounty gives,
Let me not cast away;
For God is paid when man receives,
T'enjoy is to obey.

Yet not to earth's contracted span
Thy goodness let me bound,
Or think thee Lord alone of man,
When thousand worlds are round.

Let not this weak, unknowing hand
Presume thy bolts to throw,
And deal damnation round the land,
On each I judge thy foe.

If I am right, thy grace impart,
Still in the right to stay:
If I am wrong, oh, teach my heart
To find that better way!

Save me alike from foolish pride,
Or impious discontent,
At aught thy wisdom has deny'd,
Or aught thy goodness lent.

Teach me to feel another's woe,
To hide the fault I see;
That mercy I to others show,
That mercy show to me.

Mean though I am, not wholly so,
Since quicken'd by thy breath;
O, lead me wheresoe'er I go,
Through this day's life or death.

This day, be bread and peace my lot:
All else beneath the sun,
Thou know'st if best bestow'd or not,
And let thy will be done.

To thee, whose temple is all space,
Whose altar, earth, sea, skies!
One chorus let all being raise,
All nature's incense rise!

SELF-KNOWLEDGE.

Know thou thyself, presume not God to scan,
The proper study of mankind is Man.

Placed on this isthmus of a middle state,
A being darkly wise, and rudely great;
With too much knowledge for the Sceptic side,
With too much weakness for the Stoic's pride,
He hangs between; in doubt to act, or rest,
In doubt to deem himself a God, or beast;
In doubt his mind or body to prefer;
Born but to die, and reasoning but to err;
Alike in ignorance, his reason such,
Whether he thinks too little, or too much:
Chaos of thought and passion, all confused;
Still by himself abused or disabused;
Created half to rise, and half to fall;
Great lord of all things, yet a prey to all;
Sole judge of truth, in endless error hurled;
The glory, jest, and riddle of the world!

Go, wondrous creature! mount where Science guides;
Go, measure earth, weigh air, and state the tides;
Instruct the planets in what orbs to run,
Correct old Time, and regulate the Sun;
Go, soar with Plato to the empyreal sphere,
To the first good, first perfect, and first fair;
Or tread the mazy round his followers trod,
And, quitting sense, call imitating God;
As eastern priests in giddy circles run,
And turn their heads to imitate the Sun.
Go, teach Eternal Wisdom how to rule
Then drop into thyself, and be a fool!

THE ORDER OF NATURE.

See through this air, this ocean, and this earth,
All matter quick, and bursting into birth.
Above, how high progressive life may go!
Around, how wide! how deep extend below!
Vast chain of Being! which from God began,
Natures ethereal, human, angel, man,
Beast, bird, fish, insect, what no eye can see,
No glass can reach; from Infinite to thee,
From thee to Nothing. — On superior pow'rs
Were we to press, inferior might on ours;
Or in the full creation leave a void,
Where one step broken the great scale's destroy'd:
From Nature's chain whatever link you strike,
Tenth or ten thousandth, breaks the chain alike.

And, if each system in gradation roll
Alike essential to th' amazing whole,
The least confusion but in one, not all
That system only, but the whole must fall.
Let earth unbalanc'd from her orbit fly,
Planets and suns run lawless through the sky;
Let ruling angels from their spheres be hurl'd,
Being on being wreck'd, and world on world,
Heav'n's whole foundations to the centre nod,
And Nature tremble to the throne of God:
All this dread Order break — for whom? for thee?
Vile worm! — Oh madness! pride! impiety!

What if the foot, ordain'd the dust to tread,
Or hand to toil, aspir'd to be the head?
What if the head, the eye, or ear, repin'd
To serve mere engines to the ruling Mind?
Just as absurd for any part to claim
To be another, in this gen'ral frame:
Just as absurd to mourn the tasks or pains,
The great directing Mind of All ordains.

All are but parts of one stupendous whole,
Whose body Nature is, and God the Soul:
That chang'd through all, and yet in all the same,
Great in the earth, as in th' ethereal frame,
Warms in the sun, refreshes in the breeze,
Glows in the stars, and blossoms in the trees,
Lives through all life, extends through all extent,
Spreads undivided, operates unspent;
Breathes in our soul, informs our mortal part,
As full, as perfect, in a hair as heart;
As full, as perfect, in vile man that mourns,
As the rapt seraph that adores and burns:
To him no high, no low, no great, no small;
He fills, he bounds, connects, and equals all.

Cease then, nor Order imperfection name:
Our proper bliss depends on what we blame.
Know thy own point: This kind, this due degree
Of blindness, weakness, Heav'n bestows on thee.
Submit. In this, or any other sphere,
Secure to be as blest as thou canst bear:
Safe in the hand of one disposing Pow'r,
Or in the natal, or the mortal hour.
All Nature is but Art, unknown to thee;
All Chance, Direction which thou canst not see,
All Discord, Harmony not understood;
All partial Evil, universal Good:
And, spite of Pride, in erring Reason's spite,
One truth is clear, WHATEVER IS, IS RIGHT.

THE ORIGIN OF SUPERSTITION AND TYRANNY.

Who first taught souls enslav'd and realms undone,
Th' enormous faith of many made for one;
That proud exception to all Nature's laws,
T' invert the world, and counterwork its cause?
Force first made conquest, and that conquest, law;
Till Superstition taught the tyrant awe,
Then shar'd the tyranny, then lent it aid,

And Gods of conqu'rors, slaves of subjects made.
She 'midst the lightning's blaze, and thnnder's sound,
When rock'd the mountains, and when groan'd the ground,
She taught the weak to bend, the prond to pray
To pow'rs nnseen, and mightier far than they:
She, from the rending earth and hursting skies,
Saw Gods descend, and fiends infernal rise:
Here fix'd the dreadful, there the blest abodes;
Fear made her Devils, and weak Hope her Gods;
Gods partial, changeful, passionate, unjnst,
Whose attribntes were Rage, Revenge, or Lust;
Snch as the sonls of cowards might conceive,
And, form'd like tyrants, tyrants would believe.
Zeal, then, not Charity, became the guide;
And Hell was built on spite, and Heav'n on pride.
Then sacred seem'd th' ethereal vault no more;
Altars grew marble then, and reek'd with gore:
Then first the flamen tasted living food:
Next his grim idol smear'd with human blood:
With Heav'n's own thunders shook the world below,
And play'd the God an engine on his foe.

So drives Self-love, throngh jnst and through unjust,
To one Man's pow'r, ambition, lncre, lust:
The same Self-love, in all, becomes the cause
Of what restrains him, Government and Laws;
For, what one likes, if others like as well,
What serves one will, when many wills rebel?
How shall he keep, what sleeping or awake
A weaker may surprise, a stronger take?
His safety must his liberty restrain:
All join to guard what each desires to gain.
Forc'd into virtne thus by self-defence,
Ev'n kings learn'd justice and benevolence:
Self-love forsook the path it first pursu'd,
And found the private in the public good.
'Twas then the studious head or gen'rous mind,
Follow'r of God, or friend of human kind,
Poet or patriot, rose but to restore
The faith that moral Nature gave before;
Relum'd her ancient light, not kindled new;
If not God's image, yet his shadow drew;
Taught pow'r's due use to people and to kings,
Taught nor to slack, nor strain its tender [strings,
The less or greater set so jnstly true,
That touching one must strike the other too
Till jarring int'rests of themselves create
Th' according mnsic of a well-mix'd state.
Snch is the world's great harmony tha springs
From order, union, full consent of things:
Where small and great, where weak and mighty, made
To serve, not snffer, strengthen, not invade;
More pow'rful each as needful to the rest,
And, in proportion as it blesses, blest:
Draw to one point, and to one centre bring
Beast, Man, or Angel, Servant, Lord, or King.

For Forms of Government let fools contest;
Whate'er is best administer'd is best:
For Modes of Faith let graceless zealots fight,
His can't be wrong whose life is in the right;
In Faith and Hope the world will disagree,
But all Mankind's concern is Charity:
All mnst be false, that thwart this one great End:
And all of God, that bless Mankind or mend.

Man, like the gen'rons vine, supported lives;
The strength he gains is from th' embrace he gives.
On their own axis as the planets run,
Yet make at once their circle round the sun;
So two consistent motions act the soul,
And one regards itself, and one the whole.

Thus God and nature link'd the gen'ral frame,
And bade Self-love and Social be the same.

RESTORATION OF JERUSALEM.

Rise, crown'd with light, imperial Salem, rise!
Exalt thy tow'ry head, and lift thine eyes!
See, a long race thy spacious courts adorn,
See, future sons and daughters yet unborn,
In crowding ranks on every side arise,
Demanding life, impatient for the skies!
See barbarous nations at thy gates attend,
Walk in thy light, and in thy temple bend;
See, thy bright altars thron'd with prostrate kings,
And heap'd with products of Sabean springs!
For thee Idume's spicy forests blow,
And seeds of gold in Ophir's mountains glow.
See heav'n its sparkling portals wide display,
And break upon thee in a flood of day.
No more the rising sun shall gild the morn,
Nor evening Cynthia fill her silver horn,
But lost, dissolv'd in thy superior rays,
One tide of glory, one unclouded blaze,

O'erflow thy courts; the Light himself shall shine
Reveal'd, and God's eternal day be thine.
The seas shall waste, the skies in smoke decay,
Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt away,
But fixed his word, his saving power remains,
Thy realm for ever lasts, thy own Messiah reigns.

THANKFULNESS.

Heav'n from all creatures hides the book of fate,
All but the page prescrib'd, their present state!
From brutes what men, from men what spirits know:
Or who could suffer being here below?
The lamb thy riot dooms to bleed to-day,
Had he thy reason, would he skip and play?
Pleas'd to the last, he crops the flow'ry food,
And licks the hand just rais'd to shed his blood.
O blindness to the future! kindly giv'n,
That each may fill the circle mark'd by heav'n.

* * * *

Hope humbly, then, with trembling pinions soar,
Wait the great teacher, Death; and God adore.
What future bliss, he gives not thee to know,
But gives that hope to be thy blessing now.
Hope springs eternal in the human breast;
Man never *is*, but always *to be* blest:
The soul, uneasy and confin'd from home,
Rests and expatiates in a life to come.

Lo, the poor Indian, whose untutor'd mind
Sees God in clouds, and hears him in the wind;
His soul proud science never taught to stray
Far as the solar walk, or milky way;
Yet simple nature to his hope has giv'n
Behind the cloud-topp'd hill, an humbler heav'n;
Some safer world in depth of woods embrac'd,
Some happier island in the wat'ry waste,
Where slaves once more their native land behold,
No fiends torment, nor Christians thirst for gold.
To *be*, contents his natural desire,
He asks no angel's wing, no seraph's fire;
But thinks, admitted to that equal sky,
His faithful dog shall bear him company.

Go, wiser thou; and in thy scale of sense,
Weigh thy opinion against Providence;
Call imperfection what thou fanciest such,
Say, here he gives too little, there too much:
Destroy all creatures for thy sport or gust,
Yet cry, if man's unhappy, God's unjust;
If man alone engross not heaven's high care,
Alone made perfect here, immortal there:
Snatch from his hand the balance and the rod,
Rejudge his justice, be the God of God.

UNIVERSAL BENEFICENCE OF PROVIDENCE.

Has God, thou fool, work'd solely for thy good,
Thy joy, thy pastime, thy attire, thy food?
Who for thy table feeds the wanton fawn,
For him as kindly spreads the flow'ry lawn.
Is it for thee the lark ascends and sings?
Joy tunes his voice, joy elevates his wings.
Is it for thee the linnet pours his throat?
Loves of his own and raptures swell the note.
The bounding steed you pompously bestride,
Shares with his lord the pleasure and the pride.
Is thine alone the seed that strews the plain?
The birds of heaven shall vindicate their grain.
Thine the full harvest of the golden year?
Part pays, and justly, the deserving steer:
The hog that ploughs not, nor obeys thy call,
Lives on the labours of the lord of all.
Know, nature's children all divide her care;
The fur that warms a monarch, warm'd a bear.
While man exclaims, 'See all things for my use!'
'See man for mine!' replies a pamper'd goose:
And just as short of reason he must fall,
Who thinks all made for one, not one for all.
Grant that the powerful still the weak control;
Be man the wit and tyrant of the whole!
Nature that tyrant checks; he only knows,
And helps another creature's wants and woes.
Say, will the falcon, stooping from above,
Smit with her varying plumage, spare the dove?
Admires the jay the insect's gilded wings?
Or hears the hawk, when Philomela sings?
Man cares for all; to birds he gives his woods,
To beasts his pastures, and to fish his floods:
For some his interest prompts him to provide,
For more his pleasure, yet for more his pride:
All feed on one vain patron, and enjoy
The extensive blessing of his luxury.
That very life his learned hunger craves
He saves from famine, from the savage saves;
Nay, feasts the animal he dooms his feast,
And, till he ends the being, makes it blest,
Which sees no more the stroke, or feels the pain,

Than favour'd man by touch ethereal slain;
The creature had his feast of life before,
Thou too must perish, when thy feast is o'er.

THE DYING CHRISTIAN TO HIS SOUL.

Vital spark of heavenly flame!
Quit, oh, quit this mortal frame!
Trembling, hoping, ling'ring, flying;
Oh, the pain, the bliss of dying!
Cease, fond nature! cease thy strife,
And let me languish into life!

Hark, they whisper — angels say,
'Sister spirit, come away!'
What is this absorbs me quite,
Steals my senses, shuts my sight,
Draws my spirit, draws my breath?
Tell me, my soul — can this be death?

The world recedes! — it disappears!
Heaven opens on my eyes! — my ears
With sonnds seraphic ring!
Lend, lend yonr wings! I mount! I fly!
O grave! where is thy victory?
O death! where is thy sting?

JOHN GAY.

John Gay was born in 1688 at Barnstaple in Devonshire, and when young was put as apprentice to a silk mercer in London; but his tastes unfitted him for this employment. After a few years he left his situation and having attracted the notice of Pope and other literary men of the day by his first work entitled 'Rural Sports' (1711), he was appointed secretary to Anne, Duchess of Monmouth, in which office he continued till the year 1714, when he accompanied the Earl of Clarendon (who was then ambassador of Queen Anne) to Hanover, where he remained till the Queen's death. In 1716 Gay brought out his fables which are highly esteemed in their class of writing, but they often approach the style of tales, and are rather allegories than fables. In 1727 he published the most celebrated of his productions, viz: 'the Begger's Opera', which met with universal success: the author may be said to have laid the foundation of the English opera through this piece; he died soon after (1732) in his forty fifth year and was interred in Westminster Abbey, where a handsome monument has been erected to his memory. He also wrote a number of ballads which possess considerable merit.

TO MY NATIVE COUNTRY.

Hail, happy land! whose fertile grounds
The liquid fence of Neptune bounds;
By bounteous Nature set apart,
The seat of industry and art!
O Britain! chosen port of trade,
May luxury ne'er thy sons invade!
May never minister (intent
His private treasures to augment)
Corrupt thy state! If jealous foes
Thy rights of commerce dare oppose,
Shall not thy fleets their rapine awe?
Who is't prescribes the ocean law?

Whenever neighbouring states contend,
'Tis thine to be the general friend.
What is't who rules in other lands?
On trade alone thy glory stands;
That benefit is unconfined,
Diffusing good among mankind:
That first gave lustre to thy reigns,
And scatter'd plenty o'er thy plains:
'Tis that alone thy wealth supplies,
And draws all Europe's envious eyes.
Be commerce, then, thy sole design;
Keep that, and all the world is thine.

A BALLAD.

'Twas when the seas were roaring
With hollow blasts of wind,
A damsel lay deploring,
All on a rock reclined.
Wide o'er the foaming billows,
She cast a wistful look;
Her head was crowned with willows
That trembled o'er the brook.

Twelve months are gone and over,
And nine long tedious days;
Why didst thou, venturous lover,
Why didst thou trust the seas?
Cease, cease thou cruel ocean,
And let my lover rest:
Ah! what's thy troubled motion
To that within my breast?

The merchant robbed of pleasure,
Sees tempests in despair;
But what's the loss of treasure,
To losing of my dear?
Should you some coast be laid on,
Where gold and diamonds grow,
You'd find a richer maiden,
But none that loves you so.

How can they say that nature
Has nothing made in vain;
Why then, beneath the water,
Should hideous rocks remain?
No eyes the rocks discover
That lurk beneath the deep,
To wreck the wandering lover,
And leave the maid to weep.

All melancholy lying,
Thus wailed she for her dear
Repaid each blast with sighing,
Each billow with a tear.

When o'er the white wave stooping
His floating corpse she spied,
Then, like a lily drooping,
She bowed her head, and died.

THE SHEPHERD AND THE PHILOSOPHER.

Remote from cities, liv'd a swain,
Unvex'd with all the cares of gain;
His head was silver'd o'er with age,
And long experience made him sage:
In summer's heat and winter's cold,
He fed his flock, and penn'd the fold.
His hours in cheerful labour flew,
Nor envy nor ambition knew:
His wisdom and his honest fame
Through all the country rais'd his name.

A deep Philosopher (whose rules
Of moral life were drawn from schools),
The Shepherd's homely cottage sought,
And thus explored his reach of thought:

Whence is thy learning? Hath thy toil
O'er books consumed the midnight oil?
Hast thou old Greece and Rome survey'd,
And the vast sense of Plato weigh'd?
Hath Socrates thy soul refin'd,
And hast thou fathom'd Tully's mind?
Or, like the wise Ulysses, thrown,
By various fates, on realms unknown,
Hast thou through many cities stray'd,
Their customs, laws, and manners weigh'd?

The Shepherd modestly replied —
I ne'er the paths of learning tried;
Nor have I roam'd in foreign parts,
To read mankind, their laws, and arts:
For man is practis'd in disguise;
He cheats the most discerning eyes.
Who by that search shall wiser grow,
When we ourselves can never know?
The little knowledge I have gain'd,
Was all from simple Nature drain'd:
Hence my life's maxims took their rise,
Hence grew my settled hate to vice.

The daily labours of the bee
Awake my soul to industry.
Who can observe the careful ant,
And not provide for future want?
My dog (the trustiest of his kind)
With gratitude inflames my mind:
I mark his true, his faithful way,
And in my service copy Tray.
In constancy and nuptial love
I learn my duty from the dove.
The hen, who from the chilly air,
With pious wing protects her care;
And ev'ry fowl that flies at large,
Instructs me in a parent's charge.

From Nature, too, I take my rule,
To shun contempt and ridicule.
I never with important air,
In conversation overbear.
Can grave and formal pass for wise,
When men the solemn owl despise?
My tongue within my lips I rein;
For who talks much, must talk in vain.
We from the wordy torrent fly;
Who listens to the chattering pie?
Nor would I, with felonious sleight,
By stealth invade my neighbour's right.
Rapacious animals we hate:
Kites, hawks, and wolves deserve their fate.
Do not we just abhorrence find
Against the toad and serpent kind?
But envy, calumny, and spite,
Bear stronger venom in their bite.
Thus ev'ry object of creation
Can furnish hints to contemplation;
And from the most minute and mean,
A virtuous mind can morals glean.

Thy fame is just, the Sage replies;
Thy virtue proves thee truly wise.
Pride often guides the author's pen:
Books as affected are as men:
But he who studies Nature's laws,
From certain truth his maxims draws;
And those, without our schools, suffice
To make men moral, good, and wise.

THE HARE AMD MANY FRIENDS.

Friendship, in truth, is but a name,
Unless to few we stint the flame.
The child, whom many fathers share,
Hath seldom known a father's care.
'Tis thus in friendship; who depend
On many, rarely find a friend.

A hare, who in a civil way,
Complied with every thing, like GAY,
Was known by all the bestial train,
Who haunt the wood, or graze the plain.
Her care was, never to offend;
And ev'ry creature was her friend.

As forth she went, at early dawn,
To taste the dew-besprinkled lawn,
Behind she hears the hunter's cries,
And from the deep-mouth'd thunder flies.
She starts, she stops, she pants for breath;
She hears the near advance of death;
She doubles to mislead the hound,
And measures back her mazy round;
Till, fainting in the public way,
Half-dead with fear she gasping lay.

What transport in her bosom grew,
When first the horse appear'd in view!
'Let me,' says she, 'your back ascend,
And owe my safety to a friend.
You know my feet betray my flight;
To friendship ev'ry burthen's light.'

The horse replied, 'Poor honest puss!
It grieves my heart to see thee thus:
Be comforted, relief is near;
For all your friends are in the rear.'

She next the stately bull implor'd;
And thus replied the mighty lord:
'Since ev'ry beast alive can tell
That I sincerely wish you well,
I may, without offence, pretend
To take the freedom of a friend. —
To leave you thus might seem unkind;
But see, the goat is just behind.'

The goat remark'd her pulse was high,
Her languid head, her heavy eye;
'My back,' says he, 'may do you harm;
The sheep's at hand, and wool is warm.'

The sheep was feeble, and complain'd
His sides a load of wool sustain'd;
Said he was slow, confess'd his fears:
For hounds eat sheep as well as hares.

She now the trotting calf address'd.
To save from death a friend distress'd
'Shall I,' says he, 'of tender age,
In this important care engage?
Older and abler pass'd you by:
How strong are those! how weak am I!
Should I presume to hear you hence,
Those friends of mine might take offence.
Excuse me, then. You know my heart,
But dearest friends, alas! must part.
How shall we all lament! — Adieu!
For, see, the hounds are just in view.'

THE EAGLE AND ASSEMBLY OF ANIMALS.

As Jupiter's all-seeing eye
Survey'd the worlds beneath the sky,
From this small speck of earth were sent
Murmurs and sounds of discontent;
For ev'ry thing alive complain'd,
That he the hardest life sustain'd.
Jove calls the Eagle. At the word
Before him stands the royal bird.
The bird, obedient, from Heav'n's height,
Downward directs his rapid flight;
Then cited ev'ry living thing
To hear the mandates of his King.

Ungrateful creatures! whence arise
These murmurs, which offend the skies?
Why this disorder? Say the cause;
For just are Jove's eternal laws.
Let each his discontent reveal:
To you, sour dog, I first appeal.

Hard is my lot, the Hound replies;
On what fleet nerves the Greyhound flies!
While I, with weary step and slow,
O'er plains, and vales, and mountains go.
The morning sees my chace begun,
Nor ends it till the setting sun.
When, says the Greyhound, I pursue,
My game is lost, or caught in view;
Beyond my sight the prey's secure:
The Hound is slow, but always sure;
And had I his sagacious scent,
Jove ne'er had heard my discontent.

The Lion crav'd the Fox's art;
The Fox the Lion's force and heart.
The Cock implor'd the Pigeon's flight,
Whose wings were rapid, strong, and light;
The Pigeon strength of wing despis'd,
And the Cock's matchless valour priz'd.
The Fishes wish'd to graze the plain;
The Beasts to skim beneath the main —
Thus, envious of another's state,
Each blam'd the partial hand of Fate.

The Bird of Heav'n then cry'd aloud:
Jove bids disperse the murm'ring crowd;
The God rejects your idle prayers.
Would ye, rebellious mutineers!
Entirely change your name and nature,
And be the very envy'd creature?
What! silent all, and none consent!
Be happy then, and learn content;
Nor imitate the restless mind,
And proud ambition of mankind.

THE SHEPHERD'S DOG AND THE WOLF.

A Wolf, with hunger fierce and bold,
Ravag'd the plains, and thinn'd the fold:
Deep in the wood secure he lay;
The thefts of night regal'd the day.
In vain the shepherd's wakeful care
Had spread the toils, and watch'd the snare:
In vain the dog pursu'd his pace;
The fleeter robber mock'd the chace.
As Lightfoot rang'd the forest round,
By chance his foe's retreat he found.

Let us a while the war suspend,
And reason as from friend to friend.

'A truce! replies the Wolf. 'Tis done!
The Dog the parley thus begun: —
How can that strong intrepid mind
Attack a weak, defenceless kind?
Those jaws should prey on nobler food,
And drink the boar's and lion's blood.
Great souls with gen'rous pity melt,
Which coward tyrants never felt.
How harmless is our fleecy care!
Be brave and let thy mercy spare'.

Friend, says the Wolf, the matter weigh:
Nature designed us beasts of prey;
As such, when hunger finds a treat,
'Tis necessary Wolves should eat.
If, mindful of the bleating weal,
Thy bosom burn with real zeal,
Hence, and thy tyrant lord beseech;

To him repeat the moving speech.
A wolf eats sheep but now and then;
Ten thousand are devoured by men!
An open foe may prove a curse,
But a pretended friend is worse.

THE LION AND THE CUB.

A Lion Cub, of sordid mind,
Avoided all the lion kind;
Fond of applause, he sought the feasts
Of vulgar and ignoble beasts;
With asses all his time he spent,
Their club's perpetual president.
He caught their manners, looks, and airs;
An ass in ev'ry thing but ears!
If e'er his highness meant a joke,
They grinn'd applause before he spoke!
But, at each word, what shouts of praise!
Good Gods! how natural he brays!

Elate with flatt'ry and conceit,
He seeks his royal sire's retreat;
Forward, and fond to shew his parts,
His highness brays; the Lion starts!

'Puppy, that curs'd vociferation
Betrays thy life and conversation:
Coxcombs, an ever noisy race,
Are trumpets of their own disgrace'.
'Why so severe? the Cub replies,
Our senate always held me wise'.

'How weak is pride! returns the sire;
All fools are vain, when fools admire!
But know, what stupid asses prize,
Lions and noble beasts despise'.

THE COUNCIL OF HORSES.

Upon a time a neighing steed,
Who graz'd among a num'rous breed,
With mutiny had fir'd the train,
And spread dissension through the plain.
On matters that concern'd the state
The council met in grand debate.
A colt, whose eye-balls flam'd with ire,
Elate with strength and youthful fire,
In haste stepp'd forth before the rest,
And thus the list'ning throng address: —
Good Gods, how abject is our race,
Condemn'd to slav'ry and disgrace!
Shall we our servitude retain,
Because our sires have borne the chain?
Consider, friends, your strength and might:
'Tis conquest to assert your right!
How cumb'rous is the gilded coach;
The pride of man is our reproach.
Were we design'd for daily toil,
To drag the ploughshare through the soil,
To sweat in harness through the road,
To groan beneath the carrier's load?
How feeble are the two-legg'd kind!
What force is in our nerves combin'd!
Shall then our nobler jaws submit
To foam and champ the galling bit;
Shall haughty man my back bestride?
Shall the sharp spur provoke my side?
Forbid it, Heav'ns! reject the rein —
Your shame, your infamy, disdain!
Let him the lion first control,
And still the famish'd tiger's growl:
Let us, like them, our freedom claim,
And make him tremble at our name.

A general nod approv'd the cause,
And all the circle neigh'd applause.
'When, lo! with grave and solemn pace,
A steed advanc'd before the race,
With age and long experience wise;
Around he cast his thoughtful eyes,
And, to the murmurs of the train,
Thus spoke the Nestor of the plain: —
'When I had health and strength like you,
The toils of servitude I knew.
Now grateful man rewards my pains,
And gives me all these wide domains.
At will I crop the year's increase;
My latter life is rest and peace.
I grant to man we lend our pains,
And aid him to correct the plains.
But doth he not divide the care
Through all the labours of the year?
How many thousand structures rise,
To fence us from inclement skies!
For us he bears the sultry day,
And stores up all our winter's hay.
He sows, he reaps the harvest's gain;
We share the toil, and share the grain.
Since ev'ry creature was decreed
To aid each other's mutual need,
Appease your discontented mind,
And act that part by Heav'n assign'd.
The tumult ceas'd. The colt submitted,
And, like his ancestors, was bitted.

EDWARD YOUNG.

Edward Young, the author of the 'Night Thonghts', was born at Upham usar Winchester in 1681, and finished his education at Oxford. In 1714 he published his poem 'On the Last Day' and dadicated it to the Queen in the hopa of attracting her notice; hut he waa prevented by her daath. from gaining any thing in that quarter On the accession of George I. he tried again, by means of flattaring poetry, to procura the favour of his sovereign, but without effect. The earlier part of tha iife of this poet presents a series of panegyrics writtan to obtain the patronage of distinguished persons. In his later years, ha was thoroughly ashamed of thase productions, and in tha last edition of his worka, omitted them all. Despairing of making his way as an author, Young entered into orders in 1728, but still continued to write both prose and poetry, and indeed his best work 'Night Thoughts' was writtan after he hnd attained his sixtiath year. This poem consists in a series of reflectiona upon Life, Death and Immortality; it is divided into nine books or nights, each of which is supposed to express the poet's train of thought at the time of the composition. In 1758 he wrote his last and beautiful poem, 'Resignation' to console a lady who had lost her husband. Young died in 1765 at the age of 84. He has also written several dramatical works, of which the following are the principal: 'Busiris (1718), 'The Englishman' (1713), 'The Revenge' (1721), 'The Brothers' (1758). Of his poems we must not omit to mention 'The Love of Fame', an excellent satire, 'The Force of Religion, or Vanquished Love', 'The Last Day' besides many odes.

ON PROCRASTINATION.

Be wise to-day; 'tis madness to defer:
Next day the fatal precedent will plead;
Thus on, till wisdom is push'd out of life.
Procrastination is the thief of time;
Year after year it steals, till all are fled,
And to the mercies of a moment leaves
The vast concerns of an eternal scene.

Of man's miraculous mistakes this bears
The palm, 'That all men are about to live,'
For ever on the brink of being born.
All pay themselves the compliment to think,
They one day shall not drivel; and their Pride
On this reversion takes up ready praise;
At least their own; their future selves applauds
How excellent that life they ne'er will lead!
Time lodg'd in their own hands is Folly's vails;
That lodg'd in Fate's to Wisdom they consign;
The thing they can't but purpose, they postpone.
'Tis not in Folly, not to scorn a fool;
And scarce in human Wisdom to do more.
All promise is poor dilatory man, [indeed,
And that through ov'ry stage. When young,
In full content we sometimes nobly rest,
Unanxious for ourselves; and only wish,
As duteous sons, our fathers were more wise.
At thirty man suspects himself a fool;
Knows it at forty, and reforms his plan;
At fifty chides his infamous delay,
Pushes his prudent purpose to Resolve;
In all the magnanimity of thought,
Resolves, and reresolves, then dies the same.

And why? Because he thinks himself immortal. [selves;
All men think all men mortal, but themThemselves, when some alarming shock of fate [sudden dread;
Strikes through their wounded hearts the
But their hearts wounded, like the wounded air,
Soon close; where pass'd the shaft, no trace is found.
As from the wing no scar the sky retains,
The parted wave no furrow from the keel,
So dies in human hearts the thought of death.
Ev'n with the tender tear, which nature sheds
O'er those we love, we drop it in the grave.

THE EMPTINESS OF RICHES.

Can gold calm passion, or make reason shine?
Can we dig peace or wisdom from the mine?
Wisdom to gold prefer, for 'tis much less
To make our fortune than our happiness:
That happiness which great ones often see,
With rage and wonder, in a low degree,
Themselves unblessed. The poor are only poor. [store?
But what are they who droop amid their
Nothing is meaner than a wretch of state:
The happy only are the truly great.
Peasants enjoy like appetites with kings,
And those best satisfied with cheapest things.
Could both our Indies buy but one new sense,
Our envy would be due to large expense;
Since not, those pomps which to the great belong, [throng.
Are but poor arts to mark them from the
See how they beg an alms of Flattery:
They languish! oh, support them with a lie!
A decent competence we fully taste;
It strikes our sense, and gives a constant feast;
More we perceive by dint of thought alone;
The rich must labour to possess their own,
To feel their great abundance, and request
Their humble friends to help them to be blest;
To see their treasure, hear their glory told,
And aid the wretched impotence of gold.

But some, great souls; and touched with warmth divine,
Give gold a price, and teach its beams to shine;

All hoarded treasures they repute a load,
Nor think their wealth their own, till well bestowed.
Grand reservoirs of public happiness,
Through secret streams diffusively they bless,
And, while their bounties glide, concealed from view,
Relieve our wants, and spare our blushes too.

THE LAST DAY.

The fatal period, the great hour is come,
And nature shrinks at her approaching doom;
Loud peals of thunder give the sign, and all
Heaven's terrors in array surround the ball:
Sharp lightnings with the meteor's blaze conspire,
And darted downward, set the world on fire;
Black rising clouds the thicken'd ether choke,
And spiry flames dart thro' the rolling smoke,
With keen vibration, cut the sullen night,
And strike the darken'd sky with dreadful light;
From Heaven's four regions, with immortal force,
Angels drive on the wind's impetuous course,
T' enrage the flame; it spreads, it soars on high,
Swells in the storm and billows through the sky:
Here winding pyramids of fire ascend,
Cities and deserts in one ruin blend;
Here blazing volumes wafted overwhelm
The spacious face of a far distant realm;
There, undermined, down rush eternal hills,
The neighb'ring vales the vast destruction fills.

Hear'st thou that dreadful crack? that sound which broke
Like peals of thunder, and the centre shook?
What wonders must that groan of nature tell!
Olympus there, and mightier Atlas, fell;
Which seem'd above the reach of fate to stand,
A tow'ring monument of God's right hand:
Now dust and smoke, whose brow so lately spread
O'er shelter'd countries its diffusive shade.
Some angel say, where ran proud Asia's bound?
Or where with fruits was fair Europa crown'd?
Where stretch'd waste Libya, where did India's store
Sparkle in diamonds, and her golden ore?
Each lost in each, their mingled kingdoms glow,
And all dissolved, one fiery deluge flow:
Thus Earth's contending monarchies are join'd,
And a full period of ambition find.

And now whate'er or swims, or walks, or flies,
Inhabitants of sea, or earth, or skies;
All on whom Adam's wisdom fix'd a name,
All plunge and perish in the conqu'ring flame.

This globe alone would but defraud the fire,
Starve its devouring rage; the flakes aspire,
And catch the clouds, and make the heavens their prey.
The sun, the moon, the stars, all melt away:
All, all is lost; no monument, no sign,
Where once so proudly blazed the gay machine.
So bubbles on the foaming stream expire,
So sparks that scatter from the kindling fire;
The devastations of one dreadful hour
The Great Creator's six days' work devour.

DESCRIPTION OF THE MAN WHOSE THOUGHTS ARE NOT OF THIS WORLD.

Some angel guide my pencil, while I draw
What nothing less than angel can exceed!
A man on earth devoted to the skies;
Like ships in seas, while in, above the world.
With aspect mild, and elevated eye,
Behold him seated on a mount serene,
Above the fogs of sense, and passion's storm;
All the black cares and tumults of this life,
Like harmless thunders breaking at his feet,
Excite his pity, not impair his peace.
Earth's genuine sons, the sceptr'd and the slave,
A mingled mob! a wandering herd! he sees
Bewilder'd in the vale; in all unlike!
His full reverse in all! what higher praise?
What stronger demonstration of the right?

The present all their care, the future his.
When public welfare calls, or private want,
They give to fame, his bounty he conceals.
Their virtues varnish nature, his exalt.
Mankind's esteem they court, and he his own.
Theirs, the wild chase of false felicities,
His, the composed possession of the true.
Alike throughout is his consistent peace,
All of one colour, and an even thread:
While party-colour'd shreds of happiness,
With hideous gaps between, patch up for them
A madman's robe; each puff of fortune blows
The tatters by, and shows their nakedness.

He sees with other eyes than theirs; where they
Behold a sun, he spies a Deity;
What makes them only smile, makes him adore.
Where they see mountains, he but atoms sees;

An empire in his balance weighs a grain.
They things terrestrial worship as divine;
His hopes immortal blow them by as dust,
That dims his sight, and shortens his survey,
Which longs in infinite to lose all bound.
Titles and honours (if they prove his fate)
He lays aside to find his dignity;
No dignity they find in aught besides.
They triumph in externals, (which conceal
Man's real glory,) proud of an eclipse.
Himself too much he prizes to be proud,
And nothing thinks so great in man as man.
Too dear he holds his interest, to neglect
Another's welfare, or his right invade;
Their interest, like a lion, lives on prey.
They kindle at the shadow of a wrong;
Wrong he sustains with temper, looks on heaven,
Nor stoops to think his injurer his foe;
Nought but what wounds his virtue wounds his peace.
A cover'd heart their character defends;
A cover'd heart denies him half his praise.
With nakedness his innocence agrees;
While their broad foliage testifies their fall.
There no joys end, where his full feast begins:
His joys create, theirs murder, future bliss.
To triumph in existence, his alone;
And his alone, triumphantly to think
His true existence is not yet begun.
His glorious course was, yesterday, complete;
Death, then, was welcome; yet life still is sweet.

THE LOVE OF PRAISE.

What will not men attempt for sacred praise!
The love of praise, howe'er conceal'd by art,
Reigns, more or less, and glows, in every heart:
The proud, to gain it, toils on toils endure;
The modest shun it, but to make it sure.
O'er globes, and sceptres, now on thrones it swells;
Now trims the midnight lamp in college cells:
'Tis Tory, Whig: it plots, prays, preaches, pleads,
Harangues in senates, squeaks in masque-rades.
Hero, to Steele's humour makes a bold pretence;
There, bolder, aims at Pulteney's eloquence.
It aids the dancer's heel, the writer's head,
And heaps the plain with mountains of the dead:
Nor ends with life; but nods in sable plumes,
Adorns our hearse, and flatters on our tombs.

II. THE ESSAYISTS.

SIR RICHARD STEELE.

Richard Steele, born in Ireland 1667 of a respectable family, was educated in London and at the university of Oxford. He enlisted as a private soldier in the horse guards, his family objecting to his becoming an officer. He however rose to the rank of a commissioned officer, and led a very dissipated life, which he tried to counteract by the publication of several pamphlets of a moral tendency, for instance 'The Christian Hero'. He then published several comedies of very little merit, 'The Funeral of Grief à la mode' (1701). 'The Tender Husband or the Accomplished Fool' (1703). 'The Lying Lover' (1704). The last mentioned of these works did not suit the public taste, in consequence of which the author did not again write for the stage until 1722, when the 'Conscious Lovers' appeared and met with general approbation. Meanwhile in 1709, Steele had begun the publication of a new periodical, entitled 'The Tatler', a paper published, as the author expresses it 'to expose the false arts of life, to pull off the disguise of cunning, vanity, and affectation, and to recommend a general simplicity in our dress, our discourse, and our behaviour'. In 1711 Steele abandoned this task and commenced in conjunction with his friend Addison, the 'Spectator' which was of the same kind as 'The Tatler', but more exclusively devoted to literature, &c. In this paper, Steele wrote the humorous parts, while Addison composed those, for which Steele had neither the talent nor the inclination. A quarrel unfortunately took place between the Editors, and their friendship was broken. Steele had twice a seat in parliament, but was the first time expelled on account of the sarcasm with which he commented upon public affairs in his pamphlets. He died in 1729.

THE LOVE OF GLORY.

Of all the affections which attend human life, the love of glory is the most ardent. According as this is cultivated in princes, it produces the greatest good or the greatest evil. Where sovereigns have it by impressions received from education only, it creates an ambitious rather than a noble mind; where it is the natural bent of the prince's inclination, it prompts him to the pursuit of things truly glorious. The two greatest men now in *Europe* (according to the common acceptation of the word *Great*) are *Lewis* king of *France*, and *Peter* em-

peror of *Russia*. As it is certain that all fame does not arise from the practice of virtue, it is, methinks, no unpleasing amusement to examine the glory of these potentates, and distinguish that which is empty, perishing and frivolous, from what is solid, lasting, and important. *Lewis* of *France* had his infancy attended by crafty and worldly men, who made extent of territory the most glorious instance of power, and mistook the spreading of fame for the acquisition of honour. The young monarch's heart was by such conversation easily deluded into a fondness for vain-glory, and upon these unjust principles to form or fall in with suitable projects of invasion, rapine, murder, and all the guilts that attend war when it is unjust. At the same time this tyranny was laid, sciences and arts were encouraged in the most generous manner, as if men of higher faculties were to be bribed to permit the massacre of the rest of the world. Every superstructure which the court of *France* built upon their first designs, which were in themselves vicious, was suitable to its false foundation. The ostentation of riches, the vanity of equipage, shame of poverty, and ignorance of modesty, were the common arts of life: The generous love of one woman was changed into gallantry for all the sex, and friendships among men turned into commerces of interest, or mere professions. *While these were the rules of life, perjuries in the prince, and a general corruption of manners in the subject, were the snares in which* France *has entangled all her neighbours.* With such false colours have the eyes of *Lewis* been enchanted, from the debauchery of his early youth, to the superstition of his present old age. Hence it is, that he has the patience to have statues erected to his prowess, his valour, his fortitude; and in the softnesses and luxury of a court to be applauded for magnanimity and enterprise in military achievements.

Peter Alexovitz of *Russia*, when he came to years of manhood, though he found himself emperor of a vast and numerous people, master of an endless territory, absolute commander of the lives and fortunes of his subjects, in the midst of this unbounded power and greatness turned his thoughts upon himself and people with sorrow. Sordid ignorance and a brute manner of life this generous prince beheld and contemned from the light of his own *genius*. His judgment suggested this to him, and his courage prompted him to amend it. In order to this he did not send to the nation from whence the rest of the world has borrowed its politeness, but himself left his diadem to learn the true way to glory and honour, and application to useful arts, wherein to employ the laborious, the simple, the honest part of his people. Mechanic employments and operations were very justly the first objects of his favour and observation. With this glorious intention he travelled into foreign nations in an obscure manner, above receiving little honours where he sojourned, but prying into what was of more consequence, their arts of peace and of war. By this means has this great prince laid the foundation of a great and lasting fame, by personal labour, personal knowledge, personal valour. It would be injury to any of antiquity to name them with him. Who, but himself, ever left a throne to learn to sit in it with more grace? Who ever thought himself mean in absolute power, till he had learned to use it?

If we consider this wonderful person, it is perplexity to know where to begin his encomium. Others may in a metaphorical or philosophic sense be said to command themselves, but this emperor is also literally under his own command. How generous and how good was his entering his own name as a private man in the army he raised, that none in it might expect to out-run the steps with which he himself advanced? By such measures this godlike prince learned to conquer, learned to use his conquests. How terrible has he appeared in battle, how gentle in victory? Shall then the base arts of the *Frenchman* be held polite, and the honest labours of the *Russian* barbarous? No: Barbarity is the ignorance of true honour, or placing any thing instead of it. The unjust prince is ignoble and barbarous, the good prince only renowned and glorious.

Tho' men may impose upon themselves what they please by their corrupt imaginations, truth will ever keep its station; and as glory is nothing else but the shadow of virtue, it will certainly disappear at the departure of virtue. But how carefully ought the true notions of it to be preserved, and how industrious should we be to encourage any impulses towards it? The *Westminster* school-boy that said the other day he could not sleep or play for the colours in the hall, ought to be free from receiving a blow for ever.

But let us consider what is truly glorious according to the author I have to-day quoted in the front of my paper.

The perfection of glory, says *Tully*, consists in these three particulars: *That the people love us; that they have confidence in us; that being affected with a certain admi-*

ration towards us, they think we deserve honour. This was spoken of greatness in a commonwealth: But if one were to form a notion of consummate glory under our constitution, one must add to the above-mentioned felicities a certain necessary inexistence, and disrelish of all the rest, without the prince's favour. He should, methinks, have riches, power, honour, command, glory; but riches, power, honour, command and glory should have no charms, but as accompanied with the affection of his prince. He should, methinks, be popular because a favourite, and a favourite because popular. Were it not to make the character too imaginary, I would give him sovereignty over some foreign territory, and make him esteem that an empty addition without the kind regards of his own prince. One may merely have an *idea* of man thus composed and circumstantiated, and if he were so made for power without an incapacity of giving jealousy, he would be also glorious without possibility of receiving disgrace. This humility and this importance must make his glory immortal.

These thoughts are apt to draw me beyond the usual length of this paper, but if I could suppose such rhapsodies could outlive the common fate of ordinary things, I would say these sketches and faint images of glory were drawn in *August* 1711, when *John* duke of *Marlborough* made that memorable march wherein he took the *French* lines without bloodshed.

THE ENVIOUS MAN.

The envious man is in pain upon all occasions which ought to give him pleasure. The relish of his life is inverted; and the objects which administer the highest satisfaction to those who are exempt from this passion, give the quickest pangs to persons who are subject to it. All the perfections of their fellow-creatures are odious: youth, beauty, valour, and wisdom are provocations of their displeasure. What a wretched and apostate state is this! To be offended with excellence, and to hate a man because we approve him! The condition of the envious man is the most emphatically miserable; he is not only incapable of rejoicing in another's merit or success, but lives in a world wherein all mankind are in a plot against his quiet, by studying their own happiness and advantage. *Will Prosper* is an honest tale-bearer, he makes it his business to join in conversation with envious men. He points to such a handsome young fellow, and whispers that he is secretly married to a great fortune: when they doubt, he adds circumstances to prove it; and never fails to aggravate their distress, by assuring 'em, that, to his knowledge, he has an uncle who will leave him some thousands. *Will* has many arts of this kind to torture this sort of temper, and delights in it. When he finds them change colour, and say faintly they wish such a piece of news is true, he has the malice to speak some good or other of every man of their acquaintance.

The reliefs of the envious man are those little blemishes and imperfections that discover themselves in an illustrious character. It is matter of great consolation to an envious person, when a man of known honour does a thing unworthy himself. Or when any action which was well executed, upon better information appears so altered in its circumstances, that the fame of it is divided among many, instead of being attributed to one. This is a secret satisfaction to these malignants; for the person whom they before could not but admire, they fancy is nearer their own condition as soon as his merit is shared among others. I remember some years ago there came out an excellent poem without the name of the author. The little wits, who were incapable of writing it, began to pull in pieces the supposed writer. When that would not do, they took great pains to suppress the opinion that it was his. That again failed. The next refuge was to say it was overlooked by one man, and many pages wholly written by another. An honest fellow who sat among a cluster of them in debate on this subject, cried out, *Gentlemen, if you are sure none of you yourselves had a hand in it, you are but where you were, whoever writ it.* But the most usual succour to the envious, in cases of nameless merit in this kind, is to keep the property, if possible, unfixed, and by that means to hinder the reputation of it from falling upon any particular person. You see an envious man clear up his countenance, if in the relation of any man's great happiness in one point, you mention his uneasiness in another. When he hears such a one is very rich he turns pale, but recovers when you add that he has many children. In a word, the only sure way to an envious man's favour is not to deserve it.

But if we consider the envious man in delight, it is like reading the seat of a giant in a romance; the magnificence of his house consists in the many limbs of men whom he has slain. If any who promised themselves success in any uncommon undertaking miscarry in the attempt, or he that aimed at what would have been useful and laudable, meets with contempt and derision, the envious man, under the colour of hating

vain-glory, can smile with an inward wantonness of heart at the ill effect it may have upon an honest ambition for the future.

Having throughly considered the nature of this passion, I have made it my study to avoid the envy that may accrue to me from these my speculations; and if I am not mistaken in myself, I think I have a genius to escape it. Upon hearing in a coffee-house one of my papers commended, I immediately apprehended the envy that would spring from that applause; and therefore gave a description of my face the next day; being resolved, as I grow in reputation for wit, to resign my pretensions to beauty. This, I hope, may give some ease to these unhappy gentlemen, who do me the honour to torment themselves upon the account of this my paper. As their case is very deplorable, and deserves compassion, I shall sometimes be dull, in pity to them, and will from time to time administer consolations to them by further discoveries of my person. In the mean while, if any one says the SPECTATOR has wit, it may be some relief to them, to think that he does not shew it in company. And if any one praises his morality, they may comfort themselves by considering that his face is none of the longest.

JOSEPH ADDISON.

Joseph Addison, born in 1672, was the son of a country-gentleman and received his early education at the Charter-house in London, where he first became acquainted with Sir Richard Steele, with whom he afterwards associated in composing the 'Tatler' and 'Spectator'. In 1693 he obtained at Oxford the degree of Master of Arts, and from this period he enjoyed an exceedingly prosperous career. In 1695 he published a poem on William III. and addressed it to Lord Somers; this procured him the favour of the king and an annual pension of *L.* 300: at the same time he wrote other poems of less merit. The death of king William deprived him of his pension, but soon afterwards a poem called 'The campaign' on Marlborough and the battle of Blenheim appeared, for which he was rewarded by receiving the situation of Commissioner of the Appeals. In 1706 he was made Under-Secretary of State to Sir Charles Hedge, and continued in office under the Earl of Sunderland. About this time he composed an opera and a comedy which were however not well received. In 1708 Addison entered parliament, but he was of too timid a disposition to appear as a public speaker: he became soon afterwards Chief Secretary for Ireland and Secretary of State. In 1708 he accompanied the Marquis of Wharton to Ireland, and there commenced writing for periodicals. In 1709 the 'Tatler', a literary journal, founded by Sir Richard Steele, made its first appearance: Addison soon turned his attention to it and continued his assistance till it ceased to be published. After a short period the 'Tatler' was superseded by the 'Spectator', in which the principal essays and literary productions of Addison appeared; and the service which he rendered his country through these writings, cannot be too highly appreciated. He at once refined and elevated the taste and tone of society in general, and brought knowledge and information within the reach of the lower classes. In 1716 he married the Countess dowager of Warwick, which union proved unhappy. Addison retired from the office of Secretary of State on account of his timidity in public speaking, after which he received a pension of *L.* 1500 per annum. During the latter part of his retired life he employed himself in writing a work on 'The Evidences of Christian Religion' which displays much learning, but which he did not live to complete. He died on the 17th of June 1719 in the 79th year of his age.

THE POLITICAL UPHOLSTERER.

There lived some years since, within my neighbourhood, a very grave person, an upholsterer, who seemed a man of more than ordinary application to business. He was a very early riser, and was often abroad two or three hours before any of his neighbours. He had a particular carefulness in the knitting of his brows, and a kind of impatience in all his motions, that plainly discovered he was always intent on matters of importance. Upon my enquiry into his life and conversation, I found him to be the greatest newsmonger in our quarter; that he rose before day to read the Postman; and that he would take two or three turns to the other end of the town before his neighbours were up, to see if there were any Dutch mails come in. He had a wife and several children; but was much more inquisitive to know what passed in Poland than in his own family, and was in greater pain and anxiety of mind for King Augustus's welfare than that of his nearest relations. He looked extremely thin in a dearth of news, and never enjoyed himself in a westerly wind. This indefatigable kind of life was the ruin of his shop; for about the time that his favourite prince left the crown of Poland, he broke and disappeared.

This man and his affairs had been long out of my mind, till about three days ago, as I was walking in St. James's Park, I heard somebody at a distance bemming after me: and who should it be but my old neighbour the upholsterer? I saw he was reduced to extreme poverty, by certain shabby superfluities in his dress: for notwithstanding that it was a very sultry day for the time of the year, he wore a loose great-coat and a muff, with a long campaign wig out of curl; to which he had added the ornament

of a pair of black garters buckled under the knee. Upon his coming up to me, I was going to enquire into his present circumstances; but was prevented by his asking me, with a whisper, whether the last letters brought any accounts that one might rely upon from Bender? I told him, none that I heard of; and asked him, whether he had yet married his eldest daughter? He told me, no. But pray, says he, tell me sincerely, what are your thoughts of the King of Sweden? for though his wife and children were starving, I found his chief concern at present was for this great monarch. I told him, that I looked upon him as one of the first heroes of the age. But pray, says he, do you think there is any thing in the story of his wound? And finding me surprised at the question, nay, says he, I only propose it to you. I answered, that I thought there was no reason to doubt of it. But why in the heel, says he, more than in any other part of the body? Because, said I, the bullet chanced to light there.

This extraordinary dialogue was no sooner ended, but he began to launch out into a long dissertation upon the affairs of the north; and after having spent some time on them, he told me, he was in a great perplexity how to reconcile the Supplement with the English Post, and had been just now examining what the other papers say upon the same subject. The Daily Courant, says he, has these words, we have advices from very good hands, that a certain prince has some matters of great importance under consideration. This is very mysterious; but the Postboy leaves us more in the dark, for he tells us, that there are private intimations of measures taken by a certain prince, which time will bring to light. Now the Postman, says he, who uses to be very clear, refers to the same news in these words: the late conduct of a certain prince affords great matter of speculation. This certain prince, says the upholsterer, whom they are all so cautious of naming, I take to be——. Upon which, though there was nobody near us, he whispered something in my ear, which I did not hear, or think worthy my while to make him repeat.

We were now got to the upper end of the Mall, where were three or four very odd fellows sitting together upon the bench. These I found were all of them politicians, who used to sun themselves in that place every day about dinner time. Observing them to be curiosities in their kind, and my friend's acquaintance, I sat down among them.

The chief politician of the bench was a great asserter of paradoxes. He told us, with a seeming concern, that by some news he had lately read from Muscovy, it appeared to him that there was a storm gathering in the Black Sea, which might in time do hurt to the naval forces of this nation. To this he added, that for his part, he could not wish to see the Turk driven out of Europe, which he believed could not but be prejudicial to our woollen manufacture. He then told us, that he looked upon those extraordinary revolutions, which had lately happened in those parts of the world, to have risen chiefly from two persons who were not much talked of; and those, says he, are Prince Menzikoff, and the Duchess of Mirandola. He backed his assertions with so many broken hints, and such a shew of depth and wisdom, that we gave ourselves up to his opinions.

The discourse at length fell upon a point which seldom escapes a knot of true-born Englishmen, whether, in case of a religious war, the Protestants would not be too strong for the Papists? This we unanimously determined on the Protestants' side. One who sat on my right hand, and, as I found by his discourse, had been in the West Indies, assured us, that it would be a very easy matter for the Protestants to beat the pope at sea; and added, that whenever such a war does break out, it must turn to the good of the Leeward Islands. Upon this, one who sat at the end of the bench, and, as I afterwards found, was the geographer of the company, said, that in case the Papists should drive the Protestants from these parts of Europe, when the worst came to the worst, it would be impossible to beat them out of Norway and Greenland, provided the northern crowns hold together, and the Czar of Muscovy stand neuter.

He further told us for our comfort, that there were vast tracts of lands about the pole, inhabited neither by Protestants nor Papists, and of greater extent than all the Roman Catholic dominions in Europe.

When we had fully discussed this point, my friend the upholsterer began to exert himself upon the present negociations of peace in which he deposed princes, settled the bounds of kingdoms, and balanced the power of Europe, with great justice and impartiality.

I at length took my leave of the company and was going away; but had not gone thirty yards, before the upholsterer hemmed again after me. Upon his advancing towards me, with a whisper, I expected to hear some secret piece of news, which he had not thought fit to communicate to the

bench; but instead of that, he desired me in my ear to lend him half-a-crown. In compassion to so needy a statesman, and to dissipate the confusion I found he was in, I told him, if he pleased I would give him five shillings, to receive five pounds of him when the great Turk was driven out of Constantinople; which he very readily accepted, but not before he had laid down to me the impossibility of such an event, as the affairs of Europe now stand.

ON POLITENESS.

There is nothing, says *Plato*, *so delightful, as the hearing or the speaking of Truth.* For this reason there is no conversation so agreeable as that of the man of integrity, who hears without any intention to betray, and speaks without any intention to deceive.

Among all the accounts which are given of *Cato*, I do not remember one that more redounds to his honour than the following passage related by *Plutarch*. As an advocate was pleading the cause of his client before one of the prætors, he could only produce a single witness in a point where the law required the testimony of two persons; upon which the advocate insisted on the integrity of that person whom he had produced: but the prætor told him, that where the law required two witnesses he would not accept of one, tho' it were *Cato* himself. Such a speech from a person who sat at the head of a court of justice, while *Cato* was still living, shews us, more than a thousand examples, the high reputation this great man had gained among his contemporaries upon the account of his sincerity.

When such an inflexible integrity is a little softened and qualified by the rules of conversation and good-breeding, there is not a more shining virtue in the whole catalogue of social duties. A man however ought to take great care not to polish himself out of his veracity, nor to refine his behaviour to the prejudice of his virtue.

This subject is exquisitely treated in the most elegant sermon of the great *British* preacher. I shall beg leave to transcribe out of it two or three sentences, as a proper introduction to a very curious letter, which I shall make the chief entertainment of this speculation.

'The old *English* plainness and sincerity, that generous integrity of nature, and honesty of disposition, which always argues true greatness of mind, and is usually accompanied with undaunted courage and resolution, is in a great measure lost among us.'

'The dialect of conversation is now-a-days so swelled with vanity and compliment, and so surfeited (as I may say) of expressions of kindness and respect, that if a man that lived an age or two ago should return into the world again, he would really want a dictionary to help him to understand his own language, and to know the true intrinsic value of the phrase in fashion; and would hardly, at first, believe at what a low rate the highest strains and expressions of kindness imaginable do commonly pass in current payment; and when he should come to understand it, it would be a great while before he could bring himself, with a good countenance and a good conscience, to converse with men upon equal terms and in their own way.'

I have by me a letter which I look upon as a great curiosity, and which may serve as an exemplification to the foregoing passage, cited out of this most excellent prelate. It is said to have been written in King *Charles* II's reign by the ambassador of *Bantam*, a little after his arrival in *England*.

Master,

'The people, where I now am, have tongues further from their hearts than from *London* to *Bantam*, and thou knowest the inhabitants of one of these places do not know what is done in the other. They call thee and thy subjects barbarians, because we speak what we mean; and account themselves a civilized people, because they speak one thing and mean another: truth they call barbarity, and falsehood politeness. Upon my first landing, one who was sent from the king of this place to meet me, told me, *that he was extremely sorry for the storm I had met with just before my arrival.* I was troubled to hear him grieve and afflict himself upon my account; but in less than a quarter of an hour he smiled, and was as merry as if nothing had happened. Another who came with him told me by my interpreter, *he should be glad to do me any service that lay in his power.* Upon which I desir'd him to carry one of my portmanteaus for me; but instead of serving me according to his promise, he laughed, and bid another do it. I lodged, the first week, at the house of one who desired me *to think myself at home, and to consider his house as my own.* Accordingly, I the next morning began to knock down one of the walls of it, in order to let in the fresh air, and had packed up some of the household-

goods, of which I intended to have made thee a present; but the false varlet no sooner saw me falling to work but he sent word to desire me to give over, for that he would have no such doings in his house. I had not been long in this nation, before I was told by one, for whom I had asked a certain favour from the chief of the king's servants, whom they here call the lord-treasurer, that I had *eternally obliged him.* I was so surpris'd at this gratitude, that I could not forbear saying, what service is there which one man can do for another, that can oblige him to all eternity!

'At my first going to court, one of the great men almost put me out of countenance, by asking *ten thousand pardons* of me for only treading by accident upon my toe. They call this kind of lie a compliment; for when they are civil to a great man, they tell him untruths, for which thou wouldst order any of the officers of state to receive a hundred blows upon his foot. I do not know how I shall negotiate any thing with this people, since there is so little credit to be given to them. When I go to see the king's scribe, I am generally told that he is not at home, tho' perhaps I saw him go into his house almost the very moment before. Thou wouldest fancy that the whole nation are physicians, for the first question they always ask me, is, *how I do*: I have this question put to me above a hundred times a day. Nay, they are not only thus inquisitive after my health, but wish it in a more solemn manner, with a full glass in their hands, every time I sit with them at table, tho' at the same time they would persuade me to drink their liquors in such quantities as I have found by experience will make me sick. They often pretend to pray for thy health also in the same manner; but I have more reason to expect it from the goodness of thy constitution, than the sincerity of their wishes. May thy slave escape in safety from this double-tongued race of men, and live to lay himself once more at thy feet in thy Royal City of *Bantam.*'

THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

I have somewhere read of an eminent person, who used in his private offices of devotion to give thanks to heaven that he was born a *Frenchman*: for my own part, I look upon it as a peculiar blessing that I was born an *Englishman.* Among many other reasons, I think myself very happy in my country, as the *Language* of it is wonderfully adapted to a man who is sparing of his words, and an enemy to loquacity.

As I have frequently reflected on my good fortune in this particular, I shall communicate to the public my speculations upon the *English* tongue, not doubting but they will be acceptable to all my curious readers.

The *English* delight in silence more than any other *European* nation, if the remarks which are made on us by foreigners are true. Our discourse is not kept up in conversation, but falls into more pauses and intervals than in our neighbouring countries; as it is observed, that the matter of our writings is thrown much closer together, and lies in a narrower compass than is usual in the works of foreign authors: for, to favour our natural taciturnity, when we are obliged to utter our thoughts, we do it in the shortest way we are able, and give as quick a birth to our conceptions as possible.

This humour shews itself in several remarks that we may make upon the *English* language. At first of all by its abounding in monosyllables, which gives us an opportunity of delivering our thoughts in few sounds. This indeed takes off from the elegance of our tongue, but at the same time expresses our ideas in the readiest manner, and consequently answers the first design of speech better than the multitude of syllables, which make the words of other languages more tunable and sonorous. The sounds of our *English* words are commonly like those of string music, short and transient, which rise and perish upon a single touch; those of other languages are like the notes of wind instruments, sweet and swelling, and lengthen'd out into a variety of modulation.

In the next place we may observe, that where the words are not monosyllables, we often make them so, as much as lies in our power, by our rapidity of pronunciation; as it generally happens in most of our long words which are derived from the *Latin*, where we contract the length of the syllables that gives them a grave and solemn air in their own language, to make them more proper for dispatch, and more conformable to the genius of our tongue. This we may find in a multitude of words, as *liberty*, *conspiracy*, *theatre*, *orator*, &c.

The same natural aversion to loquacity has of late years made a very considerable alteration in our language, by closing in one syllable the termination of our preterperfect tense, as in these words, *drown'd*, *walk'd*, *arriv'd*, for *drowned*, *walked*, *arrived*, which

has very much disfigured the tongue, and turned a tenth part of our smoothest words into so many clusters of consonants. This is the more remarkable, because the want of vowels in our language has been the general complaint of our politest authors, who nevertheless are the men that have made these retrenchments, and consequently very much increased our former scarcity.

This reflexion on the words that end in *ed*, I have heard in conversation from one of the greatest geniuses this age has produced. I think we may add to the foregoing observation, the change which has happened in our language, by the abbreviation of several words that are terminated in *eth*, by substituting an *s* in the room of the last syllable, as in *drowns*, *walks*, *arrives*, and innumerable other words, which in the pronunciation of our forefathers were *drowneth*, *walketh*, *arriveth*. This has wonderfully multiplied a letter which was before too frequent in the *English* tongue, and added to that *hissing* in our language, which is taken so much notice of by foreigners; but at the same time humours our taciturnity, and eases us of many superfluous syllables.

I might here observe, that the same single letter on many occasions does the office of a whole word, and represents the *his* and *her* of our forefathers. There is no doubt but the ear of a foreigner, which is the best judge in this case, would very much disapprove of such innovations, which indeed we do ourselves in some measure, by retaining the old termination in writing, and in all the solemn offices of our religion.

As in the instances I have given we have epitomized many of our particular words to the detriment of our tongue, so on other occasions we have drawn two words into one, which has likewise very much untuned our language, and clogged it with consonants, as *mayn't*, *can't*, *shan't*, *won't*, and the like, for *may not*, *can not*, *shall not*, *will not*, &c.

It is perhaps this humour of speaking no more than we needs must, which has so miserably curtailed some of our words, that in familiar writing and conversations they often lose all but their first syllables, as in *mob.* *rep.* *pos.* *incog.* and the like; and as all ridiculous words make their first entry into a language by familiar phrases, I dare not answer for these that they will not in time be looked upon as a part of our tongue. We see some of our poets have been so indiscreet as to imitate *Hudibras's* doggrel expressions in their serious compositions, by throwing out the signs of our substantives, which are essential to the *English* language. Nay, this humour of shortening our language had once run so far, that some of our celebrated authors, among whom we may reckon Sir *Roger l'Estrange* in particular, began to prune their words of all superfluous letters, as they termed them, in order to adjust the spelling to the pronunciation; which would have confounded all our etymologies, and have quite destroyed our tongue.

We may here likewise observe that our proper names, when familiarized in *English*, generally dwindle to monosyllables, whereas in other modern languages they receive a softer turn on this occasion, by the addition of a new syllable. *Nick* in *Italian* is *Nicolini*, *Jack* in *French Janot*; and so of the rest.

There is another particular in our language which is a great instance of our frugality of words, and that is the suppressing of several particles which must be produced in other tongues to make a sentence intelligible: This often perplexes the best writers, when they find the relatives *whom*, *which*, or *they*, at their mercy whether they may have admission or not; and will never be decided till we have something like an academy that by the best authorities and rules drawn from the analogy of languages shall settle all controversies between grammar and idiom.

I have only considered our language as it shews the genius and natural temper of the *English*, which is modest, thoughtful and sincere, and which perhaps may recommend the people, though it has spoiled the tongue. We might perhaps carry the same thought into other languages, and deduce a great part of what is peculiar to them from the genius of the people who speak them. It is certain, the light talkative humour of the *French* has not a little infected their tongue, which might be shewn by many instances; as the genius of the *Italians*, which is so much addicted to music and ceremony, has moulded all their words and phrases to those particular uses. The stateliness and gravity of the *Spaniards* shews itself to perfection in the solemnity of their language, and the blunt honest humour of the *Germans* sounds better in the roughness of the *High-Dutch*, than it would in a politer tongue.

THE VISION OF MIRZA.

On the fifth day of the moon, which, according to the custom of my forefathers, I always keep holy, after having washed myself, and offered up my morning devotions, I ascended the high hills of Bagdad, in

order to pass the rest of the day in meditation and prayer. As I was here refreshing myself on the tops of the mountains, I fell into a profound contemplation on the vanity of human life; and passing from one thought to another, surely, said I, man is but a shadow, and life a dream. Whilst I was thus musing, I cast my eyes towards the summit of a rock that was not far from me, where I discovered one in the habit of a shepherd, but who was in reality a being of superior nature. I drew near with profound reverence, and fell down at his feet. The genius smiled upon me with a look of compassion and affability, that familiarized him to my imagination, and at once dispelled all the fears and apprehensions with which I approached him. He lifted me from the ground, and taking me by the hand, 'Mirza, said he, I have heard thee in thy soliloquies; follow me'.

He then led me to the highest pinnacle of the rock; and placing me on the top of it, 'cast thy eyes eastward, said he, and tell me what thou seest'. 'I see, said I, a huge valley, and a prodigious tide of water rolling through it. 'The valley that thou seest, said he, is the vale of misery; and the tide of water that thou seest, is part of the great tide of eternity'. 'What is the reason, said I, that the tide I see rises out of a thick mist at one end, and again loses itself in a thick mist at the other?' 'What thou seest, said he, is that portion of eternity which is called time measured out by the sun, and reaching from the beginning of the world to its consummation. Examine now, said he, this sea that is bounded with darkness at both ends, and tell me what thou discoverest in it'. 'I see a bridge, said I, standing in the midst of the tide.' 'The bridge thou seest, said he, is human life; consider it attentively'. Upon a more leisurely survey of it, I found that it consisted of three score and ten entire arches, with several broken arches, which, added to those that were entire, made up the number about a hundred. As I was counting the arches, the genius told me that this bridge consisted at first of a thousand; but that a great flood swept away the rest, and left the bridge in the ruinous condition I now beheld it. 'But tell me further, said he, what thou discoverest on it'. 'I see multitudes of people passing over it, said I, and a black cloud hanging on each end of it'. As I looked more attentively, I saw several of the passengers dropping through the bridge into the great tide that flowed underneath it; and, upon further examination, perceived there were innumerable trap-doors that lay concealed in the bridge, which the passengers no sooner trod upon, than they fell through them into the tide, and immediately disappeared. These hidden pitfalls were set very thick at the entrance of the bridge, so that throngs of people no sooner broke through the cloud than many fell into them. They grew thinner towards the middle, but multiplied and lay closer together towards the end of the arches that were entire. There were indeed some persons, but their number was very small, that continued a kind of bobbling march on the broken arches, but fell through one after another, being quite tired and spent with so long a walk.

I passed some time in the contemplation of this wonderful structure, and the great variety of objects which it presented. My heart was filled with a deep melancholy, to see several dropping unexpectedly in the midst of mirth and jollity, and catching at every thing that stood by them, to save themselves. Some were looking up towards the heavens in a thoughtful posture, and, in the midst of a speculation, stumbled and fell out of sight. Multitudes were very busy in the pursuit of bubbles, that glittered in their eyes, and danced before them; but often, when they thought themselves within the reach of them, their footing failed, and down they sunk. In this confusion of objects, I observed some with scimitars in their hands, and others with urinals, who ran to and fro upon the bridge, thrusting several persons on trap-doors which did not seem to lie in their way, and which they might have escaped had they not been thus forced upon them.

The genius seeing me indulge myself in this melancholy prospect, told me I had dwelt long enough upon it. 'Take thine eyes off the bridge, said he, and tell me if thou seest any thing thou dost not comprehend'. Upon looking up, 'what mean, said I, those great flights of birds that are perpetually hovering about the bridge, and settling upon it from time to time? I see vultures, harpies, ravens, cormorants, and, among many other feathered creatures, several little winged boys that perch in great numbers upon the middle arches'. 'These, said the genius, are envy, avarice, superstition, despair, love, with the like cares and passions that infest human life.

I here fetched a deep sigh. Alas, said I, man was made in vain! how is he given away to misery and mortality! tortured in life, and swallowed up in death! The genius being moved with compassion towards me, bid me quit so uncomfortable a pros-

pect. 'Look no more, said he, on man in the first stage of his existence, in his setting out for eternity; but cast thine eye on that thick mist into which the tide bears the several generations of mortals that fall into it'. I directed my sight as I was ordered, and (whether or not the good genius strengthened it with any supernatural force, or dissipated part of the mist that was before too thick for the eye to penetrate) I saw the valley opening at the farther end, and spreading forth into an immense ocean, that had a huge rock of adamant running through the midst of it, and dividing it into two equal parts. The clouds still rested on one half of it, insomuch that I could discover nothing in it; but the other appeared to me a vast ocean, planted with innumerable islands, that were covered with fruits and flowers, and interwoven with a thousand little shining seas that ran among them. I could see persons dressed in glorious habits, with garlands upon their heads, passing among the trees, lying down by the sides of fountains, or resting on beds of flowers. Gladness grew in me at the discovery of so delightful a scene. I wished for the wings of an eagle, that I might fly away to those happy seats; but the genius told me there was no passage to them, except through the gates of death that I saw opening every moment upon the bridge. The islands, said he, that lie so fresh and green before thee, and with which the whole face of the ocean appears spotted as far as thou canst see, are more in number than the sands on the sea-shore. There are myriads of islands behind those which thou here discoverest, reaching further than thine eye, or even thine imagination, can extend itself. These are the mansions of good men after death, who, according to the degree and kinds of virtue in which they excelled, are distributed among these several islands, which abound with pleasure of different kinds and degrees, suitable to the relishes and perfections of those who are settled in them: every island is a paradise accommodated to its respective inhabitants. Are not these, O Mirza, habitations worth contending for? Does life appear miserable, that gives thee opportunities of earning such a reward? Is death to be feared, that will convey thee to so happy an existence? Think not man was made in vain, who has such an eternity reserved for him. — I gazed with inexpressible pleasure on these happy islands. At length, said I, show me now, I beseech thee, the secrets that lie hid under those dark clouds, which cover the ocean on the other side of the rock of adamant. The genius making no answer, I turned about to address myself to him a second time, but I found that he had left me. I then turned again to the vision which I had been so long contemplating; but instead of the rolling tide, the arched bridge, and the happy islands, I saw nothing but the long hollow valley of Bagdad, with oxen, sheep, and camels, grazing upon the sides of it.

ENDEAVOURS OF MANKIND TO GET RID OF THEIR BURDENS.

It is a celebrated thought of Socrates, that if all the misfortunes of mankind were cast into a public stock, in order to be equally distributed among the whole species, those who now think themselves the most unhappy, would prefer the share they are already possessed of, before that which would fall to them by such a division. Horace has carried this thought a great deal further: he says that the hardships or misfortunes which we lie under, are more easy to us than those of any other person would be, in case we could change conditions with him.

As I was ruminating on these two remarks, and seated in my elbow-chair, I insensibly fell asleep; when, on a sudden, I thought there was a proclamation made by Jupiter, that every mortal should bring in his griefs and calamities, and throw them together in a heap. There was a large plain appointed for this purpose. I took my stand in the centre of it, and saw, with a great deal of pleasure, the whole human species marching one after another, and throwing down their several loads, which immediately grew up into a prodigious mountain, that seemed to rise above the clouds.

There was a certain lady of a thin airy shape, who was very active in this solemnity. She carried a magnifying glass in one of her hands, and was clothed in a loose flowing robe, embroidered with several figures of fiends and spectres, that discovered themselves in a thousand chimerical shapes, as her garment hovered in the wind. There was something wild and distracted in her looks. Her name was Fancy. She led up every mortal to the appointed place, after having very officiously assisted him in making up his pack, and laying it upon his shoulders. My heart melted within me, to see my fellow-creatures groaning under their respective burdens, and to consider that prodigious bulk of human calamities which lay before me.

There were, however, several persons, who gave me great diversion upon this occasion. I observed one bringing in a ferdel

very carefully concealed under an old embroidered cloak, which, upon his throwing it into the heap, I discovered to be Poverty. Another, after a great deal of puffing, threw down his luggage, which, upon examining, I found to be his wife.

There were multitudes of lovers saddled with very whimsical burdens composed of darts and flames; but, what was very odd, though they sighed as if their hearts would break under these bundles of calamities, they could not persuade themselves to cast them into the heap, when they came up to it: but, after a few faint efforts, shook their heads, and marched away as heavy laden as they came. I saw multitudes of old women throw down their wrinkles, and several young ones who stripped themselves of a tawny skin. There were very great heaps of red noses, large lips, and rusty teeth. The truth of it is, I was surprised to see the greatest part of the mountain made up of bodily deformities. Observing one advancing towards the heap, with a larger cargo than ordinary upon his back, I found, upon his near approach, that it was only a natural hump, which he disposed of, with great joy of heart, among this collection of human miseries. There were likewise distempers of all sorts; though I could not but observe, that there were many more imaginary than real. One little packet I could not but take notice of, which was a complication of all the diseases incident to human nature, and was in the hand of a great many fine people: this was called the spleen. But what most of all surprised me, was a remark I made, that there was not a single vice or folly thrown into the whole heap; at which I was very much astonished, having concluded within myself, that every one would take this opportunity of getting rid of his passions, prejudices, and frailties.

I took notice in particular of a very profligate fellow, who I did not question came loaded with his crimes: but upon searching into his bundle, I found that, instead of throwing his guilt from him, he had only laid down his memory. He was followed by another worthless rogue, who flung away his modesty instead of his ignorance.

When the whole race of mankind had thus cast their burdens, the phantom which had been so busy on this occasion, seeing me an idle spectator of what had passed, approached towards me. I grew uneasy at her presence, when of a sudden she held her magnifying glass full before my eyes. I no sooner saw my face in it, but I was startled at the shortness of it, which now appeared to me in its utmost aggravation. The immoderate breadth of the features made me very much out of humour with my own countenance; upon which I threw it from me like a mask. It happened very luckily, that one who stood by me had just before thrown down his visage, which it seems was too long for him. It was indeed extended to a shameful length; I believe the very chin was, modestly speaking, as long as my whole face. We had both of us an opportunity of mending ourselves; and all the contributions being now brought in, every man was at liberty to exchange his misfortunes for those of another person. But as there arose many new incidents in the sequel of my vision, I shall reserve them for the subject of my next paper.

In my last paper, I gave my reader a sight of that mountain of miseries, which was made up of those several calamities that afflict the minds of men. I saw, with unspeakable pleasure, the whole species thus delivered from its sorrow; though, at the same time, as we stood round the heap, and surveyed the several materials of which it was composed, there was scarcely a mortal, in this vast multitude, who did not discover what he thought pleasures of life; and wondered how the owners of them ever came to look upon them as burdens and grievances.

As we were regarding very attentively this confusion of miseries, this chaos of calamity, Jupiter issued out a second proclamation, that every one was now at liberty to exchange his affliction, and to return to his habitation with any such other bundle as should be delivered to him.

Upon this, Fancy began again to bestir herself, and, parcelling out the whole heap with incredible activity, recommended to every one his particular packet. The hurry and confusion at this time were not to be expressed. Some observations which I made upon this occasion I shall communicate to the public. A venerable gray-headed man, who had laid down the colic, and who I found wanted an heir to his estate, snatched up an undutiful son, that had been thrown into the heap by an angry father. The graceless youth, in less than a quarter of an hour, pulled the old gentleman by the beard, and had like to have knocked his brains out; so that meeting the true father, who came towards him with a fit of the gripes, he begged him to take his son again, and give him back his colic; but they were incapable either of them to recede from the choice they had made. A poor galley slave who had thrown down his chains, took up the gout in their stead, but made such wry faces, that one might easily perceive he was

no great gainer by the bargain. It was pleasant enough to see the several exchanges that were made, for sickness against poverty, hunger against want of appetite, and care against pain.

The female world were very busy among themselves in bartering for features; one was trucking a lock of gray hairs for a carbuncle; another was making over a short waist for a pair of round shoulders; and a third cheapening a bad face for a lost reputation; but on all these occasions, there was not one of them who did not think the new blemish, as soon as she had got it into her possession, much more disagreeable than the old one. I made the same observation on every other misfortune or calamity, which every one in the assembly brought upon himself, in lieu of what he had parted with; whether it be that all the evils which befall us are in some measure suited and proportioned to our strength, or that every evil becomes more supportable by our being accustomed to it, I shall not determine.

I could not for my heart forbear pitying the poor hump-backed gentleman, mentioned in the former paper, who went off a very well-shaped person with a stone in his bladder; nor the fine gentleman who had struck up his bargain with him, that limped through a whole assembly of ladies who used to admire him, with a pair of shoulders peeping over his head.

I must not omit my own particular adventure. My friend with the long visage had no sooner taken upon him my short face, but he made so grotesque a figure, that as I looked upon him I could not forbear laughing at myself, insomuch that I put my own face out of countenance. The poor gentleman was so sensible of the ridicule, that I found he was ashamed of what he had done: on the other side, I found that I myself had no great reason to triumph, for as I went to touch my forehead I missed the place, and clapped my finger upon my upper lip. Besides, as my nose was exceedingly prominent, I gave it two or three unlucky knocks as I was playing my hand about my face, and aiming at some other part of it. I saw two other gentlemen by me, who were in the same ridiculous circumstances. These had made a foolish exchange between a couple of thick bandy-legs, and two long trap-sticks that had no calves to them. One of these looked like a man walking upon stilts, and was so lifted up into the air, above his ordinary height, that his head turned round with it: while the other made so awkward circles, as he attempted to walk, that he scarcely knew how to move forward upon his new supporters. Observing him to be a pleasant kind of fellow, I stuck my cane in the ground, and told him I would lay him a bottle of wine, that he did not march up to it, on a line that I drew for him, in a quarter of an hour.

The heap was at last distributed among the two sexes, who made a most piteous sight, as they wandered up and down under the pressure of their several burdens. The whole plain was filled with murmurs and complaints, groans and lamentations. Jupiter, at length, taking compassion on the poor mortals, ordered them a second time to lay down their loads, with a design to give every one his own again. They discharged themselves with a great deal of pleasure: after which, the phantom who had led them into such gross delusions, was commanded to disappear. There was sent in her stead a goddess of a quite different figure: her motions were steady and composed, and her aspect serious but cheerful. She every now and then cast her eyes towards heaven, and fixed them upon Jupiter: her name was PATIENCE. She had no sooner placed herself by the Mount of Sorrows, but, what I thought very remarkable, the whole heap sunk to such a degree, that it did not appear a third part so big as it was before. She afterwards returned every man his own proper calamity, and, teaching him how to bear it in the most commodious manner, he marched off with it contentedly, being very well pleased that he had not been left to his own choice, as to the kind of evils which fell to his lot.

Besides the several pieces of morality to be drawn out of this vision, I learned from it never to repine at my own misfortunes, or to envy the happiness of another, since it is impossible for any man to form a right judgment of his neighbour's sufferings; for which reason also, I have determined never to think too lightly of another's complaints, but to regard the sorrows of my fellow-creatures with sentiments of humanity and compassion.

SAMUEL JOHNSON.

Samnel Johnson was born at Lichfield in 1709; at the age of nineteen he entered Oxford university, bnt on accennt of pecuniary embarrassements did not take his degree. In 1735 he married a widow, twenty years oldor than himself and established a boarding school, bnt had not more than three pupils; after a year and a half he removed to London determined to subsist by his pen, which he employed in writing for journals, especially for the Gentleman's Magazine: to which his first contribntion was a Latin ode, published in 1737. In 1738 appeared his 'London' a satire which gained him much reputation. Till 1743 Johnson wrote reports of the speeches in Parliament nnder the title of 'Debates in the Senate of Lilliputia' and in 1744 composed the life of the poet Savage, 'which' (says the author of his life in the Encyclopaedia Britannica) 'had he written nothing else, would have placed him on a very high rank as a writer'. His 'Dictionary of the English language' was completed in the year 1764; its composition occupied him 7 years. In 1749 appeared his 'Vanity of Human Wishes', written in the style of a Satire of Juvenal; in 1750 he edited the first number of the Rambler, a series of most exquisite essays amounting to two hundred and eight, all possessing an excellent moral tendency. He also wrote many contribntions to 'The Idler', 'The Adventurer' and other magazines. In 1759 appeared his 'Rasselas' and in 1775 his 'Journey to the Western Islands of Scotland'. About this period a living in the church was offered him, which however he refused. In 1762 he received a pension of *L.* 300 per annum, and was thus enabled to lead an easy life. In 1764 he obtained the degree of Doctor of Laws at the Dublin university, and in 1774, the same at Oxford; in 1781 he completed his last work 'The Lives of the Poets'. He died in 1784 and was interred in Westminster-Abbey. His style is concise and forcible, and in all his works thoroughly manly; his ideas are generally ingenious and lively: in short, energy combined with good sense is the feature which stands prominent in all his compositions.

ON THE KNOWLEDGE OF THE WORLD.

Nothing has so much exposed men of learning to contempt and ridicule, as their ignorance of things which are known to all but themselves. Those, who have been taught to consider the institutions of the schools as giving the last perfection to human abilities, are surprised to see men wrinkled with study, yet wanting to be instructed in the minute circumstances of propriety, or the necessary forms of daily transaction; and quickly shake off their reverence for modes of education, which they find to produce no ability above the rest of mankind.

Books, says Bacon, can never teach the use of books. The student must learn by commerce with mankind to reduce his speculations to practice, and accommodate his knowledge to the purposes of life.

It is too common for those who have been bred to scholastic professions, and passed much of their time in academies, where nothing but learning confers honours, to disregard every other qualification, and to imagine, that they shall find mankind ready to pay homage to their knowledge, and to crowd about them for instruction. They therefore step out from their cells into the open world, with all the confidence of authority, and dignity of importance; they look round about them at once with ignorance and scorn on a race of beings, to whom they are equally unknown and equally contemptible, but whose manners they must imitate, and with whose opinions they must comply, if they desire to pass their time happily among them.

To lessen that disdain with which scholars are inclined to look on the common business of the world, and the unwillingness with which they condescend to learn what is not to be found in any system of philosophy, it may be necessary to consider, that though admiration is excited by abstruse researches, and remote discoveries, yet pleasure is not given, or affection conciliated, but by softer accomplishments, and qualities more easily communicable to those about us. He that can only converse upon questions, about which only a small part of mankind has knowledge sufficient to make them curious, must lose his days in unsocial silence, and live in the crowd of life without a companion. He that can only be useful on great occasions may die without exerting his abilities and stand a helpless spectator of a thousand vexations, which fret away happiness, and which nothing is required to remove but a little dexterity of conduct and readiness of expedients.

No degree of knowledge attainable by man is able to set him above the want of hourly assistance, or to extinguish the desire of fond endearments, and tender officiousness; and therefore no one should think it unnecessary to learn those arts, by which friendship may be gained. Kindness is preserved by a constant reciprocation of benefits, or interchange of pleasures; but such benefits only can be bestowed, as others are capable of receiving, and such pleasures only imparted, as others are qualified to enjoy.

By this descent from the pinnacles of art no honour will be lost: for the condescensions of learning are always overpaid by gratitude. An elevated genius employed in little things appears, to use the simile of Longinus, like the sun in his evening declination; he remits his splendour, but retains his magnitude; and pleases more, though he dazzles less.

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JONATHAN SWIFT.

Jonathan Swift, born in Dublin 1667, was educated by his relations, and enabled by his patron Mr. Temple to finish his studies at Oxford. He made his first literary efforts in political pamphlets written for the Whig party; then appeared his satire entitled 'The Battle of the Books' which, as it chiefly treats of a contemporary struggle between Bentley and Wotton, afforded more interest at the time of its appearance than at the present day; it is full of sarcasm and coarse invective. In 1704 appeared one of his greatest satires, entitled 'The Tale of a Tub'. In this work Swift describes the progress of the three churches, the Roman, Lutheran and Calvinistic, which he represents in the persons of three brothers. The author has succeeded in rendering ridiculous the extravagances of the three churches' different stages of progression. Through the whole book the satire is as lively and fanciful, as it is cutting. Swift became afterwards a Tory and wrote as violently, and as frequently on this side of politics, as he had formerly done on the other. About the year 1708, appeared his famous pamphlets entitled 'Sentiments of a Church of England Man', 'Letters on the Application of the Sacramental Test', and his 'Apology for Christianity'. In 1724, Swift's 'Drapier's Letters' appeared in a Dublin newspaper with the signature 'M. B. Drapier'; they were directed against the Whig government, and the permission which was then about to be given a Mr. Wood, to coin copper money, to bring into Ireland; and such power did these writings possess, that they excited an immense indignation amongst the people of that country; on which account the government considered it unadvisable to grant the permission. In 1726 Swift produced his master piece 'Gulliver's Travels', perhaps the best satirical work that exists in any language. It is supposed to have been written by Gulliver himself who travels in different imaginary lands; as for instance to a country inhabited by giants and another by dwarfs. The whole is an admirable satire, principally upon the institutions of society, which are examined, and if we may use the term, dissected, and brought before us in the forms, first of the dwarfs and afterwards of the giants. The great fault of this work is its indecency, which is in many places very coarse. Had Swift not been a great prose writer, he would have been considered a poet, for he has left several poetical productions, of which we may mention 'Cadmus and Venepa', 'A Rhapsody on Poetry', 'Verses on my own Death' and the unfinished 'Legion Club'. About the year 1736 he was attacked with repeated fits of insanity, in the midst of the composition of his 'Legion Club', and he never recovered sufficiently to finish the poem. The last nine years of his life were passed in a state, first of madness, then of idiotcy. He died in Dublin 1745. Swift was undoubtedly one of the most powerful, and cutting satirists that England has ever produced; his genius and imagination are as fertile as his satire is strong. Of his smaller works we may mention his 'Conduct of the Allies', 'Public Spirit of the Whigs', 'Directions of Servants', 'Polite Conversation'.

THE STUDY OF ASTRONOMY PECULIARLY DELIGHTFUL.

In fair weather, when my heart is cheered, and I feel that exaltation of spirits which results from light and warmth, joined with a beautiful prospect of nature, I regard myself as one placed by the hand of God in the midst of an ample theatre, in which the sun, the moon, and stars, the fruits also, and vegetables of the earth, perpetually changing their positions, or their aspects, exhibit an elegant entertainment to the understanding as well as to the eye.

Thunder and lightning, rain and hail, the painted bow and the glaring comet, are decorations of this mighty theatre; and the sable hemisphere, studded with spangles, the blue vault at noon, the glorious gildings and the rich colours in the horizon, I look on as so many successive scenes.

When I consider things in this light, methinks it is a sort of impiety to have no attention to the course of nature, and the revolutions of the heavenly bodies. To be regardless of those phænomena, that are placed within our view on purpose to entertain our faculties and display the wisdom and power of our Creator, is an affront to Providence of the same kind, (I hope it was not impious to make such a simile,) as it would be to a good poet to sit out his play, without minding the plot or beauties of it. And yet, how few are there who attend to the drama of nature, its artificial structure, and those admirable scenes whereby the passions of a philosopher are gratefully agitated, and his soul affected with the sweet emotions of joy and surprise!

How many fox-hunters and rural squires are to be found all over Great Britain, who are ignorant that they have lived all this time in a planet! that the sun is several thousand times bigger than the earth; and that there are several other worlds within our view, greater and more glorious than our own! 'Aye, but,' says some illiterate fellow, 'I enjoy the world, and leave it to others to contemplate it.' Yes, you eat and drink, and run about upon it; that is, you enjoy as a brute; but to enjoy as a rational being is to know it, to be sensible of its greatness and beauty, to be delighted with its harmony and, by these reflections, to obtain just sentiments of the almighty mind that framed it.

The man who, unembarrassed with vulgar cares, leisurely attends to the flux of things in heaven and things on earth, and observes the laws by which they are governed, hath secured to himself an easy and convenient seat, where he beholds with pleasure all that passes on the stage of nature, while those about him are some fast asleep, and others struggling for the highest places, or turning their eyes from the entertainment prepared by Providence, to play at push-pin with one another.

Within this ample circumference of the

world, the glorious lights that are hung on high, the meteors in the middle region, the various livery of the earth, and the profusion of good things that distinguish the seasons, yield a prospect which annihilates all human grandeur.

THOUGHTS ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS.

When a true genius appeareth in the world, you may know him by this infallible sign, that the dunces are all in confederacy against him.

It is in disputes as in armies, where the weaker side setteth up false lights, and maketh a great noise, that the enemy may believe them to be more numerous and strong than they really are.

I have known some men possessed of good qualities, which were very serviceable to others, but useless to themselves; like a sundial on the front of a house, to inform the neighbours and passengers, but not the owner within.

The power of fortune is confessed only by the miserable, for the happy impute all their success to prudence and merit.

Ambition often puts men upon doing the meanest offices: so, climbing is performed in the same posture with creeping.

Censure is the tax a man payeth to the public for being eminent.

No wise man ever wished to be younger.

An idle reason lessens the weight of the good ones you gave before.

Complaint is the largest tribute heaven receives, and the sincerest part of our devotion.

To be vain is rather a mark of humility than pride. Vain men delight in telling what honours have been done them, what great company they have kept, and the like; by which they plainly confess that these honours were more than their due, and such as their friends would not believe if they had not been told: whereas a man truly proud thinks the greatest honours below his merit, and consequently scorns to boast. I therefore deliver it as a maxim, that whoever desires the character of a proud man, ought to conceal his vanity.

III. THE GREAT NOVELISTS.

DANIEL DEFOE.

Daniel Defoe (born in London 1661) was educated for a presbyterian minister; but this not suiting his fancy, he pursued successively the avocations of hosier, tilemaker, and wool-merchant, but without receiving benefit from any of them. In 1699 he became celebrated by the publication of his 'True born Englishman' a poetical satire on foreigners and a defence of the king. In 1702 he wrote a treatise entitled 'The shortest Way with the Dissenters' for which he was imprisoned, fined, and pilloried. He remained nearly two years in Newgate during which time he carried on a periodical paper 'The Review'. Upon his release he wrote an ironical political article for which he was again arrested. In 1719 appeared his 'Robinson Crusoe' the success of which induced him to write several other fictitious works of which we may mention 'Moll Flanders', 'Captain Singleton', 'Duncs Campbell', 'Colonel Jack' &c. He wrote his last works in a different style; amongst these publications were 'A Political History of the Devil', 'System of Magic', 'The Complete English Tradesman', 'A Tour through Great Britain' &c. In all his works it may be noticed that he possessed a great power of giving the appearance of truth to all his accounts. He died in 1731, author of two hundred and ten books and pamphlets.

ROBINSON CRUSOE

I was busy one morning upon something, when I called to Friday, and bid him go to the sea-shore, and see if he could find a turtle, or tortoise, a thing which we generally got once a week, for the sake of the eggs as well as the flesh. Friday had not been long gone, when he came running back, and flew over my outer-wall, or fence, like one that felt not the ground, or the steps he set his feet on; and before I had time to speak to him, he cried out to me. 'O master! O master! O sorrow! O bad!' 'What's the matter, Friday?' said I. 'O yonder, there,' said he, 'one, two, three canoe; one, two, three!' By this way of speaking, I concluded there were six: but, on inquiry, I found it was but three. 'Well, Friday,' said I, 'do not be frighted.' So I heartened him up as well as I could; however, I saw the poor fellow was most terribly scared; for nothing ran in his head but that they were come to look for him, and would cut him in pieces, and eat him; and the

poor fellow trembled so, that I scarce knew what to do with him. I comforted him as well as I could, and told him I was in as much danger as he, and that they would eat me as well as him. 'But,' said I, 'Friday, we must resolve to fight them. Can you fight, Friday?' — 'Me shoot,' said he; 'but there come many great number.' — 'No matter for that,' said I, again; 'our guns will fright them that we do not kill.' So I asked him whether, if I resolved to defend him, he would defend me, and stand by me, and do just as I bid him. He said, 'Me die, when you bid die, master.' So I went and fetched him a good dram of rum and gave it him; for I had been so good a husband of my rum, that I had a great deal left. When he had drank it, I made him take the two fowling-pieces, which we always carried, and load them with large swan-shot, as big as small pistol-bullets; then I took four muskets, and loaded them with two slugs and five small bullets each; and my two pistols I loaded with a brace of bullets each; I hung my great sword, as usual, naked by my side, and gave Friday his hatchet. When I had thus prepared myself, I took my perspective-glass, and went up to the side of the hill, to see what I could discover; and I found quickly, by my glass, that there were one and twenty savages, three prisoners, and three canoes: and that their whole business seemed to be the triumphant banquet upon these three human bodies; a barbarous feast indeed, but nothing more than, as I had observed, was usual with them. I observed also, that they were landed, not where they had done when Friday made his escape; but nearer to my creek, where the shore was low, and where a thick wood came close almost down to the sea. This, with the abhorrence of the inhuman errand these wretches came about, filled me with such indignation, that I came down again to Friday, and told him I was resolved to go down to them, and kill them all; and asked him if he would stand by me. He was now gotten over his fright, and his spirits being a little raised with the dram I had given him, he was very cheerful, and told me, as before, he would die when I bid die.

In this fit of fury, I took first and divided the arms which I had charged, as before, between us; I gave Friday one pistol to stick in his girdle, and three guns upon his shoulder; and I took one pistol, and the other three myself; and in this posture we marched out. I took a small bottle of rum in my pocket, and gave Friday a large bag with more powder and bullet; and, as to orders, I charged him to keep close behind me, and not to stir, or shoot, or do any thing, till I bid him; and, in the mean time, not to speak a word. In this posture, I fetched a compass to my right hand of near a mile, as well to get over the creek as to get into the wood, so that I might come within shot of them before I should be discovered, which I had seen, by my glass, it was easy to do.

While I was making this march, my former thoughts returning, I began to abate my resolution; I do not mean that I entertained any fear of their number; for, as they were naked, unarmed wretches, it is certain I was superior to them; nay, though I had been alone. But it occurred to my thoughts, what call? what occasion? much less what necessity I was in, to go and dip my hands in blood, to attack people who had neither done me or intended me any wrong? who, as to me, were innocent, and whose barbarous customs were their own disaster: being in them, a token indeed of God's having left them, with the other nations of that part of the world, to such stupidity, and to such inhuman courses; but did not call me to take upon me to be a judge of their actions, much less an executioner of his justice; that, whenever he thought fit, he would take the cause into his own hands, and, by national vengeance, punish them, as a people, for national crimes; but that, in the mean time, it was none of my business; that, it was true, Friday might justify it, because he was a declared enemy, and in a state of war with those very particular people; and it was lawful for him to attack them; but I could not say the same with respect to me. These things were so warmly pressed upon my thoughts all the way as I went, that I resolved I would only go and place myself near them, that I might observe their barbarous feast, and that I would act then as God should direct; but that, unless something offered that was more a call to me than yet I knew of, I would not meddle with them.

With this resolution I entered the wood, and, with all possible wariness and silence, Friday following close at my heels, I marched till I came to the skirt of the wood, on the side which was next to them; only that one corner of the wood lay between me and them. Here I called softly to Friday, and showing him a great tree, which was just at the corner of the wood, I bade him go to the tree, and bring me word if he could see there plainly what they were doing. He did so, and came immediately back to me, and told me they might be

plainly viewed there; that they were all about their fire, eating the flesh of one of their prisoners, and that another lay bound upon the sand, a little from them, which, he said, they would kill next, and which fired all the very soul within me. He told me it was not one of their nation, but one of the bearded men, whom he had told me of, that came to their country in the boat. I was filled with horror at the very naming the white, bearded man; and, going to the tree, I saw plainly, by my glass, a white man, who lay upon the beach of the sea, with his hands and his feet tied with flags, or things like rushes, and that he was an European, and had clothes on.

There was another tree, and a little thicket beyond it, about fifty yards nearer to them than the place where I was, which, by going a little way about, I saw I might come at undiscovered, and that then I should be within half shot of them; so I withheld my passion, though I was indeed enraged to the highest degree; and going back about twenty paces, I got behind some bushes, which held all the way till I came to the other tree; and then I came to a little rising ground, which gave me full view of them, at the distance of about eighty yards.

I had now not a moment to lose, for nineteen of the dreadful wretches sat upon the ground, all close huddled together, and had just sent the other two to butcher the poor Christian, and bring him, perhaps, limb by limb, to their fire; and they were stooped down to untie the hands at his feet. I turned to Friday — 'Now, Friday,' said I, 'do as I bid thee,' Friday said he would. 'Then, Friday,' said I, 'do exactly as you see me do; fail in nothing.' So I set down one of the muskets and the fowling-piece upon the ground, and Friday did the like by his; and with the other musket I took my aim at the savages, bidding him to do the like; then asking him if he was ready, he said, 'Yes.' 'Then fire at them,' said I; and the same moment I fired also.

Friday took his aim so much better than I, that on the side that he shot, he killed two of them, and wounded three more; and on my side, I killed one, and wounded two. They were, you may be sure, in a dreadful consternation; and all of them who were not hurt jumped up upon their feet, but did not immediately know which way to run, or which way to look, for they knew not from whence their destruction came. Friday kept his eyes close upon me, that, as I had bid him, he might observe what I did; so, as soon as the first shot was made I threw down the piece, and took up the fowling-piece; and Friday did the like; he saw me cock and present; he did the same again. 'Are you ready, Friday?' said I. — 'Yes,' said he. 'Let fly, then,' said I, 'in the name of God!' and with that, I fired again among the amazed wretches, and so did Friday; and as our pieces were now loaden with what I called swan-shot, or small pistol-bullets, we found only two drop, but so many were wounded, that they ran about yelling and screaming like mad creatures, all bloody, and miserably wounded most of them; whereof three more of them fell quickly after, not quite dead.

'Now, Friday,' said I, laying down the discharged pieces, and taking up the musket which was yet loaden, 'follow me,' said I, which he did with a great deal of courage; upon which I rushed out of the wood, and showed myself, and Friday close at my foot. As soon as I perceived they saw me, I shouted as loud as I could, and bade Friday do so too: and running as fast as I could, which, by the way, was not very fast, being loaded with arms as I was, I made directly towards the poor victim, who was, as I said, lying upon the beach or shore, between the place where they sat and the sea. The two butchers, who were just going to work with him, had left him at the surprise of our first fire, and fled in a terrible fright to the seaside, and had jumped into a canoe, and three more of the rest made the same way. I turned to Friday, and bade him step forwards, and fire at them; he understood me immediately, and running about forty yards, to be near them, he shot at them, and I thought he had killed them all, for I saw them all fall of a heap into the boat; though I saw two of them up again quickly; however, he killed two of them, and wounded the third so, that he lay down in the bottom of the boat as if he had been dead.

While my man Friday fired at them, I pulled out my knife and cut the flags that bound the poor victim; and loosing his hands and feet, I lifted him up, and asked him in the Portuguese tongue, what he was. He answered in Latin, Christianus; but was so weak and faint that he could scarce stand or speak. I took my bottle out of my pocket, and gave it him, making signs that he should drink, which he did; and I gave him a piece of bread, which he eat. Then I asked him what countryman he was; and he said, Espagnole; and being a little recovered, let me know, by all the signs he could possibly make, how much he was in my debt for his deliverance. 'Seignior,'

said I, with as much Spanish as I could make up, 'we will talk afterwards, but we must fight now; if you have any strength left, take this pistol and sword, and lay about you.' He took them very thankfully, and no sooner had he the arms in his hands, but, as if they had put new vigour into him, he flew upon his murderers like a fury, and had cut two of them in pieces in an instant; for the truth is, as the whole was a surprise to them, so the poor creatures were so much frighted with the noise of our pieces, that they fell down for mere amazement and fear; and had no more power to attempt their own escape, than their flesh had to resist our shot; and that was the case of those five that Friday shot at in the boat; for as three of them fell with the hurt they received, so the other two fell with the fright.

I kept my piece in my hand still without firing, being willing to keep my charge ready, because I had given the Spaniard my pistol and sword: so I called to Friday, and bade him run up to the tree from whence we first fired, and fetch the arms which lay there that had been discharged, which he did with great swiftness; and then giving him my musket, I sat down myself to load all the rest again, and bade them come to me when they wanted. While I was loading these pieces, there happened a fierce engagement between the Spaniard and one of the savages, who made at him with one of their great wooden swords, the same weapon that was to have killed him before, if I had not prevented it. The Spaniard, who was as bold and as brave as could be imagined, though weak, had fought this Indian a good while, and had cut him two great wounds on his head; but the savage being a stout, lusty fellow, closing in with him, had thrown him down, being faint, and was wringing my sword out of his hand; when the Spaniard, though undermost, wisely quitting the sword, drew the pistol from his girdle, shot the savage through the body, and killed him upon the spot, before I, who was running to help him, could come near him.

Friday being now left to his liberty, pursued the flying wretches, with no weapon in his hand but his hatchet; and with that he dispatched those three, who, as I said before, were wounded at first, and fallen, and all the rest he could come up with, and the Spaniard coming to me for a gun, I gave him one of the fowling-pieces, with which he pursued two of the savages, and wounded them both; but, as he was not able to run, they both got from him into the wood, where Friday pursued them, and killed one of them, but the other was too nimble for him; and though he was wounded, yet had plunged himself into the sea, and swam, with all his might, off to those two who were left in the canoe, which three in the canoe, with one wounded, who we know not whether he died or no, were all that escaped our hands of one and twenty.

Those that were in the canoe worked hard to get out of gun-shot, and though Friday made two or three shot at them, I did not find that he hit any of them. Friday would fain have had me take one of their canoes, and pursue them; and, indeed, I was very anxious about their escape, lest carrying the news home to their people, they should come back perhaps with two or three hundred of their canoes, and devour us by mere multitude; so I consented to pursue them by sea, and running to one of their canoes I jumped in, and bade Friday follow me; but when I was in the canoe, I was surprised to find another poor creature lie there alive, bound hand and foot, as the Spaniard was, for the slaughter, and almost dead with fear, not knowing what the matter was; for he had not been able to look up over the side of the boat, he was tied so hard neck and heels, and had been tied so long, that he had really but little life in him.

I immediately cut the twisted flags or rushes, which they had bound him with, and would have helped him up; but he could not stand or speak, but groaned most piteously, believing, it seems, still, that he was only unbound in order to be killed. When Friday came to him, I bade him speak to him, and tell him of his deliverance; and, pulling out my bottle, made him give the poor wretch a dram; which, with the news of his being delivered, revived him, and he sat up in the boat. But when Friday came to hear him speak, and look in his face, it would have moved any one to tears to have seen how Friday kissed him, embraced him, hugged him, cried, laughed, hallooed, jumped about, danced, sung; then cried again, wrung his hands, beat his own face and head; and then sung and jumped about again, like a distracted creature. It was a good while before I could make him speak to me, or tell me what was the matter; but when he came a little to himself, he told me that it was his father.

It is not easy for me to express how it moved me to see what ecstasy and filial affection had worked in this poor savage at the sight of his father, and of his being delivered from death; nor, indeed, can I

describe half the extravagancies of his affection after this; for he went into the boat, and out of the boat, a great many times; when he went in to him, he would sit down by him, open his breast, and hold his father's head close to his bosom, half an hour together, to nourish it; then he took his arms and ancles, which were numbed and stiff with the binding, and chafed and rubbed them with his hands; and I, perceiving what the case was, gave him some rum out of my bottle to rub them with, which did them a great deal of good.

This action put an end to our pursuit of the canoe with the other savages, who were now gotten almost out of sight; and it was happy for us that we did not, for it blew so hard within two hours after, and before they could be gotten a quarter of their way, and continued blowing so hard all night, and that from the north-west, which was against them, that I could not suppose their boat could live, or that they ever reached to their own coast.

But, to return to Friday; he was so busy about his father, that I could not find in my heart to take him off for some time: but after I thought he could leave him a little, I called him to me, and he came jumping and laughing, and pleased to the highest extreme; then I asked him if he had given his father any bread. He shook his head, and said, 'None; ngly dog eat all up self.' So I gave him a cake of bread, out of a little pouch I carried on purpose; I also gave him a dram for himself. but he would not taste it, but carried it to his father. I had in my pocket also two or three bunches of my raisins, so I gave him a handful of them for his father. He had no sooner given his father these raisins, but I saw him come out of the boat, and run away, as if he had been bewitched, he ran at such a rate; for he was the swiftest fellow of his foot that ever I saw: I say, he ran at such a rate, that he was out of sight, as it were, in an instant; and though I called, and hallooed out too, after him, it was all one, away he went; and in a quarter of an hour I saw him come back again, though not so fast as he went; and as he came nearer I found his pace was slacker, because he had something in his hand. When he came up to me, I found he had been quite home for an earthen jug, or pot, to bring his father some fresh water, and that he had got two more cakes or loaves of bread; the bread he gave me, but the water he carried to his father; however, as I was very thirsty too, I took a little sup of it. This water revived his father more than all the rum or spirits I had given him, for he was just fainting with thirst.

When his father had drank, I called to him to know if there was any water left. he said, 'Yes;' and I bade him give it to the poor Spaniard, who was in as much want of it as his father; and I sent one of the cakes, that Friday brought, to the Spaniard too, who was indeed very weak, and was reposing himself upon a green place under the shade of a tree; and whose limbs were also very stiff, and very much swelled with the rude bandage he had been tied with. When I saw that upon Friday's coming to him with the water, he sat up and drank, and took the bread, and began to eat, I went to him and gave him a handful of raisins: he looked up in my face with all the tokens of gratitude and thankfulness that could appear in any countenance; but was so weak, notwithstanding he had so exerted himself in the fight, that he could not stand upon his feet; he tried to do it two or three times, but was really not able, his ancles were so swelled and so painful to him; so I bade him sit still, and caused Friday to rub his ancles, and bathe them with rum, as he had done his father's.

I observed the poor affectionate creature, every two minutes, or perhaps less, all the while he was here, turn his head about, to see if his father was in the same place and posture as he left him sitting; and at last he found he was not to be seen; at which he started up, and, without speaking a word, flew with that swiftness to him, that one could scarce perceive his feet to touch the ground as he went: but when he came, he only found he had laid himself down to ease his limbs; so Friday came back to me presently; and then I spoke to the Spaniard to let Friday help him up, if he could, and lead him to the boat, and then he should carry him to our dwelling, where I would take care of him: but Friday, a lusty strong fellow, took the Spaniard quite up upon his back, and carried him away to the boat, and set him down softly upon the side or gunnel of the canoe, with his feet in the inside of it; and then lifted him quite in, and set him close to his father; and presently stepping out again, launched the boat off, and paddled it along the shore faster than I could walk, though the wind blew pretty hard too; so he brought them both safe into our creek, and leaving them in the boat, ran away to fetch the other canoe As he passed me, I spoke to him, and asked him whither he went. He told me, 'Go fetch more boat:' so away he went like the wind, for sure never man or horse ran

like him; and he had the other canoe in the creek almost as soon as I got to it by land; so he wafted me over, and then went to help our new guests out of the boat, which he did; but they were neither of them able to walk, so that poor Friday knew not what to do.

To remedy this, I went to work in my thought, and calling to Friday to bid them sit down on the bank while he came to me, I soon made a kind of a hand-barrow to lay them on, and Friday and I carried them up both together upon it, between us.

But when we got them to the outside of our wall, or fortification, we were at a worse loss than before, for it was impossible to get them over, and I was resolved not to break it down: so I set to work again; and Friday and I, in about two hours' time, made a very handsome tent, covered with old sails, and above that with boughs of trees, being in the space without our outward fence, and between that and the grove of young wood which I had planted: and here we made them two beds of such things as I had, viz. of good rice-straw, with blankets laid upon it, to lie on, and another to cover them, on each bed.

My island was now peopled, and I thought myself very rich in subjects; and it was a merry reflection, which I frequently made, how like a king I looked. First of all, the whole country was my own mere property, so that I had an undoubted right of dominion. Secondly, my people were perfectly subjected; I was absolutely lord and lawgiver; they all owed their lives to me, and were ready to lay down their lives, if there had been occasion of it, for me. It was remarkable, too, I had but three subjects, and they were of three different religions: my man Friday was a Protesant, his father was a Pagan and a cannibal, and the Spaniard was a Papist: however, I allowed liberty of conscience throughout my dominions; but this is by the way.

As soon as I had secured my two weak rescued prisoners, and given them shelter, and a place to rest them upon, I began to think of making some provision for them; and the first thing I did, I ordered Friday to take a yearling goat, betwixt a kid and a goat, out of my particular flock, to be killed, when I cut off the hinder-quarter, and chopping it into small pieces, I set Friday to work to boiling and stewing, and made them a very good dish, I assure you, of flesh and broth, having put some barley and rice also into the broth; and as I cooked it without doors, for I made no fire within my inner wall, so I carried it all into the new tent, and having set a table there for them, I sat down, and eat my own dinner also with them, and, as well as I could, cheered them, and encouraged them; Friday being my interpreter, especially to his father, and, indeed, to the Spaniard too; for the Spaniard spoke the language of the savages pretty well.

After we had dined, or rather supped, I ordered Friday to take one of the canoes, and go and fetch our muskets and other fire-arms, which, for want of time, we had left upon the place of battle; and the next day, I ordered him to go and bury the dead bodies of the savages, which lay open to the sun, and would presently be offensive; and I also ordered him to bury the horrid remains of their barbarous feast, which I knew were pretty much, and which I could not think of doing myself; nay, I could not bear to see them, if I went that way; all which he punctually performed, and defaced the very appearance of the savages being there; so that when I went again, I could scarce know where it was, otherwise than by the corner of the wood pointing to the place.

I then began to enter into a little conversation with my two new subjects; and, first, I set Friday to inquire of his father what he thought of the escape of the savages in that canoe, and whether we might expect a return of them, with a power too great for us to resist. His first opinion was, that the savages in the boat never could live out the storm which blew that night they went off, but must, of necessity, be drowned, or driven south to those other shores, where they were as sure to be devoured as they were to be drowned, if they were cast away; but, as to what they would do, if they came safe on shore, he said he knew not; but it was his opinion, that they were so dreadfully frighted with the manner of their being attacked, the noise, and the fire, that he believed they would tell their people they were all killed by thunder and lightning, not by the hand of man; and that the two which appeared, viz. Friday and I, were two heavenly spirits, or furies, come down to destroy them, and not men with weapons. This, he said, he knew; because he heard them all cry out so, in their language to one another; for it was impossible to them to conceive that a man could dart fire, and speak thunder, and kill at a distance, without lifting up the hand, as was done now; and this old savage was in the right; for, as I understood since, by other hands, the savages never attempted to go over to the island afterwards; they were so terrified with

the accounts given by those four men (for, it seems, they did escape the sea,) that they believed whoever went to that enchanted island would be destroyed with fire from the gods. This, however, I knew not, and therefore was under continual apprehensions for a good while, and kept always upon my guard, I and all my army; for, as there were now four of us, I would have ventured upon a hundred of them, fairly in the open field, at any time.

In a little time, however, no more canoes appearing, the fear of their coming wore off; and I began to take my former thoughts of a voyage to the main into consideration; being likewise assured, by Friday's father, that I might depend upon good usage from their nation, on his account, if I would go. But my thoughts were a little suspended when I had a serious discourse with the Spaniard, and when I understood that there were sixteen more of his countrymen and Portuguese, who having been cast away, and made their escape to that side, lived there at peace, indeed, with the savages, but were very sore put to it for necessaries, and indeed for life. I asked him all the particulars of their voyage, and found they were a Spanish ship, bound from the Rio de la Plata to the Havanna, being directed to leave their loading there, which was chiefly hides and silver, and to bring back what European goods they could meet with there; that they had five Portuguese seamen on board, whom they took out of another wreck; that five of their own men were drowned, when first the ship was lost, and that these escaped, through infinite dangers and hazards, and arrived, almost starved, on the cannibal coast, where they expected to have been devoured every moment. He told me they had some arms with them, but they were perfectly useless, for that they had neither powder or ball, the washing of the sea having spoiled all their powder but a little, which they used, at their first landing, to provide themselves some food.

I asked him what he thought would become of them there, and if they had formed no design of making any escape. He said they had many consultations about it; but that having neither vessel, or tools to build one, or provisions of any kind, their councils always ended in tears and despair. I asked him how he thought they would receive a proposal from me, which might tend towards an escape; and whether, if they were all here, it might not be done. I told him with freedom, I feared mostly their treachery and ill usage of me, if I put my life in their hands; for that gratitude was no inherent virtue in the nature of man, nor did men always square their dealings by the obligations they had received, so much as they did by the advantages they expected. I told him it would be very hard that I should be the instrument of their deliverance, and that they should afterwards make me their prisoner in New Spain, where an Englishman was certain to be made a sacrifice, what necessity, or what accident soever brought him thither; and that I had rather be delivered up to the savages, and be devoured alive, than fall into the merciless claws of the priests, and be carried into the Inquisition. I added, that otherwise I was persuaded, if they were all here, we might, with so many hands, build a bark large enough to carry us all away, either to the Brasils, southward, or to the islands, or Spanish coast, northward; but that if, in requital, they should, when I had put weapons into their hands, carry me by force among their own people, I might be ill used for my kindness to them, and make my case worse than it was before.

He answered, with a great deal of candour and ingenuity, that their condition was so miserable, and that they were so sensible of it, that, he believed, they would abhor the thought of using any man unkindly that should contribute to their deliverance; and that, if I pleased, he would go to them with the old man, and discourse with them about it, and return again, and bring me their answer; that he would make conditions with them upon their solemn oath, that they should be absolutely under my leading, as their commander and captain; and that they should swear upon the holy sacraments and the gospel, to be true to me, and to go to such Christian country as that I should agree to, and no other, and to be directed wholly and absolutely by my orders, till they were landed safely in such country as I intended; and that he would bring a contract from them, under their hands, for that purpose. Then he told me he would first swear to me himself, that he would never stir from me as long as he lived, till I gave him orders; and that he would take my side to the last drop of his blood, if there should happen the least breach of faith among his countrymen. He told me they were all of them very civil, honest men, and they were under the greatest distress imaginable, having neither weapons or clothes, nor any food, but at the mercy and discretion of the savages; out of all hopes of ever returning to their own country; and that he was sure, if I would undertake their relief, they would live and die by me.

Upon these assurances, I resolved to venture to relieve them, if possible, and to send the old savage and this Spaniard over to them to treat. But when we had gotten all things in a readiness to go, the Spaniard himself started an objection, which had so much prudence in it, on one hand, and so much sincerity on the other hand, that I could not but be very well satisfied in it; and, by his advice, put off the deliverance of his comrades for at least half a year. The case was thus: he had been with us now about a month; during which time I had let him see in what manner I had provided, with the assistance of Providence, for my support; and he saw evidently what stock of corn and rice I had laid up; which, as it was more than sufficient for myself, so it was not sufficient, at least without good husbandry, for my family, now it was increased to number four; but much less would it be sufficient if his countrymen, who were, as he said, fourteen, still alive, should come over; and, least of all, would it be sufficient to victual our vessel, if we should build one, for a voyage to any of the Christian colonies of America; so he told me he thought it would be more advisable to let him and the other two dig and cultivate some more land, as much as I could spare seed to sow; and that we should wait another harvest, that we might have a supply of corn for his countrymen, when they should come; for want might be a temptation to them to disagree, or not to think themselves delivered, otherwise than out of one difficulty into another. 'You know,' said he, 'the children of Israel, though they rejoiced at first for their being delivered out of Egypt, yet rebelled even against God himself, that delivered them, when they came to want bread in the wilderness.'

His caution was so seasonable, and his advice so good, that I could not but be very well pleased with his proposal, as well as I was satisfied with his fidelity: so we fell to digging all four of us, as well as the wooden tools we were furnished with permitted; and in about a month's time, by the end of which it was seed-time, we had gotten as much land cured and trimmed up as we sowed two and twenty bushels of barley on, and sixteen jars of rice; which was, in short, all the seed we had to spare, nor, indeed, did we leave ourselves barley sufficient for our own food, for the six months that we had to expect our crop, that is to say, reckoning from the time we set our seed aside for sowing; for it is not to be supposed it is six months in the ground in that country.

Having now society enough, and our number being sufficient to put us out of fear of the savages, if they had come, unless their number had been very great, we went freely all over the island, wherever we found occasion; and as here we had our escape or deliverance upon our thoughts, it was impossible, at least for me, to have the means of it out of mine. To this purpose, I marked out several trees which I thought fit for our work, and I set Friday and his father to cutting them down; and then I caused the Spaniard, to whom I imparted my thoughts on that affair, to oversee and direct their work. I showed them with what indefatigable pains I had hewed a large tree into single planks, and I caused them to do the like, till they had made about a dozen large planks of good oak, near two feet broad, thirty-five feet long, and from two inches to four inches thick: what prodigious labour it took up, one may imagine.

At the same time, I contrived to increase my little flock of tame goats as much as I could; and, for this purpose, I made Friday and the Spaniard go out one day, and myself with Friday the next day; for we took our turns: and by this means we got above twenty young kids to breed up with the rest; for whenever we shot the dam, we saved the kids, and added them to our flock. But, above all, the season for curing the grapes coming on, I caused such a prodigious quantity to be hung up in the sun, that, I believe, had we been at Alicant, where the raisins of the sun are cured, we could have filled sixty or eighty barrels; and these, with our bread, was a great part of our food, and very good living too, I assure you; for it is an exceeding nourishing food.

It was now harvest, and our crop in good order; it was not the most plentiful increase I had seen in the island, but, however, it was enough to answer our end; for from our twenty-two bushels of barley we brought in and thrashed out above two hundred and twenty bushels, and the like in proportion of the rice; which was store enough for our food to the next harvest, though all the sixteen Spaniards had been on shore with me; or if we had been ready for a voyage, it would very plentifully have victualled our ship to have carried us to any part of the world, that is to say, of America. When we had thus housed and secured our magazine of corn, we fell to work to make more wicker-work, viz. great

baskets, in which we kept it; and the Spaniard was very handy and dexterous at this part, and often blamed me that I did not make some things for defence of this kind of work; but I saw no need of it.

And now having a full supply of food for all the guests I expected, I gave the Spaniard leave to go over to the main, to see what he could do with those he had left behind him there.

THE GREAT PLAGUE IN LONDON.

Much about the same time I walked out into the fields towards Bow, for I had a great mind to see how things were managed in the river, and among the ships; and as I had some concern in shipping, I had a notion that it had been one of the best ways of securing one's self from the infection, to have retired into a ship; and musing how to satisfy my curiosity in that point, I turned away over the fields, from Bow to Bromley, and down to Blackwall, to the stairs that are there for landing or taking water.

Here I saw a poor man walking on the bank or sea-wall, as they call it, by himself. I walked a while also about, seeing the houses all shut up; at last I fell into some talk, at a distance, with this poor man. First I asked him how people did there-abouts? Alas! sir, says he, almost desolate; all dead or sick: Here are very few families in this part, or in that village, pointing at Poplar, where half of them are not dead already, and the rest sick. Then pointing to one house, There they are all dead, said he, and the house stands open; nobody dares go into it. A poor thief, says he, ventured in to steal something, but he paid dear for his theft, for he was carried to the churchyard too, last night. Then he pointed to several other houses. There, says he, they are all dead, the man and his wife and five children. There, says he, they are shut up; yon see a watchman at the door, and so of other houses. Why, said I, what do you here all alone? Why, says he, I am a poor desolate man; it hath pleased God I am not yet visited, though my family is, and one of my children dead. How do you mean then, said I, that you are not visited? Why, says he, that is my house, pointing to a very little low boarded house, and there my poor wife and two children live, said he, if they may be said to live; for my wife and one of the children are visited, but I do not come at them. And with that word I saw the tears run very plentifully down his face; and so they did down mine too, I assure you.

But, said I, why do you not come at them? How can you abandon your own flesh and blood? Oh, sir, says he, the Lord forbid; I do not abandon them: I work for them as much as I am able; and, blessed be the Lord, I keep them from want. And with that I observed he lifted up his eyes to heaven with a countenance that presently told me I had happened on a man that was no hypocrite, but a serious, religious, good man; and his ejaculation was an expression of thankfulness, that, in such a condition as he was in, he should be able to say his family did not want. Well, said I, honest man, that is a great mercy, as things go now with the poor. But how do you live then, and how are you kept from the dreadful calamity that is now upon us all? Why, sir, says he, I am a waterman, and there is my boat, says he, and the boat serves me for a house; I work in it in the day, and I sleep in it in the night, and what I get I lay it down upon that stone, says he, showing me a broad stone on the other side of the street, a good way from his house; and then, says he, I halloo and call to them till I make them hear, and they come and fetch it.

Well, friend, said I, but how can you get money as a waterman? Does anybody go by water these times? Yes, sir, says he, in the way I am employed there does. Do you see there, says he, five ships lie at anchor? pointing down the river a good way below the town; and do you see, says he, eight or ten ships lie at the chain there, and at anchor yonder? pointing above the town. All those ships have families on board, of their merchants and owners, and such like, who have locked themselves up, and live on board, close shut in, for fear of the infection: and I tend on them to fetch things for them, carry letters, and do what is absolutely necessary, that they may not be obliged to come on shore; and every night I fasten my boat on board one of the ship's boats, and there I sleep by myself; and blessed be God, I am preserved hitherto.

Well, said I, friend, but will they let you come on board after you have been on shore here, when this has been such a terrible place, and so infected as it is?

Why, as to that, said he, I very seldom go up the ship-side, but deliver what I bring to their boat, or lie by the side, and they hoist it on board; if I did, I think they are in no danger from me, for I never go into any house on shore, or touch any-

body, no, not of my own family; but I fetch provisions for them.

Nay, said I, but that may be worse, for you must have those provisions of somebody or other; and since all this part of the town is so infected, it is dangerous so much as to speak with anybody; for the village, said I, is, as it were, the beginning of London, though it be at some distance from it.

That is true, added he, but you do not understand me right I do not buy provisions for them here; I row up to Greenwich, and buy fresh meat there, and sometimes I row down the river to Woolwich, and buy there; then I go to single farmhouses on the Kentish side, where I am known, and buy fowls, and eggs, and butter, and bring to the ships, as they direct me, sometimes one, sometimes the other. I seldom come on shore here; and I came only now to call my wife, and hear how my little family do, and give them a little money which I received last night.

Poor man! said I, and how much hast thou gotten for them?

I have gotten four shillings, said he, which is a great sum, as things go now with poor men; but they have given me a bag of bread too, and a salt fish, and some flesh; so all helps out.

Well, said I, and have you given it them yet?

No, said he, but I have called, and my wife has answered that she cannot come out yet; but in half an hour she hopes to come, and I am waiting for her. Poor woman! says he, she is brought sadly down; she has had a swelling, and it is broke, and I hope she will recover, but I fear the child will die; but it is the Lord! Here he stopt, and wept very much.

Well, honest friend, said I, thou hast a sure comforter, if thou hast brought thyself to be resigned to the will of God; he is dealing with us all in judgment.

Oh, sir, says he, it is infinite mercy if any of us are spared; and who am I to repine!

Say'st thou so, said I: and how much less is my faith than thine! And here my heart smote me, suggesting how much better this poor man's foundation was, on which he staid in the danger, than mine; that he had nowhere to fly; that he had a family to bind him to attendance, which I had not: and mine was mere presumption, his a true dependence and a courage resting on God; and yet, that he used all possible caution for his safety.

I turned a little way from the man while these thoughts engaged me; for indeed, I could no more refrain from tears than he.

At length, after some farther talk, the poor woman opened the door, and called Robert, Robert; he answered, and bid her stay a few moments and he would come; so he ran down the common stairs to his boat, and fetched up a sack in which were the provisions he had brought from the ships; and when he returned, he hallooed again; then he went to the great stone which he showed me, and emptied the sack, and laid all out, everything by themselves, and then retired; and his wife came with a little boy to fetch them away; and he called, and said, such a captain had sent such a thing, and such a captain such a thing; and at the end adds, God has sent it all, give thanks to him. When the poor woman had taken up all, she was so weak, she could not carry it at once in, though the weight was not much neither; so she left the biscuit, which was in a little bag, and left a little boy to watch it till she came again.

Well, but, said I to him, did you leave her the four shillings too, which you said was your week's pay?

Yes, yes, says he, you shall hear her own it. So he calls again, Rachel, Rachel, which, it seems, was her name, did you take up the money? Yes, said she. How much was it? said he. Four shillings and a groat, said she. Well, well, says he, the Lord keep you all; and so he turned to go away.

As I could not refrain contributing tears to this man's story, so neither could I refrain my charity for his assistance; so I called him, Hark thee, friend, said I, come hither, for I believe thou art in health, that I may venture thee; so I pulled out my hand, which was in my pocket before, Here, said I, go and call thy Rachel once more, and give her a little more comfort from me; God will never forsake a family that trust in him as thou dost: so I gave him four other shillings, and bid him go lay them on the stone, and call his wife.

I have not words to express the poor man's thankfulness, neither could he express it himself, but by tears running down his face. He called his wife, and told her God had moved the heart of a stranger, upon hearing their condition, to give them all that money; and a great deal more such as that he said to her. The woman, too, made signs of the like thankfulness, as well to Heaven as to me, and joyfully picked it up; and I parted with no money all that year that I thought better bestowed.

JONATHAN SWIFT.

Born 1667. Died 1745.

VOYAGE TO LILLIPUT.

Mr. Lemuel Gulliver was the third son of a gentleman in Nottinghamshire. At the age of fourteen he was sent to Cambridge, where he studied very closely for three years: but the charge of maintaining him being too great for his father's narrow fortune, he was bound apprentice to Mr. Bates, a Surgeon in London. What little money he got, he laid out in learning navigation and other parts of mathematics as he always fancied he should be a great traveller. When his time was expired, he left Mr. Bates and studied physic two years at Leyden in Holland.

Soon after his return from Leyden, he was recommended to be surgeon to the Swallow, Captain Abraham Parnell commander, with whom he made a voyage or two into the Levant, and other parts. He then resolved to settle in London, and his old master, Mr. Bates, recommended him to several patients. He took a house in the Old Jewry, and being advised to marry, he espoused Miss Polly Burton, daughter of a hosier in Newgatestreet, with whom he received a portion of four hundred pounds.

But Mr. Bates dying in two years after and Mr. Gulliver having few friends, his business fell off very much; and therefore, having consulted his wife, he determined to go to sea again. He was surgeon successively in two ships, and made several voyages to the East and West-Indies, by which he made some addition to his fortune. The last of these voyages not proving very fortunate he grew weary of the sea; and intending to stay at home with his wife and family, he first took a house in Fetter-Lane and afterwards in Wapping, hoping to get business among the sailors; but this did not answer his expectation. After waiting in vain for three years, in hopes that things would mend, he accepted of an advantageous offer from Captain Pritchard, of the Antelope, who was making a voyage to the South-Seas.

They sailed from Bristol on the 4th of May 1699. Their voyage was at first very prosperous; till leaving these seas and steering their course towards the East-Indies they were driven by a storm to the northward of van Diemen's land. Twelve of the crew were dead by hard labour and bad food, and the rest were in a very weak condition.

On the 5th of November (the beginning of summer in those parts) the weather being hazy, they espied a rock within a cable's length of the ship, and the wind being strong, they immediately split upon it. Mr. Gulliver and five of the crew, heaved out the boat, and made a shift to get clear of the ship and the rock. They rowed till they could work no longer; and then, trusting to the mercy of the waves, in about half an hour the boat was overset by a sudden squall from the north. What became of the other seamen Mr. Gulliver knew not; but he swam with wind and tide, and often in vain let his legs drop in hopes of feeling the bottom; at last when he was almost ready to expire, he found himself within his depth. And the storm being greatly abated, he walked above a mile before he reached the shore; he then advanced near half a mile up the country, but could not discover either houses or inhabitants. He laid himself down on the grass, which was very short and soft, and slept about nine hours. He awoke just at daybreak and upon attempting to rise, he found that he could not stir; for as he lay on his back, he found his arms and legs fastened to the ground, and his hair, which was long and thick, tied in the same manner. In a little time he felt something alive moving on his left leg, which advanced almost up to his chin, when bending his eyes downwards, he perceived it to be a human creature not six inches high, with a bow and arrow in his hand and a quiver at his back. He then felt at least forty more following the first; and being greatly astonished, he roared so loud, that they all ran back in a fright; and some of them broke their limbs by leaping from his sides to the ground. They soon after returned: and one of them who ventured to get a full sight of his face, with the greatest astonishment cried out: *Hekinak Degul.* He did not understand their language, and by often struggling to get loose, he at last wrenched out the pegs and strings by which he was fastened to the ground, and so far released his hair, that he could turn his head sideways; upon which the creatures ran off a second time, with a great shout. Soon after one of them cried aloud *Tolgo Phonak*; when instantly Mr. Gulliver perceived some hundreds of arrows discharged upon his hands and face, which pricked him like so many needles, and gave him so much pain,

that he strove again to get loose. Some of them attempted to stab him in the side with their spears, but they could not pierce his buff waistcoat. When the people observed that he lay quiet they discharged no more arrows. He saw them busy in erecting a stage at a little distance, about a foot and a half high, which they had no sooner finished, than four of them ascended it by a ladder. One of them who seemed to be a person of quality, was taller than those who attended him, one of whom held up his train, and was about four inches high. He cried out three times: *Langro Dehul San;* on which they cut the strings that bound the left side of his head. The little monarch made an oration, not one word of which Mr. Gulliver could understand; he observed however many signs of threatening, and others of promises, pity and kindness, and he answered by motions of submission and friendship. Being almost famished with hunger, he put his finger frequently to his month, to signify to them that he wanted food. The *Hurgo* (for so they call a great Lord) understood him very well; he descended from the stage, and ordered several ladders to be placed against Mr. Gulliver's sides, by which above a hundred of the people mounted and walked towards his month, laden with baskets of meat; there were shoulders, legs and loins, shaped like those of mutton, but smaller than the wings of a lark. He eat two or three of them at a mouthful, and took three of the loaves which were as big as a musket-bullet at a time. The inhabitants were astonished at his bulk and appetite; and, on his making a sign for drink, they slung up one of their largest hogsheads, rolled it towards his hand and beat out the top. He drank it off at a draught, for it did not hold half a pint, and tasted like Burgundy. They afterwards brought a second hogshead which he also dispatched; and calling for more, found they had no more to give him. When he had done these wonders, they shouted for joy, and after warning the people on the ground, the king desired he would throw the empty barrels as far as he could; and when they saw the vessels in the air, there was an universal shout of *Hekinak Degul.*

Mr. Gulliver could not help wondering at the intrepidity of these diminutive mortals, who ventured to mount and walk upon his body, while one of his hands was at liberty, without trembling at the sight of so prodigious a creature as he must appear to them. After some time an ambassador from the King appeared before him, who, producing his credentials under the royal seal spoke about ten minutes without any sign of anger, and yet with great resolution; pointing often towards the metropolis which was distant about half a mile, whither it was his majesty's pleasure that he should be conveyed. Mr. Gulliver made signs that he should be glad to be released; and the ambassador understood very well what he meant, for he shook his head, by way of disapprobation, and signified that he must be carried as a prisoner; he therefore gave tokens that they might do what they would with him, whereupon the *Hurgo* and his train withdrew with cheerful countenances. Soon after the people shouted out *Peplom Selau,* and he felt the cords so far relaxed, that he was able to turn upon his right side. They then rubbed his hands and face with an ointment which took off the smart of their arrows, and this circumstance, added to the plentiful meal he had made caused him to fall fast asleep.

The natives of Lilliput are excellent mathematicians and mechanics; and the king immediately set five hundred carpenters to work, to prepare an engine by which he might be conveyed to the capital. It was a wooden frame, three inches high, seven feet long and four broad and moved upon twenty two wheels. It was brought close to Mr. Gulliver's side as he lay. To raise so immense a creature upon this vehicle, eighty poles each a foot high were erected and very strong ropes, of the bigness of packthread, were fastened by hooks to many bandages which the workmen had girt round his neck, hands, body and legs. Nine hundred of the strongest men were employed to draw up these cords by pullies fastened on the poles, and in a few hours he was raised and slung into the engine and tied down. All this Mr. Gulliver was told afterwards; for, while the whole operation was performing, he lay fast asleep, by the force, of a medicine that had been purposely infused in the wine he had drunk. Fifteen hundred strong horses, about four inches and a half high, were yoked to the machine, and had much ado to drag it along.

They made a long march this day, and Mr. Gulliver was guarded in the night by five thousand men on each side, one half of them with torches, and the other half with bows and arrows, ready to shoot him if he offered to stir. Early the next morning they continued their march and at noon arrived within two hundred yards of the city gates.

The carriage stopt near an old temple, the largest in the kingdom, but which on account of a murder having been committed

therein was never frequented. In this edifice it was agreed Mr. Gulliver should lodge. The gate was four feet high and two feet wide and on each side were four windows. To this temple he was fastened by ninety-one chains, which were fixed to his leg with thirty-six padlocks. Just opposite stood a famous turret, five feet high, to the top of which the Emperor and many lords ascended, for the sake of seeing so large a monster; vast numbers of people came also upon the same errand; and when the workmen found that they had thoroughly secured him, they cut all the strings with which he was bound, and upon his rising upon his legs they shewed the greatest marks of wonder and astonishment.

Mr. Gulliver was no sooner on his legs, than he was pleased at beholding the prospect of the country, large fields of forty feet square; woods, at least sixteen feet long; and tall trees, almost seven feet high; and the city on the left hand, which looked like the view of London in a raree-show.

The Emperor, having descended from the tower, came forward with the queen and many ladies, to examine Mr. Gulliver more minutely. He had ordered his cooks and butlers to prepare ten waggon-loads of meat and ten of wine; and he and his attendants sat at some distance to see him dine. With regard to the emperor's person, he is taller by a quarter of an inch than any of his subjects, which is enough to strike them all with awe. His dress was plain and simple; but he wore a golden helmet on his head, adorned with jewels and a plume of feathers. He suffered Gulliver to take him upon the palm of his hand, after having drawn his sword to defend himself if he should not be used kindly. The Emperor spoke often to Mr. Gulliver, and Mr. Gulliver as often answered him, but all to no purpose, for they could not understand one another. When the court withdrew, he was left with a strong guard, to prevent the impertinence of the rabble, many of whom, supposing he would devour all the country had the audacity to shoot their arrows at him; but the colonel ordered six of them to be seized and delivered into his hands; they were immediately bound and pushed towards him. He placed them upon his right hand and made a sign as if he would eat them up alive; they were greatly affrighted and squalled terribly when they saw him take out his knife; but afterwards looking mildly and cutting the strings with which they were bound he placed them gently on the ground, and away they ran as fast as they were able. This mark of clemency was represented much to his advantage at court.

For a fortnight he lay upon the naked pavement of his house, which was smooth stone; during which time six hundred beds were brought in carriages and worked up within the building; one hundred and fifty were sown together in breadth and length; and these were four-double, which however was barely sufficient to relieve him from the hardness of the floor; and in the same manner also he was provided with sheets, blankets and coverlets.

The Emperor however had frequent councils concerning him; the court apprehended his breaking loose, that his diet would be very expensive and might cause a famine. Sometimes they determined to starve him, or to shoot him in the face and hands with poisoned arrows; but again they foresaw that the stench of so large a carcase might produce a plague in the land. In one of these consultations an officer of the army went to the Council-Chamber, and gave an account of his behaviour to the six criminals just mentioned, which worked so favourably on the mind of his Majesty, that he issued orders for all the villages within nine hundred yards round the city, to deliver in every morning six beeves, four sheep and a proper quantity of bread and wine for his subsistence, for all which they were to be paid by the treasury-board. Six hundred domestics were also allowed him, upon board wages, who lived in tents on each side of the door of his house. Three hundred taylors were employed in making him a suit of clothes. Six men of learning attended to teach him their language; and the Emperor's horses and troops frequently exercised near him, to accustom them to so huge a sight. He soon learned enough of the language to acquaint the King of his great desire of liberty which he repeated on his knees; but the mighty monarch informed him that his request could not be granted without the advice of council, and that he must swear peace with him and his Kingdom; and further advised that by his discreet behaviour he might obtain the good opinion of him and all his subjects.

He next desired that certain officers might search him, for probably he might have weapons about him which were dangerous to the state. To this Mr. Gulliver consented; he took the two officers in his hand and put them first into one pocket and then into another. These gentlemen set down in writing every thing they found, and after putting them safely on the ground,

they presented the inventory to the emperor which was as follows:

In the right-hand coat pocket we found a large piece of coarse cloth, large enough for a floor-cloth to the chamber of state. In the left pocket a silver chest with a cover of the same metal; we desired to see it opened and on our stepping into it found ourselves mid-leg deep in a sort of dust which made us sneeze wonderfully. In the right waistcoat pocket we found a number of white thin substances folded, about the bigness of three men, tied with a cable and marked with black figures. In the left an engine from the back of which were extended a row of long poles resembling pallisadoes. In the right-hand breeches pocket we saw a hollow pillar of iron about the length of a man, fastened to a strong piece of timber, larger than the pillar; on one side of which were huge pieces of strong iron sticking out; and in the left pocket another engine of the same kind. In a smaller pocket of the right hand several pieces of white and red metal of different sizes; some of the white ones were so heavy that we could hardly lift them. In the left pocket were two strange engines with one of which he told us he shaved himself and that with the other he cut his victuals. There were two other smaller pockets, from one of which he took a large globe, half silver, and half of some transparent metal, this he put close to our ears and we were surprized with a noise as loud as the fall of a water-mill. This engine he called his oracle and said it pointed out the time of every action of his life; we therefore presume it is the god that he worships. From the left fob he took out a net, large enough for a fisherman; in this were several pieces of yellow metal, which, if they be real gold, are of more value than all the wealth in your Majesty's coffers.

Round his waist was a belt made of the skin of some unknown animal, from which hung a sword, the length of nine men. On his right side was a bag containing two cells, in one of which were several balls as big as a man's head and which we were scarce able to lift; the other was filled with black grains, about fifty of which we could hold in the palm of our hands.

When this inventory was read over, the king desired Mr. Gulliver to give up the several particulars. He therefore first took his scimitar out of the scabbard, and waving it backward and forward, the reflection of the sun greatly dazzled the eyes of the beholders. The next thing he demanded was one of the hollow iron pillars; Mr. Gulliver took it out of his pocket, and charging it with powder only, he let it off in the air; on which hundreds of the Lilliputians fell on the ground as if they had been dead and even the Emperor was greatly confounded. His pistols were then delivered up, together with the pouch of powder and bullets after begging that the former might be kept from the fire; for fear his Imperial Majesty's palace might be blown into the air. The Emperor being desirous of seeing his watch, two of the yeomen of the guards slung it across a pole, as the draymen do a barrel of beer in England; and he and the learned men were amazed at the noise it made, and at the motion of the minute hand. His money, knife, razor, comb etc. were then given up. The scimitar, pistols and pouch were conveyed by broad-wheel waggons to the king's stores, but the rest of the things were restored.

Mr. Gulliver's gentle behaviour gained the good opinion of the Emperor, the army and the people in general. They became less apprehensive of danger from him, and at last the boys and girls would dance country-dances on the palm of his hand as he lay on the ground, or play at hide and seek in his hair.

The Emperor had a mind one day to entertain him with several shews, with none of which he was so much diverted as that of the rope-dancers, who performed upon a slender white thread, about two feet long, and raised twelve inches from the ground. This diversion is only practised by the nobility and men of liberal education who are candidates for the high employments of the state. When any great office becomes vacant, five or six of these candidates petition the king to entertain his Majesty with a dance on the rope, and whoever jumps the highest is to succeed.

These diversions however are often attended with fatal accidents; Mr. Gulliver himself saw two or three people break their limbs: and when the ministers themselves are commanded to perform, they frequently strain so far, that there is hardly any of them who have not received a fall and some of them two or three.

There is another diversion, which is peculiar to the Lilliputians; it is as follows. The Emperor lays on a table three silken threads, one blue, the other red, and the third green. These threads are intended for such noblemen, as are to be distinguished by a particular mark of favour. The Emperor holds a stick in his hand, and the candidates leap over or creep under it, backward and forward; and whoever holds out

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longest in leaping and creeping is honoured with the blue silk; the red is given to the next and the green to the third.

The Emperor at length mentioned his intentions of releasing Mr. Gulliver in the cabinet, where, after some opposition, the following preliminaries were drawn up for their mutual interest and security.

'The most mighty Emperor of Lilliput, delight and terror of the universe, whose dominions extend 5,000 Elustrugs (about twelve miles) to the extremities of the globe; monarch of all monarchs, taller than the sons of men; whose feet press down to the centre, and whose head strikes against the sun; at whose nod the nations tremble; pleasant as the spring, comfortable as the summer, fruitful as autumn, dreadful as winter. — His sublime Majesty proposeth to the Man-mountain the following articles which by a solemn oath he shall be obliged to perform.

1. He shall not depart without licence.
2. He shall not come into the metropolis without leave.
3. He shall confine his walks to the high roads, and not lie down in any meadow or corn-field.
4. He shall take care not to trample upon any of our subjects, their horses or carriages.
5. If an express requires extraordinary dispatch, he shall be obliged to carry in his pocket the messenger and horse, and return them safe and sound.
6. He shall be our ally against our enemies.
7. He shall be aiding and assisting our workmen, in raising certain great stones for covering the park walls and other royal buildings.

Lastly, that upon the ratification of these articles he shall have a daily allowance of meat and drink, sufficient for the support of seventeen hundred and twenty four men.'

As soon as Mr. Gulliver had sworn to, and subscribed these articles, his chains were unlocked; and he was at full liberty. He immediately made his acknowledgements by prostrating himself at his majesty's feet. The Emperor graciously ordered him to rise, and after many expressions of friendship, told him, that he hoped he would prove an useful servant and deserve the favour he had already or might hereafter confer upon him.

The wall of the city of Mildendo is two feet and a half high, and seven inches broad, so that a coach may be driven upon the top of it, and there are strong towers at the distance of every ten feet. Mr. Gulliver easily strode over the wall and went carefully through the principal streets in his waistcoat only, for fear the skirts of his coat might damage the roofs and eaves of the houses. The garret windows and the tops of the houses were so crowded with spectators, that Mr. Gulliver imagined the city must contain at least 500,000 souls. Some of the houses are five stories high, the markets well provided, and the shops very rich. The city is an exact square of 500 feet; two great streets which divide it into quarters, are five feet wide; the lanes and alleys are from twelve to eighteen inches. The Emperor's palace, which is in the centre, is inclosed by a wall two feet high; the outward court is a vast square of forty feet and here stand the royal apartments. These Mr. Gulliver, by lying down upon his side, and applying his face to the windows, had the pleasure of viewing, and he found them more splendid, than could be imagined. He saw the Empress and the young Princess in their several lodgings, and her Majesty was pleased to put her hand out of the window for him to kiss.

About a fortnight after Mr. Gulliver obtained his liberty he was visited by *Reldresal*, the principal secretary. *Reldresal* complimented him upon his liberty and entered into a political conversation with great confidence. He informed Mr. Gulliver, that the Lilliputian empire laboured under two evils, a violent faction at home, and the danger of an invasion from the island of Blefuscu. The abettors of this faction bore the names of *Tramecksan* and *Slamecksan*, because one wore high-heeled shoes and the other low-heeled ones. The *Tramecksans* assert that the high-heeled are more agreeable to the constitution, and they are most numerous; but the power is entirely in the hands of the *Slamecksans*, since his Majesty has determined to make use of low heels only in the administration of government. In the middle of these intestine disputes the Lilliputians were threatened with an invasion from the Island of Blefuscu, with whom they had waged war for six and thirty moons, from the following important occasion. The primitive way of breaking eggs before they were eaten was at the broad end; but his present majesty's grandfather happening to cut his finger in breaking an egg according to the ancient practice, his successor commanded all his subjects to break their eggs at the narrow end. This law was so disagreeable to the people that there had been no less than six rebellions on the account, wherein one Emperor lost his life and another his crown. During these commotions the Emperors of Blefuscu frequently accused the Lilliputians of schism

in rejecting a fundamental doctrine of their Alcoran. This however is a mere strain upon the text; for the words are, that all true believers break their eggs at the convenient end. And which is the convenient end, every man's conscience must determine.

Mr. Gulliver then desired the secretary to inform the Emperor, that he was ready with the hazard of his life, to defend his person and state against all invaders.

Mr. Gulliver communicated to the Emperor a project he had formed of seizing the enemy's whole fleet while it lay at anchor in the harbour, and ready to sail with the first fair wind. The depth of the channel that divided the two islands of Lilliput and Blefuscu, was, in the middle, about six feet; and after being provided with a proper quantity of cables, as thick as packthread, and bars of iron as thick as knitting needles, which he bent into the form of a hook, Mr. Gulliver, in his leather jacket only, waded about thirty yards into the sea, when being out of his depth, he swam till he felt the bottom on the opposite shore. The enemy were so frightened that they all quitted their ships and made towards the shore. Mr. Gulliver then took out his tackle, fastened a hook at the prow of each ship and then tying all the cords together began to pull, but not a ship would stir, for they had all good anchorage. He therefore took out his knife, and resolutely cut all their cables; in executing this however he received a prodigious number of wounds in his hands and face, from the arrows of the enemy. He then took up the cords to which his hooks were tied, and with great ease drew fifty of the enemy's men of war after him.

The Emperor with his attendants stood on the coast, expecting the issue of this adventure. They saw the ships move, but could not discern Mr. Gulliver, who was up to his chin in water. They concluded him to be drowned, and that the enemy's fleet was approaching in a hostile manner. However, as the sea became shallower every step, he was soon within hearing, and then holding up the end of the cable by which the ships were fastened together, he cried aloud, Long live the most puissant Emperor of Lilliput! He was received at his landing with great encomiums, and created a *Nardik*, which is the highest title of honour.

His Majesty desired that Mr. Gulliver would take some future opportunity of bringing all the rest of the enemy's ships into his ports; and his ambition was so great that he seemed to think of nothing but reducing Blefuscu to a province. Mr. Gulliver, however, boldly protested, that he would never be an instrument of bringing a polite, generous, brave and free people into slavery.

This open declaration, however, was at first productive of dislike in the Emperor, and afterwards of hatred. From this time an intrigue began between his majesty and his ministers that had like to have ended in poor Gulliver's destruction.

Soon after the seizure of the Blefuscuan fleet, ambassadors were sent from that nation with humble offers of peace. After the treaty was ratified, their Excellencies paid a visit to Mr. Gulliver; they complimented him upon his valour and generosity, and in the name of their Emperor invited him to pay a visit to their kingdom. Accordingly the next time he saw the Emperor, he desired leave to wait on the Blefuscuan monarch, which was granted indeed, but in a very cold manner; for *Flimnap* and *Bolgolam* had represented his intercourse with the ambassadors as a mark of disaffection.

The common size of the natives is about six inches, and there is the same proportion in all other animals, plants and trees; their horses and oxen are four and five inches high; the sheep an inch and a half; their geese the bigness of a beetle and so on. Their tallest trees are about seven feet high, and a good handsome cabbage is about as big as a common horsebean.

Their manner of writing is very peculiar, being neither from the right hand to the left, nor from the left hand to the right, nor from the top to the bottom; but aslant from one corner of the paper to the other, as the ladies of England generally write.

Some of their customs and laws are also very peculiar. All crimes against the state are punished with great severity; and if the accused person proves himself innocent, the accuser is put to death. They look upon fraud as a greater crime than theft; for they say, that care and vigilance may preserve a man's goods from thieves, but honesty has no fence against cunning. In chusing persons for all public employments, they have more regard for good morals than great abilities. Ingratitude is among them a capital crime; since whoever returns good with evil must be an enemy to mankind.

The sons of the nobility and gentry are bred up in the principles of honour, justice, courage, modesty, clemency, religion and the love of their country; the sons of merchants, traders, and mechanics are tutored proportionably; and they are generally apprenticed at eleven years of age.

The young ladies are educated like the males; their governesses never entertain

them with the stories of witches and hobgoblins, as is too much practised in England; by which means they are as much ashamed of being fools or cowards, as the gentlemen themselves.

Mr. Gulliver's suite of servants was very numerous. He had three hundred cooks to dress his victuals. He used to place twenty waiters upon the table and a hundred more attended on the ground, some with dishes of meat and some with wine. A shoulder of mutton was one monthful and a barrel of liquor a reasonable draught. Once indeed he had a surloin of beef so immensely large, that he made three bits of it. The geese and turkeys were a scanty mouthful, and of their smaller fowls he frequently took up twenty or thirty at a time upon the end of his knife.

Flimnap, the treasurer, was always a mortal enemy to Mr. Gulliver. He represented to the Emperor the low condition of the treasury; and in short went so far as to inform him, that the Man-mountain had cost his Majesty above a million of money in eating and drinking, and that it was highly advisable that the first fair opportunity should be taken of dismissing him.

While Mr. Gulliver was preparing to pay a visit to the Emperor of Blefuscu, a person of rank called at his house privately, and in the night. After the common salutations were over, the worthy nobleman informed him, that at the instigation of Flimnap the Treasurer, Lemioc the Commander in chief, Lancon the Chamberlain, and Balinuff the grand justiciary his Majesty had resolved upon the following articles of impeachment against him, for treason and other capital crimes.

1. That after having seized and secured the fleet of Blefuscu, he did refuse to destroy all the other shipping, and to put the inhabitants to death, under a pretence of an unwillingness to destroy the liberties and lives of an innocent people.

2. That he was preparing to make a voyage to the court of Blefuscu, (for which he had received only a verbal licence) and thereby to aid and abet the Emperor of Blefuscu against his Imperial Majesty of Lilliput.

Mr. Gulliver at first thought of pleading to the articles, and boldly standing trial; but he recollected that state trials generally terminate as the judges please to direct. He then was strongly bent upon resistance, for while he had liberty, the whole strength of that empire could hardly subdue him, and he could easily with stones pelt the metropolis to pieces.

At last however he resolved to leave the island peaceably and to visit the Emperor of Blefuscu. He went to that side of the island where the fleet lay, seized upon a large man of war, tied a cable to the prow, heaved anchor, and after stripping put his clothes into the vessel, and drawing it after him, soon arrived at the port of Blefuscu. His Majesty, the royal family, and great officers of the court immediately came out to receive him. The reception he met with was suitable to the generosity of so great a prince; but for want of a proper house and bed he was forced to lie on the ground, wrapped up in his coverlet.

Three days after M. Gulliver arrived at Blefuscu, he observed something in the sea, about half a league from shore, that resembled a boat overturned; and after wading a considerable way, he found that the tide bore it towards the shore, and that it was really a boat, which some tempest had driven from a ship. By the time he had waded up to his chin, the boat was within reach; he then got behind it and with little difficulty pushed it ashore.

After some time he was informed that an envoy was arrived from Lilliput, with a copy of the articles of impeachment, who represented the lenity of the Emperor his master, and that he was content the culprit should be punished only with the loss of his eyes; and that he hoped the Emperor of Blefuscu would order him to be sent back to Lilliput bound hand and foot.

To this the Emperor replied, that he believed their Majesties would soon be made easy. For that the Man-mountain had found a prodigious vessel on the shore, able to carry him to sea, which was ordered to be fitted up according to his own direction, and that he hoped in a few weeks both Empires would be freed from so insupportable an incumbrance; and with this answer the Envoy returned to Lilliput.

Since fortune, whether good or evil, had thrown a boat in Mr. Gulliver's way, he was now resolved to venture himself upon the ocean; and the Emperor and most of his ministers were glad of the resolution

Five hundred workmen were employed to make sails for the boat, by quilting thirteen folds of their strongest linen together. He twisted ten, twenty or thirty of their strongest cables together for ropes and a great stone served for an anchor. He formed masts and oars from some of the largest forest trees and the tallow of 300 oxen was used in greasing the boat.

After every thing was in readiness, Mr. Gulliver took leave of the Emperor and the

royal family, by whom he was presented with fifty purses of gold and a full-length picture of his Majesty. He stored the boat with the carcases of 100 oxen, 300 sheep, as much ready dressed meat as 300 cooks could provide, and bread and drink in proportion. He also took six cows and two bulls alive; the same number of ewes and rams, with a good bundle of hay and a bag of corn.

Thus equipped he set sail on the four and twentieth of September in the morning, and in the evening descried an island about four leagues distant. He advanced forward, and cast anchor on the lee-side of it. He then took some refreshment and went to rest. He eat his breakfast in the morning before the sun was up, and heaving anchor steered the same course he had done the day before. He discovered nothing all this day, but upon the next he descried a sail; he hailed her, but got no answer; yet as he found he gained upon her, he made all the sail he could, and in half an hour she espied him and hung out her ancient. He came up with her at six in the evening and was overjoyed to see her English colours; he put his live stock into his pockets and got on board with all his cargo of provisions. The vessel was an English merchant-man returning from Japan, and was commanded by Mr. John Riddel, who, when Mr. Gulliver informed him of his adventures, imagined he had lost his wits; whereupon taking his oxen and sheep out of his pockets, after great astonishment he clearly convinced the crew of his veracity.

The remainder of this voyage was very prosperous; for they arrived in the Downs on the 13th of April. Mr. Gulliver found his wife and family in good health; his uncle had left him an estate near *Epping* of 50 pounds a-year, and he had a long lease of the Black-hull in Fetter-Lane that yielded him as much more, so that he immediately settled with his family at Redriff.

HENRY FIELDING.

Henry Fielding, born at Sharpham Park, Somersetshire 1707 of highly respectable parents, was educated at Eton and afterwards studied for the law. By his marriage he inherited a fortune which however he ran through in three years, at the end of which time he renewed his legal studies and became a barrister: but his practise not enabling him to support his family, he began to write for the theatre and political pamphlets. In 1742 appeared his novel of 'Joseph Andrews', which at once showed him to be an author of great original merit. His next works of importance are — 'A Journey from This World to the Next', and a 'History of Jonathan Wild'. In 1749 Fielding was appointed a justice of Westminster and Middlesex, in which capacity he actively discharged his duties and in the midst of these engagements he produced 'Tom Jones', his best novel. In 1751 appeared 'Amelia' which was Fielding's last fictitious work. The irregular life of his younger days brought on a premature old age and dropsy, on account of which he was advised to try a warmer climate. In 1754 he departed for Lisbon, where he died in the same year.

THE MAN OF THE HILL.

I was born in a village of Somersetshire, called Mark, in the year 1657; my father was one of those whom they call gentlemen-farmers. He had a little estate of about 300 *L.* a year of his own, and rented another estate of near the same value. He was prudent and industrious, and so good a husbandman, that he might have led a very easy and comfortable life, had not a bad wife soured his domestic quiet. But though this circumstance perhaps made him miserable, it did not make him poor: for he confined her almost entirely at home, and rather chose to hear eternal upbraidings in his own house, than to injure his fortune by indulging her in the extravagances she desired abroad.

He had two sons, of which I was the younger. He designed to give us both a good education; but my elder brother, who, unhappily for him, was the favourite of my mother, utterly neglected his learning; insomuch that after having been five or six years at school with little or no improvement, my father being told by his master, that it would be to no purpose to keep him longer there, at last complied with my mother in taking him home from the hands of that tyrant, as she called his master; though indeed he gave the lad much less correction than his idleness deserved, but much more it seems, than the young gentleman liked, who constantly complained to his mother of his severe treatment, and she as constantly gave him a hearing.

My brother now, at the age of fifteen, bid adieu to all learning, and to every thing else but his dog and gun, with which latter he became so expert, that, though perhaps you may think it incredible, he could not only hit a standing mark with great certainty, but hath actually shot a crow as it was flying in the air. He was likewise excellent at finding a hare sitting, and was soon reputed one of the best sportsmen in the

country. A reputation which both he and his mother enjoyed as much as if he had been thought the finest scholar.

The situation of my brother made me at first think my lot the harder, in being continued at school: but I soon changed my opinion, for as I advanced pretty fast in learning, my labours became easy, and my exercise so delightful, that holidays were my most unpleasant time: for my mother, who never loved me, now apprehending that I had the greater share of my father's affection, and finding, or at least thinking, that I was more taken notice of by some gentlemen of learning, and particularly by the parson of the parish, than my brother, she now hated my sight, and made home so disagreeable to me, that what is called by schoolboys Black Monday, was to me the whitest in the whole year.

Having, at length, gone through the school at Taunton, I was thence removed to Exeter College in Oxford, where I remained four years; at the end of which an accident took me off entirely from my studies; and hence I may truly date the rise of all which happened to me afterwards in life.

There was at the same college with myself one Sir George Gresham, a young fellow who was entitled to a very considerable fortune; which he was not, by the will of his father, to come into full possession of, till he arrived at the age of twenty-five. However, the liberality of his guardians gave him little cause to regret the abundant caution of his father: for they allowed him five hundred pounds a year while he remained at the university, and lived as wicked and as profligate a life, as he could have done, had he been never so entirely master of his fortune; for besides the five hundred a year which he received from his guardians, he found means to spend a thousand more. He was above the age of twenty-one, and had no difficulty in gaining what credit he pleased.

This young fellow, among many other tolerable bad qualities, had one very diabolical. He had a great delight in destroying and ruining the youth of inferior fortune, by drawing them into expences which they could not afford so well as himself; and the better, and worthier, and soberer any young man was, the greater pleasure and triumph had he in his destruction, thus acting the character which is recorded of the devil, and going about seeking whom he might devour.

It was my misfortune to fall into an acquaintance and intimacy with this gentleman. My reputation of diligence in my studies made me a desirable object of his mischievous intention; and my own inclination made it sufficiently easy for him to effect his purpose; for though I had applied myself with much industry to books, in which I took great delight, there were other pleasures in which I was capable of taking much greater.

I had not long contracted an intimacy with Sir George, before I became a partaker of all his pleasures, and when I was once entered on that scene, neither my inclination nor my spirit, would suffer me to play an under-part. I was second to none of the company in any acts of debauchery; nay, I soon distinguished myself so notably in all riots and disorders, that my name generally stood first in the roll of delinquents; and, instead of being lamented as the unfortunate pupil of Sir George, I was now accused as the person who had misled and debauched that hopeful young gentleman; for though he was the ringleader and promoter of all the mischief, he was never so considered. I fell at last under the censure of the vice-chancellor, and very narrowly escaped expulsion.

You will easily believe that such a life as I am now describing, must be incompatible with my further progress in learning; and that in proportion as I addicted myself more and more to loose pleasure, I must grow more and more remiss in application to my studies. This was truly the consequence; but this was not all. My expences now greatly exceeded not only my former income, but those additions which I extorted from my poor generous father, on pretences of sums being necessary for preparing for my approaching degree of bachelor of arts. These demands, however, grew at last so frequent and exorbitant, that my father, by slow degrees, opened his ears to the accounts which he received from many quarters of my present behaviour: and which my mother failed not to echo very faithfully and loudly, adding: 'Ay, this is the fine gentleman, the scholar who doth so much honour to his family, and is to be the making of it. I thought what all this learning would come to. He is to be the ruin of us all, I find, after his elder brother had been denied necessaries for his sake, to perfect his education forsooth, for which he was to pay us such interest: I thought what the interest would come to.'

My father, therefore, began now to return remonstrances, instead of money, to my demands, which brought my affairs perhaps a little sooner to a crisis; but had he remitted me his whole income, it could have

sufficed a very short time to support one who kept pace with the expences of Sir George Gresham.

It is more than possible, that the distress I was now in for money, and the impracticability of going on in this manner, might have restored me at once to my senses and to my studies, had I opened my eyes, before I became involved in debts, from which I saw no hopes of ever extricating myself. This was indeed the great art of Sir George, and by which he accomplished the ruin of many, whom he afterwards laughed at as fools and coxcombs, for vying, as he called it, with a man of his fortune. To bring this about, he would now and then advance a little money himself, in order to support the credit of the unfortunate youth with other people; till, by means of that very credit, he was irretrievably undone.

My mind being, by these means, grown as desperate as my fortune, there was scarce a wickedness which I did not meditate, in order for my relief. Self-murder itself became the subject of my serious deliberation; and I had certainly resolved on it, had not a more shameful, though perhaps less sinful thought expelled it from my head. I protest, so many years have not washed away the shame of this fact, and I shall blush while I relate it. I had a chum, a very prudent, frugal young lad, who, though he had no very large allowance, had by his parsimony heaped up upwards of forty guineas, which I knew he kept in his escritoire. I took therefore an opportunity of purloining his key from his breeches pocket while he was asleep, and thus made myself master of all his riches. After which I again conveyed his key into his pocket, and counterfeiting sleep, though I never once closed my eyes, lay in bed till after he arose and went to prayers, an exercise to which I had long been unaccustomed.

Timorous thieves, by extreme caution, often subject themselves to discoveries, which those of a bolder kind escape. Thus it happened to me; for had I boldly broke open his escritoire, I had, perhaps, escaped even his suspicion, but as it was plain that the person who robbed him had possessed himself of his key, he had no doubt, when he first missed his money, but that his chum was certainly the thief. Now as he was of a fearful disposition, and much my inferior in strength, and I believe, in courage, he did not dare to confront me with my guilt, for fear of worse bodily consequences, which might happen to him. He repaired therefore immediately to the vice-chancellor, and, upon swearing to the robbery, and to the circumstances of it, very easily obtained a warrant against one who had now so bad a character through the whole university.

Luckily for me, I lay out of the college the next evening; for that day I attended a young lady in a chaise to Whitney, where we staid all night; and in our return the next morning to Oxford, I met one of my cronies, who acquainted me with sufficient news concerning myself to make me turn my horse another way.

Having now abandoned all thoughts of returning to Oxford, the next thing which offered itself was a journey to London. I imparted this intention to my companion, who at first remonstrated against it; but upon producing my wealth, she immediately consented. We then struck across the country into the great Cirencester road, and made such haste, that we spent the next evening save one in London.

I was now reduced to a much higher degree of distress than before; the necessaries of life began to be numbered among my wants: and what made my case still the more grievous, was, that my paramour, of whom I was now grown immoderately fond, shared the same distresses with myself. To see a woman you love in distress; to be unable to relieve her, and, at the same time, to reflect that you have brought her into this situation, is, perhaps, a curse of which no imagination can represent the horrors to those who have not felt it.

This circumstance so severely aggravated the horrors of my present situation, that they became absolutely intolerable. I could with less pain endure the raging of my own natural unsatisfied appetites, even hunger or thirst, than I could submit to leave ungratified the most whimsical desires of a woman, on whom I so extravagantly doated, that I firmly intended to marry her. But the good creature was unwilling to consent to an action which the world might think so much to my disadvantage. And, as possibly, she compassionated the daily anxieties which she must have perceived me suffer on her account, she resolved to put an end to my distress. She soon indeed found means to relieve me from my troublesome and perplexed situation: for while I was distracted with various invention to supply her with pleasures, she very kindly — betrayed me to one of her former lovers at Oxford, by whose care and diligence I was immediately apprehended and committed to gaol.

Here I first began seriously to reflect on the miscarriages of my former life, on the errors I had been guilty of; on the misfortunes which I had brought on myself;

and on the grief which I must have occasioned to one of the best of fatbers. When I added to all these the perfidy of my mistress, such was the horror of my mind, that life, instead of being longer desirable, grew the object of my abhorrence; and I could have gladly embraced death, as my dearest friend, if it had offered itself to my choice unattended hy shame.

The time of the assizes soon came, and I was removed by Habeas Corpus to Oxford, where I expected certain conviction aod condemnation; but, to my great surprise, oooe appeared against me, and I was, at the end of the sessions, discharged for want of prosecution. In short, my chum had left Oxford, and whether from indolence, or from what other motive, I am ignorant, had declioed concerning himself aoy further in the affair.

I had now regained my liberty, hot I had lost my reputation: for there is a wide difference between tbe case of a man who is barely acqnitted of a crime in a court of justice, and of him who is acqnitted in his own heart, and in the opinion of the people. I was conscions of my guilt, and ashamed to look any one in the face, so resolved to leave Oxford the next morning, before the day-light discovered me to the eyes of any beholders.

When I bad got clear of the city, it first entered into my head to return home to my fatber, and endeavour to obtain his forgiveness; but as I had no reason to doubt his knowledge of all which had past, and as I was well assured of his great aversion to all acts of dishonesty, I could entertain no hopes of being received hy him, especially since I was too certain of all tbe good offices in the power of my mother: nay, bad my father's pardon been as sure, as I conceived his resentment to he, I yet qnestion whether I could bave had the assurance to bebold him, or whetber I could, npon any terms, have submitted to live and converse with tbose, who, I was coovinced, knew mo to have been guilty of so hase an action.

I hastened therefore back to London, the best retirement of either grief or shame, onless for persons of a very puhlic cbaracter; for bere yon have the advantage of solitude without its disadvantage, since you may be alone and in company at the same time; snd while you walk or sit unobserved, noise, hurry, nnd a constant succession of objects, entertain the mind, and prevent the spirits from preying on themselves, or rather on grief or shame, which are the most unwholesome diet in the world; and on wbich (though there are many who never taste either hut in public) there are some who can feed very pleotifully, and very fatally, when alone.

But as tbere is scarce any human good without its concomitaot evil, so there are people who find an incoovenience in this unobserving temper of mankind, — I mean persons who have no money; for as you are not put out of counteoance, so oeither are you clothed or fed by those who do not know you. And a man may be as easily starved in Leadenhall-market, as in the deserts of Arahia.

It was at preseot my fortune to be destitute of that great evil, as it is apprehended to be by several writers, who, I suppose, were over-burthened with it, namely, money. One evening, as I was passing through the Inoer Temple very hungry, and very miserable, I heard a voice on a sudden hailing nic witb great familiarity by my christian name: and upon my tnrning about, I preseotly recollected the person who so saluted me, to have heen my fellow-collegiate; one who had left the oniversity above a year, and long before any of my misfortunes had betallen me. This gentleman, whose name was Watson, shook me heartily hy the hand, and expressiog great joy at nieeting me, proposed our immediately driokiog a bottle together. I first declined the proposal, and pretended business; but as he was very earnest and pressing, hunger at last overcame my pride, and I fairly confessed to him I had no money in my pocket; yet not without framing a lie for ao excuse, and imputing it to my having changed my breeches that morning. Mr. Watson answered, 'I thought, Jack, you and I had been too old acquaintance for you to mention soch a matter.' He then took me by the arm, and was pulling me along; but I gave him very little trouble, for my own ioclinatioos pulled me mnch stronger than he could do.

We then went into the Friars, wbich is the scene of all mirth and jollity. Here, when we arrived at the tavern, Mr. Watson applied himself to the drawer only, witbout taking tbe least notice of the cook; for he had no suspicion bnt that I bad dined long since. However, as the case was really otherwise, I forged another falsebood, and told my companion, I had been at the further end of the city on business of consequence, and had snapt up a muttonchop in haste; so that I was again hungry and wished he wonld add a beef-steak to his bottle.

I hegan now to feel myself extremely

happy. The meat and wine soon revived my spirits to a high pitch, and I enjoyed much pleasure in the conversation of my old acquaintance, the rather as I thought him entirely ignorant of what had happened at the university since his leaving it.

But he did not suffer me to remain long in this agreeable delusion; for taking a bumper in one hand, and holding me by the other: 'Here, my boy,' cries he, 'here's wishing you joy of your being honourably acquitted of that affair laid to your charge.' I was thunder-struck with confusion at those words, which Watson observing, proceeded thus — 'Nay, never be ashamed, man; thou hast been acquitted, and no one now dares call thee guilty; but prithee do tell me, who am thy friend, I hope thou didst really rob him; for rat me, if it was not a meritorious action to strip such a sneaking pitiful rascal: and instead of the two hundred guineas, I wish you had taken as many thousands. Come, come, my boy, don't be shy of confessing to me; you are not now brought before one of the pimps. D—n me, if I don't honour you for it; for, as I hope for salvation, I would have made no manner of scruple of doing the same thing.'

This declaration a little relieved my abashment; and as wine had now somewhat opened my heart, I very freely acknowledged the robbery, but acquainted him, that he had been misinformed as to the sum taken, which was little more than a fifth part of what he had mentioned.

'I am sorry for it with all my heart,' quoth he, 'and I wish thee better success another time. Though, if you will take my advice, you shall have no occasion to run any such risk. Here, said he, taking some dice out of his pocket, here's the stuff. Here are the little doctors which cure the distempers of the purse. Follow but my counsel and I will shew you a way to empty the pocket of a queer cull, without any danger of the nubbing-cheat.'

We had now each drank our bottle, when Mr. Watson said, the board was sitting, and that he must attend, earnestly pressing me, at the same time, to go with him and try my fortune. I answered, he knew that was at present out of my power, as I had informed him of the emptiness of my pocket. To say the truth, I doubted not, from his many strong expressions of friendship, but that he would offer to lend me a small sum for that purpose; but he answered: 'never mind that, man, e'en boldly run a levant, but be circumspect as to the man. I will tip you the proper person, which may be necessary, as you do not know the town, nor can distinguish a rum cull from a queer one.'

The bill was now brought, when Watson paid his share, and was departing. I reminded him, not without blushing, of my having no money. He answered: 'that signifies nothing, score it behind the door, or make a bold brush, and take no notice. —Or stay, says he, I will go down stairs first, and then do you take up my money, and score the whole reckoning at the bar, and I will wait for you at the corner.' I expressed some dislike at this, and hinted my expectation that he would have deposited the whole; but he swore he had not another six-pence in his pocket.

He then went down, and I was prevailed on to take up the money and follow him, which I did close enough to hear him tell the drawer the reckoning was upon the table. The drawer passed by me up stairs; but I made such haste into the street, that I heard nothing of his disappointment, nor did I mention a syllable at the bar, according to my instructions.

We now went directly to the gaming table, where Mr. Watson to my surprize, pulled out a large sum of money, and placed it before him, as did many others; all of them, no doubt, considering their own heaps as so many decoy birds, which were to entice and draw over the heaps of their neighbours.

Here it would be tedious to relate all the freaks which fortune, or rather the dice, played in this her temple. Mountains of gold were in a few moments reduced to nothing at one part of the table, and rose as suddenly in another. The rich grew in a moment poor, and the poor as suddenly became rich, so that it seemed a philosopher could nowhere have so well instructed his pupils in the contempt of riches, at least he could nowhere have better inculcated the incertainty of their duration.

For my own part, after having considerably improved my small estate, I at last entirely demolished it. Mr. Watson too, after much variety of luck, rose from the table in some heat, and declared he had lost a cool hundred, and would play no longer. Then coming up to me, he asked me to return with him to the tavern; but I positively refused, saying, I would not bring myself a second time into such a dilemma; and especially as he had lost all his money, and was now in my own condition. 'Pooh', says he, 'I have just borrowed a couple of guineas of a friend, and one of them is at your service.' He immediately put one of

them into my hand, and I no longer resisted his inclination.

I was at first a little shocked at returning to the same house whence we had departed in so unhandsome a manner; but when the drawer, with very civil address, told us, 'he believed we had forgot to pay our reckoning,' I became perfectly easy, and very readily gave him a guinea, bid him pay himself, and acquiesced in the unjust charge which had been laid on my memory.

Mr. Watson now bespoke the most extravagant supper he could well think of; and though he had contented himself with simple claret before, nothing now but the most precious Burgundy would serve his purpose.

Our company was soon increased by the addition of several gentlemen from the gaming-table: most of whom, as I afterwards found, came not to the tavern to drink, but in the way of business; for the true gamesters pretended to be ill, and refused their glass, while they plied heartily two young fellows, who were to be afterwards pillaged, as indeed they were without mercy. Of this plunder I had the good fortune to be a sharer, though I was not yet let into the secret.

There was one remarkable incident attended this tavern play; for the money, by degrees, totally disappeared, so that though at the beginning the table was half covered with gold, yet before the play ended, which it did not till the next day, being Sunday, at noon, there was scarce a single guinea to be seen on the table; and this was the stranger, as every person present, except myself, declared he had lost; and what was become of the money, unless the devil himself carried it away, is difficult to determine.

My fellow collegiate had now entered me in a new scene of life. I soon became acquainted with the whole fraternity of sharpers, and was let into their secrets; I mean into the knowledge of those gross cheats which are proper to impose upon the raw and inexperienced: for there are some tricks of a finer kind, which are known only to a few of the gang, who are at the head of their profession; a degree of honour beyond my expectation: for drink, to which I was immoderately addicted and the natural warmth of my passions, prevented me from arriving at any great success in an art, which requires as much coolness as the most austere school of philosophy.

Mr. Watson, with whom I now lived in the closest amity had unluckily the former failing to a very great excess; so that, instead of making a fortune by his profession, as some others did, he was alternately rich and poor, and was often obliged to surrender to his cooler friends, over a bottle which they never tasted, that plunder which he had taken from culls at the public table.

However, we both made a shift to pick up an uncomfortable livelihood, and for two years I continued of the calling, during which time I tasted all the varieties of fortune; sometimes flourishing in affluence, and at others being obliged to struggle with almost incredible difficulties. To-day wallowing in luxury, and to-morrow reduced to the coarsest and most homely fare; my fine clothes being often on my back in the evening, and at the pawn-shop the next morning.

One night, as I was returning pennyless from the gaming-table, I observed a very great disturbance, and a large mob gathered together in the street. As I was in no danger from pick-pockets, I ventured into the crowd, where, upon enquiry, I found that a man had been robbed and very ill used by some ruffians. The wounded man appeared very bloody, and seemed scarce able to support himself on his legs. As I had not therefore been deprived of my humanity by my present life and conversation, though they had left me very little of either honesty or shame, I immediately offered my assistance to the unhappy person, who thankfully accepted it, and putting himself under my conduct, begged me to convey him to some tavern, where he might send for a surgeon, being, as he said, faint with loss of blood. He seemed indeed highly pleased at finding one who appeared in the dress of a gentleman: for as to all the rest of the company present, their outside was such that he could not wisely place any confidence in them.

I took the poor man by the arm, and led him to the tavern where we kept our rendez-vous, as it happened to be the nearest at hand. A surgeon happening luckily to be in the house, immediately attended, and applied himself to dressing his wounds, which I had the pleasure to hear were not likely to be mortal.

The surgeon having very expeditiously and dexterously finished his business, began to enquire in what part of the town the wounded man lodged; who answered, 'that he was come to town that very morning; that his horse was at an inn in Piccadilly, and that he had no other lodging, and very little or no acquaintance in town.'

This surgeon, whose name I have for-

got, though I remember it began with an R, had the first character in his profession and was sergeant-surgeon to the king. He had moreover many good qnalities, and was a very generous, good-natured man, and ready to do any service to his fellow-creatures. He offered his patient the use of his chariot to carry him to his inn, and at the same time whispered in his ear, that if he wanted any money, he would furnish him.

The poor man was not now capahle of returning thanks for this generons offer: for having had his eyes for some time steadfastly on me, he threw himself hack in his chair, crying: 'O, my son! my son!' and then fainted away.

Many of the people present imagined this accident had happened through his loss of blood; hnt I, who at the same time began to recollect the features of my father, was now confirmed in my suspicion, and satisfied that it was he himself who appeared before me. I presently ran to him, raised him in my arms, and kissed his cold lips with the utmost eagerness. Here I must draw a curtain over a scene which I cannot describe: for thongh I did not lose my being, as my father for a while did, my senses were however so overpowered with affright and surprise, that I am a stranger to what passed during some minutes, and indeed till my father had again recovered from his swoon; and I found myself in his arms, both tenderly embracing each other, while the tears trickled apace down the cheeks of each of us.

Most of those present seemed affected hy this scene, which we, who might be considered as the actors in it, were desirous of removing from the eyes of all spectators as fast as we could: my father therefore accepted the kind offer of the surgeon's chariot, and I attended him in it to his inn.

When we were alone together, he gently upbraided me with having neglected to write to him during so long a time; hnt entirely omitted the mention of that crime which had occasioned it. He then informed me of my mother's death, and insisted on my returning home with him, saying: 'that he had long suffered the greatest anxiety on my account: that he knew not whether he had most feared my death or wished it; since he had so many more dreadful apprehensions for me. At last he said, a neighbouring gentleman, who had just recovered a son from the same place, informed him where I was; and that to reclaim me from this course of life, was the sole cause of his journey to London.' He thanked heaven he had succeeded so far as to find me out hy means of an accident which had like to have proved fatal to him; and had the pleasure to think he partly owed his preservation to my humanity, with which he professed himself to be more delighted than he should have been with my filial piety, if I had known that the object of all my care was my own father.

Vice had not so depraved my heart, as to excite in it an insensibility of so much paternal affection, thongh so nnworthily bestowed. I presently promised to obey his commands in my return home with him, as soon as he was able to travel, which indeed he was in a very few days, hy the assistance of that excellent surgeon who had nndertaken his cure.

The day preceding my father's journey (hefore which time I scarce ever left him) I went to take my leave of some of my most intimate acquaintances, particularly of Mr. Watson, who dissuaded me from hurying myself, as he called it, out of a simple compliance with the fond desires of a foolish old fellow. Such solicitations, however, had no effect, and I once more saw my own home. My father now greatly solicited me to think of marriage; hut my inclinations were utterly averse to any such thoughts.

Being now provided with all the necessaries of life, I betook myself once again to study, and that with a more ordinate application than I had ever done formerly. The books which now employed my time solely were those, as well ancient as modern, which treat of true philosophy, a word which is hy many thought to be the snhject only of farce and ridicule. I now read over the works of Aristotle and Plato, with the rest of those inestimahle treasures which ancient Greece hath bequeathed to the world. —

To this I added another study, compared to which all the philosophy taught hy the wisest heathens is little better than a dream, and is indeed as full of vanity as the silliest jester ever pleased to represent it. This is that divine wisdom which is alone to be found in the holy scriptures: for those impart to ns the knowledge and assurance of things much more worthy our attention, than all which this world can offer to our acceptance; of things which heaven itself hath condescended to reveal to us, and to the smallest knowledge of which the highest human wit unassisted could never ascend. I began now to think all the time I had spent with the best heathen writers, was little more than labour lost: for however pleasant and delightful their lessons may he, or however adequate to the right

regulation of our conduct with respect to this world only, yet, when compared with the glory revealed in scripture, their highest documents will appear as trifling, and of as little consequence as the rules by which children regulate their childish little games and pastime. True it is, that philosophy makes us wiser, but christianity makes us better men. Philosophy elevates and steels the mind, christianity softens and sweetens it. The former makes us the objects of human admiration, the latter of divine love. That insures us a temporal, but this an eternal happiness. —

I had spent about four years in the most delightful manner to myself, totally given up to contemplation, and entirely unembarrassed with the affairs of the world, when I lost the best of fathers, and one whom I so entirely loved, that my grief at his loss exceeds all description. I now abandoned my books, and gave myself up for a whole month to the efforts of melancholy and despair. Time, however, the best physician of the mind, at length brought me relief. I then betook myself again to my former studies, which I may say perfected my cure: for philosophy and religion may be called the exercises of the mind, and, when this is disordered, they are as wholesome as exercise can be to a distempered body. They do indeed produce similar effects with exercise: for they strengthen and confirm the mind; till man becomes, in the noble strain of Horace,

Fortis, et in seipso totus teres atque rotundus;
Externi ne quid valeat per laeve morari:
In quem manca ruit semper Fortuna. —

My circumstances were now greatly altered by the death of that best of men: for my brother, who was now become master of the house, differed so widely from me in his inclinations, and our pursuits in life had been so very various, that we were the worst of company to each other; but what made our living together still more disagreeable, was the little harmony which could subsist between the few who resorted to me, and the numerous train of sportsmen who often attended my brother from the field to the table: for such fellows, besides the noise and nonsense with which they persecute the ears of sober men, endeavour always to attack them with affront and contempt. This was so much the case, that neither I myself, nor my friends, could ever sit down to a meal with them, without being treated with derision, because we were unacquainted with the phrases of sportsmen. For men of true learning, and almost universal knowledge, always compassionate the ignorance of others; but fellows who excel in some little, low, contemptible art, are always certain to despise those who are unacquainted with that art.

In short, we soon separated, and I went by the advice of a physician to drink the Bath waters: for my violent affliction, added to a sedentary life, had thrown me into a kind of paralytic disorder, for which those waters are accounted an almost certain cure. The second day after my arrival, as I was walking by the river, the sun shone so intensely hot, (though it was early in the year) that I retired to the shelter of some willows, and sat down by the river-side. Here I had not been seated long, before I heard a person on the other side of the willows, sighing and bemoaning himself bitterly. On a sudden, having uttered a most impious oath, he cried: 'I am resolved to bear it no longer,' and directly threw himself into the water. I immediately started, and ran towards the place, calling at the same time as loudly as I could for assistance. An angler happened luckily to be a-fishing a little below me, though some very high hedge had hid him from my sight. He immediately came up, and both of us together, not without some hazard of our lives, drew the body to the shore. At first we perceived no sign of life remaining; but having held the body up by the heels, (for we soon had assistance enough) it discharged a vast quantity of water at the mouth, and at length began to discover some symptoms of breathing, and a little afterwards to move both its hands and its legs.

An apothecary, who happened to be present among others, advised that the body, which seemed now to have pretty well emptied itself of water, and which began to have many convulsive motions, should be directly taken up, and carried into a warm bed. This was accordingly performed: the apothecary and myself attending.

As we were going towards an inn, for we knew not the man's lodgings, luckily a woman met us, who after some violent screamings, told us, that the gentleman lodged at her house.

When I had seen the man safely deposited there, I left him to the care of the apothecary, who, I suppose, used all the right methods with him; for the next morning I heard he had perfectly recovered his senses.

I then went to visit him, intending to search out, as well as I could, the cause of his having attempted so desperate an act, and to prevent, as far as I was able, his pursuing such wicked intentions for the

future. I was no sooner admitted into his chamber, than we both instantly knew each other; for who should this person be but my good friend Mr. Watson! Here I will not trouble you with what past at our first interview; for I would avoid prolixity as much as possible.

Mr. Watson very freely acquainted me, that the unhappy situation of his circumstances, occasioned by a tide of ill luck, had in a manner forced him to a resolution of destroying himself.

I now began to argue very seriously with him, in opposition to this heathenish, or indeed diabolical principle of the lawfulness of self-murder; and said every thing which occurred to me on the subject; but, to my great concern, it seemed to have very little effect on him. He seemed not at all to repent of what he had done, and gave me reason to fear, he would soon make a second attempt of the like horrible kind.

When I had finished my discourse, instead of endeavouring to answer my arguments, he looked me steadfastly in the face, and with a smile said: You are strangely altered, my good friend, since I remember you. I question whether any of our bishops could make a better argument against suicide than you have entertained me with; but unless you can find somebody who will lend me a cool hundred, I must either hang, or drown, or starve; and in my opinion the last death is the most terrible of the three.'

I answered him very gravely, that I was indeed altered since I had seen him last; that I had found leisure to look into my follies, and to repent of them. I then advised him to pursue the same steps; and at last concluded with an assurance, that I myself would lend him a hundred pounds, if it would be of any service to his affairs, and he would not put it into the power of a die to deprive him of it.

Mr. Watson, who seemed almost composed in slumber by the former part of my discourse, was roused by the latter. He seized my hand eagerly, gave me a thousand thanks, and declared I was a friend indeed; adding that he hoped I had a better opinion of him, than to imagine he had profited so little by experience, as to put any confidence in those damned dice, which had so often deceived him. 'No, no,' cries he, 'let me but once handsomely be set up again, and if ever fortune makes a broken merchant of me afterwards, I will forgive her.'

I very well understood the language of *setting up*, and *broken merchant*. I therefore said to him with a very grave face: Mr. Watson, you must endeavour to find out some business, or employment, by which you may procure yourself a livelihood: and I promise you, could I see any probability of being repaid hereafter, I would advance a much larger sum than what you have mentioned, to equip you in any fair and honourable calling; but, as to gaming, besides the baseness and wickedness of making it a profession, you are really, to my own knowledge, unfit for it, and it will end in your certain ruin.

'Why now, that's strange,' answered he, 'neither you, nor any of my friends, would ever allow me to know any thing of the matter, and yet, I believe, I am as good a hand at every game as any of you all; and I heartily wish I was to play with you only for your whole fortune; I should desire no better sport, and I would let you name your game into the bargain: but come, my dear boy, have you the hundred in your pocket?'

I answered I had only a bill for *L.* 50 which I delivered him, and promised to bring him the rest next morning; and, after giving him a little more advice, took my leave.

I was indeed better than my word: for I returned to him that very afternoon. When I entered the room, I found him sitting up in his bed at cards with a notorious gamester. This sight, you will imagine, shocked me not a little; to which I may add the mortification of seeing my bill delivered by him to his antagonist, and thirty guineas only given in exchange for it.

The other gamester presently quitted the room, and then Watson declared he was ashamed to see me: 'but,' says he, 'I find luck runs so damnably against me, that I will resolve to leave off play for ever. I have thought of the kind proposal you made me ever since, and I promise you there shall be no fault in me, if I do not put it in execution.'

Though I had no great faith in his promises, I produced him the remainder of the hundred in consequence of my own; for which he gave me a note, which was all I ever expected to see in return for my money.

We were prevented from any further discourse at present, by the arrival of the apothecary, who, with much joy in his countenance, and without even asking his patient how he did, proclaimed there was great news arrived in a letter to himself, which he said would shortly be public: 'that the Duke of Monmouth was landed in the west with a vast army of Dutch: and that another vast fleet hovered over the coast of Norfolk, and was to make a descent there,

in order to favour the Duke's enterprize with a diversion on that side.'

This apothecary was one of the greatest politicians of his time. He was more delighted with the most paltry packet, than with the best patient; and the highest joy he was capable of, he received from having a piece of news in his possession an hour or two sooner than any other person in the town. His advices, however, were seldom authentic, for he would swallow almost any thing as a truth, a humour which many made use of to impose upon him.

Thus it happened with what he at present communicated; for it was known within a short time afterwards, that the Duke was really landed; but that his army consisted only of a few attendants; and as to the diversion in Norfolk, it was entirely false.

The apothecary staid no longer in the room than while he acquainted us with his news; and then, without saying a syllable to his patient on any other subject, departed to spread his advices all over the town.

There was a considerable rising in favour of Monmouth; and, my principles strongly inclining me to take the same part, I determined to join him; and Mr. Watson, from different motives concurring in the same resolution, we soon provided ourselves with all necessaries, and went to the Duke at Bridgewater.

The unfortunate event of this enterprize you are as well acquainted with as myself. I escaped, together with Mr. Watson, from the battle at Sedgemore, in which action I received a slight wound. We rode near forty miles together on the Exeter road, and, then abandoning our horses, scrambled as well as we could through the fields and bye-roads, till we arrived at a little wild hut on a common, where a poor old woman took all the care of us she could, and dressed my wound with salve, which quickly healed it.

Here Mr. Watson left me the next morning, in order, as he pretended, to get us some provision from the town of Cullumpton — but — can I relate it? or can you believe it? — This Mr. Watson, this friend, this base, barbarous, treacherous villain, betrayed me to a party of horse belonging to King James, and, at his return, delivered me into their hands.

The soldiers, being six in number, had now seized me, and were conducting me to Taunton gaol: but neither my present situation, nor the apprehensions of what might happen to me, were half so irksome to my mind, as the company of my false friend, who, having surrendered himself, was likewise considered as a prisoner, though he was better treated, as being to make his peace at my expence. He at first endeavoured to excuse his treachery; but when he received nothing but scorn and upbraiding from me, he soon changed his note, abused me as the most atrocious and malicious rebel, and laid all his own guilt to my charge, who, as he declared, had solicited, and even threatened him, to make him take up arms against his gracious, as well as lawful sovereign.

This false evidence, (for in reality, he had been much the forwarder of the two), stung me to the quick, and raised an indignation scarce conceivable by those who have not felt it. However, fortune at length took pity on me: for as we were got a little beyond Wellington, in a narrow lane, my guards received a false alarm, that near fifty of the enemy were at hand, upon which they shifted for themselves, and left me and my betrayer to do the same. That villain immediately ran from me, and I am glad he did, or I should have certainly endeavoured, though I had no arms, to have executed vengeance on his baseness.

I was now once more at liberty, and immediately withdrawing from the highway into the fields, I travelled on, scarce knowing which way I went, and making it my chief care to avoid all public roads, and all towns, nay, even the most homely houses; for I imagined every human creature whom I saw, desirous of betraying me.

At last, after rambling several days about the country, during which the fields afforded me the same bed, and the same food, which nature bestows on our savage brothers of the creation, I at length arrived at this place, where the solitude and wildness of the country invited me to fix my abode. The first person with whom I took up my habitation, was the mother of this old woman, with whom I remained concealed, till the news of the glorious Revolution put an end to all my apprehensions of danger, and gave me an opportunity of once more visiting my own home, and of enquiring a little into my affairs, which I soon settled as agreeably to my brother as to myself; having resigned every thing to him, for which he paid me the sum of a thousand pounds, and settled on me an annuity for life.

His behaviour in this last instance as in all others, was selfish and ungenerous. I

could not look on him as my friend, nor indeed did he desire that I should; so I presently took my leave of him, as well as of my other acquaintances; and from that day to this, my history is little better than a blank.

LAWRENCE STERNE.

Lawrence Sterne, one of the most humorous authors England has ever produced, was born at Clonmel in 1713 and educated at Cambridge where he took the degree of master of arts, and then entered into the church; but his manner of life not being in accordance with his station, he was little liked by his brother clergymen. His first publication was entitled 'Tristram Shandy' of which 2 volumes appeared in 1759, two more in 1761 and the two last in 1762. The publication of this work, instantly placed Sterne among the first writers of his day. Its merit consists in its style, which is easy and at the same time elegant, and in the many humorous and pathetic parts, which prove the ability of the author. Sterne travelled twice on the continent, and the publication of his 'Sentimental Journey' was the result of these tours. At the completion of the first part of this composition, the author died in London where he was staying to superintend its printing in 1768.

THE STORY OF LE FEVRE.

It was some time in the summer of that year in which Dendermond was taken by the allies, which was about seven years before my father came into the country, and about as many after the time that my uncle Toby and Trim had privately decamped from my father's house in town, in order to lay some of the finest sieges to some of the finest fortified cities in Europe — — when my uncle Toby was one evening getting his supper, with Trim sitting behind him at a small sideboard. — The landlord of a little inn in the village came into the parlour with an empty phial in his hand, to beg a glass or two of sack — 'Tis for a poor gentleman — I think of the army, said the landlord, who has been taken ill at my house four days ago, and has never held up his head since, or had a desire to taste any thing, till just now, that he has a fancy for a glass of sack and a thin toast — *I think*, says he, taking his hand from his forehead, *it would comfort me.*

— If I could neither beg, borrow, nor buy such a thing, added the landlord, I would almost steal it for the poor gentleman, he is so ill. — — I hope in God he will still mend, continued he, — we are all of us concerned for him.

Thou art a good-natured soul, I will answer for thee, cried my uncle Toby; and thou shalt drink the poor gentleman's health in a glass of sack thyself, and take a couple of bottles, with my service, and tell him he is heartily welcome to them, and to a dozen more if they will do him good.

Though I am persuaded, said my uncle Toby, as the landlord shut the door, he is a very compassionate fellow, Trim, — yet I cannot help entertaining a high opinion of his guest too; there must be something more than common in him, that in so short a time should win so much upon the affections of his host: — And of his whole family, added the corporal, for they are all concerned for him. — Step after him, said my uncle Toby — do Trim — and ask if he knows his name.

— — I have quite forgot it, truly, said the landlord, coming back into the parlour with the corporal — but I can ask his son again. — Has he a son with him then? said my uncle Toby. — A boy, replied the landlord, of about eleven or twelve years of age — but the poor creature has tasted almost as little as his father; he does nothing but mourn and lament for him night and day: — He has not stirred from the bed side these two days.

My uncle Toby laid down his knife and fork, and thrust his plate from before him, as the landlord gave him the account; and Trim, without being ordered, took away, without saying one word, and in a few minutes after brought him his pipe and tobacco.

— Stay in the room a little, said my uncle Toby. —

Trim! — said my uncle Toby, after he had lighted his pipe, and smoked about a dozen whiffs. — Trim came in front of his master, and made his bow: — my uncle Toby smoked on, and said no more. — — Corporal! said my uncle Toby — the corporal made his bow. — My uncle Toby proceeded no farther, but finished his pipe.

Trim! said my uncle Toby, I have a project in my head, as it is a bad night, of wrapping myself up warm in my roquelaure, and paying a visit to this poor gentleman. — — Your honour's roquelaure, replied the corporal, has not once been had on since the night before your honour received your wound, when we mounted guard in the trenches before the gate of St. Nicholas; — and besides, it is so cold and rainy a night, that what with the roquelaure, and what with the weather, 'twill be enough to give your honour your death, and bring on your hon-

onr's torment in your groin. I fear so, replied my uncle Toby; but I am not at rest in my mind, Trim, since the account the landlord has given me. — — I wish I had not known so much of this affair, — added my uncle Toby, — or that I had known more of it: — How shall we manage it? — — Leave it, an't please your honour, to me, quoth the corporal: — — I'll take my hat and stick, and go to the house and reconnoitre, and act accordingly; and I will bring your honour a full account in an hour. — — Thou shalt go, Trim, said my uncle Toby, and here's a shilling for thee to drink with his servant. — — I shall get it all out of him, said the corporal, shutting the door.

My uncle Toby filled his second pipe, and had it not been that he now and then wandered from the point, with considering whether it was not full as well to have the curtain of the tenaille a straight line as a crooked one, — he might be said to have thought of nothing else but poor le Fevre and his boy the whole time he smoked it.

It was not till my uncle Toby had knocked the ashes out of his third pipe, that corporal Trim returned from the inn, and gave him the following account:

I despaired at first, said the corporal, of being able to bring back your honour any kind of intelligence concerning the poor sick lieutenant — Is he in the army then? said my uncle Toby — — He is, said the corporal — — And in what regiment? said my uncle Toby — — I'll tell your honour, replied the corporal, every thing straight forwards, as I learnt it. — Then, Trim, I'll fill another pipe, said my uncle Toby, and not interrupt thee till thou hast done; so sit down at thy ease, Trim, in the window-seat, and begin thy story again. The corporal made his old bow, which generally spoke, as plain as a bow could speak it — 'Your honour is good: — — And having done that, he sat down, as he was ordered, — and began the story to my uncle Toby over again in pretty near the same words

I despaired at first, said the corporal, of being able to bring back any intelligence to your honour about the lieutenant and his son; for when I asked where his servant was, from whom I made myself sure of knowing every thing which was proper to be asked, — That's a right distinction, Trim, said my uncle Toby — I was answered, an' please your honour, that he had no servant with him; — that he had come to the inn with hired horses, which, upon finding himself unable to proceed, (to join, I suppose, the regiment,) he had dismissed the morning after he came. — If I get better, my dear, said he, as he gave his purse to his son to pay the man, — we can hire horses from hence. — — But, alas! the poor gentleman will never get from hence, said the landlady to me, — for I heard the death-watch all night long; — and when he dies, the youth, his son, will certainly die with him: for he is broken-hearted already.

I was hearing this account, continued the corporal, when the youth came into the kitchen, to order the thin toast the landlord spoke of; — but I will do it for my father myself, said the youth. — Pray let me save you the trouble, young gentleman, said I, taking up a fork for the purpose, and offering him my chair to sit down upon by the fire, while I did it. — I believe, Sir, said he, very modestly, I can please him best myself. — — I am sure, said I, his honour will not like the toast the worse for being toasted by an old soldier — The youth took hold of my hand, and instantly burst into tears. — — Poor youth! said my uncle Toby, — he has been bred up from an infant in the army, and the name of a soldier, Trim, sounded in his ears like the name of a friend; — I wish I had him here.

— — — I never in the longest march, said the corporal, had so great a mind to my dinner, as I had to cry with him for company — What could be the matter with me, an' please your honour? Nothing in the world, Trim, said my uncle Toby, blowing his nose, — but that thou art a good-natured fellow.

When I gave him the toast, continued the corporal, I thought it was proper to tell him I was Captain Shandy's servant, and that your honour (though a stranger) was extremely concerned for his father; — and that if there was any thing in your house or cellar — (and thou might'st have added my purse too, said my uncle Toby) — he was heartily welcome to it: — He made a very low bow (which was meant to your honour) but no answer — for his heart was full — so he went up stairs with the toast; — I warrant you, my dear, said I, as I opened the kitchen-door, your father will be well again — Mr. Yorick's curate was smoking a pipe by the kitchen fire, — but said not a word good or bad to comfort the youth. — I thought it was wrong, added the corporal. — — — I think so too, said my uncle Toby.

When the lieutenant had taken his glass of sack and toast, he felt himself a little revived, and sent down into the kitchen, to let me know, that in about ten minutes he should be glad if I would step up stairs. — — — I believe, said the landlord, he is going to say his prayers, — — for there was a book

laid upon the chair by his bed-side; and as I shut the door, I saw his son take up a cushion. — —

I thought, said the curate, that yon gentlemen of the army, Mr. Trim, never said your prayers at all — — I heard the poor gentleman say his prayers last night, said the landlady, very devoutly, and with my own ears, or I could not have believed it. — Are you sure of it? replied the curate. — — A soldier, an' please your reverence, said I, prays as often (of his own accord) as a parson; — — and when he is fighting for his king, and for his own life, and for his honour too, he has the most reason to pray to God of any one in the whole world. — 'Twas well said of thee, Trim, said my uncle Toby. — But when a soldier, said I, an' please your reverence, has been standing for twelve hours together in the trenches, up to his knees in cold water; — or engaged, said I, for months together, in long and dangerous marches: — harassed, perhaps, in his rear to day; — harassing others to morrow; — detached here; countermanded there; — resting this night out upon his arms; — beat up in his shirt the next; — benumbed in his joints; perhaps without straw in his tent to kneel on; — he must say his prayers *how* and *when* he can, — I believe, said I, for I was piqued, quoth the corporal, for the reputation of the army, — I believe, an't please your reverence, said I, that when a soldier gets time to pray, — he prays as heartily as a parson — though not with all his fuss and hypocrisy. — Thou shouldst not have said that, Trim, said my uncle Toby, — for God only knows who is a hypocrite, and who is not: — At the great and general review of us all, corporal, at the day of judgment, (and not till then) — it will be seen who have done their duty in this world, — and who have not; and we shall be advanced, Trim, accordingly. I hope we shall, said Trim. — It is in the Scripture, said my uncle Toby; and I will show it thee to-morrow: — in the mean time we may depend upon it, Trim, for our comfort, said my uncle Toby, that God Almighty is so good and just a governor of the world, that if we have but done our duties in it, — it will never be inquired into whether we have done them in a red coat or a black one: — — I hope not, said the corporal. — — But go on, Trim, said my uncle Toby, with thy story.

When I went up, continued the corporal, into the lieutenant's room, which I did not do till the expiration of the ten minutes — he was lying in his bed with his head raised upon his hand, with his elbow upon the pillow, and a clean white cambric handkerchief beside it. — The youth was just stooping down to take up the cushion, upon which I suppose he had been kneeling — the book was laid upon the bed — and as he rose, in taking up the cushion with one hand, he reached out his other to take it away at the same time — — Let it remain there, my dear, said the lieutenant.

He did not offer to speak to me, till I had walked up close to his bed-side: — If you are Captain Shandy's servant, said he, you must present my thanks to your master, with my little boy's thanks along with them, for his courtesy to me; — if he was of Leven's — said the lieutenant — I told him your honour was — then, said he, I served three campaigns with him in Flanders, and remember him — but 'tis most likely, as I had not the honour of any acquaintance with him, that he knows nothing of me. — You will tell him, however, that the person his good nature has laid under obligation to him, is one le Fevre, a lieutenant in Angus's — — but he knows me not — said he a second time, musing; — — possibly he may my story, added he: Pray tell the captain I was the ensign at Breda, whose wife was most unfortunately killed with a musket-shot, as she lay in my arms in my tent. — I remember the story, an't please your honour, said I, very well — — Do you so? said he, wiping his eyes with his handkerchief, — then well may I — In saying this he drew a little ring out of his bosom, which seemed tied with a black riband about his neck, and kissed it twice — Here, Billy, said he — the boy flew across the room to the bed-side, — and falling down upon his knee, took the ring in his hand, and kissed it too, — then kissed his father, and sat down upon the bed and wept.

I wish, said my uncle Toby, with a deep sigh, I wish, Trim, I was asleep.

Your honour, replied the corporal, is too much concerned; — — shall I pour your honour out a glass of sack to your pipe? — Do, Trim, said my uncle Toby.

I remember, said my uncle Toby, sighing again, the story of the ensign and his wife, with a circumstance his modesty omitted; — and particularly well that he, as well as she, upon some account or other, I forget what, was universally pitied by the whole regiment; — but finish the story thou art upon. — 'Tis finish'd already, said the corporal, — for I could stay no longer, — so wished his honour a good night; young le Fevre rose from off the bed, and saw me to the bottom of the stairs: and as we went down together, told me they had come from

Ireland, and were on their route to join the regiment in Flanders — — But alas! said the corporal, — the lieutenant's last day's march is over — Then what is to become of his poor boy? cried my uncle Toby.

It was to my uncle Toby's eternal honour — — though I tell it only for the sake of those, who, when cooped in betwixt a natural and a positive law, know not for their souls which way in the world to turn themselves — — That notwithstanding my uncle Toby was warmly engaged at that time in carrying on the siege of Dendermond parallel with the allies, who pressed theirs on so vigorously, that they scarce allowed him time to get his dinner — that nevertheless he gave up Dendermond, though he had already made a lodgment upon the counterscarp, and bent his whole thoughts toward the private distresses at the inn; and except that he ordered the garden gate to be bolted up, by which he might be said to have turned the siege of Dendermond into a blockade, — he left Dendermond to itself, — to be relieved or not by the French king, as the French king thought good: and only considered how he himself should relieve the poor lieutenant and his son.

— — That kind Being, who is a friend to the friendless, shall recompense thee for this.

Thou hast left this matter short, said my uncle Toby to the corporal, as he was putting him to bed — and I will tell thee in what, Trim. — In the first place, when thou madest an offer of my service to le Fevre, — as sickness and travelling are both expensive, and thou knowest he was but a poor lieutenant, with a son to subsist as well as himself out of his pay, — that thou didst not make an offer to him of my purse; because, had he stood in need, thou knowest, Trim, he had been as welcome to it as myself. — — Your honour knows, said the corporal, I had no orders. — — True, quoth my uncle Toby, — — thou didst very right, Trim, as a soldier, — but certainly very wrong as a man.

In the second place, for which, indeed, thou hast the same excuse, continued my uncle Toby, — — when thou offeredst him whatever was in my house — thou shouldst have offered him my house too: — — a sick brother officer should have the best quarters, Trim; and if we had him with us, — we could tend and look to him. — — Thou art an excellent nurse thyself, Trim; — and what with thy care of him, and the old woman's, and his boy's, and mine together we might recruit him again at once, and set him upon his legs. — —

— — In a fortnight or three weeks, added my uncle Toby, smiling — he might march. — He will never march, an' please your honour, in this world, said the corporal. — — He will march, said my uncle Toby, rising up from the side of the bed with one shoe off: — — An' please your honour, said the corporal, he will never march but to his grave: — He shall march, cried my uncle Toby, marching the foot which had a shoe on, though without advancing an inch, — he shall march to his regiment. — — He cannot stand it, said the corporal. — — He shall be supported, said my uncle Toby. — — He'll drop at last, said the corporal, and what will become of his boy? — — He shall not drop, said my uncle Toby, firmly. — Ah welladay, — do what we can for him, said Trim, maintaining his point, — the poor soul will die. He shall not die, by G—d! cried my uncle Toby.

— The Accusing Spirit, which flew up to Heaven's chancery with the oath, blush'd as he gave it in — — and the Recording Angel, as he wrote it down, dropp'd a tear upon the word, and blotted it out for ever.

— — My uncle Toby went to his bureau — put his purse into his breeches' pocket, and having ordered the corporal to go early in the morning for a physician — he went to bed, and fell asleep.

The sun look'd bright the morning after to every eye in the village but le Fevre's, and his afflicted son's; the hand of Death pressed heavy upon his eyelids, and hardly could the wheel at the cistern turn round its circle, when my uncle Toby, who had rose up an hour before his wonted time, entered the lieutenant's room, and without preface or apology, sat himself down upon the chair by the bed-side, and, independently of all modes and customs, opened the curtain in the manner an old friend and brother officer would have done it, and asked him how he did — how he had rested in the night — what was his complaint — where was his pain — and what he could do to help him? — and without giving him time to answer any one of the inquiries, went on, and told him of the little plan which he had been concerting with the corporal the night before for him.

— You shall go home directly, le Fevre, said my uncle Toby, to my house — and we'll send for a doctor to see what's the matter — and we'll have an apothecary, — and the corporal shall be your nurse, — and I'll be your servant, le Fevre.

There was a frankness in my uncle Toby, — not the effect of familiarity, — but the

cause of it which let you at once into his soul, and showed you the goodness of his nature; to this, there was something in his looks, and voice, and manner, superadded, which eternally beckoned to the unfortunate to come and take shelter under him; so that before my uncle Toby had half finished the kind offers he was making to the father, had the son insensibly pressed up close to his knees, and had taken hold of the breast of his coat, and was pulling it towards him. The blood and spirits of le Fevre, which were waxing cold and slow within him, and were retreating to their last citadel, the heart, rallied back, — the film forsook his eyes for a moment, — he looked up wistfully in my uncle Toby's face — then cast a look upon his boy, — and that ligament, fine as it was, was never broken. — —

Nature instantly ebb'd again, — — the film returned to its place — — the pulse flutter'd — — stopp'd — — went on — — throbb'd — — stopp'd again — — mov'd — — stopp'd — — shall I go on? — — No.

TOBIAS SMOLLET.

Tobias Smollat, the author of Peregrine Pickle and Roderick Random, was born in Dumbartonshire 1721. At an early age he went to London with the intention of living by his pen, but his efforts not being successful he joined the naval expedition to Carthagena. In 1746 he returned to England and wrote pamphlets, chiefly of a political nature; he also published some poetry consisting in satires and odes. In 1748, Smollet published 'Roderick Random', which established his fame. The most prominent features of this work are the wit and humour displayed in it, and the great variety of comic adventures which are related as having occurred. 'Peregrine Pickle' was the next naval which Smollat brought before the public; its style is similar to that of the former; but the scenes into which we are conducted are of a less genteel nature, than those in Roderick Random. Yet these faults are overbalanced by the neverceasing wit, and drollery of the book. His next work was 'The Adventures of Ferdinand Count Fathom' which appeared in 1754, and is certainly written in a somewhat higher moral tone than its predecessors. It relates the circumstances of the fall of a young man from virtue to infamy, and in many of the scenes there is a force of description which is seldom to be found in any other book. His translation of Don Quixote is considered in general a failure; he has not succeeded in expressing the feelings conveyed in the original. In 1762 appeared his 'Lancelot Graves', which is perhaps the worst of his productions. After this Smollet published a continuation of Hume's History of England in which composition he is said only to have employed two months. His last work was 'Humphrey Clinker', which although written in the last year of the author's life, shows no diminution of talent. Smollet died at Leghorn, in 1771, whither he had repaired for the recovery of his health.

RODERICK RANDOM'S JOURNEY TO LONDON.

There is no such convenience as a waggon in this country, and my finances were too weak to support the expence of hiring a horse; I determined therefore, to set out with the carriers, who transport goods from one place to another on horseback; and this scheme I accordingly put in execution, on the first day of November 1739, sitting upon a pack saddle between two baskets; one of which contained my goods in a knapsack. But by the time we arrived at Newcastle upon Tyne, I was so fatigued with the tediousness of the carriage, and benumbed with the coldness of the weather, that I resolved to travel the rest of my journey on foot, rather than proceed in such a disagreeable manner.

The hostler of the inn, at which we put up, understanding I was bound for London, advised me to take my passage in a collier, which would be both cheap and expeditious, and withal much easier than to walk upwards of three hundred miles through deep roads in the winter-time; a journey which he believed I had not strength enough to perform. I was almost persuaded to take his advice, when one day stepping into a barber's shop to be shaved, the young man, while he lathered my face, accosted me thus: 'Sir, I presume you are a Scotchman.' I answered in the affirmative. 'Pray,' continued he, 'from what part of Scotland?' I no sooner told him than he discovered great emotion, and not confining his operation to my chin and upper lip, he smeared my whole face with great agitation. I was so offended at his profusion, that starting up I asked him what the devil he meant by using me so? — He begged pardon, telling me his joy at meeting with a countryman had occasioned some confusion in him, and craved my name. — But when I declared my name was Random, he exclaimed in a rapture: 'How, Rory Random?' The same, I replied, looking at him with astonishment. 'What,' cried he, 'don't you know your old school-fellow, Hugh Strap?' At that instant recollecting his face, I flew into his arms, and in the transport of my joy, gave him back one half of the suds he had so lavishly bestowed on my countenance; so that we made a very ludicrous appearance, and furnished a great deal of mirth for his master and shopmates, who were witnesses of this scene. — When our mutual caresses were

over, I sat down again to be shaved, but the poor fellow's nerves were so discomposed by this unexpected meeting, that his hand could scarcely hold the razor, with which nevertheless he found means to cut me in three places in as many strokes. His master, perceiving his disorder, hade another supply his place, and after the operation was performed, gave Strap leave to pass the rest of the day with me. — We retired immediately to my lodgings, where, calling for some beer, I desired to be informed of his adventures, which contained nothing more, than that his master dying before his time was out, he had come to Newcastle about a year ago, in expectation of journey-work, along with three young fellows of his acquaintance who worked in the keels; that he had the good fortune of being employed by a civil master, with whom he intended to stay till the spring; at which time he intended to go to London, where he did not doubt of finding encouragement.

When I communicated to him my situation and design, he did not approve of my taking a passage by sea, by reason of the danger of a winter-voyage, which is very hazardous along that coast, as well as the precariousness of the wind, which might possibly detain me a great while, to the no small detriment of my fortune; whereas, if I would venture by land, he would bear me company, carry my baggage all the way, and, if we should be fatigued before we could perform the journey, it would be no hard matter for us to find on the road, either return-horses or waggons, of which we might take the advantage for a trifling expence.— I was so ravished at his proposal, that I embraced him affectionately, and assured him he might command my purse to the last farthing; but he gave me to understand he had saved money sufficient to answer his own occasions, and that he had a friend in London, who would soon introduce him into business, in that capital, and might possibly have it in his power to serve me also.

Having concerted the plan and settled our affairs that night, we departed next morning by day-break, armed with a good cudgel each (my companion being charged with the furniture of us both, crammed into one knapsack) and our money sewed between the lining and waistband of our breeches, except some loose silver for our immediate expence on the road. — We travelled all day at a round pace, but being ignorant of the proper stages, were benighted at a good distance from any inn, so that we were compelled to take up our lodging at a small hedge-ale-house, that stood on a bye-road, about half a mile from the highway. There we found a pedlar of our own country, in whose company we regaled ourselves with bacon and eggs and a glass of good ale, before a comfortable fire, conversing all the while very sociably with the landlord and his daughter, an hale buxom lass, who entertained us with great good humour. About eight o'clock we were all three, at our own desire, shown into an apartment, furnished with two beds, in one of which Strap and I betook ourselves to rest, and the pedlar occupied the other, though not before he had prayed a considerable time *ex tempore*, searched into every corner of the room, and fastened the door on the inside with a strong iron screw, which he carried about with him for that use. — I slept very sound till midnight, when I was disturbed by a violent motion of the bed which shook under me with a continual tremor. — Alarmed at this phenomenon I jogged my companion, whom to my no small amazement I found drenched in sweat and quaking through every limb. He told me with a low faultering voice, that we were undone; for there was a bloody highwayman with loaded pistols in the next room; then bidding me make as little noise as possible, he directed me to a small chink in the board-partition, through which I could see a thickset brawny fellow, with a fierce countenance, sitting at a table with our landlady, having a bottle of ale, and a brace of pistols before him. I listened with great attention and heard him cry in a terrible tone: 'damn that son of a bitch, Smack, the coachman! — he has served me a fine trick, indeed! — but damnation seize me if I don't make him repent it; I'll teach the scoundrel to give intelligence to others, while he is under articles with me.' Our landlady endeavoured to appease this exasperated robber, by saying, he might be mistaken in Smack, who perhaps kept no correspondence with the other gentleman that robbed his coach — and that, if an accident had disappointed him to-day, he might soon find opportunities enough to atone for his lost trouble. — I'll tell thee what, my dear Bett, I never had, nor ever will, while my name is Rifle, have such a glorious booty as I missed to-day. — Zounds! there was *L.* 400 in cash, to recruit men for the king's service, besides the jewels, watches, swords and money belonging to the passengers; — had it been my fortune to have got clear off with so much treasure, I would have purchased a commission in the army, and made you an officer's lady, you jade, I would.' — Well, well, cries

Betty, we must trust to Providence for that; but did you find nothing worth taking, which escaped the other gentleman of the road? — 'Not much, faith, said the lover, I gleaned a few things — such as a pair of pops, silver-mounted, (here they are), I took them loaded from the captain who had the charge of the money, together with a gold watch which he had concealed in his breeches. — I likewise found ten Portugal pieces in the shoes of a quaker, whom the spirit moved to revile me with great bitterness and devotion; but what I value myself mostly for, is this here purchase, a gold snuffbox, my girl, with a picture on the inside of the lid, which I untied out of the tail of a pretty lady's smock.' — Here, as the devil would have it, the pedlar snored so loud, that the highwayman, snatching his pistols, started up crying: 'Hell and damnation, I am betrayed! who's that in the next room?' Miss Betty told him he needed not be uneasy, they were only three poor wearied travellers, who, missing the road, had taken up their lodging in the house, and were asleep long ago. — 'Travellers!' says he, 'spies, you hitch! but no matter — I'll send them all to hell in an instant.' — He accordingly ran towards our door, when his sweet-heart interposing assured him there was only a couple of poor young Scotchmen, who were too raw and ignorant to give him the least cause of suspicion; and the third was a presbyterian pedlar of the same nation, who had often lodged in the house before. — This declaration satisfied the thief, who swore he was glad there was a pedlar; for he wanted some linen. — During that part of the conversation which regarded us, Strap had crept under the bed, where he lay in the agonies of fear; so that it was with great difficulty I persuaded him our danger was over, and prevailed on him to wake the pedlar, and inform him of what he had seen and heard. — The itinerant merchant no sooner felt somebody shaking him by the shoulder, than he started up, calling as loud as he could 'Thieves! thieves! Lord have mercy on us!' And Rifle, alarmed at this exclamation, jumped up, cocked one of his pistols, and turned towards the door, to kill the first man that should enter; for he verily believed himself beset; when his Dulcinea after an immoderate fit of laughter, persuaded him, that the poor pedlar, dreaming of thieves, had only cried out in his sleep. — Meanwhile my comrade had undeceived our fellow-lodger, and informed him of his reason for disturbing him, upon which getting up softly, he peeped thro' the hole, and was so terrified with what he saw, that falling down on his bare knees, he put up a long petition to heaven, to deliver him from the hands of that ruffian, and promised never to defraud a customer for the future of the value of a pin's point, provided he might be rescued from the present danger. — Whether or not the disburthening of his conscience afforded him any ease, I know not; but he slipped into bed again, and lay very quiet, until the robber and his mistress were asleep and snored in concert; then rising softly he untied a rope that was round his pack, which making fast to one end of it, he opened the window with as little noise as possible, and lowered the goods into the yard with great dexterity; then he moved gently to our bedside and bade us farewell, telling us, that, as we ran no risk, we might take our rest with great confidence, and in the morning assure our landlord that we knew nothing of his escape; and lastly shaking us by the hands, and wishing us all manner of success, he let him drop from the window without any danger, for the ground was not above a yard from his feet as he hung on the outside. Although I did not think proper to accompany him in his flight, I was not all free from apprehension, when I reflected on what might be the effect of the highwayman's disappointment, as he certainly intended to make free with the pedlar's ware. Neither was my companion at more ease in his mind; but on the contrary so possessed with the dreadful idea of Rifle, that he solicited me strongly to follow our countryman's example, and to elude the fatal resentment of that terrible adventurer, who would certainly wreak his vengeance on us, as accomplices of the pedlar's elopement. — But I represented to him the danger of giving Rifle cause to think we knew his profession, and suggested, that if ever he should meet us again on the road, he would look upon us as dangerous acquaintance, and find it his interest to put us out of the way — I told him withal my confidence in Betty's good nature, in which he acquiesced; and during the remaining part of the night, we concerted a proper method of behaviour, to render us unsuspected in the morning.

It was no sooner day, than Betty, entering our chamber and perceiving our window open, cried out, 'Odda hobs! sure you Scotchmen must have hot constitutions to lie all night with the window open, in such cold weather.' — I feigned to start out of sleep, and withdrawing the curtain, called 'What's the matter?' When she showed me, I affected surprise and said, 'Bless me, the window was shut when we went to

bed.' — 'I'll be hanged,' said she, 'if Sawny Waddle, the pedlar, has not got up in a dream and done it, for I heard him very obstrepulous in his sleep.' — With these words she advanced to the bed, in which he lay, and finding the sheets cold, exclaimed 'Good lack adaisy! the rogue is fled!' — 'Fled!' cried I, with feigned amazement, 'God forbid! Sure he has not robbed us.' — Then springing up, I laid hold of my breeches, and emptied all my loose money into my hand, which having reckoned, I said: 'heaven be praised, our money is all safe — Strap, look to the knapsack.' — He did so, and found all was right. — Upon which we asked with seeming concern if he had stolen nothing belonging to the house? — 'No, no', replied she, 'he has stolen nothing but his reckoning, which it seems this pious pedlar had forgot to discharge in the midst of his devotion.' — Betty, after a moment's pause, withdrew, and immediately we could hear her waken Rifle, who no sooner heard of Waddle's flight, than he jumped out of bed and dressed, venting a thousand execrations, and vowing to murder the pedlar, if ever he set eyes on him again. For, said he, the scoundrel has by this time raised the hue and cry against me. — Having dressed himself in a hurry, he mounted his horse, and for that time rid us of his company, and a thousand fears that were the consequence of it. — While we were at breakfast, Betty endeavoured by all the cunning she was mistress of, to learn whether or no we suspected our fellow-lodger, whom we saw take horse; but as we were on our guard, we answered her sly questions with a simplicity she could not distrust, when all of a sudden we heard the trampling of a horse's feet at the door. This noise alarmed Strap so much, whose imagination was wholly engrossed by the image of Rifle, that with a countenance as pale as milk he cried — 'O Lord, there's the highwayman returned!' Our landlady, staring at these words, said 'What highwayman, young man? — do you think any highwaymen harbour here?' — Though I was very much disconcerted at this piece of indiscretion in Strap, I had presence of mind enough to tell her we had met a horseman the day before, whom Strap had foolishly supposed to be a highwayman, because he rode with pistols; and that he had been terrified at a horse's feet ever since. She forced a smile at the ignorance and timidity of my comrade; but I could perceive (not without great concern) that this account was not at all satisfactory to her.

After having paid our score, and taken leave of our hostess, we proceeded on our journey, blessing ourselves we had come off so well. We had not walked above five miles when we observed a man on horseback galloping after us, whom we in a short time recognized to be no other than this formidable hero who had already given us so much vexation. — He stopped hard by me and asked if I knew who he was? — My astonishment had disconcerted me so much, that I did not hear his question, which he repeated with a volley of oaths and threats; but I remained as mute as before. Strap, seeing my discomposure, fell upon his knees in the mud, uttering with a lamentable voice these words: 'For Christ's sake have mercy upon us, Mr. Rifle, we know you very well.' — 'Oho,' cried the thief, 'you do! but you never shall be evidence against me in this world, you dog!' — So saying, he drew a pistol, and fired it at the unfortunate shaver, who fell flat upon the ground, without speaking one word. — My comrade's fate and my own situation rivetted me to the place where I stood, deprived of all sense and reflection; so that I did not make the least attempt either to run away, or deprecate the wrath of this barbarian who snapped a second pistol at me, but before he had time to prime again, perceiving a company of horsemen coming up, he rode off and left me standing motionless as a statue, in which posture I was found by those whose appearance had saved my life. This company consisted of three men in livery, well armed, with an officer, who (as I afterwards learned) was the person from whom Rifle had taken the pocket pistols the day before; and who, making known his misfortune to a nobleman he met on the road, assuring him, his non-resistance was altogether owing to his consideration for the ladies in the coach, procured the assistance of his Lordship's servants to go in quest of the plunderer. This holiday-captain scampered up to me with great address and asked who fired the pistol which he had heard. As I had not yet recovered my reason, he, before I could answer, observed a body lying on the ground; at which sight his colour changed and he pronounced with a faultering tongue: 'Gentlemen, here's murder committed! Let us alight.' — 'No, no,' said one of his followers, 'let us rather pursue the murderer. Which way went he, young man?' — By this time I had recollected myself so far as to tell them that he could not be a quarter of a mile before, and to beg of one of them to assist me in conveying the corpse of my

friend to the next house in order to its being interred. — The captain foreseeing that in case he should pursue, he must soon come to action, began to curb his horse, and gave him the spurs at the same time, which treatment making the creature rear up and snort, he called out his horse was frightened, and would not proceed; at the same time wheeling him round and round, stroking his neck, whistling and wheedling him 'Sirrah, Sirrah—gently, gently, etc.' — 'Zounds!' cried one of the servants, 'sure my lord's Sorrel is not resty!' — With these words he bestowed a lash on his buttock, and Sorrel disdaining the rein, sprung forward with the Captain, at a pace, that would soon have brought him up with the robber, had not the girth (happily for him!) given way, by which means he landed in the dirt; and two of his attendants continued their pursuit, without minding his situation. Meanwhile one of the three who remained at my desire, turning the body of Strap, in order to see the wound which had killed him, found him still warm and breathing; upon which I immediately let him blood, and saw him, with inexpressible joy, recover: he having received no other wound than what his fear had inflicted. — Having raised him upon his legs, we walked together to an inn, about half a mile from the place, where Strap, who was not quite recovered, went to bed; and in a little time the third servant returned, with the captain's horse and furniture, leaving him to crawl after as well as he could. This gentleman of the sword, upon his arrival, complained grievously of the bruise occasioned by his fall;. and on the recommendation of the servant, who warranted my ability, I was employed to bleed him, for which service he rewarded me with half a crown. — —

Strap and I were about to depart on our journey,. when we perceived a crowd on the road coming towards us, shouting and hallooing all the way. As it approached, we could discern a man on horseback in the middle, with his hands tied behind him, whom we soon knew to be Rifle. This highwayman not being so well mounted as the two servants who went in pursuit of him, was soon overtaken and after having discharged his pistols, made prisoner without any further opposition. They were carrying him in triumph, amidst the acclamations of the country-people, to a justice of peace in a neighbouring village, but stopt at our inn to join their companion, and take refreshment. When Rifle was dismounted and placed in the yard, within a circle of peasants, armed with pitchforks, I was amazed to see what a pitiful dejected fellow he now appeared, who had but a few hours before filled me with such terror and confusion. — My companion was so much encouraged by this alteration in his appearance, that going up to the thief, he presented his clinched fist to his nose, and declared he would either cudgel or box with the prisoner for a guinea, which he immediately produced and began to strip, but was dissuaded from this adventure by me, who represented to him the folly of the undertaking, as Rifle was now in the hands of justice, which would no doubt give us all satisfaction enough. But what made me repent our impertinent curiosity was our being detained by the captors, as evidence against him, when we were just going to set forward. However there was no remedy; we were obliged to comply, and accordingly joined in the cavalcade, which luckily took the same road that we had proposed to follow.

About the twilight we arrived at the place of our destination, but as the justice was gone to visit a gentleman in the country, with whom (we understood) he would probably stay all night, the robber was confined in an empty garret three stories high, from which it seemed impossible for him to escape. This, nevertheless, was the case; for next morning when they went up stairs, to bring him before the justice, the bird was flown, having got out at the window upon the roof, from whence he continued his rout along the top of the adjoining houses, and entered another garret window, where he skulked until the family were asleep, at which time he ventured down stairs, and let himself out by the street-door, which was found open. This event was a great disappointment to those that apprehended him, who were flushed with hopes of the reward; but gave me great joy, as I was permitted now to continue my journey without any further molestation.

Resolving to make up for the small progress we had hitherto made, we this day travelled with great vigour, and before night reached a market-town, twenty miles from the place from whence we set out in the morning, without meeting any adventure worth notice. Here having taken up our lodgings at an inn, I found myself so fatigued, that I began to despair of performing our journey on foot, and desired Strap to enquire if there was any waggon, return-horses, or other cheap carriage in this place, to depart for London the next day. He

was informed, that the waggon from Newcastle to London had halted here two nights ago, and that it would be an easy matter to overtake it, if not the next day, at farthest the day after the next. This piece of news gave us some satisfaction, and after having made a hearty supper, on hashed mutton, we were shown to our room, which contained two beds, the one allotted for us, and the other for a very honest gentleman, who, we were told, was then drinking below. Though we could have very well dispensed with his company, we were glad to submit to this disposition, as there was not another bed empty in the house; and accordingly went to rest, after having secured our baggage under the bolster. About two or three o'clock in the morning I was waked out of a very profound sleep, by a dreadful noise in the chamber, which did not fail to throw me into an agony of consternation, when I heard these words pronounced with a terrible voice: 'Blood and wounds! run the halbert into the guts of him that's next you, and I'll blow the other's brains out presently.' — This dreadful salutation had no sooner reached the ears of Strap, than, starting out of bed, he ran against somebody in the dark and overturned him in an instant, at the same time bawling out: fire! murder! fire! a cry which in a moment alarmed the whole house, and filled our chamber with a crowd of naked people. When lights were brought, the occasion of all this disturbance soon appeared, which was no other than our fellow-lodger, whom we found lying on the floor scratching his head, with a look testifying the utmost astonishment at the concourse of apparitions that surrounded him.

This honest gentleman was, it seems, a recruiting serjeant; who having enlisted two country-fellows over night, dreamed they had mutinied, and threatened to murder him and the drummer who was along with him. This made such an impression on his imagination that he got up in his sleep and expressed himself as above. When our apprehension of danger vanished, the company beheld one another with great surprise and mirth.

When this affair was discussed, every body retired to his own apartment, the serjeant slipt into bed, and my companion and I slept without any further disturbance till morning, when we got up, went to breakfast, paid our reckoning, and set forward in expectation of overtaking the waggon; in which hope, however, we were disappointed for that day. As we exerted ourselves more than usual, I found myself quite spent with fatigue, when we entered a small village in the twilight. We enquired for a public house, and were directed to one of a very sorry appearance. At our entrance the landlord, who seemed to be a venerable old man, with long grey hair, rose from a table, placed by a large fire, in a very neat paved kitchen, and with a cheerful countenance, accosted us in these words: *Solvete, pueri, ingredimini.* — I was not a little pleased to hear our host speak Latin, because I was in hopes of recommending myself to him by my knowledge in that language; I therefore answered without hesitation: *Dissolve frigus, ligna super foco large reponens.* — I had no sooner pronounced these words than the old gentleman running towards me shook me by the hand crying: *Fili mi dilectissime, unde venis? — a superis ni follor!* — In short finding we were both read in the classics, he did not know how to testify his regard enough, but ordered his daughter, who was his sole domestic, to bring us a bottle of his *quadrimum*, repeating from Horace at the same time: *Deprome quadrimum Sabina, o Thaliarche, merum dioto.* — This *quadrimum* was excellent ale of his own brewing, of which he told us he had always an *omphoro*, four years old, for the use of himself and friends. In the course of our conversation, which was interlarded with scraps of Latin, we understood that this facetious person was a school-master, whose income being small, he was fain to keep a good glass of liquor for the entertainment of passengers by which he made a shift to make the two ends of the year meet. 'I am this day', said he, 'the happiest old fellow in his majesty's dominions. My wife, rest her soul, is in heaven: my daughter is to be married next week; but the two chief pleasures of my life are these (pointing to the bottle and a large edition of Horace that lay on the table). I am old, 'tis true — what then? the more reason, I should enjoy the small share of life that remains, as my friend Flaccus advises: *Tu ne quaesieris (scire nefas) quem mihi, quem tibi finem dii dederint. Carpe diem, quam minimum credito posteri.*' — As he was very inquisitive about our affairs, we made no scruple of acquainting him with our situation; which when he had learned, he enriched us with advises how to behave in the world, telling us that he was no stranger to the deceits of mankind. — In the mean time he ordered his daughter to lay a fowl to the fire for supper, for he was resolved this night to regale his friends — *permittens divis caetera.* While our entertainment was preparing, our host re-

counted the adventures of his own life; which, as they contain nothing remarkable, I forbear to rehearse. When we had fared sumptuously, and drunk several bottles of his quadrimum, I expressed a desire of going to rest, which was with some difficulty complied with, after that he informed us, that we should overtake the waggon by noon the next day, and that there was room enough in it for half a dozen; — for there were only four passengers as yet in that convenience.

Before my comrade and I fell asleep, we had some conversation about the good humour of our landlord, which gave Strap such an idea of his benevolence, that he positively believed we should pay nothing for our lodging and entertainment. 'Don't you observe,' said he, 'that he has conceived a particular affection for us — nay, even treated us at supper with extraordinary fare, which, to be sure, we should not of ourselves have called for?' — I was partly of Strap's opinion; but the experience I had of the world made me suspend my belief till the morning; when, getting up by times we breakfasted with our host and his daughter on hasty pudding and ale, and desired to know what we had to pay. — 'Biddy will let you know, gentlemen', said he, 'for I never mind these matters. Money matters are beneath the concern of one who lives upon the Horatian plan, *Crescentem sequatur cura pecuniam.*' Meanwhile Biddy, having consulted a slate, that hung in the corner, told us our reckoning came to 8 s. 7 d. — Eight shillings and sevenpence, cried Strap, 'tis impossible — you must be mistaken, young woman! — 'Reckon again, child,' said her father very deliberately, 'perhaps you have miscounted.' — No, indeed, father,' she replied, 'I know my business better.' I could contain my indignation no longer but said it was an unconscionable bill, and demanded to know the particulars; upon which the old man got up muttering: 'Aye, aye, let us see the particulars; that's but reasonable.' And taking pen, ink and paper wrote the following *Items.*

	s.	d.
To bread and beer	0.	6.
To a fowl and sausages . . .	2.	6.
To four bottles of quadrimum .	2.	—
To fire and tobacco	0.	7.
To lodging	3.	0.
To breakfast	1.	0.
	8.	7.

As he had not the appearance of a common publican, and had raised a sort of veneration in me by his demeanor the preceding night, it was not in my power to upbraid him as he deserved; therefore I contented myself with saying, I was sure he did not learn to be an extortioner from Horace. He answered, I was but a young man and did not know the world, or I would not tax him with extortion, whose only aim was to live *contentus parvo* and keep off *importuna pauperies.* My fellow-traveller could not so easily put up with this imposition, but swore he should either take one third of the money or go without. — While we were engaged in this dispute, I perceived the daughter to go out, and conjecturing the occasion, immediately paid the exorbitant demand, which was no sooner done than Biddy returned with two stout fellows, who came in on pretence of taking their morning draught, but in reality to frighten us into compliance. Just as we departed, Strap, who was half distracted on account of this piece of expence, went up to the schoolmaster, and, grinning in his face, pronounced with great emphasis: *Semper avarus eget.* — To which the pedant replied with a malicious smile: *Animum rege, qui, nisi paret, imperat.*

THE SOLDIER'S RETURN.

We set out from Glasgow, by the way of Lanark, the county town of Clydesdale, in the neighbourhood of which the whole river Clyde, rushing down a steep rock, forms a very noble and stupendous cascade. Next day we were obliged to halt in a small borough, until the carriage, which had received some damage, should be repaired; and here we met with an incident which warmly interested the benevolent spirit of Mr. Bramble. As we stood at the window of an inn that fronted the public prison, a person arrived on horseback, genteelly though plainly dressed in a blue frock, with his own hair cut short, and a gold-laced hat upon his head. Alighting, and giving his horse to the landlord, he advanced to an old man who was at work in paving the street, and accosted him in these words — 'This is hard work for such an old man as you.' So saying, he took the instrument out of his hand, and began to thump the pavement. After a few strokes, 'Had you never a son,' said he, 'to ease you of this labour?' 'Yes, an' please your honour,' replied the senior, 'I have three hopeful lads, but at present they are out of the way.' 'Honour not me,' cried the stranger; 'it more becomes me to honour your gray hairs. Where are those sons you talk of?' The ancient pa-

viour said, his eldest son was a captain in the East Indies, and the youngest had lately enlisted as a soldier, in hopes of prospering like his brother. The gentleman desiring to know what was become of the second, he wiped his eyes, and owned he had taken upon him his old father's debts, for which he was now in the prison hard by.

The traveller made three quick steps towards the jail; then turning short, 'Tell me,' said he, 'has that unnatural captain sent you nothing to relieve your distresses?' 'Call him not unnatural,' replied the other, 'God's blessing be upon him! he sent me a great deal of money, but I made a bad use of it; I lost it by being security for a gentleman that was my landlord, and was stripped of all I had in the world besides.' At that instant a young man, thrusting out his head and neck between two iron bars in the prison-window, exclaimed, 'Father! father! if my brother William is in life, that's he.' 'I am! I am!' cried the stranger, clasping the old man in his arms, and shedding a flood of tears; 'I am your son Willy, sure enough!' Before the father, who was quite confounded, could make any return to this tenderness, a decent old woman, bolting out from the door of a poor habitation, cried, 'Where is my bairn? where is my dear Willy?' The captain no sooner beheld her than he quitted his father, and ran into her embrace.

I can assure you, my uncle who saw and heard everything that passed, was as much moved as any one of the parties concerned in this pathetic recognition. He sobbed, and wept, and clapped his hands, and hollowed, and finally ran down into the street. By this time the captain had retired with his parents, and all the inhabitants of the place were assembled at the door. Mr. Bramble, nevertheless, pressed through the crowd, and entering the house, 'Captain,' said he, 'I beg the favour of your acquaintance. I would have travelled a hundred miles to see this affecting scene; and I shall think myself happy if you and your parents will dine with me at the public house.' The captain thanked him for his kind invitation, which, he said, he would accept with pleasure; but in the meantime he could not think of eating or drinking while his poor brother was in trouble. He forthwith deposited a sum equal to the debt in the hands of the magistrate, who ventured to set his brother at liberty without further process; and then the whole family repaired to the inn with my uncle, attended by the crowd, the individuals of which shook their townsman by the hand, while he returned their caresses without the least sign of pride or affectation.

This honest favourite of fortune, whose name was Brown, told my uncle that he had been bred a weaver, and about eighteen years ago had, from a spirit of idleness and dissipation, enlisted as a soldier in the service of the East India Company; that in the course of duty he had the good fortune to attract the notice and approbation of Lord Clive, who preferred him from one step to another till he had attained the rank of captain and paymaster to the regiment, in which capacities he had honestly amassed twelve thousand pounds, and at the peace resigned his commission. He had sent several remittances to his father, who received the first only, consisting of one hundred pounds; the second had fallen into the hands of a bankrupt; and the third had been consigned to a gentleman in Scotland, who died before it arrived, so that it still remained to be accounted for by his executors. He now presented the old man with fifty pounds for his present occasions, over and above bank notes for one hundred, which he had deposited for his brother's release. He brought along with him a deed, ready executed, by which he settled a perpetuity of fourscore pounds upon his parents, to be inherited by the other two sons after their decease. He promised to purchase a commission for his youngest brother; to take the other as his own partner in a manufacture which he intends to set up to give employment and bread to the industrious; and to give five hundred pounds to the poor of the town where he was born, and feasted all the inhabitants without exception.

My uncle was so charmed with the character of Captain Brown, that he drank his health three times successively at dinner. He said he was proud of his acquaintance; that he was an honour to his country, and had in some measure redeemed human nature from the reproach of pride, selfishness, and ingratitude. For my part I was as much pleased with the modesty as with the filial virtue of this honest soldier, who assumed no merit from his success, and said very little of his own transactions, though the answers he made to our inquiries were equally sensible and laconic. —

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

This popular prose-writer and poet was born 1729 at Pallas in Longford, Ireland, and was the son of a poor curate. After a good village-education he was sent to Trinity College, Dublin, where, however, he did not distinguish himself. He took his degree of Bachelor of Arts in 1749 two years later than is usual. He then studied medicine, but without any success. The next period of his life is full of adventures, he made a tour over almost all Europe on foot, in which time he had excellent opportunities of observing human character, which proved at a later period of great service to him. He returned to London in 1756 after a most eventful journey without a penny in his pocket, and served for some time behind the counter in a small apothecary's shop and afterwards as an usher in a school. A friend then supplied him with funds to set up as a surgeon: but he was not fortunate in this line of business and in order to procure a subsistence he wrote articles for the 'Monthly Review'. He also contributed to 'The British Magazine', 'Critical Review', 'Public Ledger', &c. In 1759 he published his 'Inquiry into the Present State of Polite Literature in Europe', soon after which he penned 'the Citizen of the World', and in 1761 'The Vicar of Wakefield', which was not published until 1766 when it appeared with the Traveller, and the ballad called 'The Hermit'. 'The Vicar of Wakefield' is considered one of the best English novels. In 1768 he issued his comedy of the 'Good-Natured Man'. His next productions were 'Letters on the History of England' and a 'History of Rome'. He also wrote three biographies and his poem 'The Deserted village' in which he has admirably described his father, the schoolmaster, and one or two other real characters of his native place. In 1773 he wrote a comedy entitled 'She Stoops to Conquer' the plan of which was founded on incidents in the experience of the author; it was received with enthusiasm and still retains a prominent place among English comedies. One of his last works is called 'History of the Earth and Animated Nature'. It was not published till two years after his death which took place in 1774. The writings of Goldsmith shew a close observation of human nature, a good amount of sarcasm, and a vivacity and truth scarcely equalled by any other author. One of the most prominent traits of his character was an inability to see his fellow creatures suffer when it was in his power to help them.

THE HISTORY OF A PHILOSOPHIC VAGABOND.

Upon my arrival in town, my first care was to deliver my letter of recommendation to our cousin, who was himself in little better circumstances than I. My first scheme was to be usher at an academy, and I asked his advice on the affair. Our cousin received the proposal with a true Sardonic grin. 'Ay,' cried he, 'this is indeed a very pretty career, that has been chalked out for you. I have been an usher at a boarding-school myself; and may I die by an anodyne necklace, but I had rather be an under turnkey in Newgate. I was up early and late; I was brow-beat by the master, hated for my ugly face by the mistress, worried by the boys within, and never permitted to stir out to meet civility abroad. 'But are you sure you are fit for a school? Let me examine you a little. Have you been bred apprentice to the business?' No. 'Then you won't do for a school. Can you dress the boys' hair?' No. 'Then you won't do for a school.' Have you had the small-pox?' No. 'Then you won't do for a school. Can you lie three in a bed?' No. 'Then you will never do for a school. Have you got a good stomach?' Yes. 'Then you will by no means do for a school. No, Sir, if you are for a genteel easy profession, bind yourself seven years as an apprentice to turn a cutler's wheel; but avoid a school by any means. Yet come,' continued he, 'I see you are a lad of spirit and some learning; what do you think of commencing author, like me? You have read in books, no doubt, of men of genius starving at the trade; at present I'll shew you forty very dull fellows about town that live by it in opulence; all honest jog-trot men, who go on smoothly and dully, and write history and politics, and are praised. Men, Sir, who, had they been bred cobblers, would all their lives have only mended shoes, but never made them.'

Finding that there was no great degree of gentility affixed to the character of an usher, I resolved to accept his proposal; and having the highest respect for literature, hailed the antiqua mater of Grubstreet with reverence. I thought it my glory to pursue a track which Dryden and Otway trod before me. I considered the goddess of this region as the parent of excellence; and however an intercourse with the world might give us good sense, the poverty she entailed I supposed to be the nurse of genius! Big with these reflections, I sat down, and finding that the best things remained to be said on the wrong side, I resolved to write a book that should be wholly new, I therefore dressed up three paradoxes with some ingenuity. They were false, indeed, but they were new. The jewels of truth have been so often imported by others, that nothing was left for me to import but some splendid things that at a distance looked every bit as well. The whole learned world, I made no doubt, would rise to oppose my system, but then I was prepared to oppose the whole learned world. Like the porcupine I sat self-collected, with a quill pointed against every opposer.

But the learned world said nothing to my paradoxes; nothing at all. Every man of them was employed in praising his friends

and himself, or condemning his enemies; and unfortunately, as I had neither, I suffered the cruellest mortification, neglect.

As I was meditating one day in a coffee-house on the fate of my paradoxes, a little man happening to enter the room, placed himself in the box before me; and after some preliminary discourse, finding me to be a scholar, drew out a bundle of proposals, begging me to subscribe to a new edition he was going to give the world of Propertius, with notes. This demand necessarily produced a reply that I had no money; and that confession led him to inquire into the nature of my expectations. Finding that my expectations were just as great as my purse, 'I see, cried he, you are unacquainted with the town. I'll teach you a part of it. Look at these proposals; upon these very proposals I have subsisted very comfortably for twelve years. The moment a nobleman returns from his travels, a Creolian arrives from Jamaica, or a dowager from her country seat, I strike for a subscription. I first besiege their hearts with flattery, and then pour in my proposals at the breach. If they subscribe readily the first time, I renew my request to beg a dedication fee; if they let me have that, I smite them once more for engraving their coat of arms at the top. Thus, continued he, I live by vanity, and laugh at it. But between ourselves, I am now too well known, I should be glad to borrow your face a bit; a nobleman of distinction has just returned from Italy; my face is familiar to his porter; but if you bring this copy of verses, my life for it you succeed, and we divide the spoil.'

Having a mind too proud to stoop to such indignities, and yet a fortune too humble to hazard a second attempt for fame, I was now obliged to take a middle course, and write for bread. But I was unqualified for a profession where mere industry alone was to ensure success. I could not suppress my lurking passion for applause; but usually consumed that time in efforts after excellence which takes up but little room, when it should have been more advantageously employed in the diffusive productions of fruitful mediocrity. My little pieces would therefore come forth in the midst of periodical publications, unnoticed and unknown. The public were more importantly employed than to observe the easy simplicity of my style, or the harmony of my periods. Sheet after sheet was thrown off to oblivion. My essays were buried among the essays upon liberty, eastern tales, and cures for the bite of a mad dog; while Philautos, Philalethes, Philelutheros and Philanthropos, all wrote better, because they wrote faster, than I.

Now, therefore, I began to associate with none but disappointed authors, like myself, who praised, deplored, and despised each other. The satisfaction we found in every celebrated writer's attempts, was inversely as their merits. I found that no genius in another could please me. My unfortunate paradoxes had entirely dried up that source of comfort. I could neither read nor write with satisfaction; for excellence in another was my aversion, and writing was my trade.

In the midst of these gloomy reflections, as I was one day sitting on a bench in St. James's park, a young gentleman of distinction, who had been my intimate acquaintance at the university, approached me. We saluted each other with some hesitation, he almost ashamed of being known to one who made so shabby an appearance, and I afraid of a repulse. But my suspicions soon vanished; for Ned Thornhill was at the bottom a very good-natured fellow.

My friend's first care was to alter my appearance by a very fine suit of his own clothes, and then I was admitted to his table upon the footing of half-friend, half-underling. My business was to attend him at auctions, to put him in spirits when he sat for his picture, to take the left hand in his chariot when not filled by another, and to assist at tattering a kip, as the phrase was, when he had a mind for a frolic. Besides this, I had twenty other little employments in the family, I was to do many small things without bidding; to carry the cork-screw; to stand godfather to all the butler's children; to sing when I was bid; to be never out of humour; always to be humble, and, if I could, to be very happy

In this honourable post, however, I was not without a rival. A captain of marines, who was formed for the place by nature, opposed me in my patron's affections. His mother had been laundress to a man of quality, and thus he early acquired a taste for pimping and pedigree. As this gentleman made it the study of his life to be acquainted with lords, though he was dismissed from several for his stupidity, yet he found many of them who were as dull as himself, that permitted his assiduities. As flattery was his trade, he practised it with the easiest address imaginable; but it came awkward and stiff from me; and as every day my patron's desire of flattery increased, so every hour being better acquainted with his defects, I became more unwilling

to give it — Thus I was once more fairly going to give up the field to the captain, when my friend found occasion for my assistance. This was nothing less than to fight a duel for him, with a gentleman whose sister it was pretended he had used ill. I readily complied with his request. I undertook the affair, disarmed my antagonist, and soon after had the pleasure of finding that the lady was only a woman of the town, and the fellow her bully and a sharper. This piece of service was repaid with the warmest professions of gratitude; but as my friend was to leave town in a few days, he knew no other method of serving me, but by recommending me to his uncle Sir William Thornhill, and another nobleman of great distinction, who enjoyed a post under the government. When he was gone, my first care was to carry his recommendatory letter to his uncle, a man whose character for every virtue was universal, yet just. I was received by his servants with the most hospitable smiles; for the looks of the domestics ever transmit their master's benevolence. Being shewn into a grand apartment, where Sir William soon came to me, I delivered my message and letter, which he read, and after pausing some minutes, 'pray, Sir,' cried he, 'inform me what you have done for my kinsman, to deserve this warm recommendation? But I suppose, Sir, I guess your merits, you have fought for him; and so you would expect a reward from me, for being the instrument of his vices. I wish, sincerely wish, that my present refusal may be some punishment for your guilt; but still more, that it may be some inducement to your repentance.' — The severity of this rebuke I bore patiently, because I knew it was just. My whole expectation now, therefore, lay in my letter to the great man. As the doors of the nobility are almost ever beset with beggars, all ready to thrust in some sly petition, I found it no easy matter to gain admittance. However, after bribing the servants with half my worldly fortune, I was at last shewn into a spacious apartment, my letter being previously sent up for his lordship's inspection. During this anxious interval I had full time to look round me. Every thing was grand, and of happy contrivance; the paintings, the furniture, the gildings petrified me with awe, and raised my idea of the owner. Ah! thought I to myself, how very great must the possessor of all these things be, who carries in his head the business of the state, and whose house displays half the wealth of a kingdom; sure his genius must be unfathomable! During these awful reflections, I heard a step come heavily forward. Ah, this is the great man himself! No, it was only a chambermaid. Another foot was heard soon after. This must be He! No, it was only the great man's valet de chambre. At last his lordship actually made his appearance. Are you, cried he, the bearer of this here letter? I answered with a bow. I learn by this, continued he, as how that — But just at that instant a servant delivered him a card, and, without taking farther notice, he went out of the room, and left me to digest my own happiness at leisure. I saw no more of him, till told by a footman that his lordship was going to his coach at the door, down I immediately followed, and joined my voice to that of three or four more, who came, like me, to petition for favours. His lordship, however, went too fast for us, and was gaining his chariot-door with large strides, when I hallooed out to know if I was to have any reply. He was by this time got in, and muttered an answer, half of which only I heard, the other half was lost in the rattling of his chariot-wheels. I stood for some time with my neck stretched out, in the posture of one that was listening to catch the glorious sounds, till looking round me, I found myself alone at his lordship's gate.

My patience was now quite exhausted. Stung with the thousand indignities I had met with, I was willing to cast myself away, and only wanted the gulph to receive me. I regarded myself as one of those vile things that nature designed should be thrown by into her lumber room, there to perish in obscurity. I had still, however, half a guinea left, and of that I thought fortune herself should not deprive me; but in order to be sure of this, I was resolved to go instantly and spend it while I had it, and to trust to occurrences for the rest. As I was going along with this resolution, it happened that Mr. Crispe's office seemed invitingly open to give me a welcome reception. In this office Mr. Crispe kindly offers all his majesty's subjects a generous promise of *L.* 30 a-year, for which promise all they give in return is their liberty for life, and permission to let him transport them to America as slaves. I was happy at finding a place where I could lose my fears in desperation, and entered this cell, for it had the appearance of one, with the devotion of a monastic. Here I found a number of poor creatures, all in circumstances like myself, expecting the arrival of Mr. Crispe, presenting a true epitome of English impatience. Each un-

tractable soul at variance with fortune, wreaked her injuries on their own hearts; but Mr. Crispe at last came down, and all our murmurs were hushed. He deigned to regard me with an air of peculiar approbation, and indeed he was the first man who for a month past talked to me with smiles. After a few questions, he found I was fit for every thing in the world. He paused a while upon the properest means of providing for me, and slapping his forehead, as if he had found it, assured me, that there was at that time an embassy talked of from the synod of Pennsylvania to the Chickasaw Indians, and that he would use his interest to get me made secretary. I knew in my own heart that the fellow lied, and yet his promise gave me pleasure, there was something so magnificent in the sound. I fairly, therefore, divided my half guinea, one half of which went to be added to his thirty thousand pounds, and with the other half I resolved to go to the next tavern, to be there more happy than he.

As I was going out with that resolution, I was met at the door by the captain of a ship, with whom I had formerly some little acquaintance, and he agreed to be my companion over a bowl of punch. As I never chose to make a secret of my circumstances, he assured me that I was on the very point of ruin, in listening to the office-keeper's promises; for that he only designed to sell me to the plantations. 'But,' continued he, 'I fancy you might, by a much shorter voyage, be very easily put into a genteel way of bread. Take my advice. My ship sails to-morrow for Amsterdam; what if you go in her as a passenger? The moment you land all you have to do is to teach the Dutchmen English, and I'll warrant you'll get pupils and money enough. I suppose you understand English,' added he, 'by this time, or the deuce is in it.' I confidently assured him of that; but expressed a doubt whether the Dutch would be willing to learn English. He affirmed with an oath that they were fond of it to distraction; and upon that affirmation I agreed with his proposal, and embarked the next day to teach the Dutch English in Holland. The wind was fair, our voyage short, and after having paid my passage with half my moveables, I found myself, fallen as from the skies, a stranger in one of the principal streets of Amsterdam. In this situation I was unwilling to let any time pass unemployed in teaching. I addressed myself therefore to two or three of those I met, whose appearance seemed most promising, but it was impossible to make ourselves mutually understood. It was not till this very moment I recollected, that in order to teach Dutchmen English, it was necessary that they should first teach me Dutch. How I came to overlook so obvious an objection, is to me amazing; but certain it is I overlooked it.

This scheme thus blown up, I had some thoughts of fairly shipping back to England again; but dropping into company with an Irish student, who was returning from Louvain, our conversation turned upon topics of literature, (for, by the way, it may be observed, that I always forgot the meanness of my circumstances when I could converse upon such subjects;) from him I learned, that there were not two men in this whole university who understood Greek. This amazed me; I instantly resolved to travel to Louvain, and there live by teaching Greek; and in this design I was heartened by my brother student, who threw out some hints that a fortune might be got by it.

I set boldly forward the next morning. Every day lessened the burthen of my moveables, like Æsop and his basket of bread; for I paid them for my lodgings to the Dutch as I travelled on. When I came to Louvain, I was resolved not to go sneaking to the lower professors, but openly tendered my talents to the principal himself. I went, had admittance, and offered him my service as master of the Greek language, which I had been told was a desideratum in his university. The principal seemed, at first, to doubt of my abilities; but of these I offered to convince him, by turning a part of any Greek author he should fix upon into Latin. Finding me perfectly earnest in my proposal, he addressed me thus: 'You see me, young man: I never learned Greek, and I don't find that I have ever missed it. I have had a doctor's cap and gown without Greek; I have ten thousand florins a-year without Greek; I eat heartily without Greek; and in short, continued he, as I don't know Greek, I do not believe there is any good in it.'

I was now too far from home to think of returning; so I resolved to go forward. I had some knowledge of music, with a tolerable voice, and now turned what was once my amusement into a present means of subsistence. I passed among the harmless peasants of Flanders, and among such of the French as were poor enough to be very merry; for I ever found them sprightly in proportion to their wants. Whenever I approached a peasant's house, towards nightfall, I played one of my most merry tunes, and that procured me not only a lodging but subsistence for the next day. I once or twice attempted to play for people of

fashion; but they always thought my performance odious, and never rewarded me even with a trifle. This was to me the more extraordinary, as whenever I used in better days to play for company, when playing was my amusement, my music never failed to throw them into raptures, and the ladies especially; but as it was now my only means, it was received with contempt; a proof how ready the world is to underrate those talents by which a man is supported.

In this manner I proceeded to Paris, with no design but just to look about me, and then to go forward. The people of Paris are much fonder of strangers that have money, than of those that have wit. As I could not boast much of either, I was no great favourite. After walking about the town four or five days, and seeing the outsides of the best houses, I was preparing to leave this retreat of venal hospitality, when passing through one of the principal streets, whom should I meet but our cousin. This meeting was very agreeable to me, and I believe not displeasing to him. He inquired into the nature of my journey to Paris, and informed me of his own business there, which was to collect pictures, medals, intaglios, and antiques of all kinds, for a gentleman in London who had just stepped into taste and large fortune. I was the more surprised at seeing our cousin pitched upon for this office, as he himself had often assured me he knew nothing of the matter. Upon asking how he had been taught the art of a connoscente so very suddenly, he assured me that nothing was more easy. The whole secret consisted in a strict adherence to two rules; the one, always to observe, that the picture might have been better if the painter had taken more pains; and the other, to praise the works of Pietro Perugino. 'But,' said he, 'as I once taught you how to be an author in London, I'll now undertake to instruct you in the art of picture-buying in Paris.'

With this proposal I very readily closed, as it was living, and now all my ambition was to live. I went therefore to his lodgings, improved my dress by his assistance, and after some time, accompanied him to auctions of pictures, where the English gentry were expected to be purchasers. I was not a little surprised at his intimacy with people of the best fashion, who referred themselves to his judgment upon every picture or medal, as to an unerring standard of taste. He made very good use of my assistance upon these occasions; for when asked his opinion, he would gravely take me aside, and ask mine, shrug, look wise, return, and assure the company, that he could give no opinion upon an affair of so much importance. Yet there was sometimes an occasion for a more supported assurance. I remember to have seen him, after giving his opinion that the colouring of a picture was not mellow enough, very deliberately take a brush, with brown varnish, that was accidentally lying by, and rub it over the piece with great composure before all the company, and then ask if he had not improved the tints.

When he had finished his commission in Paris, he left me strongly recommended to several men of distinction, as a person very proper for a travelling tutor; and after some time I was employed in that capacity by a gentleman who brought his ward to Paris, in order to set him forward on his tour through Europe. I was to be the young gentleman's governor, but with a proviso that he should always be permitted to govern himself. My pupil, in fact, understood the art of guiding, in money concerns, much better than I. He was heir to a fortune of about two hundred thousand pounds, left him by an uncle in the West-Indies; and his guardians, to qualify him for the management of it, had bound him apprentice to an attorney. Thus avarice was his prevailing passion: all his questions on the road were, how money might be saved; which was the least expensive course of travelling; whether any thing could be bought that would turn to account when disposed of again in London. Such curiosities on the way as could be seen for nothing he was ready enough to look at; but if the sight of them was to be paid for, he usually asserted that he had been told that they were not worth seeing. He never paid a bill that he would not observe, how amazingly expensive travelling was, and all this, though he was not yet twenty-one. When arrived at Leghorn, as we took a walk to look at the port and shipping, he enquired the expence of the passage by sea home to England. This he was informed was but a trifle, compared to his returning by land: he was therefore unable to withstand the temptation; so paying me the small part of my salary that was due, he took leave, and embarked with only one attendant for London.

I now therefore was left once more upon the world at large; but then it was a thing I was used to. However, my skill in music could avail me nothing in a country where every peasant was a better musician than I; but by this time I had acquired another talent, which answered my purpose as well, and this was a skill in disputation. In all

the foreign universities and convents, there are, upon certain days, philosophical theses maintained against every adventitious disputant; for which, if the champion opposes with any dexterity, he can claim a gratnity in money, a dinner, and a bed for one night. In this manner, therefore, I fought my way towards England; walked along from city to city; examiued mankind more nearly, and, if I may so express it, saw both sides of the picture. My remarks, however, are but few; I found that monarchy was the best government for the poor to live in, and commonwealths for the rich. I fonnd that riches in general were in every conntry another name for freedom; and that no man is so fond of liberty himself, as not to be desirous of subjecting the will of some individuals in society to his own.

Upon my arrival in England, I resolved to pay my respects first to my parents, and then to enlist as a volunteer in the first expedition that was going forward; but on my journey down my resolutions were changed by meeting an old acquaintance, who I found belonged to a company of comedians, that were going to make a summer campaign in the conntry. The company seemed not much to disapprove of me for an associate. They all, however, apprized me of the importance of the task at which I aimed; that the public was a many-headed monster, and that only such as had very good heads could please it; that acting was not to be learnt in a day; and that without some traditional shrugs, which had been on the stage, and only on the stage, these hundred years, I could nover pretend to please. The next difficulty was in fitting me with parts, as almost every character was in keeping. I was driven for some time from one character to another, till at last Horatio was fixed npon, which the presence of the present company has happily hindered me from acting.

THE DISABLED SOLDIER.

No observation is more common, and at the same time more true, than that one half of the world are ignorant how the other half lives. The misfortunes of the great are held up to engage our attention; are enlarged npon in tones of declamation; and the world is called npon to gaze at the noble sufferers; the great, under the pressure of calamity, are conscions of several others sympathizing with their distress, and have at once the comfort of admiration and pity.

There is nothing magnanimons in bearing misfortunes with fortitude when the whole world is looking on: men in snch circumstances will act bravely, even from motives of vanity; but he who, in the vale of obscurity, can brave adversity; who, without friends to encourage, acqnaintances to pity, or even without hope to alleviate his misfortunes, can behave with tranqnillity and indifference, is truly great: whether peasant or courtier, he deserves admiration, and should be held up for onr imitation and respect.

While the slightest inconveniencies of the great are magnified into calamities, while tragedy mouths out their sufferings in all the strains of eloquence, the miseries of the poor are entirely disregarded; and yet some of the lower ranks of people undergo more real hardships in one day, than those of a more exalted station suffer in their whole lives. It is inconceivable what difficulties the meanest of our common sailors and soldiers endure without murmuring or regret; without passionately declaiming against Providence, or calling their fellows to be gazers on their intrepidity. Every day is to them a day of misery, and yet they entertain their hard fate without repining.

With what indignation do I hear an Ovid, a Cicero, or a Rabutin, complain of their misfortunes and hardships, whose greatest calamity was that of being unable to visit a certain spot of earth, to which they had foolishly attached an idea of happiness! Their distresses were pleasures compared to what many of the adventuring poor every day endnre without murmuring. They ate, drank, and slept; they had slaves to attend them; and were sure of subsistence for life: while many of their fellow-creatures are obliged to wander without a friend to comfort or assist them, and even without shelter from tho severity of the season.

I have been led into these reflections from accidentally meeting, some days ago, a poor fellow, whom I knew when a boy, dressed in a sailor's jacket, and begging at one of the outlets of the town with a wooden leg. I knew him to have been honest and industrious when in the conntry, and was curious to learn what had reduced him to his present situation. Wherefore, after having given him what I thought proper, I desired to know the history of his life and misfortunes, and the manner in which he was reduced to his present distress. The disabled soldier, (for such he was, though dressed in a sailor's habit,) scratching his head, and leaning on his crutch, put himself in an attitude to comply with my request, and gave me his history as follows: —

'As for my misfortunes, master, I can't pretend to have gone through any more than other folks; for, except the loss of my limb, and my being obliged to beg, I don't know any reason, thank Heaven! that I have to complain: there is Bill Tibbs, of our regiment, he has lost both his legs, and an eye to boot; but, thank Heaven, it is not so bad with me yet.

'I was born in Shropshire; my father was a labourer, and died when I was five years old; so I was put upon the parish. As he had been a wandering sort of a man, the parishioners were not able to tell to what parish I belonged or where I was born, so they sent me to another parish, and that parish sent me to a third. I thought in my heart, they kept sending me about so long, that they would not let me be born in any parish at all; but at last, however, they fixed me. I had some disposition to be a scholar, and was resolved at least to know my letters; but the master of the workhouse put me to business as soon as I was able to handle a mallet; and here I lived an easy kind of life for five years. I only wrought ten hours in the day, and had my meat and drink provided for my labour. It is true, I was not suffered to stir out of the house, for fear, as they said, I should run away; but what of that, I had the liberty of the whole house, and the yard before the door, and that was enough for me. I was then bound out to a farmer, where I was up both early and late; but I ate and drank well, and liked my business well enough till he died, when I was obliged to provide for myself; so I was resolved to go seek my fortune.

'In this manner I went from town to town, worked when I could get employment, and starved when I could get none: when happening one day to go through a field belonging to a justice of peace, I spied a hare crossing the path just before me; and I believe the devil put it in my head to fling my stick at it:—well, what will you have on't? I killed the hare, and was bringing it away, when the justice himself met me: he called me poacher and a villain; and, collaring me, desired I would give an account of myself. I fell upon my knees, begged his worship's pardon, and began to give a full account of all that I knew of my breed, seed, and generation; but, though I gave a very true account, the justice said I could give no account; and so I was indicted at the sessions, found guilty of being poor, and sent up to London to Newgate, in order to be transported as a vagabond.

'People may say this and that of being in jail; but, for my part, I found Newgate as agreeable a place as ever I was in all my life. I had my belly full to eat and drink, and did no work at all. This kind of life was too good to last for ever; so I was taken out of prison, after five months; put on board a ship, and sent off, with two hundred more, to the plantations. We had but an indifferent passage; for, being all confined in the hold, more than a hundred of our people died for want of sweet air; and those that remained were sickly enough, God knows. When we came ashore, we were sold to the planters, and I was bound for seven years more. As I was no scholar, (for I did not know my letters), I was obliged to work among the negroes; and I served out my time, as in duty bound to do.

'When my time was expired, I worked my passage home, and glad I was to see Old England again, because I loved my country. I was afraid, however, that I should be indicted for a vagabond once more, so I did not much care to go down into the country, but kept about the town, and did little jobs when I could get them.

'I was very happy in this manner for some time, till one evening, coming home from work, two men knocked me down, and then desired me to stand. They belonged to a press-gang: I was carried before the justice, and, as I could give no account of myself, I had my choice left, whether to go on board a man of war, or list for a soldier: I chose the latter; and, in this post of a gentleman, I served two campaigns in Flanders, was at the battles of Val and Fontenoy, and received but one wound, through the breast here; but the doctor of our regiment soon made me well again.

'When the peace came on I was discharged; and as I could not work, because my wound was sometimes troublesome, I listed for a landman in the East-India Company's service. I have fought the French in six pitched battles; and I verily believe, that, if I could read or write, our captain would have made me a corporal. But it was not my good fortune to have any promotion, for I soon fell sick, and so got leave to return home again, with forty pounds in my pocket. This was at the beginning of the present war, and I hoped to be set on shore, and to have the pleasure of spending my money; but the government wanted men, and so I was pressed for a sailor before ever I could set foot on shore.

'The boatswain found me, as he said, an

obstinate fellow: he swore he knew that I understood my business well, but that I shammed Abraham to be idle; but, God knows, I knew nothing of sea-business, and he beat me without considering what he was about. I had still, however, my forty pounds, and that was some comfort to me under every beating; and the money I might have had to this day, but that our ship was taken by the French, and so I lost my money.

'Our crew was carried into Brest, and many of them died, because they were not used to live in a jail; but for my part, it was nothing to me, for I was seasoned. One night, as I was asleep on the bed of boards, with a warm blanket about me, (for I always loved to lie well) I was awakened by the boatswain, who had a dark-lantern in his hand: 'Jack,' says he to me, 'will you knock out the French sentries' brains?' — 'I don't care,' says I, striving to keep myself awake, 'if I lend a hand.' — 'Then follow me,' says he, 'and I hope we shall do their business.' — So up I got, and tied my blanket (which was all the clothes I had) about my middle, and went with him to fight the Frenchmen. I hate the French, because they are all slaves, and wear wooden shoes.

'Though we had no arms, one Englishman is able to beat five French at any time; so we went down to the door, where both the sentries were posted, and, rushing upon them, seized their arms in a moment, and knocked them down. From thence nine of us ran together to the quay; and, seizing the first boat we met, got out of the harbour, and put to sea. We had not been here three days before we were taken up by the Dorset privateer, who were glad of so many good hands, and we consented to run our chance. However, we had not as much luck as we expected. In three days we fell in with the Pompadour privateer, of forty guns, while we had but twenty-three; so to it we went, yard-arm and yard-arm. The fight lasted for three hours, and I verily believe we should have taken the Frenchman, had we but had some more men left behind: but, unfortunately, we lost all our men just as we were going to get the victory.

'I was once more in the power of the French, and I believe it would have gone hard with me had I been brought back to Brest; but, by good fortune, we were retaken by the Viper. I had almost forgot to tell you, that, in that engagement, I was wounded in two places: I lost four fingers of the left hand, and my leg was shot off. If I had had the good fortune to have lost my leg and the use of my hand on board a king's ship, and not on board a privateer, I should have been entitled to clothing and maintenance during the rest of my life; but that was not my chance: one man is born with a silver spoon in his mouth, and another with a wooden ladle. However, blessed be God! I enjoy good health, and will for ever love liberty and Old England, — Liberty, Property, and Old England for ever, huzza!'

Thus saying, he limped off, leaving me in admiration at his intrepidity and content; nor could I avoid acknowledging, that an habitual acquaintance with misery serves better than philosophy to teach us to despise it.

EVERY MAN IN ENGLAND A POLITICIAN

An Englishman is taught to love his King as his friend, but to acknowledge no other master than the laws which himself has contributed to enact. Liberty is echoed in all their assemblies and thousands might be found ready to offer up their lives for the sound, though perhaps not one of all the number understands its meaning. The lowest mechanic however looks upon it as his duty to be a watchful guardian of his country's freedom, and often uses a language that might seem haughty even in the mouth of the great emperor, who traces his ancestors to the moon.

A few days ago, passing by one of their prisons, I could not avoid stopping, in order to listen to a dialogue which I thought might afford me some entertainment.

The conversation was carried on between a debtor through the grate of his prison, a porter, who had stopped to rest his burthen, and a soldier at the window. The subject was upon a threatened invasion from France and each seemed extremely anxious to rescue his country from the impending danger.

'For my part,' cries the prisoner, 'the greatest of my apprehensions is for our freedom: if the French should conquer, what would become of English liberty? my dear friend, Liberty is the Englishman's prerogative: we must preserve that at the expense of our lives, of that the French shall never deprive us: it is not to be expected that men who are slaves themselves, would preserve our freedom should they happen to conquer.' 'Ay, slaves,' cries the porter, 'all fit, only to carry burthens every one of them. Before I would stoop to slavery, may this be my poison (and he held the goblet in his

hand), may this be my poison — but I would sooner list for a soldier.'

The soldier taking the goblet from his friend with much awe, fervently cried out: 'It is not so much our liberties as our religion that would suffer by such a change: ay, our religion, my lads. May the devil sink me into flames, if the French should come over, but our religion would be utterly undone.' So saying, instead of a libation he applied the goblet to his lips and confirmed his sentiments with a ceremony of the most persevering devotion. In short every man here pretends to be a politician; even the fair sex are sometimes found to mix the severity of national altercation with the blandishments of love, and often become conquerors by more weapons of destruction than their eyes.

A FABLE.

Once upon a time, a Giant and a Dwarf were friends, and kept together. They made a bargain that they would never forsake each other, but go seek adventures. The first battle they fought was with two Saracens, and the Dwarf, who was very courageous, dealt one of the champions a most angry blow. It did the Saracen but very little injury, who lifting up his sword, fairly struck off the poor Dwarf's arm. He was now in a woeful plight; but the giant coming to his assistance, in a short time left the two Saracens dead on the plain, and the Dwarf cut off the dead man's head out of spite. They then travelled on to another adventure. This was against three bloody-minded Satyrs, who were carrying away a damsel in distress. The Dwarf was not quite so fierce now as before; but for all that, struck the first blow; which was returned by another, that knocked out his eye: but the Giant was soon up with them, and had they not fled, would certainly have killed them every one. They were all very joyful for this victory, and the damsel who was relieved fell in love with the Giant, and married him. They now travelled far, and farther than I can tell, till they met with a company of robbers. The Giant, for the first time, was foremost now; but the Dwarf was not far behind. The battle was stout and long. Wherever the Giant came, all fell before him; but the Dwarf had like to have been killed more than once. At last the victory declared for the two adventurers: but the Dwarf lost his leg. The Dwarf had now lost an arm, a leg, and an eye, while the Giant was without a single wound. Upon which he cried out to his little companion: 'My little hero, this is glorious sport; let us get one victory more, and then we shall have honour for ever.' — 'No,' cries the Dwarf, who was by this time grown wiser, 'no, I declare off; I'll fight no more: for I find in every battle that you get all the honour and rewards, but all the blows fall upon me.'

HENRY MACKENZIE.

Henry Mackenzie was born in Edinburgh 1745, where he afterwards studied the law in the court of Exchequer. In 1771 he published his first novel 'The Man of Feeling' which was succeeded by 'The Man of the World' and 'Julia de Roubigne'. He contributed largely to 'The Mirror' and to 'The Lounger'. His style is elegant, but not powerful, and in his novels, although they do not possess much interest, yet, there are many traits of humour and good taste which render their perusal agreeable. His first is considered decidedly his best; but some of his later and smaller productions are not without their merit. In 1804 he was made controller of taxes for Scotland and in 1831 died at the age of eighty-six.

LA ROCHE.

The celebrated historian and philosopher, Mr. H—, resided for some time at a small town in France. One morning, while he sat busied in those speculations which afterwards astonished the world, an old female domestic, who served him for a housekeeper, brought him word, that an elderly gentleman and his daughter had arrived in the village, the preceding evening, on their way to some distant country, and that the father had been suddenly seized in the night with a dangerous disorder, which the people of the inn, where they lodged, feared would prove mortal: that he had been sent for, as having some knowledge in medicine, the village surgeon being then absent; and that it was truly piteous to see the good old man, who seemed not so much afflicted by his own distress, as by that which it caused to his daughter. — Her master laid aside the volume in his hand, and broke off the chain of ideas it had inspired. His night-gown was exchanged for a coat, and he followed his *gouvernante* to the sick man's apartment.

'Twas the best in the little inn where they lay, but a paltry one notwithstanding. Mr. H— was obliged to stoop as he entered it. — On a sick bed, at one end, lay the

old man he came to visit; at the foot of it sat his daughter. She was dressed in a clean white bed-gown; her dark locks hung loosely over it as she bent forward, watching the languid looks of her father. Mr. H— and his housekeeper had stood some moments in the room, without the young lady's being sensible of their entering it. —'Mademoiselle!' said the old woman at last, in a soft tone. — She turned, and showed one of the finest faces in the world. — It was touched, not spoiled with sorrow; and when she perceived a stranger, whom the old woman now introduced to her, a blush at first, and then the gentle ceremonial of native politeness, which the affliction of the time tempered but did not extinguish, crossed it for a moment, and changed its expression. 'Twas sweetness all, however, and our philosopher felt it strongly. It was not a time for words; he offered his services in a few sincere ones. 'Monsieur lies miserably ill here,' said the gouvernante; 'if he could possibly be moved any where.' — 'If he could be moved to our house,' said her master. — He had a spare bed for a friend, and there was a garret room unoccupied, next to the gouvernante's. It was contrived accordingly. The scruples of the stranger, who could *look* scruples, though he could not *speak* them, were overcome, and the bashful reluctance of his daughter gave way to her belief of its use to her father. The sick man was wrapt in blankets, and carried across the street to the English gentleman's. The old woman helped his daughter to nurse him there. The surgeon, who arrived soon after, prescribed a little, and nature did much for him: in a week he was able to thank his benefactor.

By that time his host had learned the name and character of his guest. He was a Protestant clergyman of Switzerland, called La Roche, a widower, who had lately buried his wife, after a long and lingering illness, for which travelling had been prescribed, and was now returning home, after an ineffectual and melancholy journey, with his only child, the daughter we have mentioned.

It happened one day, that the philosopher walked out, with his long staff and his dog, and left his gouvernante, and the old man and his daughter, to their prayers and thanksgivings. — 'My master,' — said the old woman, — 'alas! he is not a Christian; but he is the best of unbelievers.' — 'Not a Christian!' — exclaimed Mademoiselle La Roche, — 'yet he saved my father! heaven bless him for it! I would he were a Christian!' 'There is a pride in human knowledge, my child,' said the father, 'which often blinds men to the sublime truths of revelation.' — 'But Mr. H—,' said his daughter, 'alas! my father, he shall be a Christian before he dies.' — She was interrupted by the arrival of their landlord. — He took her hand with an air of kindness: — She drew it away from him in silence; threw down her eyes to the ground, and left the room. — 'I have been thanking God,' said the good La Roche, 'for my recovery.' — 'That is right, my dear Sir,' replied the philosopher; 'but you are not yet re-established enough to talk much — you must take care of your health, and neither study nor preach for some time. I have been thinking over a scheme that struck me to-day, when you mentioned your intended departure. I never was in Switzerland; I have a great mind to accompany your daughter and you into that country. — I will help to take care of you by the road; for as I was your first physician, I hold myself responsible for your cure.' La Roche's eyes glistened at the proposal; and his daughter was equally pleased with her father.

They travelled by short stages; for the philosopher was as good as his word, in taking care that the old man should not be fatigued. The party had time to be well acquainted with one another, and their friendship was increased by acquaintance. La Roche found a degree of simplicity and gentleness in his companion, which is not always annexed to the character of a learned, or a wise man. His daughter, who was prepared to be afraid of him, was equally undeceived. She found in him nothing of that self-importance which superior parts, or great cultivation of them, is apt to confer.

On his part, he was charmed with the society of the good clergyman and his lovely daughter. He found in them the guileless manner of the earliest times, with the culture and accomplishment of the most refined ones. Every better feeling, warm and vivid; every ungentle one, repressed or overcome. He was not addicted to love; but he felt himself happy in being the friend of Mademoiselle La Roche, and sometimes envied her father the possession of such a child.

After a journey of eleven days they arrived at the dwelling of La Roche. It was situated in one of those valleys of the canton of Berne, where nature seems to repose, as it were, in quiet, and has inclosed her retreat with mountains inaccessible. — A stream, that spent its fury in the hills above, ran in front of the house, and a broken

water-fall was seen through the wood that covered its sides; below, it circled round a tufted plain, and formed a little lake in front of a village, at the end of which appeared the spire of La Roche's church, rising above a clump of beeches.

Mr. H— enjoyed the beauty of the scene: but to his companions, it recalled the memory of a wife and parent they had lost. — The old man's sorrow was silent; his daughter sobbed and wept. Her father took her hand, kissed it twice, pressed it to his bosom, threw up his eyes to heaven; and having wiped off a tear that was just about to drop from each, began to point out to his guest some of the most striking objects which the prospect afforded. The philosopher interpreted all this: and he could but slightly censure the creed from which it arose.

They had not been long arrived, when a number of La Roche's parishioners, who had heard of his return, came to the house to see and welcome him. The honest folks were awkward, but sincere, in their professions of regard. — They made some attempts at condolence; — it was too delicate for their handling; but La Roche took it in good part. 'It has pleased God,' — said he: and they saw he had settled the matter with himself. — Philosophy could not have done so much with a thousand words!

It was now evening, and the good peasants were about to depart, when a clock was heard to strike seven, and the hour was followed by a particular chime. The country people, who had come to welcome their pastor, turned their looks towards him at the sound; he explained their meaning to his guest. 'That is the signal', said he, 'for our evening exercise; this is one of the nights of the week in which some of my parishioners are wont to join in it; a little rustic saloon serves for the chapel of our family, and such of the good people as are with us. — If you choose rather to walk out, I will furnish you with an attendant; or here are a few old books that may afford you some entertainment within.' 'By no means,' answered the philosopher, 'I will attend Ma'moiselle at her devotions.' 'She is our organist,' said La Roche; 'our neighbourhood is the country of musical mechanism; and I have a small organ fitted up for the purpose of assisting our singing.' — 'Tis an additional inducement,' replied the other; and they walked into the room together. At the end stood the organ mentioned by La Roche; his daughter placing herself on a seat within, and drawing the curtain close, so as to save her the awkwardness of an exhibition, began a voluntary, solemn and beautiful in the highest degree. Mr. H— was no musician, but he was not altogether insensible to music; this fastened on his mind more strongly, from its beauty being unexpected. The solemn prelude introduced a hymn, in which such of the audience as could sing immediately joined; the words were mostly taken from holy writ; it spoke the praises of God, and his care of good men. Something was said of the death of the just, of such as die in the Lord. — The organ was touched with a hand less firm; — it paused, it ceased; — and the sobbing of Ma'moiselle La Roche was heard in its stead. Her father gave a sign for stopping the psalmody, and rose to pray. He was discomposed at first, and his voice faltered as he spoke; but his heart was in his words, and his warmth overcame his embarrassment. He addressed a Being whom he loved, and he spoke for those he loved. His parishioners caught the ardour of the good old man; *even the philosopher felt himself moved, and forgot, for a moment, to think why he should not!*

'Twas with regret Mr. H— left a society in which he found himself so happy; but he settled with La Roche and his daughter a plan of correspondence; and they took his promise, that, if ever he came within fifty leagues of their dwelling, he should travel those fifty leagues to visit them.

About three years after, our philosopher was at Geneva. While he was hesitating about a visit to La Roche, he received a letter from the old man, which had been forwarded to him from Paris, where he had then his fixed residence. It informed him of the approaching nuptials of Ma'moiselle La Roche, with a young man, a relation of her own, and formerly a pupil of her father's, of the most amiable disposition and respectable character. Attached from their earliest years, they had been separated by his joining one of the subsidiary regiments of the Canton, then in the service of a foreign power. The term of his service was now expired, and they expected him to return in a few weeks, when the old man hoped, as he expressed it in his letter, to join their hands, and see them happy before he died.

Mr. H— felt himself interested in this event; but he was not, perhaps, altogether so happy in the tidings of Ma'moiselle La Roche's marriage, as her father supposed him. — — Not that he was ever a lover of the lady; but he thought her one of the most amiable women he had seen, and there

was something in the idea of her being another's for ever, that struck him, he knew not why, like a disappointment. — After some little speculation on the matter, however, he could not but look on it as a thing fitting, if not quite agreeable, and determined on this visit to see his old friend and his daughter happy.

On the last day of his journey, different accidents had retarded his progress; he was benighted before he reached the quarter in which La Roche resided. His guide, however, was well acquainted with the road, and he found himself at last in view of the lake, which I have before described, in the neighbourhood of La Roche's dwelling. A light gleamed on the water, that seemed to proceed from the house; it moved slowly along as he proceeded up the side of the lake, and at last he saw it glimmer through the trees, and stop at some distance from the place where he then was. He supposed it some piece of bridal merriment, and pushed on his horse that he might be a spectator of the scene; but he was a good deal shocked, on approaching the spot, to find it proceed from a torch of a person clothed in the dress of an attendant on a funeral, and accompanied by several others, who, like him, seemed to have been employed in the rites of sepulture.

On Mr. H—'s making inquiry who the person was they had been burying, one of them, with an accent more mournful than is common to their profession, answered, 'Then you knew not Mademoiselle, Sir! — you never beheld a lovelier' — 'La Roche!' exclaimed he, in reply. — 'Alas! it was she indeed!' — The appearance of surprise and grief which his countenance assumed, attracted the notice of the peasant with whom he talked. — He came up closer to Mr. H—; 'I perceive, Sir, you were acquainted with Mademoiselle La Roche.' Acquainted with her! — (Good God!) — when — how did she die? — where is her father?' — 'She died, Sir, of heart-break, I believe; the young gentleman to whom she was soon to have been married, was killed in a duel by a French officer, his intimate companion, and to whom, before their quarrel, he had often done the greatest favours. Her worthy father hears her death, as he had often told us a Christian should; he is even so composed as to be now in his pulpit, ready to deliver a few exhortations to his parishioners, as is the custom with us on such occasions. — Follow me, Sir, and you shall hear him.' — He followed the man without answering.

The church was dimly lighted, except near the pulpit, where the venerable La Roche was seated. His people were now lifting up their voices in a psalm to that Being whom their pastor had taught them ever to bless and to revere. La Roche sat, his figure bending gently forward, his eyes, half closed, lifted up in silent devotion. A lamp placed near him threw its light strong on his head, and marked the shadowy lines of age across the paleness of his brow, thinly covered with grey hairs.

The music ceased: — La Roche sat for a moment, and nature wrung a few tears from him. His people were loud in their grief. Mr. H— was not less affected than they — La Roche arose. — 'Father of mercies!' said he, 'forgive these tears; assist thy servant to lift up his soul to thee, to lift to thee the souls of thy people! — My friends! it is good so to do; at all seasons it is good! but, in the days of our distress, what a privilege it is! Well, saith the sacred book, 'Trust in the Lord; at all times, trust in the Lord.' When every other support fails us, when the fountains of worldly comfort are dried up, let us then seek those living waters which flow from the throne of God. — 'Tis only from the belief of the goodness and wisdom of a supreme Being, that our calamities can be borne in that manner which becomes a man. Human wisdom is here of little use; for in proportion as it bestows comfort, it represses feeling, without which we may cease to be hurt by calamity, but we shall also cease to enjoy happiness. — I will not bid you be insensible, my friends; I cannot, I cannot, if I would, (his tears flowed afresh) — I feel too much myself, and I am not ashamed of my feelings; but therefore may I the more willingly be heard; therefore have I prayed God to give me strength to speak to you; to direct you to him, not with empty words, but with these tears; not from speculation, but from experience, — that while you see me suffer, you may know also my consolation.'

'You behold the mourner of his only child, the last earthly stay and blessing of his declining years! Such a child, too! — It becomes not me to speak of her virtues; yet it is but gratitude to mention them, because they were exerted towards myself. — Not many days ago you saw her young, beautiful, virtuous, and happy; — ye who are parents, will judge of my felicity then, — ye will judge of my affliction now. But I look towards Him who struck me; I see the hand of a father amidst the chastenings of my God. — Oh! could I make you feel what it is to pour out the heart, when it is pressed down with many sorrows, to pour it

out with confidence to Him in whose hands are life and death, on whose power awaits all that the first enjoys, and in contemplation of whom disappears all that the last can inflict! — For we are not as those who die without hope; we know that our Redeemer liveth, — that we shall live with Him, with our friends his servants, in that blessed land where sorrow is unknown, and happiness is endless as it is perfect. — Go then, mourn not for me; I have not lost my child: but a little while, and we shall meet again, never to be separated. — But ye are also my children: would ye that I should grieve without comfort? — So live as she lived; that, when your death cometh, it may be 'the death of the righteous, and your latter end like his.'

Such was the exhortation of La Roche; his audience answered it with their tears. The good old man had dried up his at the altar of the Lord; his countenance had lost its sadness, and assumed the glow of faith and of hope. — Mr. H— followed him into his house. — The inspiration of the pulpit was past; at the sight of him, the scenes they had last met in, rushed again on his mind; La Roche threw his arms round his neck, and watered it with his tears. The other was equally affected: they went together, in silence, into the parlour, where the evening service was wont to be performed. — The curtains of the organ were open; La Roche started back at the sight. — 'O! my friend!' said he, and his tears burst forth again. Mr. H— had now recollected himself: he stept forward, and drew the curtains close — the old man wiped off his tears, and taking his friend's hand, 'You see my weakness,' said he; "tis the weakness of humanity: but my comfort is not therefore lost.' — 'I heard you,' said the other, 'in the pulpit; I rejoice that such consolation is yours.' — 'It is, my friend,' said he, 'and I trust I shall ever hold it fast; — if there are any who doubt our faith, let them think of what importance religion is to calamity, and forbear to weaken its force; if they cannot restore our happiness, let them not take away the solace of our affliction.'

Mr. H—'s heart was smitten; — and I have heard him, long after, confess that there were moments when the remembrance overcame him even to weakness; when, amidst all the pleasures of philosophical discovery, and the pride of literary fame, he recalled to his mind the venerable figure of the good La Roche, and wished that he had never doubted!

IV. THE GREAT HISTORIANS.

DAVID HUME.

David Home, the historian, was born in Edinburgh 1711; he studied the law, which profession however did not accord with his taste, he therefore turned his attention to composition and in 1737 published his first philosophical work under the title of 'A Treatise on Human nature'; in 1740 he became the author of two volumes of Essays, Moral and Physical. In 1751 he issued the former revised and remodelled under the title of 'An Enquiry concerning the Principles of Morals'. Hume now abandoned metaphysics and applied himself to the study of history and in 1754 appeared the first volume of his 'History of Great Britain'. The unfavourable reception of this volume was a great disappointment to the author, nevertheless he persevered and in 1757 published a second volume with greater success. A third and fourth followed in 1759 and the two last in 1765, by which time he had risen to be considered the first historian of his age. In 1764 he was promoted to the office of Under-Secretary of State, which post he held for two years, when he retired to Edinburgh, where he remained till his death in 1776. The History of Hume is more to be regarded as a specimen of a flowing and easy style, than as an historical authority; for his prejudices and indolence have caused him to state many facts which the experience of later days has proved to be untrue.

THE ANCIENT BRITONS.

All ancient writers agree in representing the first inhabitants of Britain as a tribe of the Gauls or Celtae, who peopled that island from the neighbouring continent. Their language was the same; their manners, their government, their superstition, varied only by those small differences, which time or a communication with the bordering nations must necessarily introduce. The inhabitants of Gaul, especially in those parts which lie contiguous to Italy, had acquired, from a commerce with their southern neighbours, some refinement in the arts which gradually diffused themselves northwards, and spread but a very faint light

over this island. The Greek and Roman navigators or merchants (for there were scarcely any other travellers in those ages) brought back the most shocking accounts of the ferocity of the people, which they magnified, as usual, in order to excite the admiration of their countrymen. The south-east parts, however, of Britain, had already, before the age of Cæsar, made the first and most requisite step towards a civil settlement; and the Britons, by tillage and agriculture, had there increased to a great multitude. The other inhabitants of the island still maintained themselves by pasture: they were clothed with skins of beasts. They dwelt in huts, which they reared in the forests and marshes, with which the country was covered: they shifted easily their habitation, when actuated either by the hopes of plunder, or the fear of an enemy: the convenience of feeding their cattle was even a sufficient motive for removing their seats: and as they were ignorant of all the refinements of life, their wants and their possessions were equally scanty and limited.

The Britons were divided into many small nations or tribes; and being a military people, whose sole property was their arms and their cattle, it was impossible, after they had acquired a relish for liberty, for their princes or chieftains to establish any despotic authority over them. Their governments, though monarchical, were free as well as those of all the Celtic nations; and the common people seem even to have enjoyed more liberty among them, than among the nations of Gaul, from whom they were descended. Each state was divided into factions within itself: it was agitated with jealousy or animosity against the neighbouring states: and while the arts of peace were yet unknown, wars were the chief occupation and formed the chief object of ambition, among the people.

The religion of the Britons was one of the most considerable parts of their government; and the Druids, who were their priests, possessed great authority among them. Besides ministering at the altar, and directing all religious duties, they presided over the education of youth; they enjoyed an immunity from wars and taxes; they possessed both the civil and criminal jurisdiction; they decided all controversies among states as well as among private persons, and whoever refused to submit to their decree was exposed to the most severe penalties. The sentence of excommunication was pronounced against him: he was forbidden access to the sacrifices or public worship: he was debarred all intercourse with his fellow citizens, even in the common affairs of life: his company was universally shunned, as profane and dangerous; he was refused the protection of law; and death itself became an acceptable relief from the misery and infamy to which he was exposed. Thus, the bands of government, which were naturally loose among that rude and turbulent people, were happily corroborated by the terrors of their superstition.

No species of superstition was ever more terrible than that of the Druids. Besides the severe penalties, which it was in the power of the ecclesiastics to inflict in this world, they inculcated the eternal transmigration of souls; and thereby extended their authority as far as the fears of their timorous votaries. They practised their rites in dark groves or other secret recesses; and in order to throw a greater mystery over their religion, they communicated their doctrines only to the initiated, and strictly forbade the committing of them to writing; lest they should at any time be exposed to the examination of the profane vulgar. Human sacrifices were practised among them: the spoils of war were often devoted to their divinities; and they punished with the severest tortures whoever dared to secrete any part of the consecrated offering. These treasures they kept in woods and forests, secured by no other guard than the terrors of their religion; and this steady conquest over human avidity may be regarded as more signal than their prompting men to the most extraordinary and most violent efforts. No idolatrous worship ever attained such an ascendant over mankind as that of the ancient Gauls and Britons; and the Romans, after their conquest, finding it impossible to reconcile those nations to the laws and institutions of their masters, while it maintained its authority, were at last obliged to abolish it by penal statutes; a violence which had never, in any other instance, been practised by those tolerating conquerors.

CHARACTER OF EDWARD III.

The English are apt to consider with peculiar fondness the history of Edward the Third, and to esteem his reign, as it was one of the longest, the most glorious also, which occurs in the annals of the nation. The ascendant which they began to have over France, their rival and national enemy, makes them cast their eyes on this period with great complacency, and sanctifies every measure which Edward embraced for that end. But the domestic government is really more admirable than his foreign victories;

and England enjoyed, by his prudence and vigour of administration, a longer interval of domestic peace and tranquillity, than she had been blest with in any former period, or than she experienced for many years after. He gained the affections of the great, and curbed their licentiousness: he made them feel his power, without their daring, or even being inclined, to murmur at it; his affable and obliging behaviour, his munificence and generosity, made them submit with pleasure to his dominion: his valour and conduct made them successful in most of their enterprises; and their unquiet spirits, directed against a public enemy, had no leisure to breed disturbances, to which they were naturally so much inclined, and which the form of the government seemed so much to authorize. This was the chief benefit which resulted from Edward's victories and conquests. His foreign wars were, in other respects, neither founded on justice, nor directed to any very salutary purpose. His attempt against the king of Scotland, a minor, and a brother-in-law, and the revival of his grandfather's claim of superiority over that kingdom, were both unreasonable and ungenerous; and he allowed himself to be too soon seduced by the glaring prospects of French conquest, from the acquisition of a point which was practicable, and which might really, if attained, have been of lasting utility to his country and to his successors. But the glory of a conqueror is so dazzling to the vulgar, and the animosity of nations so extreme, that the fruitless desolation of so fine a part of Europe as France, is totally disregarded by us, and never considered as a blemish in the character or conduct of this prince; and indeed, from the unfortunate state of human nature, it will commonly happen that a sovereign of great genius, such as Edward, who usually finds every thing easy in the domestic government, will turn himself towards military enterprizes, where alone he meets opposition, and where he has full exercise for his industry and capacity. Died 21st of June, aged 65, in the 51st year of his reign.

CHARACTER OF ELIZABETH.

There are few great personages in history who have been more exposed to the calumny of enemies, and the adulation of friends, than Queen Elizabeth; and yet there is scarce any whose reputation has been more certainly determined, by the unanimous consent of posterity. The unusual length of her administration, and the strong features of her character, were able to overcome all prejudices; and, obliging her detractors to abate much of their invectives, and her admirers somewhat of their panegyrics, have at last, in spite of political factions, and, what is more, of religious animosities, produced an uniform judgment with regard to her conduct. Her vigour, her constancy, her magnanimity, her penetration, and vigilance, are allowed to merit the highest praise, and appear not to have been surpassed by any person who ever filled a throne. A conduct less vigorous, less imperious, more sincere, more indulgent to her people, would have been requisite to form a perfect character. By the force of her mind, she controlled all her more active and stronger qualities, and prevented them from running into excess. Her heroism was exempt from all temerity, her frugality from avarice, her friendship from partiality, her active spirit from turbulency and a vain ambition. She guarded not herself with equal care, or equal success, from lesser infirmities, the rivalship of beauty, the desire of admiration, the jealousy of love, and the sallies of anger.

Her singular talents for government were founded equally on her temper and on her capacity. Endowed with a great command of herself, she obtained an uncontrolled ascendant over her people; and, while she merited all their esteem by her real virtues, she also engaged their affection by her pretended ones. Few sovereigns of England succeeded to the throne in more difficult circumstances; and none ever conducted the government with such uniform success and felicity. Though unacquainted with the practice of toleration, (the true secret for managing religious factions,) she preserved her people, by her superior prudence, from those confusions in which theological controversy had involved all the neighbouring nations; and though her enemies were the most powerful princes in Europe, the most active, the most enterprizing, the least scrupulous, she was able by her vigour to make deep impressions on their state; her own greatness meanwhile untouched and unimpaired.

The wise ministers and brave warriors, who flourished during her reign, share the praise of her success; but, instead of lessening the applause due to her, they make great addition to it. They owed all of them their advancement to her choice; they were supported by her constancy; and, with all their ability, they were never able to acquire any undue ascendant over her. In her family, in her court, in her kingdom, she remained equally mistress. The force of the tender

passions was great over her, hut the force of her mind was still superior; and the combat, which her victory visibly cost her, serves only to display the firmness of her resolution, and the loftiness of her ambitious sentiments.

The fame of this princess, though it has surmounted the prejudices both of faction and bigotry, yet lies still exposed to another prejudice which is more durable, because more natural, and which, according to the different views in which we survey her, is capable either of exalting beyond measure, or diminishing, the lustre of her character. This prejudice is founded in consideration of her sex. When we contemplate her as a woman, we are apt to be struck with the highest admiration of her great qualities and extensive capacity; hut we are apt also to require some more softness of disposition, some greater lenity of temper, some of those amiable weaknesses by which her sex is distinguished. But the true method of estimating her merit is, to lay aside all those considerations, and consider her merely as a rational being, placed in authority, and entrusted with the government of mankind. We may find it difficult to reconcile our fancy to her as a wife or a mistress; but her qualities as a sovereign, though with some considerable exceptions, are the object of undisputed applause and approbation.

IRISH INSURRECTION AND MASSACRE.

There was a gentleman, called Roger More, who, though of a narrow fortune, was descended from an ancient Irish family, and was much celebrated among his countrymen for valour and capacity. This man first formed the project of expelling the English, and asserting the independence of his native country. He secretly went from chieftain to chieftain, and roused up every latent principle of discontent. He maintained a close correspondence with Lord Maguire and Sir Phelim O'Neale, the most powerful of the old Irish. By conversations, by letters, by his emissaries, he represented to his countrymen the motives of a revolt, and he engaged all the heads of the native Irish in the conspiracy. The English of the pale, as they were called, or the old English planters, being all catholics, it was hoped, would afterwards join the party, which restored their religion to its ancient splendour and authority. The intention was, that Sir Phelim O'Neale, and the other conspirators, should begin an insurrection on one day, throughout the provinces, and should attack all the English settlements; and that, on the very same day, Lord Maguire and Roger More should surprise the Castle of Dublin. The commencement of this revolt was fixed on the approach of winter, that there might be more difficulty in transporting forces from England. Succours to themselves and supplies of arms they expected from France, in consequence of a promise made them by Cardinal Richelieu; and many Irish officers, who served in the Spanish troops, had engaged to join them, as soon as they saw an insurrection entered upon by their catholic brethren. News, which every day arrived from England, of the fury expressed by the Commons against all papists, struck fresh terror into the Irish nation, and both stimulated the conspirators to execute their fatal purpose, and gave them assured hopes of the concurrence of all their countrymen.

Such propensity to a revolt was discovered in all the Irish, that it was deemed unnecessary, as it was dangerous, to entrust the secret to many hands; and the appointed day drew nigh, nor had any discovery been yet made to the government. The king, indeed, had received information from his ambassadors, that something was in agitation among the Irish in foreign parts; but though he gave warning to the administration in Ireland, the intelligence was entirely neglected. Secret rumours, likewise, were heard of some approaching conspiracy; hut no attention was paid to them. The Earl of Leicester whom the king had appointed lieutenant, remained in London. The two justices, Sir William Parsons and Sir John Borlace, were men of small abilities; and, by an inconvenience, common to all factious times, owed their advancement to nothing hut their zeal for that party, by whom every thing was now governed. Tranquil from their ignorance and inexperience, these men indulged themselves in the most profound repose on the very brink of destruction.

But they were awakened from their security, on the very day before that which was appointed for the commencement of hostilities. The Castle of Dublin, by which the capital was commanded, contained arms for 10,000 men, with thirty-five pieces of cannon, and a proportionable quantity of ammunition: yet was this important place guarded, and that too without any care, by no greater force than fifty men. Maguire and More were already in town with a numerous band of their retainers; others were expected that night, and next morning they were to enter upon what they esteemed the easiest of all enterprises, the surprisal of the castle. O'Conolly, an Irishman, hut a protestant, betrayed the conspiracy to Parsons. The justices and council fled immediately, for

safety, into the castle, and reinforced the guards. The alarm was conveyed to the city, and all the protestants prepared for defence. More escaped: Maguire was taken: and Mahone, one of the conspirators, being likewise seized, first discovered to the justices the project of a general insurrection, and redoubled the apprehensions which were already universally diffused throughout Dublin.

But though O'Conolly's discovery saved the castle from a surprise, the confession extorted from Mahone came too late to prevent the intended insurrection. O'Neale and his confederates had already taken arms in Ulster. The Irish, every where intermingled with the English, needed but a hint from their leaders and priests to begin hostilities against a people, whom they hated on account of their religion, and envied for their riches and prosperity. The houses, cattle, and goods, of the unwary English were first seized. They who heard of the commotions in their neighbourhood, instead of deserting their habitations, and assembling together for mutual protection, remained at home, in hopes of defending their property; and fell thus separately into the hands of their enemies. After rapacity had fully exerted itself, cruelty, and the most barbarous that ever, in any nation, was known or heard of, began its operations. A universal massacre commenced of the English, now defenceless, and passively resigned to their inhuman foes. No age, no sex, no condition was spared. The wife weeping for her butchered husband, and embracing her helpless children, was pierced with them, and perished by the same stroke. The old, the young, the vigorous, the infirm, underwent a like fate, and were confounded in one common ruin. In vain did flight save from the first assault: destruction was everywhere let loose, and met the hunted victims at every turn. In vain was recourse had to relations, to companions, to friends. All connexions were dissolved, and death was dealt by that hand, from which protection was implored and expected. Without provocation, without opposition, the astonished English, living in profound peace and full security, were massacred by their nearest neighbours, with whom they had long upheld a continued intercourse of kindness and good offices.

But death was the lightest punishment inflicted by those enraged rebels: all the tortures, which wanton cruelty could devise, all the lingering pains of body, the anguish of mind, the agonies of despair, could not satiate revenge excited without injury, and cruelty derived from no cause. To enter into particulars would shock the least delicate humanity. Such enormities, though attested by undoubted evidence, appear almost incredible. Depraved nature, even perverted religion, encouraged by the utmost licence, reaches not to such a pitch of ferocity; unless the pity inherent in human breasts be destroyed by that contagion of example which transports men beyond all the usual motives of conduct and behaviour.

The weaker sex themselves, naturally tender to their own sufferings, and compassionate to those of others, here emulated their more robust companions in the practice of every cruelty. Even children, taught by the example, and encouraged by the exhortations of their parents, essayed their feeble blows on the dead carcasses or defenceless children of the English. The very avarice of the Irish was not a sufficient restraint to their cruelty. Such was their frenzy, that the cattle, which they had seized, and by rapine made their own, yet, because they bore the name of English, were wantonly slaughtered, or, when covered with wounds, turned loose into the woods and deserts.

The stately buildings or commodious habitations of the planters, as if upbraiding the sloth and ignorance of the natives, were consumed with fire, or laid level with the ground. And where the miserable owners, shut up in their houses, and preparing for defence, perished in the flames, together with their wives and children, a double triumph was afforded to their insulting foes.

If anywhere a number assembled together, and, assuming courage from despair, were resolved to sweeten death by revenge on their assassins, they were disarmed by capitulations and promises of safety, confirmed by the most solemn oaths. But no sooner had they surrendered, than the rebels, with perfidy equal to their cruelty made them share the fate of their unhappy countrymen.

Others, more ingenious still in their barbarity, tempted their prisoners, by the fond love of life, to embrue their hands in the blood of friends, brothers, and parents; and having thus rendered them accomplices in guilt, gave them that death which they sought to shun by deserving it.

Amidst all these enormities, the sacred name of *religion* resounded on every side, not to stop the hands of these murderers, but to enforce their blows, and to steel their hearts against every movement of human or social sympathy. The English, as heretics, abhorred of God, and detestable to all holy men, were marked out by the priests for slaughter; and, of all ac-

tions, to rid the world of these declared enemies to catholic faith and piety, was represented as the most meritorious. Nature, which, in that rude people, was sufficiently inclined to atrocious deeds, was farther stimulated by precept; and national prejudices were empoisoned by those aversions, more deadly and incurable, which arose from an enraged superstition. While death finished the sufferings of each victim, the bigoted assassins, with joy and exultation, still echoed in his expiring ears, that these agonies were but the commencement of torments, infinite and eternal.

EDWARD GIBBON.

Edward Gibbon, the anthor of 'The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire' was born at Putney in Surrey in 1737. As a youth he was passionately fond of all sorts of reading, bnt his taste soon decided itself in favour of historical works. In 1753 he became a Roman Catholic; upon the discovery of this fact, his father sent him to Lausanne in Switzerland where in 1754 he became again converted to protestantism. In 1758 he returned to England and entered the Hampshire militia in which he remained till 1762 when he travelled in France and Italy. After his return to England he undertook (1770) the commencement of his great work. In 1774 he entered parliament where he remained four years: bnt he did not particularly distinguish himself there. The first volnme of his 'Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire' appeared in 1776 and met with very great success. The second and third volumes were published in 1781; after the appearance of which he went a second time to Lausanne and finished the work; the three additional volumes appeared in 1788. After his return Gibbon resided in London till 1793 when he again made a visit to Lausanne, bnt came back to England in the same year; and died in 1794. The great fault of his history is the disbelief in the Christian religion, implied in several of the chapters; the style is flowing and easy and many of the events are described almost with a dramatic force; bnt the spreading and triumph of the Christian religion is treated with a cold cynical sneer. On the whole, the book possesses great interest, which considering its length, is well sustained to the end. His autobiography is well worth reading.

CHARLEMAGNE.

The appellation of *Great* has been often bestowed, and sometimes deserved, but Charlemagne is the only prince in whose favour the title has been indissolubly blended with the name. That name, with the addition of saint, is inserted in the Roman calendar; and the saint, by a rare felicity, is crowned with the praises of the historians and philosophers of an enlightened age. His real merit is doubtless enhanced by the barbarism of the nation and the times from which he emerged: but the apparent magnitude of an object is likewise enlarged by an unequal comparison; and the ruins of Palmyra derive a casual splendour from the nakedness of the surrounding desert. Without injustice to his fame I may discern some blemishes in the sanctity and greatness of the restorer of the western empire. Of his moral virtues, chastity is not the most conspicuous: but the public happiness could not be materially injured by his nine wives or concubines, the various indulgence of meaner or more transient amours, the multitude of his bastards whom he bestowed on the church, and the long celibacy and licentious manners of his daughters. I shall be scarcely permitted to accuse the ambition of a conqueror; but in a day of equal retribution the sons of his brother Carloman, the Merovingian princes of Aquitain, and the four thousand five hundred Saxons who were beheaded on the same spot, would have something to allege against the justice and humanity of Charlemagne. His treatment of the vanquished Saxons was an abuse of the right of conquest: his laws were not less sanguinary than his arms, and in the discussion of his motives whatever is subtracted from bigotry must be imputed to temper. The sedentary reader is amazed by his incessant activity of mind and body; and his subjects and enemies were not less astonished at his sudden presence at the moment when they believed him at the most distant extremity of the empire: neither peace nor war, nor summer nor winter, were a season of repose; and our faucy cannot easily reconcile the annals of his reign with the geography of his expeditions. But this activity was a national rather than a personal virtue; the vagrant life of a Frank was spent in the chase, in pilgrimage, in military adventures; and the journeys of Charlemagne were distinguished only by a more numerous train and a more important purpose. His military renown must be tried by the scrutiny of his troops, his enemies, and his actions. Alexander conquered with the arms of Philip, bnt the two heroes who preceded Charlemagne bequeathed him their name, their example, and the companions of their victories. At the head of his veteran and superior armies he oppressed the savage or degenerate nations who were incapable of confederating for their common safety: nor did he ever encounter an equal antagonist in numbers, in discipline, or in arms. The science of

war has been lost and revived with the arts of peace; but his campaigns are not illustrated by any siege or battle of singular difficulty and success; and he might behold with envy the Saracen trophies of his grandfather. After his Spanish expedition his rear guard was defeated in the Pyrenean mountains; and the soldiers, whose situation was irretrievable, and whose valour was useless, might accuse with their last breath the want of skill or caution of their general. I touch with reverence the laws of Charlemagne, so highly applauded by a respectable judge. They compose not a system but a series of occasional and minute edicts, for the correction of abuses, the reformation of manners, the economy of his farms, the care of his poultry, and even the sale of his eggs. He wished to improve the laws and the character of the Franks; and his attempts, however feeble and imperfect, are deserving of praise: the inveterate evils of the times were suspended or mollified by his government; but in his institutions I can seldom discover the general views and the immortal spirit of a legislator, who survives himself for the benefit of posterity. The union and stability of his empire depended on the life of a single man: he imitated the dangerous practice of dividing his kingdoms amongst his sons; and after numerous diets the whole constitution was left to fluctuate between the disorders of anarchy and despotism. His esteem for the piety and knowledge of the clergy tempted him to entrust that aspiring order with temporal dominion and civil jurisdiction; and his son Lewis, when he was stripped and degraded by the bishops, might accuse, in some measure, the imprudence of his father. His laws enforced the imposition of tithes, because the demons had proclaimed in the air that the default of payment had been the cause of the last scarcity.

The literary merits of Charlemagne are attested by the foundation of schools, the introduction of arts, the works which were published in his name, and his familiar connexion with the subjects and strangers whom he invited to his court to educate both the prince and the people. His own studies were tardy, laborious, and imperfect; if he spoke Latin and understood Greek, he derived the rudiments of knowledge from conversation rather than from books: and in his mature age the emperor strove to acquire the practice of writing, which every peasant now learns in his infancy. The grammar and logic, the music and astronomy, of the times, were only cultivated as the handmaids of superstition; but the curiosity of the human mind must ultimately tend to its improvement, and the encouragement of learning reflects the purest and most pleasing lustre on the character of Charlemagne. The dignity of his person, the length of his reign, the prosperity of his arms, the vigour of his government, and the reverence of distant nations, distinguish him from the royal crowd; and Europe dates a new era from his restoration of the western empire.

MAHOMET.

According to the tradition of his companions, Mahomet was distinguished by the beauty of his person — an outward gift which is seldom despised, except by those to whom it has been refused. Before he spoke, the orator engaged on his side the affections of a public or private audience. They applauded his commanding presence, his majestic aspect, his piercing eye, his gracious smile, his flowing beard, his countenance that painted every sensation of the soul, and his gestures that enforced each expression of the tongue. In the familiar offices of life he scrupulously adhered to the grave and ceremonious politeness of his country: his respectful attention to the rich and powerful was dignified by his condescension and affability to the poorest citizens of Mecca; the frankness of his manner concealed the artifice of his views; and the habits of courtesy were imputed to personal friendship or universal benevolence. His memory was capacious and retentive, his wit easy and social, his imagination sublime, his judgment clear, rapid, and decisive. He possessed the courage both of thought and action; and although his designs might gradually expand with his success, the first idea which he entertained of his divine mission bears the stamp of an original and superior genius. The son of Abdallah was educated in the bosom of the noblest race, in the use of the purest dialect of Arabia; and the fluency of his speech was corrected and enhanced by the practice of discreet and seasonable silence. With these powers of eloquence, Mahomet was an illiterate barbarian; his youth had never been instructed in the arts of reading and writing; the common ignorance exempted him from shame or reproach, but he was reduced to a narrow circle of existence, and deprived of those faithful mirrors which reflect to our mind the minds of sages and heroes. Yet the book of nature and of man was open to his view; and some fancy has been indulged in the political and phi-

losophical observations which are ascribed to the Arabian traveller. He compares the nations and religions of the earth; discovers the weakness of the Persian and Roman monarchies; beholds with pity and indignation the degeneracy of the times; and resolves to unite, under one God and one king, the invincible spirit and primitive virtues of the Arabs. Our more accurate inquiry will suggest, that instead of visiting the courts, the camps, the temples of the east, the two journeys of Mahomet into Syria were confined to the fairs of Bostra and Damascus; that he was only thirteen years of age when he accompanied the caravan of his uncle, and that his duty compelled him to return as soon as he had disposed of the merchandise of Cadijah. In these hasty and superficial excursions, the eye of genius might discern some objects invisible to his grosser companions; some seeds of knowledge might be cast upon a fruitful soil; but his ignorance of the Syriac language must have checked his curiosity, and I cannot perceive in the life or writings of Mahomet that his prospect was far extended beyond the limits of the Arabian world. From every region of that solitary world the pilgrims of Mecca were annually assembled, by the calls of devotion and commerce: in the free concourse of multitudes, a simple citizen, in his native tongue, might study the political state and character of the tribes, the theory and practice of the Jews and Christians. Some useful strangers might be tempted or forced to implore the rites of hospitality; and the enemies of Mahomet have named the Jew, the Persian, and the Syrian monk, whom they accuse of lending their secret aid to the composition of the Koran. Conversation enriches the understanding, but solitude is the school of genius; and the uniformity of a work denotes the hand of a single artist. From his earliest youth Mahomet was addicted to religious contemplation: each year, during the month of Ramadan, he withdrew from the world and from the arms of Cadijah: in the cave of Hera, three miles from Mecca, he consulted the spirit of fraud or enthusiasm, whose abode is not in the heavens but in the mind of the prophet. The faith which, under the name of Islam, he preached to his family and nation, is compounded of an eternal truth and a necessary fiction — that there is only one God, and that Mahomet is the apostle of God.

At the conclusion of the life of Mahomet it may perhaps be expected that I should balance his faults and virtues, that I should decide whether the title of enthusiast or impostor more properly belongs to that extraordinary man. Had I been intimately conversant with the son of Abdallah, the task would still be difficult and the success uncertain: at the distance of twelve centuries, I darkly contemplate his shade through a cloud of religious incense; and could I truly delineate the portrait of an hour, the fleeting resemblance would not equally apply to the solitary of Mount Hera, to the preacher of Mecca, and to the conqueror of Arabia. The author of a mighty revolution appears to have been endowed with a pious and contemplative disposition: so soon as marriage had raised him above the pressure of want, he avoided the paths of ambition and avarice; and till the age of forty he lived with innocence, and would have died without a name. The unity of God is an idea most congenial to nature and reason; and a slight conversation with the Jews and Christians would teach him to despise and detest the idolatry of Mecca. It was the duty of a man and a citizen to impart the doctrine of salvation, to rescue his country from the dominion of sin and error. The energy of a mind incessantly bent on the same object would convert a general obligation into a particular call; the warm suggestions of the understanding or the fancy would be felt as the inspirations of heaven; the labour of thought would expire in rapture and vision; and the inward sensation, the invisible monitor, would be described with the form and attributes of an angel of God. From enthusiasm to imposture the step is perilous and slippery, the demon of Socrates affords a memorable instance how a wise man may deceive himself, how a good man may deceive others, how the conscience may slumber in a mixed and middle state between self-delusion and a voluntary fraud. Charity may believe that the original motives of Mahomet were those of pure and genuine benevolence; but a human missionary is incapable of cherishing the obstinate unbelievers who reject his claims, despise his arguments, and persecute his life; he might forgive his personal adversaries, he may lawfully hate the enemies of God: the stern passions of pride and revenge were kindled in the bosom of Mahomet, and he sighed, like the prophet of Nineveh, for the destruction of the rebels he had condemned. The injustice of Mecca, and the choice of Medina, transformed the citizen into a prince, the humble preacher into the leader of armies; but his sword was consecrated by the example of the saints: and the same God

who afflicts a sinful world with pestilence and earthquakes might inspire for their conversion or chastisement the valour of his servants. In the exercise of political government he was compelled to abate of the stern rigour of fanaticism, to comply in some measure with the prejudices and passions of his followers, and to employ even the vices of mankind as the instruments of their salvation. The use of fraud and perfidy, of cruelty and injustice, were often subservient to the propagation of the faith; and Mahomet commanded or approved the assassination of the Jews and idolaters who had escaped from the field of battle. By the repetition of such acts the character of Mahomet must have been gradually stained; and the influence of such pernicious habits would be poorly compensated by the practice of the personal or social virtues which are necessary to maintain the reputation of a prophet among his sectaries and friends. Of his last years, ambition was the ruling passion; and a politician will suspect that he secretly smiled (the victorious impostor!) at the enthusiasm of his youth and the credulity of his proselytes. A philosopher will observe that *their* cruelty and *his* success would tend more strongly to fortify the assurance of his divine mission, that his interest and religion were inseparably connected, and that his conscience would be soothed by the persuasion that he alone was absolved by the Deity from the obligation of positive and moral laws. If he retained any vestige of his native innocence, the sins of Mahomet may be allowed as an evidence of his sincerity.

PRIDE OF ANCESTRY.

A lively desire of knowing and of recording our ancestors so generally prevails, that it must depend on the influence of some common principle in the minds of men. We seem to have lived in the persons of our forefathers; it is the labour and reward of vanity to extend the term of this ideal longevity. Our imagination is always active to enlarge the narrow circle in which Nature has confined us. Fifty or an hundred years may be allotted to an individual; but we step forward beyond death with such hopes as religion and philosophy will suggest, and we fill up the silent vacancy that precedes our birth, by associating ourselves to the authors of our existence. Our calmer judgment will rather tend to moderate than to suppress the pride of an ancient and worthy race. The satirist may laugh, the philosopher may preach, but reason herself will respect the prejudice and habits which have been consecrated by the experience of mankind. Few there are who can sincerely despise in others, an advantage of which they are secretly ambitious to partake. The knowledge of our own family from a remote period will be always esteemed as an abstract pre-eminence, since it can never be promiscuously enjoyed; but the longest series of peasants and mechanics would not afford much gratification to the pride of their descendants. We wish to discover our ancestors, but we wish to discover them possessed of ample fortunes, adorned with honourable titles, and holding an eminent rank in the class of hereditary nobles, which has been maintained for the wisest and most beneficial purposes, in almost every climate of the globe, and in almost every modification of political society.

Wherever the distinction of birth is allowed to form a superior order in the state, education and example should always, and will often, produce among them a sentiment and propriety of conduct, which is guarded from dishonour by their own and the public esteem. If we read of some illustrious line so ancient that it has no beginning, so worthy that it ought to have no end, we sympathize in its various fortunes; nor can we blame the generous enthusiasm, or even the harmless vanity of those who are allied to the honours of its name. For my own part, could I draw my pedigree from a general, a statesman, or a celebrated author, I should study their lives with the diligence of filial love. In the investigation of past events, our curiosity is stimulated by the immediate or indirect reference to ourselves; but in the estimate of honour, we should learn to value the gifts of nature above those of fortune; to esteem in our ancestors the qualities that best promote the interests of society; and to pronounce the descendant of a king less truly noble than the offspring of a man of genius, whose writings will instruct or delight the latest posterity. The family of Confucius is, in my opinion, the most illustrious in the world. After a painful ascent of eight or ten centuries, our barons and princes of Europe are lost in the darkness of the middle ages; but, in the vast equality of the empire of China, the posterity of Confucius have maintained, above two thousand two hundred years, their peaceful honours and perpetual succession. The chief of the family is still revered by the sovereign and the people, as the lively image of the wisest of mankind. The

nobility of the Spencers has been illustrated and enriched by the trophies of Marlborough; but I exhort them to consider the *Fairy Queen* as the most precious jewel of their coronet. Our immortal Fielding was of the younger branch of the earls of Denbigh, who drew their origin from the counts of Hapsburg, the lineal descendants of Eltrico, in the seventh century, duke of Alsace. Far different have been the fortunes of the English and German divisions of the family of Hapsburg: the former, the knights and sheriffs of Leicestershire, have slowly risen to the dignity of a peerage; the latter, the emperors of Germany, and kings of Spain, have threatened the liberty of the old, and invaded the treasures of the new world. The successors of Charles the Fifth may disdain their brethren of England; but the romance of Tom Jones, that exquisite picture of human manners, will outlive the palace of the Escurial, and the imperial Eagle of the house of Austria.

HEREDITARY MONARCHY.

Of the various forms of government which have prevailed in the world, an hereditary monarchy seems to present the fairest scope for ridicule. Is it possible to relate, without an indignant smile, that on the father's decease, the property of a nation, like that of a drove of oxen, descends to his infant son, as yet unknown to mankind and to himself; and that the bravest warriors and the wisest statesmen, relinquishing their natural right to empire, approach the royal cradle with bended knees and protestations of inviolable fidelity? Satire and declamation may paint these obvious topics in the most dazzling colours, but our more serious thoughts will respect a useful prejudice, that establishes a rule of succession independent of the passions of mankind; and we shall cheerfully acquiesce in any expedient which deprives the multitude of the dangerous, and indeed the ideal, power of giving themselves a master.

In the cool shade of retirement, we may easily devise imaginary forms of government, in which the sceptre shall be constantly bestowed on the most worthy, by the free and incorrupt suffrage of the whole community. Experience overturns these airy fabrics, and teaches us, that in a large society, the election of a monarch can never devolve to the wisest or to the most numerous part of the people. The army is the only order of men sufficiently united to concur in the same sentiments, and powerful enough to impose them on the rest of their fellow-citizens; but the temper of soldiers, habituated at once to violence and slavery, renders them very unfit guardians of a legal or even a civil constitution. Justice, humanity, or political wisdom, are qualities they are too little acquainted with in themselves, to appreciate them in others. Valour will acquire their esteem, and liberality will purchase their suffrage; but the first of these merits is often lodged in the most savage breasts; the latter can only exert itself at the expense of the public; and both may be turned against the possessor of the throne, by the ambition of a daring rival.

The superior prerogative of birth, when it has obtained the sanction of time and popular opinion, is the plainest and least invidious of all distinctions among mankind. The acknowledged right extinguishes the hopes of faction, and the conscious security disarms the cruelty of the monarch. To the firm establishment of this idea we owe the peaceful succession and mild administration of European monarchies. To the defect of it we must attribute the frequent civil wars through which an Asiatic despot is obliged to cut his way to the throne of his fathers.

WILLIAM ROBERTSON.

W. Robertson, born at Borthwick in 1721, rose from the position of a village clergyman to that of chaplain in ordinary for Scotland, principal of the university in Edinburgh and historiographer for Scotland. In 1759 he acquired his fame by the publication of his 'History of Scotland during the reigns of Mary and James VI.' Ten years afterwards appeared his 'History of the reign of Charles V.' and in 1776 his 'History of America'. The history of 'Queen Mary and her Misfortunes' is well described, written with great pathos, and a considerable amount of imagination. In general Robertson is correct in his information and his works give evidence of a careful research after facts, for the compiling of his books. He died in 1793.

THE RESIGNATION OF THE EMPEROR CHARLES V.

Charles resolved to resign his kingdoms to his son, with a solemnity suitable to the importance of the transaction; and to perform this last act of sovereignty with such formal pomp, as might leave an indelible impression on the minds, not only of his

subjects, but of his successor. With this view, he called Philip out of England, where the peevish temper of his queen, which increased with her despair of having issue, rendered him extremely unhappy; and the jealousy of the English left him no hopes of obtaining the direction of their affairs. Having assembled the states of the Low Countries, at Brussels, on the 25th of October, 1555, Charles seated himself, for the last time, in the chair of state; on one side of which was placed his son, and on the other his sister, the Queen of Hungary, regent of the Netherlands: with a splendid retinue of the grandees of Spain, and princes of the empire, standing behind him. The president of the council of Flanders, by his command, explained in a few words, his intention in calling this extraordinary meeting of the states. He then read the instrument of resignation, by which Charles surrendered to his son Philip all his territories, jurisdiction, and authority in the Low Countries; absolving his subjects there from their oath of allegiance to him, which he required them to transfer to Philip, his lawful heir, and to serve him with the same loyalty and zeal which they had manifested, during so long a course of years, in support of his government.

Charles then rose from his seat, and leaning on the shoulder of the Prince of Orange, because he was unable to stand without support, he addressed himself to the audience, and, from a paper which he held in hand, in order to assist his memory, he recounted with dignity, but without ostentation, all the great things which he had undertaken and performed since the commencement of his administration. He observed, that, from the seventeenth year of his age, he had dedicated all his thoughts and attention to public objects; reserving no portion of his time for the indulgence of his ease, and very little for the enjoyment of private pleasure: that, either in a pacific or hostile manner, he had visited Germany nine times, Spain six times, France four times, Italy seven times, the Low Countries ten times, England twice, Africa as often, and had made eleven voyages by sea: that while his health permitted him to discharge his duty, and the vigour of his constitution was equal, in any degree, to the arduous office of governing such extensive dominions, he had never shunned labour, nor repined under fatigue: that now, when his health was broken, and his vigour exhausted by the rage of an incurable distemper, his growing infirmities admonished him to retire; nor was he so fond of reigning, as to retain the sceptre in an impotent hand, which was no longer able to protect his subjects, or to render them happy: that, instead of a sovereign worn out with diseases, and scarcely half alive, he gave them one in the prime of life, accustomed already to govern, and who added to the vigour of youth, all the attention and sagacity of maturer years: that if, during the course of a long administration, he had committed any material error in government; or if, under the pressure of so many and great affairs, and amidst the attention which he had been obliged to give to them, he had either neglected, or injured any of his subjects; he now implored their forgiveness: that for his part, he should ever retain a grateful sense of their fidelity and attachment, and would carry the remembrance of it along with him to the place of his retreat, as his sweetest consolation, as well as the best reward for all his services; and, in his last prayers to Almighty God, would pour forth his ardent wishes for their welfare.

Then turning towards Philip, who fell on his knees and kissed his father's hand, 'If,' says he, 'I had left you, by my death, this rich inheritance, to which I have made such large additions, some regard would have been justly due to my memory on that account: but now, when I voluntarily resign to you what I might still have retained, I may well expect the warmest expressions of thanks on your part. With these, however, I dispense; and shall consider your concern for the welfare of your subjects, and your love of them, as the best and most acceptable testimony of your gratitude to me. It is in your power, by a wise and virtuous administration, to justify the extraordinary proof which I this day give of my paternal affection, and to demonstrate that you are worthy of the confidence which I repose in you. Preserve an inviolable regard for religion; maintain the Catholic faith in its purity; let the laws of your country be sacred in your eyes; encroach not on the rights and privileges of your people; and if the time shall ever come, when you shall wish to enjoy the tranquillity of private life, may you have a son endowed with such qualities, that you can resign your sceptre to him with as much satisfaction as I give up mine to you.'

As soon as Charles had finished this long address to his subjects, and to their new sovereign, he sunk into the chair exhausted, and ready to faint with the fatigue of such an extraordinary effort. During his discourse, the whole audience melted into tears; some, from admiration of his magnanimity,

others, softened by the expressions of tenderness towards his son, and of love to his people; and all were affected with the deepest sorrow, at losing a sovereign who had distinguished the Netherlands, his native country, with particular marks of his regard and attachment.

A few weeks afterwards, Charles, in an assembly no less splendid, and with a ceremonial equally pompous, resigned to his son the crowns of Spain, with all the territories depending on them, both in the Old and in the New World. Of all these vast possessions he reserved nothing for himself, but an annual pension of a hundred thousand crowns, to defray the charges of his family, and to afford him a small sum for acts of beneficence and charity.

The place he had chosen for his retreat, was the monastery of St. Justus, in the province of Estramadura. It was seated in a vale of no great extent watered by a small brook, and surrounded by rising grounds, covered with lofty trees. From the nature of the soil, as well as the temperature of the climate, it was esteemed the most healthful and delicious situation in Spain. Some months before his resignation he had sent an architect thither, to add a new apartment to the monastery, for his accommodation; but he gave strict orders that the style of the building should be such as suited his present situation, rather than his former dignity. It consisted only of six rooms; four of them in the form of friars' cells, with naked walls; the other two, each twenty feet square, were hung with brown cloth, and furnished in the most simple manner. They were all on a level with the ground, with a door on one side into a garden, of which Charles himself had given the plan, and which he had filled with various plants, intending to cultivate them with his own hands.

MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS.

To all the charms of beauty, and the utmost elegance of external form, Mary adding those accomplishments which render their impression irresistible, was polite, affable, insinuating, sprightly, and capable of speaking and writing with equal ease and dignity; sudden, however, and violent in all her attachments, because her heart was warm and unsuspicious; impatient of contradiction, because she had been accustomed from her infancy to be treated as a queen; no stranger, on some occasions, to dissimulation, which, in that perfidious court where she received her education, was reckoned among the necessary arts of government; not insensible to flattery, or unconscious of that pleasure with which almost every woman beholds the influence of her own beauty. Formed with the qualities that we love, not with the talents that we admire, she was an agreeable woman rather than an illustrious queen. The vivacity of her spirit, not sufficiently tempered with sound judgment, and the warmth of her heart, which was not at all times under the restraint of discretion, betrayed her both into errors and crimes. To say that she was most unfortunate, will not account for that long and almost uninterrupted succession of calamities which befell her; we must likewise add, that she was often imprudent. Her passion for Darnley was rash, youthful, and excessive. And though the sudden transition to the opposite extreme was the natural effect of her ill-requited love, and of his ingratitude, insolence, and brutality; yet neither these, nor Bothwell's artful address and important services, can justify her attachment to that nobleman. Even the manners of the age, licentious as they were, are no apology for this unhappy passion; nor can they induce us to look on that tragical and infamous scene which followed upon it, with less abhorrence. Humanity will draw a veil over this part of her character, which it cannot approve, and may, perhaps, prompt some to impute her actions to her situation, more than to her disposition; and to lament the unhappiness of the former rather than accuse the perverseness of the latter. Mary's sufferings exceed, both in degree and duration, those tragical distresses which fancy has feigned to excite sorrow and commiseration; and while we survey them, we are apt altogether to forget her frailties; we think of her faults with less indignation, and approve of our tears, as if they were shed for a person who had attained much nearer to pure virtue.

With regard to the queen's person, a circumstance not to be omitted in writing the history of a female reign, all contemporary authors agree in ascribing to Mary the utmost beauty of countenance and elegance of shape of which the human form is capable. Her hair was black; though, according to the fashion of the age, she frequently wore borrowed locks, and of different colours. Her eyes were a dark grey, her complexion was exquisitely fine, and her hands and arms remarkably delicate, both as to shape and colour. Her stature was of a height that rose to the majestic. She danced, walked, and rode with equal grace. Her taste for music was just, and she sang

and played upon the lute with uncommon skill. Towards the end of her life she began to grow fat; and her long confinement, and the coldness of the house in which she was imprisoned, brought on a rheumatism, which deprived her of the use of her limbs. 'No man,' says Brantome, 'ever beheld her person without admiration and love, or will read her history without sorrow.'

EXECUTION OF MARY.

On Tuesday, the 7th of February 1587, the two earls arrived at Fotheringay, and demanded access to the queen, read in her presence the warrant for execution, and required her to prepare to die next morning. Mary heard them to the end without emotion and crossing herself in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, 'That soul,' said she, 'is not worthy the joys of heaven, which repines because the body must endure the stroke of the executioner; and though I did not expect that the Queen of England would set the first example of violating the sacred person of a sovereign prince, I willingly submit to that which Providence has decreed to be my lot.' And laying her hand on a Bible, which happened to be near her, she solemnly protested that she was innocent of that conspiracy which Babington had carried on against Elizabeth's life. She then mentioned the request contained in her letter to Elizabeth, but obtained no satisfactory answer. She entreated with particular earnestness, that now in her last moment, her almoner might be suffered to attend her, and that she might enjoy the consolation of those pious institutions prescribed by her religion. Even this favour, which is usually granted to the vilest criminal, was absolutely denied.

Her attendants, during this conversation, were bathed in tears, and though overawed by the presence of the two earls, with difficulty suppressed their anguish; but no sooner did Kent and Shrewsbury withdraw, than they ran to their mistress, and burst out into the most passionate expressions of tenderness and sorrow. Mary, however, not only retained perfect composure of mind, but endeavoured to moderate their excessive grief. And falling on her knees, with all her domestics round her, she thanked Heaven that her sufferings were now so near an end, and prayed that she might be enabled to endure what still remained with decency and with fortitude. The greater part of the evening she employed in settling her worldly affairs. She wrote her testament with her own hand. Her money, her jewels, and her clothes, she distributed among her servants, according to their rank or merit. She wrote a short letter to the King of France, and another to the Duke of Guise, full of tender but magnanimous sentiments, and recommended her soul to their prayers, and her afflicted servants to their protection. At supper, she ate temperately, as usual, and conversed not only with ease, but with cheerfulness; she drank to every one of her servants, and asked their forgiveness, if ever she had failed in any part of her duty towards them. At her wonted time she went to bed, and slept calmly a few hours. Early in the morning she retired into her closet, and employed a considerable time in devotion. At eight o'clock, the high sheriff and his officers entered her chamber, and found her still kneeling at the altar. She immediately started up, and with a majestic mien, and a countenance undismayed, and even cheerful, advanced towards the place of execution, leaning on two of Paulet's attendants. She was dressed in a mourning habit, but with an elegance and splendour which she had long laid aside, except on a few festival days. An *Agnus Dei* hung by a pomander chain at her neck; her beads at her girdle, and in her hand she carried a crucifix of ivory. At the bottom of the stairs the two earls, attended by several gentlemen from the neighbouring counties, received her; and there Sir Andrew Melvil, the master of her household, who had been secluded, for some weeks, from her presence, was permitted to take his last farewell. At the sight of a mistress whom he tenderly loved, in such a situation, he melted into tears: and as he was bewailing her condition, and complaining of his own hard fate in being appointed to carry the account of such a mournful event into Scotland, Mary replied, 'Weep not, good Melvil, there is at present greater cause for rejoicing. Thou shalt this day see Mary Stuart delivered from all her cares, and such an end put to her tedious sufferings, as she has long expected. Bear witness, that I die constant in my religion; firm in my fidelity towards Scotland; and unchanged in my affection to France. Commend me to my son; tell him I have done nothing injurious to his kingdom, to his honour, or to his right; and God forgive all those who have thirsted, without cause, for my blood.'

With much difficulty, and after many entreaties, she prevailed on the two earls to allow Melvil, together with three of her

men-servants, and two of her maids, to attend her to the scaffold. It was erected in the same hall where she had been tried, raised a little above the floor, and covered, as well as a chair, the cushion, and block, with black cloth. Mary mounted the steps with alacrity, beheld all this apparatus of death with an unaltered countenance, and signing herself with the cross, she sat down in the chair. Beale read the warrant for execution with a loud voice, to which she listened with a careless air, and like one occupied in other thoughts. Then the Dean of Peterborough began a devout discourse, suitable to her present condition, and offered up prayers to Heaven in her behalf; but she declared that she could not in conscience hearken to the one, nor join with the other; and falling on her knees, repeated a latin prayer. When the dean had finished his devotions, she, with an audible voice, and in the English tongue, recommended unto God the afflicted state of the church, and prayed for prosperity to her son, and for a long life and peaceable reign to Elizabeth. She declared that she hoped for mercy only through the death of Christ at the foot of whose image she now willingly shed her blood; and lifting up, and kissing the crucifix, she thus addressed it: 'As thy arms, O Jesus, were extended on the cross; so with the outstretched arms of thy mercy receive me, and forgive my sins.'

She then prepared for the block, by taking off her veil, and upper garments; and one of the executioners rudely endeavouring to assist, she gently checked him, and said, with a smile, that she had not been accustomed to undress before so many spectators, nor to be served by such valets. With calm but undaunted fortitude, she laid her neck on the block; and while one executioner held her hands, the other, at the second stroke, cut off her head, which falling out of its attire, discovered her hair already grown quite gray with cares and sorrows. The executioner held it up still streaming with blood, and the dean crying out, 'So perish all Queen Elizabeth's enemies,' the Earl of Kent alone answered Amen. The rest of the spectators continued silent, and drowned in tears, being incapable, at that moment, of any other sentiments but those of pity or admiration.

A VIEW OF THE REVOLUTIONS IN THE CONSTITUTION OF SCOTLAND SINCE THE ACCESSION OF JAMES VI.

The Scots had so long considered their monarchs as next heirs to the English throne, that they had full leisure to reflect on all the consequences of their being advanced to that dignity. But, dazzled with the glory of giving a sovereign to their powerful enemy, relying on the partiality of their native prince, and in full expectation of sharing liberally in the wealth and honours which he would now be able to bestow, they attended little to the most obvious consequences of that great event, and rejoiced at his accession to the throne of England, as if it had been no less beneficial to the kingdom, than honourable to the king. They soon had reason, however, to adopt very different sentiments; and from that period we may date a total alteration in the political constitution of Scotland.

The feudal aristocracy, which had been subverted in most nations of Europe by the policy of their princes, or had been undermined by the progress of commerce, still subsisted with full force in Scotland. Many causes had contributed gradually to augment the power of the Scottish nobles; and even the reformation, which, in every other country where it prevailed, added to the authority of the monarch, had increased their wealth and influence. A king, possessed of a small revenue, with a prerogative extremely limited, and unsupported by a standing army, could not exercise much authority over such potent subjects. He was obliged to govern by expedients: and the laws derived their force not from his power to execute them, but from the voluntary submission of the nobles. But though this produced a species of government extremely feeble and irregular; though Scotland, under the name, and with all the outward ensigns of a monarchy, was really subject to an aristocracy, the people were not altogether unhappy; and, even in this wild form of a constitution, there were principles which tended to their security and advantage. The king, checked and overawed by the nobles, durst venture upon no act of arbitrary power. The nobles, jealous of the king, whose claims and pretensions were many, though his power was small, were afraid of irritating their dependents, by unreasonable exactions, and tempered the rigour of aristocratical tyranny, with a mildness and equality to which it is naturally a stranger. As long as the military genius of the feudal government remained in vigour, the vassals both of the crown and of the barons were generally not only free from oppression, but were courted by their superiors, whose power and importance were founded on their attachment and love.

But, by his accession to the throne of

England, James acquired such an immense accession of wealth, of power, and of splendour, that the nobles, astonished and intimidated, thought it vain to struggle for privileges which they were now unable to defend. Nor was it from fear alone that they submitted to the yoke: James, partial to his countrymen, and willing that they should partake in his good fortune, loaded them with riches and honours; and the hope of his favour concurred with the dread of his power, in taming their fierce and independent spirits. The will of the prince became the supreme law in Scotland; and the nobles strove, with emulation, who should most implicitly obey commands, which they had formerly been accustomed to contemn. Satisfied with having subjected the nobles to the crown, the king left them in full possession of their ancient jurisdiction over their own vassals. The extensive rights, vested in a feudal chief, became in their hands dreadful instruments of oppression; and the military ideas, on which these rights were founded, being gradually lost or disregarded, nothing remained to correct or to mitigate the rigour with which they were exercised. The nobles, exhausting their fortunes by the expense of frequent attendance upon the English court, and by attempts to imitate the manners and luxury of their more wealthy neighbours, multiplied exactions upon the people, who durst hardly utter complaints which they knew would never reach the ear of their sovereign, nor move him to grant them any redress. From the union of the crowns to the revolution in one thousand six hundred and eighty-eight, Scotland was placed in a political situation, of all others the most singular and the most unhappy; subjected at once to the absolute will of a monarch, and to the oppressive jurisdiction of an aristocracy, it suffered all the miseries peculiar to both these forms of government. Its kings were despotic; its nobles were slaves and tyrants; and the people groaned under the rigorous domination of both.

During this period, the nobles, it is true, made one effort to shake off the yoke, and to regain their ancient independency. After the death of James, the Scottish nation was no longer viewed by our monarchs with any partial affection. Charles the first, educated among the English, discovered no peculiar attachment to the kingdom of which he was a native. The nobles, perceiving the sceptre to be now in hands less friendly, and swayed by a prince with whom they had little connexion, and over whose councils they had little influence, no longer submitted with the same implicit obedience. Provoked by some encroachments of the king on their order, and apprehensive of others, the remains of their ancient spirit began to appear. They complained and remonstrated. The people being, at the same time, violently disgusted at the innovations in religion, the nobles secretly heightened this disgust; and their artifices, together with the ill-conduct of the court, raised such a spirit, that the whole nation took arms against their sovereign, with a union and animosity of which there had formerly been no example. Charles brought against them the forces of England, and, notwithstanding their own union, and the zeal of the people, the nobles must have sunk in the struggle. But the disaffection which was growing among his English subjects, prevented the king from acting with vigour. A civil war broke out in both kingdoms; and after many battles and revolutions, which are well known, the Scottish nobles, who first began the war, were involved in the same ruin with the throne. At the restoration, Charles the second regained full possession of the royal prerogative in Scotland; and the nobles, whose estates were wasted, or their spirit broken, by the calamities to which they had been exposed, were less able and less willing than ever to resist the power of the crown. During his reign, and that of James the seventh, the dictates of the monarch were received in Scotland with most abject submission. The poverty to which many of the nobles were reduced, rendered them meaner slaves and more intolerable tyrants than ever. The people, always neglected, were now odious, and loaded with every injury, on account of their attachment to religious and political principles, extremely repugnant to those adopted by their princes.

The revolution introduced other maxims into the government of Scotland. To increase the authority of the prince, or to secure the privileges of the nobles, had hitherto been almost the sole object of our laws. The rights of the people were hardly ever mentioned, were disregarded, or unknown. Attention began, henceforward, to be paid to the welfare of the people By the 'claim of right,' their liberties were secured; and, the number of their representatives being increased, they gradually acquired new weight and consideration in parliament. As they came to enjoy more security, and greater power, their minds began to open, and to form more extensive plans of commerce, of industry, and of police. But the aristocratical spirit, which

still predominated, together with many othor accidents, retarded the improvement and happiness of tho nation.

Another great cvent completed what the revolution had begun. The political power of the nohles, already broken by the union of the two crowns, was almost annihilated by the onion of the two kingdoms. Instead of making a part, as formerly, of the supreme assemhly of the nation; instead of hearing the most considerable sway there, the peers of Scotland are admitted into the British parliament by their representatives only, and form but an inconsiderable part of one of those bodies in which tho legislative authority is vested. Thcy themsclves are excluded nbsolutely from the housc of commons, and even their eldest sons are not permitted to represent their countrymen in that august assemhly. Nor have their feudal privileges remained, to compensatc for this cxtinction of their political authority. As commerce advanced in its progress, and government attained nearer to perfoction, these were insensibly circumscribed, and at last, hy laws no less salutary to the public, than fatal to the nobles, they have been almost totally aholished. As the nobles were deprived of power, the peoplo acquired liberty. Exempted from burthens, to which they were formerly suhject; screened from oppression, to which thcy had been long exposed, and adopted into a constitution whose genius and laws were more liberal than their own, they havo extended their commerce, refined their manners, made improvements in the elegancies of life, and cultivated the arts and sciences.

This survey of the political state of Scotland, in which events and their causes have been mentioned rather than developed, enahles us to point ont three æras, from each of which we may dnte some great altoration in one or other of tho three differont membors of which the supreme legislative assembly in our constitution is composed. At their 'accession' to the throne of England, the kings of Scotland, once the most limited, became, in an instant, the most absolute princes in Europe, and exercised a despotic authority, which their parliaments were nnable to control, or their nohles to resist. At tho 'union' of the two kingdoms the feudal aristocracy which had subsisted so many ages, and with power so exorbitant, was overturned, and the Scottish nobles, having surrendered rights and pre-eminences poculiar to their order, reduced themselves to a condition which is no longor the terror and envy of other suhjects. 'Since the union,' tho commons, anciently neglected by their kings, and seldom courted hy the nobles, have emerged intó dignity; and, being admitted to a participation of all the privileges which the English had purchased at the expense of so much hlood, must now he deemed a body not less considerable in the one kingdom, than they have been in the other.

The church felt the effects of the absolute power which the king acquired by his accession; and its revolutions, too, are worthy of notice. James, during the latter years of his administration in Scotland, had revived the name and offieo of bishops. But they possessed no ecclesiastical jurisdiction or pre-eminence; their revenues were inconsiderahle, and they were scarcely distinguished by any thing hut by their seat in parliament, and hy heing the object of the clergy's jealousy, and the people's hatred. The king, delighted with the splendour and authority which the English bishops enjoyed, and eagor to effect a union in the ecclesiastical poliey, which he had in vain attempted in the civil government of tho two kingdoms, resolved to bring both churches to an exact conformity with each other. Three Scotsmen were consecrated bishops at London. From them their brethren were commanded to receivo orders. Ceremonies unknown in Scotland were imposed; and though the clergy, less obseqnious than the nohles, boldly opposed these innovations, James, long-practised, and well-skilled in the arts of managing them, ohtained at length their compliance. Bnt Charles the first, a superstitious prince, unacquainted with the genius of the Scots, imprudent and precipitant in all the measures he pursued in that kingdom, pressing too eagerly the reception of the English liturgy, and indisereetly attempting a resumption of church lands, kindled the flames of civil war; and the people being left at liberty to indulge their own wishes, the episcopal chnrch was overturned, and the presbyterian government and discipline were re-established with new vigour. Together with monarchy, episcopacy was restored in Scotland. A form of government, so odious to the people, required force to uphold it; and though not only the whole rigour of authority, but all the barbarity of persecution, were employed in its support, the aversion of the nation was insurmountablo, and it subsisted with difficulty. At tho revolution, the inclinations of the people were thought worthy tho attention of tho legislature, tho preshyterian government was again established,

and, being ratified by the union, is still maintained in the kingdom.

Nor did the influence of the accession extend to the civil and ecclesiastical constitutions alone; the genius of the nation, its taste and spirit, things of a nature still more delicate, were sensibly affected by that event. When learning revived in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, all the modern languages were in a state extremely barbarous, devoid of elegance, of vigour, and even of perspicuity. No author thought of writing in languages so ill adapted to express and embellish his sentiments, or of erecting a work for immortality with such rude and perishable materials. As the spirit, which prevailed at that time, did not owe its rise to any original effort of the human mind, but was excited chiefly by admiration of the ancients, which began then to be studied with attention in every part of Europe, their compositions were deemed not only the standards of taste and of sentiment, but of style; and even the languages in which they wrote were thought to be peculiar, and almost consecrated to learning and the muses. Not only the manner of the ancients was imitated, but their language was adopted, and, extravagant as the attempt may appear to write in a dead tongue, in which men were not accustomed to think, and which they could not speak, or even pronounce, the success of it was astonishing. As they formed their style upon the purest models: as they were uninfected with those barbarisms, which the inaccuracy of familiar conversation, the affectation of courts, intercourse with strangers, and a thousand other causes, introduce into living languages, many moderns have attained to a degree of elegance in their Latin compositions, which the Romans themselves scarce possessed beyond the limits of the Augustan age. While this was almost the only species of composition, and all authors, by using one common language, could be brought to a nearer comparison, the Scottish writers were not inferior to those of any other nation. The happy genius of Buchanan, equally formed to excel in prose and in verse, more various, more original, and more elegant, than that of almost any other modern who writes in Latin, reflects, with regard to this particular, the greatest lustre on his country.

But the labour attending the study of a dead tongue was irksome; the unequal return for their industry which authors met with, who could be read and admired only within the narrow circle of the learned, was mortifying; and men, instead of wasting half their lives in learning the language of the Romans, began to refine and to polish their own. The modern tongues were found to be susceptible of beauties and graces, which, if not equal to those of the ancient ones, were at least more attainable. The Italians having first set the example, Latin was no longer used in works of taste; it was confined to books of science, and the politer nations have banished it even from these. The Scots, we may presume, would have had no cause to regret this change in the public taste, and would still have been able to maintain some equality with other nations, in their pursuit of literary honour. The English and Scottish languages, derived from the same sources, were, at the end of the sixteenth century, in a state nearly similar, differing from one another somewhat in orthography, though not only the words, but the idioms were much the same. The letters of several Scottish statesmen of that age are not inferior in elegance, or in purity, to those of the English ministers with whom they corresponded. James himself was master of a style far from contemptible; and, by his example and encouragement, the Scottish language might have kept pace with the English in refinement. Scotland might have had a series of authors in its own, as well as in the Latin language, to boast of; and the improvements in taste, in the arts, and in the sciences, which spread over the other polished nations of Europe, would not have been unknown there.

But, at the very time when other nations were beginning to drop the use of Latin in works of taste, and to make trial of the strength and compass of their own languages, Scotland ceased to be a kingdom. The transports of joy, which the accession at first occasioned, were soon over: and the Scots being at once deprived of all the objects that refine or animate a people; of the presence of their prince; of the concourse of nobles; of the splendour and elegance of a court, an universal dejection of spirit seems to have seized the nation. The court being withdrawn, no domestic standard of propriety and correctness of speech remained; the few compositions that Scotland produced were tried by the English standard, and every word or phrase that varied in the least from that, was condemned as barbarous; whereas, if the two nations had continued distinct, each might have retained idioms and forms of speech peculiar to itself; and these, rendered fashionable by the example of a court, and supported by the authority of writers of reputation,

might have been viewed in the same light with the varieties occasioned by the different dialects in the Greek tongue; they even might have been considered as beauties; and in many cases might have been used promiscuously by the authors of both nations. But, by the accession, the English naturally became the sole judges and lawgivers in language, and rejected, as solecisms, every form of speech to which their ear was not accustomed. Nor did the Scots, while the intercourse between the two nations was inconsiderable, and ancient prejudices were still so violent as to prevent imitation, possess the means of refining their own tongue according to the purity of the English standard. On the contrary, new corruptions flowed into it from every different source. The clergy of Scotland, in that age, were more eminent for piety than for learning; and though there did not arise many authors among them, yet being in possession of the privilege of discoursing publicly to the people, and their sermons being too long, and, perhaps, too frequent, such hasty productions could not be elegant, and many slovenly and incorrect modes of expression may be traced back to that original. The pleadings of lawyers were equally loose and inaccurate; and that profession having furnished more authors, and the matter of which they treat mingling daily in common discourse and business, many of those vicious forms of speech, which are denominated 'Scotticisms,' have been introduced by them into the language. Nor did either the language or public taste receive any improvement in parliament, where a more liberal and more correct eloquence might have been expected. All business was transacted there by the lords of articles; and they were so servilely devoted to the court, that few debates arose; and, prior to the revolution, none were conducted with the spirit and vigour natural to a popular assembly.

Thus, during the whole seventeenth century, the English were gradually refining their language and their taste: in Scotland the former was much debased, and the latter almost entirely lost. In the beginning of that period, both nations were emerging out of barbarity; but the distance between them, which was then inconsiderable, became, before the end of it, immense. Even after science had once dawned upon them, the Scots seemed to be sinking back into ignorance and obscurity; and, active and intelligent as they naturally are, they continued, while other nations were eager in the pursuit of fame and knowledge, in a state of languor. This, however, must be imputed to the unhappiness of their political situation, not to any defect of genius; for no sooner was the one removed in any degree, than the other began to display itself. The act abolishing the power of the lords of articles, and other salutary laws passed at the revolution, having introduced freedom of debate into the Scottish parliament, eloquence, with all the arts that accompany or perfect it, became immediate objects of attention: and the example of Fletcher of Salton, alone, is sufficient to show that the Scots were still capable of generous sentiments, and, notwithstanding some peculiar idioms, were able to express themselves with energy, and with elegance.

At length, the union having incorporated the two nations, and rendered them one people, the distinctions which had subsisted for many ages gradually wear away; peculiarities disappear; the same manners prevail in both parts of the island; the same authors are read and admired; the same entertainments are frequented by the elegant and polite; and the same standard of taste, and of purity in language, is established. The Scots, after being placed, during a whole century, in a situation no less fatal to the liberty than to the taste and genius of the nation, were at once put in possession of privileges more valuable than those which their ancestors had formerly enjoyed; and every obstruction that had retarded their pursuit, or prevented their acquisition of literary fame, was totally removed.

V. MISCELLANEOUS WRITERS.

SAMUEL JOHNSON.

Born 1709. Died 1784.

SHAKSPEARE.

That praises are without reason lavished on the dead, and that the honours due only to excellence are paid to antiquity, is a complaint, likely to be always continued by those, who being able to add nothing to

truth, hope for eminence from the heresies of paradox; or those, who, being forced by disappointment upon consolatory expedients, are willing to hope from posterity what the present age refuses, and flatter themselves that the regard which is yet denied by envy, will be at last bestowed by time.

Antiquity, like every other quality that attracts the notice of mankind, has undoubtedly votaries that reverence it, not from reason, but from prejudice. Some seem to admire indiscriminately whatever has been long preserved, without considering that time has sometimes co-operated with chance; all perhaps are more willing to honour past than present excellence; and the mind contemplates genius through the shades of age, as the eye surveys the sun through artificial opacity. The great contention of criticism is to find the faults of the moderns, and the beauties of the ancients. While an author is yet living, we estimate his powers by his worst performance: and when he is dead, we rate them by his best.

To works, however, of which the excellence is not absolute and definite, but gradual and comparative; to works not raised upon principles demonstrative and scientific, but appealing wholly to observation and experience; no other test can be applied than length of duration and continuance of esteem. What mankind have long possessed they have often examined and compared, and if they persist to value the possession, it is because frequent comparisons have confirmed opinion in its favour. As among the works of nature no man can properly call a river deep, or a mountain high, without the knowledge of many mountains, and many rivers; so in the production of genius, nothing can be styled excellent till it has been compared with other works of the same kind. Demonstration immediately displays its power, and has nothing to hope or fear from the flux of years; but works tentative and experimental must be estimated by their proportion of the general and collective ability of man, as it is discovered in a long succession of endeavours. Of the first building that was raised, it might be with certainty determined that it was round or square; but whether it was spacious or lofty must have been referred to time. The Pythagorean scale of numbers was at once discovered to be perfect; but the poems of Homer we yet know not to transcend the common limits of human intelligence, but by remarking, that nation after nation, and century after century, has been able to do little more than transpose his incidents, new name his characters, and paraphrase his sentiments.

The reverence due to writings that have long subsisted arises therefore not from any credulous confidence in the superior wisdom of past ages, or gloomy persuasion of the degeneracy of mankind, but is the consequence of acknowledged, indubitable positions, that what has been longest known has been most considered, and what is most considered is best understood.

The poet, of whose works I have undertaken the revision, may now begin to assume the dignity of an ancient, and claim the privilege of an established fame and prescriptive veneration. He has long outlived his century, the term commonly fixed as the test of literary merit. Whatever advantages he might once derive from personal allusions, local customs, or temporary opinions, have for many years been lost; and every topic of merriment or motive of sorrow, which the modes of artificial life afforded him, now only obscure the scenes which they once illuminated. The effects of favour and competition are at an end the tradition of his friendships and his enmities has perished; his works support no opinion with arguments, nor supply any faction with invectives; they can neither indulge vanity, nor gratify malignity; but are read without any other reason than the desire of pleasure, and are therefore praised only as pleasure is obtained; yet, thus unassisted by interest or passion, they have past through variations of taste and changes of manners, and, as they devolved from one generation to another, have received new honours at every transmission.

But because human judgment, though it be gradually gaining upon certainty, never becomes infallible; and approbation, though long continued, may yet be only the approbation of prejudice or fashion; it is proper to inquire, by what peculiarities of excellence Shakspeare has gained and kept the favour of his countrymen.

Nothing can please many, and please long, but just representations of general nature. Particular manners can be known to few, and therefore few only can judge how nearly they are copied. The irregular combinations of fanciful invention may delight awhile, by that novelty of which the common satiety of life sends us all in quest: the pleasures of sudden wonder are soon exhausted, and the mind can only repose on the stability of truth.

Shakspeare is above all writers, at least above all modern writers, the poet of nature; the poet that holds up to his readers

a faithful mirror of manners and of life. His characters are not modified by the customs of particular places, unpractised by the rest of the world; by the peculiarities of studies or professions, which can operate but upon small numbers; or by the accidents of transient fashions or temporary opinions: they are the genuine progeny of common humanity, such as the world will always supply, and observation will always find. His persons act and speak by the influence of those general passions and principles by which all minds are agitated, and the whole system of life is continued in motion. In the writings of other poets a character is too often an individual: in those of Shakspeare it is commonly a species.

It is from this wide extension of design that so much instruction is derived. It is this which fills the plays of Shakspeare with practical axioms and domestic wisdom. It was said of Euripides, that every verse was a precept; and it may be said of Shakspeare, that from his works may be collected a system of civil and economical prudence. Yet his real power is not shown in the splendour of particular passages, but by the progress of his fable, and the tenour of his dialogue; and he that tries to recommend him by select quotations, will succeed like the pedant in Hierocles, who, when he offered his house to sale, carried a brick in his pocket as a specimen.

It will not easily be imagined how much Shakspeare excels in accommodating his sentiments to real life, but by comparing him with other authors. It was observed of the ancient schools of declamation, that the more diligently they were frequented, the more was the student disqualified for the world, because he found nothing there which he should ever meet in any other place. The same remark may be applied to every stage but that of Shakspeare. The theatre, when it is under any other direction, is peopled by such characters as were never seen, conversing in a language which was never heard, upon topics which will never arise in the commerce of mankind. But the dialogue of this author is often so evidently determined by the incident which produces it, and is pursued with so much ease and simplicity, that it seems scarcely to claim the merit of fiction, but to have been gleaned by diligent selection out of common conversation, and common occurrences.

Upon every other stage the universal agent is love, by whose power all good and evil is distributed, and every action quickened or retarded. To bring a lover, a lady, and a rival into the fable; to entangle them in contradictory obligations, perplex them with oppositions of interest, and harass them with violence of desires inconsistent with each other; to make them meet in rapture, and part in agony; to fill their mouths with hyperbolical joy and outrageous sorrow: to distress them as nothing human ever was distressed; to deliver them as nothing human ever was delivered; is the business of a modern dramatist. For this, probability is violated, life is misrepresented, and language is depraved. But love is only one of many passions, and as it has no great influence upon the sum of life, it has little operation in the dramas of a poet, who caught his ideas from the living world, and exhibited only what he saw before him. He knew, that any other passion, as it was regular or exorbitant, was a cause of happiness or calamity.

Characters thus ample and general were not easily discriminated and preserved, yet perhaps no poet ever kept his personages more distinct from each other. I will not say with Pope, that every speech may be assigned to the proper speaker, because many speeches there are which have nothing characteristical; but, perhaps, though some may be equally adapted to every person, it will be difficult to find any that can be properly transferred from the present possessor to another claimant. The choice is right, when there is reason for choice.

Other dramatists can only gain attention by hyperbolical or aggravated characters, by fabulous and unexampled excellence or depravity, as the writers of barbarous romances invigorated the reader by a giant and a dwarf; and he that should from his expectation of human affairs form the play, or form the tale, would be equally deceived. Shakspeare has no heroes; his scenes are occupied only by men, who act and speak as the reader thinks that he should himself have spoken or acted on the same occasion: even where the agency is supernatural, the dialogue is level with life. Other writers disguise the most natural passions and most frequent incidents; so that he who contemplates them in the book will not know them in the world: Shakspeare approximates the remote, and familiarizes the wonderful; the event which he represents will not happen, but if it were possible, its effects would probably be such as he has assigned; and it may be said, that he has not only shown human nature as it acts in real exigencies, but as it would be found in trials, to which it cannot be exposed.

This therefore is the praise of Shakspeare, that his drama is the mirror of life; that he who has mazed his imagination, in following the phantoms which other writers raise up before him, may here be cured of his delirious extacies, by reading human sentiments in human language; by scenes from which a hermit may estimate the transactions of the world, and a confessor predict the progress of the passions.

The censure which he has incurred by mixing comic and tragic scenes, as it extends to all his works, deserves more consideration. Let the fact be first stated, and then examined.

Shakspeare's plays are not in the rigorous and critical sense either tragedies or comedies, but compositions of a distinct kind; exhibiting the real state of sublunary nature, which partakes of good and evil, joy and sorrow, mingled with endless variety of proportion and innumerable modes of combination; and expressing the course of the world, in which the loss of one is the gain of another; in which, at the same time, the reveller is hasting to his wine, and the mourner burying his friend; in which the malignity of one is sometimes defeated by the frolic of another; and many mischiefs and many benefits are done and hindered without design.

Out of this chaos of mingled purposes and casualties, the ancient poets, according to the laws which custom had prescribed, selected some the crimes of men, and some their absurdities; some the momentous vicissitudes of life, and some the lighter occurrences; some the terrors of distress, and some the gayeties of prosperity. Thus rose the two modes of imitation, known by the names of tragedy and comedy, compositions intended to promote different ends by contrary means, and considered as so little allied, that I do not recollect among the Greeks or Romans a single writer who attempted both.

Shakspeare has united the powers of exciting laughter and sorrow not only in one mind, but in one composition. Almost all his plays are divided between serious and ludicrous characters, and, in the successive evolutions of the design, sometimes produce seriousness and sorrow, and sometimes levity and laughter.

That this is a practice contrary to the rules of criticism will be readily allowed; but there is always an appeal open from criticism to nature. The end of writing is to instruct; the end of poetry is to instruct by pleasing. That the mingled drama may convey all the instruction of tragedy or comedy cannot be denied, because it includes both in its alternations of exhibition, and approaches nearer than either to the appearance of life, by showing how great machinations and slender designs may promote or obviate one another, and the high and the low co-operate in the general system by unavoidable concatenation.

It is objected, that by this change of scenes the passions are interrupted in their progression, and that the principal event, being not advanced by a due gradation of preparatory incidents, wants at last the power to move, which constitutes the perfection of dramatic poetry. This reasoning is so specious, that it is received as true even by those who in daily experience feel it to be false. The interchanges of mingled scenes seldom fail to produce the intended vicissitudes of passion. Fiction cannot move so much, but that the attention may be easily transferred; and though it must be allowed that pleasing melancholy may be sometimes interrupted by unwelcome levity, yet let it be considered likewise, that melancholy is often not pleasing, and that the disturbance of one man may be the relief of another; that different auditors have different habitudes; and that, upon the whole, all pleasure consists in variety.

Shakspeare engaged in dramatic poetry with the world open before him; the rules of the ancients were yet known to few; the public judgment was unformed; he had no example of such fame as might force him upon imitation, nor critics of such authority as might restrain his extravagance: he therefore indulged his natural disposition, and his disposition, as Rymer has remarked, led him to comedy. In tragedy he often writes with great appearance of toil and study, what is written at last with little felicity; but in his comic scenes, he seems to produce without labour, what no labour can improve. In tragedy he is always struggling after some occasion to be comic; but in comedy he seems to repose, or to luxuriate, as in a mode of thinking congenial to his nature. In his tragic scenes there is always something wanting, but his comedy often surpasses expectation or desire. His comedy pleases by the thoughts and the language, and his tragedy for the greater part by incident and action. His tragedy seems to be skill, his comedy to be instinct.

The force of his comic scenes has suffered little diminution from the changes made by

a century and a half, in manners or in words. As his personages act upon principles arising from genuine passion, very little modified by particular forms, their pleasures and vexations are communicable to all times and to all places; they are natural, and therefore durable: the adventitious peculiarities of personal habits, are only superficial dyes, bright and pleasing for a little while, yet soon fading to a dim tinct, without any remains of former lustre: and the discrimination of true passion are the colours of nature; they pervade the whole mass, and can only perish with the body that exhibits them. The accidental compositions of heterogeneous modes are dissolved by the chance that combined them; but the uniform simplicity of primitive qualities neither admits increase, nor suffers decay. The sand heaped by one flood is scattered by another, but the rock always continues in its place. The stream of time, which is continually washing the dissoluble fabrics of other poets, passes without injury by the adamant of Shakspeare.

If there be, what I believe there is, in every nation, a style which never becomes obsolete, a certain mode of phraseology so consonant and congenial to the analogy and principles of its respective language, as to remain settled and unaltered; this style is probably to be sought in the common intercourse of life, among those who speak only to be understood, without ambition of elegance. The polite are always catching modish innovations, and the learned depart from established forms of speech, in hope of finding or making better; those who wish for distinction forsake the vulgar, when the vulgar is right: but there is a conversation above grossness and below refinement, where propriety resides, and where this poet seems to have gathered his comic dialogue. He is therefore more agreeable to the ears of the present age than any other author equally remote, and among his other excellencies deserves to be studied as one of the original masters of our language.

These observations are to be considered not as unexceptionably constant, but as containing general and predominant truth. Shakspeare's familiar dialogue is affirmed to be smooth and clear, yet not wholly without ruggedness or difficulty; as a country may be eminently fruitful, though it has spots unfit for cultivation: his characters are praised as natural, though their sentiments are sometimes forced, and their actions improbable; as the earth upon the whole is spherical, though its surface is varied with protuberances and cavities.

It will be thought strange, that, in enumerating the defects of this writer, I have not yet mentioned his neglect of the unities; his violation of those laws which have been instituted and established by the joint authority of poets and of critics.

For his other deviations from the art of writing, I resign him to critical justice, without making any other demand in his favour, than that which must be indulged to all human excellence; that his virtues be rated with his failings: but, from the censure which this irregularity may bring upon him, I shall, with due reverence to that learning which I must oppose, adventure to try how I can defend him.

His histories, being neither tragedies nor comedies, are not subject to any of their laws: nothing more is necessary to all the praise which they expect, than that the changes of action be so prepared as to be understood, that the incidents be various and affecting, and the characters consistent, natural, and distinct. No other unity is intended, and therefore none is to be sought.

In his other works he has well enough preserved the unity of action. He has not, indeed, an intrigue regularly perplexed and regularly unravelled; he does not endeavour to hide his design only to discover it, for this is seldom the order of real events, and Shakspeare is the poet of nature: but his plan has commonly what Aristotle requires, a beginning, a middle, and an end; one event is concatenated with another, and the conclusion follows by easy consequence. There are perhaps some incidents that might be spared, as in other poets there is much talk that only fills up time upon the stage; but the general system makes gradual advances, and the end of the play is the end of expectation.

To the unities of time and place he has shown no regard; and perhaps a nearer view of the principles on which they stand will diminish their value, and withdraw from them the veneration which, from the time of Corneille, they have very generally received, by discovering that they have given more trouble to the poet, than pleasure to the auditor.

The necessity of observing the unities of time and place arises from the supposed necessity of making the drama credible. The critics hold it impossible, that an action of months or years can be possibly believed to pass in three hours; or that the spectator can suppose himself to sit in the theatre, while ambassadors go and return between distant kings, while armies are levied and towns besieged, while an exile wanders and

returns, or till he whom they saw courting his mistress, shall lament the untimely fall of his son. The mind revolts from evident falsehood, and fiction loses its force when it departs from the resemblance of reality.

From the narrow limitation of time necessarily arises the contraction of place. The spectator, who knows that he saw the first Act at Alexandria, cannot suppose that he sees the next at Rome, at a distance to which not the dragons of Medea could, in so short a time, have transported him; he knows with certainty that he has not changed his place; and he knows that place cannot change itself; that what was a house cannot become a plain; that what was Thebes can never be Persepolis.

Such is the triumphant language with which a critic exults over the misery of an irregular poet, and exults commonly without resistance or reply. It is time therefore to tell him, by the authority of Shakspeare, that he assumes, as an unquestionable principle, a position, which, while his breath is forming it into words, his understanding pronounces to be false. It is false, that any representation is mistaken for reality; that any dramatic fable in its materiality was ever credible, or for a single moment, was ever credited.

The objection arising from the impossibility of passing the first hour at Alexandria, and the next at Rome, supposes, that when the play opens, the spectator really imagines himself at Alexandria, and believes that his walk to the theatre has been a voyage to Egypt, and that he lives in the days of Anthony and Cleopatra. Surely he that imagines this may imagine more. He that can take the stage at one time for the palace of the Ptolemies, may take it in half an hour for the promontory of Actium. Delusion, if delusion be admitted, has no certain limitation; if the spectator can be once persuaded, that his old acquaintance are Alexander and Cæsar, that a room illuminated with candles is the plain of Pharsalia, or the bank of Granicus, he is in a state of elevation above the reach of reason, or of truth, and from the heights of empyrean poetry, may despise the circumscriptions of terrestrial nature. There is no reason why a mind thus wandering in ecstacy should count the clock, or why an hour should not be a century in that calenture of the brains that can make the stage a field.

The truth is, that the spectators are always in their senses, and know, from the first act to the last, that the stage is only a stage, and that the players are only players. They come to hear a certain number of lines recited with just gesture and elegant modulation. The lines relate to some action, and an action must be in some place: but the different actions that complete a story may be in places very remote from each other; and where is the absurdity of allowing that space to represent first Athens, and then Sicily, which was always known to be neither Sicily nor Athens, but a modern theatre.

By supposition, as place is introduced, time may be extended; the time required by the fable elapses for the most part between the acts; for, of so much of the action as is represented, the real and poetical duration is the same. If, in the first act, preparations for war against Mithridates are represented to be made in Rome, the event of the war may, without absurdity, be represented, in the catastrophe, happening in Pontus; we know that there is neither war, nor preparation for war; we know that we are neither in Rome nor Pontus; that neither Mithridates nor Lucullus are before us. The drama exhibits successive imitations of successive actions, and why may not the second imitation represent an action that happened years after the first; if it be so connected with it, that nothing but time can be supposed to intervene? Time is, of all modes of existence, most obsequious to the imagination; a lapse of years is as easily conceived as a passage of hours. In contemplation we easily contract the time of real actions, and therefore willingly permit it to be contracted when we only see their imitation.

It will be asked, how the drama moves, if it is not credited. It is credited with all the credit due to a drama. It is credited, whenever it moves, as a just picture of a real original; as representing to the auditor what he would himself feel, if he were to do or suffer what is there feigned to be suffered or to be done. The reflection that strikes the heart is not, that the evils before us are real evils, but that they are evils to which ourselves may be exposed. If there be any fallacy, it is not that we fancy the players, but that we fancy ourselves unhappy for a moment; but we rather lament the possibility than suppose the presence of misery, as a mother weeps over her babe, when she remembers that death may take it from her. The delight of tragedy proceeds from our consciousness of fiction; if we thought murders and treasons real, they would please no more.

Imitations produce pain or pleasure, not because they are mistaken for realities, but

because they bring realities to mind. When the imagination is recreated by a painted landscape, the trees are not supposed capable to give us shade, or the fountains coolness; but we consider, how we should be pleased with such fountains playing beside us, and such woods waving over us. We are agitated in reading the history of Henry the Fifth, yet no man takes his book for the field of Agincourt. A dramatic exhibition is a book recited with concomitants that increase or diminish its effect. Familiar comedy is often more powerful on the theatre, than in the page; imperial tragedy is always less. The humour of Petruchio may be heightened by grimace: but what voice or what gesture can hope to add dignity or force to the soliloquy of Cato?

A play read, affects the mind like a play acted. It is therefore evident, that the action is not supposed to be real; and it follows, that between the acts a longer or shorter time may be allowed to pass, and that no more account of space or duration is to be taken by the auditor of a drama, than by the reader of a narrative, before whom may pass in an hour the life of a hero or the revolutions of an empire.

Whether Shakspeare knew the unities, and rejected them by design, or deviated from them by happy ignorance, it is, I think, impossible to decide, and useless to inquire. We may reasonably suppose, that, when he rose to notice, he did not want the counsels and admonitions of scholars and critics, and that he at last deliberately persisted in a practice, which he might have begun by chance. As nothing is essential to the fable, but unity of action, and as the unities of time and place arise evidently from false assumptions, and, by circumscribing the extent of the drama, lessen its variety, I cannot think it much to be lamented, that they were not known by him, or not observed: nor, if such another poet could arise, should I very vehemently reproach him, that his first act passed at Venice, and his next in Cyprus. Such violations of rules merely positive, become the comprehensive genius of Shakspeare, and such censures are suitable to the minute and slender criticism of Voltaire:

> Non usque adeo permiscuit imis
> Longus summa dies, ut non, si voce Metelli
> Serventur leges, malint a Cæsare tolli.

Yet when I speak thus slightly of dramatic rules, I cannot but recollect how much wit and learning may be produced against me; before such authorities I am afraid to stand, not that I think the present question one of those that are to be decided by mere authority, but because it is to be suspected, that these precepts have not been so easily received, but for better reasons than I have yet been able to find. The result of my inquiries, in which it would be ludicrous to boast of impartiality, is, that the unities of time and place are not essential to a just drama; that though they may sometimes conduce to pleasure, they are always to be sacrificed to the nobler beauties of variety and instruction; and that a play, written with nice observation of critical rules, is to be contemplated as an elaborate curiosity, as the product of superfluous and ostentatious art, by which is shown, rather what is possible, than what is necessary.

He that, without diminution of any other excellence, shall preserve all the unities unbroken, deserves the like applause with the architect, who shall display all the orders of architecture in a citadel, without any deduction from its strength: but the principal beauty of a citadel is to exclude the enemy; and the greatest graces of a play are to copy nature, and instruct life.

Perhaps, what I have here not dogmatically but deliberately written, may recall the principles of the drama to a new examination. I am almost frighted at my own temerity; and when I estimate the fame and the strength of those that maintain the contrary opinion, am ready to sink down in reverential silence; as Æneas withdrew from the defence of Troy, when he saw Neptune shaking the wall, and Juno leading the besiegers.

Voltaire expresses his wonder, that our author's extravagancies are endured by a nation, which has seen the tragedy of Cato. Let him be answered, that Addison speaks the language of poets, and Shakspeare, of men. We find in Cato innumerable beauties which enamour us of its author, but we see nothing that acquaints us with human sentiments or human actions; we place it with the fairest and the noblest progeny which judgment propagates by conjunction with learning; but Othello is the vigorous and vivacious offspring of observation impregnated by genius. Cato affords a splendid exhibition of artificial and fictitious manners, and delivers just and noble sentiments, in diction easy, elevated, and harmonious, but its hopes and fears communicate no vibration to the heart; the composition refers us only to the writer; we pronounce the name of Cato, but we think on Addison.

The work of a correct and regular writer is a garden accurately formed and diligent-

ly planted, varied with shades, and scented with flowers: the composition of Shakspeare is a forest, in which oaks extend their brsnches, and pines tower in the air, interspersed sometimes with weeds and brambles, and sometimes giving shelter to myrtles and to roses; filling the eye with awful pomp, and gratifying the mind with endless diversity. Other poets display cabinets of precious rarities, minutely finished, wrought into shape, and polished into brightness. Shakspeare opens a mine which contains gold and diamonds in nnexhaustible plenty, though clouded by incrustations, debased by impurities, and mingled with a mass of meaner minerals.

There is a vigilance of observation and accuracy of distinction which books and precepts cannot confer; from this almost all original and native excellence proceeds. Shakspeare must have looked upon mankind with perspicacity, in the highest degree curious and attentive. Other writers borrow their characters from preceding writers, and diversify them only by the accidental appendages of present manners; the dress is a little varied, but the body is the same. Our author had both matter and form to provide: for, except the characters of Chaucer, to whom I think he is not much indebted; there were no writers in English, and perhaps not many in other modern languages, which showed life in its native colours.

The contest about the original benevolence or malignity of man had not yet commenced. Speculation had not yet attempted to analyse the mind, to trace the passions to their sources, to unfold the seminal principles of vice and virtue, or sound the depths of the heart for the motives of action. All those inquiries, which from that time that human nature became the fashionable study, have been made sometimes with nice discernment, but often with idle subtilty, were yet unattempted. The tales, with which the infancy of learning was satisfied, exhibited only the superficial appearances of action, related the events, but omitted the causes, and were formed for such as delighted in wonders rather than in truth. Mankind was not then to be studied in the closet: he that would know the world, was under the necessity of gleaning his own remarks; by mingling as he could in its business and amusements.

Boyle congratulated himself upon his high birth, because it favoured his curiosity, by facilitating his access. Shakspeare had no such advantage; he came to London a needy adventurer, and lived for a time by very mean employments. Many works of genius and learning have been performed in states of life that appear very little favourable to thought or to inquiry; so many, that he who considers them is inclined to think that he sees enterprize and perseverance predominating over all external agency, and bidding help and hindrance vanish before them. The genius of Shakspeare was not to be depressed by the weight of poverty, nor limited by the narrow conversation to which men in want are inevitably condemned; the incumbrances of his fortune were shaken from his mind, as dew-drops from a lion's mane.

Though he had so many difficulties to encounter, and so little assistance to surmount them, he has been able to obtain an exact knowledge of many modes of life, and many casts of native dispositions; to vary them with great multiplicity; to mark them by nice distinctions; and to show them in full view by proper combinations. In this part of his performances he had none to imitate, but has himself been imitated by all succeeding writers; and it may be doubted, whether from all his successors more maxims of theoretical knowledge, or more rules of practical prudence, can be collected, than he alone has given to his country.

Nor was his attention confined to the actions of men; he was an exact surveyor of the insnimate world; his descriptions have always some peculiarities, gathered by contemplating things as they really exist. It may be observed, that the oldest poets of many nations preserve their reputation, and that the following generations of wit, after a short celebrity, sink into oblivion. The first, whoever they be, must take their sentiments and descriptions immediately from knowledge; the resemblance is therefore just, their descriptions are verified by every eye, and their sentiments acknowledged by every breast. Those whom their fame invites to the same studies, copy partly them, and partly nature, till the books of one age gain such authority, as to stand in the place of nature to another, and imitation, always deviating a little, becomes at last capricious and casual. Shakspeare, whether life or nature be his subject, shows plainly, that he has seen with his own eyes; he gives the image which he receives, not weakened or distorted by the intervention of any other mind; the ignorant feel his representations to be just, and the learned see that they are complete.

Dr HUGH BLAIR.

Hugh Blair, born at Edinburgh 1718, was the contemporary and friend of Johnson to whom he was indebted for the prosperous commencement of his literary career. He was a professor of Rhetoric in his native town for the space of twenty four years, and during that time delivered those lectures which have earned him his reputation. He held also the office of minister in one of the churches at Edinburgh, in which situation he published a good many of his sermons, all of them remarkable for the elegance and taste of their style, and admired for their inculcating Christian morality without any allusion to controversial topics. Blair, however, shows himself in them to be far below the elder divines in force of expression, power of argumentation and elevation of thought. He died in the year 1800.

THE FOLLY AND MISERY OF IDLENESS.

The idle man lives not to himself, with any more advantage than he lives to the world. It is indeed on a supposition entirely opposite, that persons of this character proceed. They imagine that, how deficient soever they may be in point of duty, they at least consult their own satisfaction. They leave to others the drudgery of life, and betake themselves, as they think, to the quarter of enjoyment and ease. Now, in contradiction to this, I assert, and hope to prove, that the idle man, first, shuts the door against all improvement; next, that he opens it wide to every destructive folly; and, lastly, that he excludes himself from the true enjoyment of pleasure.

First, he shuts the door against improvement of every kind, whether of mind, body, or fortune. The law of our nature, the condition under which we were placed from our birth, is, that nothing good or great is to be acquired, without toil and industry. A price is appointed by Providence to be paid for every thing; and the price of improvement, is labour. Industry may, indeed, be sometimes disappointed. The race may not always be to the swift, nor the battle to the strong. But, at the same time, it is certain that, in the ordinary course of things, without strength, the battle cannot be gained; without swiftness, the race cannot be run with success. If we consult either the improvement of the mind, or the health of the body, it is well known that exercise is the great instrument of promoting both. Sloth enfeebles equally the bodily, and the mental powers. As in the animal system it engenders disease, so on the faculties of the soul it brings a fatal rust, which corrodes and wastes them; which, in a short time, reduces the brightest genius to the same level with the meanest understanding. The great differences which take place among men, are not owing to a distinction that nature has made in original powers, so much as to the superior diligence with which some have improved these powers beyond others. To no purpose do we possess the seeds of many great abilities, if they are suffered to lie dormant within us. It is not the latent possession, but the active exertion of them, which gives them merit. Thousands whom indolence has sunk into contemptible obscurity, might have come forward to the highest distinction, if idleness had not frustrated the effect of all their powers.

Instead of going on to improvement, all things go to decline, with the idle man. His character falls into contempt. His fortune is consumed. Disorder, confusion, and embarrassment, mark his whole situation. Observe in what lively colours the state of his affairs is described by Solomon. 'I went by the field of the slothful, and by the vineyard of the man void of understanding. And lo! it was all grown over with thorns; nettles had covered the face thereof; and the stone wall was broken down. Then I saw and considered it well. I looked upon it, and received instruction.' Is it in this manner, that a man lives to himself? Are these the advantages, which were expected to be found in the lap of ease? The down may at first have appeared soft; but it will soon be found to cover thorns innumerable. This is, however, only a small part of the evils which persons of this description bring on themselves; for,

In the second place, while in this manner they shut the door against every improvement, they open it wide to the most destructive vices and follies. The human mind cannot remain always unemployed. Its passions must have some exercise. If we supply them not with proper employment, they are sure to run loose into riot and disorder. While we are unoccupied by what is good, evil is continually at hand; and hence it is said in Scripture, that as soon as Satan 'found the house empty,' he took possession, and filled it 'with evil spirits.' Every man who recollects his conduct, may be satisfied, that his hours of idleness have always proved the hours most dangerous to virtue. It was then, that criminal desires arose; guilty pursuits were suggested; and designs were formed, which in

their issne, have disquieted and embittered his whole life. If seasons of idleness are dangerous, what must a continued habit of it prove? Habitual indolence, by a silent and secret progress, nndermines every virtue in the soul. More violent passions run their course, and terminate. They are like rapid torrents, which foam, and swell, and bear down every thing before them. Bnt after having overflowed their banks, their impetnosity subsides. They return, by degrees, into their natural channel; and the damage which they have done, can be repaired. Sloth is like the slowly-flowing, putrid stream, which stagnates in the marsh, breeds venomous animals, and poisonous plants; and infects with pestilential vapours the whole country ronnd it. Having once tainted the soul, it leaves no part of it sound; and, at the same time, gives not those alarms to conscience, which the eruptions of bolder and fiercer emotions often occasion. The disease which it brings on, is creeping and insidions; and is, on that acconnt, more certainly mortal.

One constant effect of idleness, is to nourish the passions, and, of course, to heighten our demands for gratification; while it nnhappily withdraws from ns the proper means of gratifying these demands. If the desires of the industrious man are set upon opulence or distinction, npon the conveniencies, or the advantages of life, he can accomplish his desires, by methods which are fair and allowable. The idle man has the same desires with the industrious, but not the same resonrces for compassing his ends by honourable means. He must therefore turn himself to seek by fraud, or by violence, what he cannot submit to acquire by industry. Hence, the origin of those mnltiplied crimes to which idleness is daily giving birth in the world; and which contribute so much to violate the order, and to disturb the peace, of society. In genoral, the children of idleness may be ranked under two denominations or classes of men. Either, incapable of any effort, they are snch as sink into absolute meanness of character, and contentedly wallow with the drunkard and debauchee, among the herd of the sensual, nntil poverty overtakes them, or disease cuts them off; or, they are such as, retaining some remains of vigour, are impelled, by their passions, to venture on a desperate attempt for retrieving their ruined fortunes. In this case, they employ the art of the fraudulent gamester to insnare the unwary. They issne forth with the highwayman to plunder on the road; or with the thief and the robber, they infest the city by night. From this class, onr prisons are peopled; and by them the scaffold is furnished with those melancholy admonitions, which are so often delivered from it to the crowd. Such are frequently the tragical, bnt well known, consequences of the vice of idleness.

In the third, and last place, how dangerous soever idleness may be to virtue, are there not pleasures, it may be said, which attend it? Is there not ground to plead, that it brings a release from the oppressive cares of the world; and sooths the mind with a gentle satisfaction, which is not to be found amidst the toils of a busy and active life? — This is an advantage which, least of all others, we admit it to possess. In behalf of incessant labour, no man contends. Occasional release from toil, and indulgence of ease, is what nature demands, and virtue allows. But what we assert is, that nothing is so great an enemy to the lively and spirited enjoyment of life, as a relaxed and indolent habit of mind. He who knows not what it is to labonr, knows not what it is to enjoy. The felicity of human life, depends on the regular prosecution of some laudable purpose or object, which keeps awake and enlivens all our powers. Our happiness consists in the pnrsuit, much more than in the attainment, of any temporal good. Rest is agreeable; but it is only from preceding labours, that rest acqnires its true relish. When the mind is snffered to remain in continued inaction, all its powers decay. It soon languishes and sickens; and the pleasures which it proposed to obtain from rest, end in tediousness and insipidity. To this, let that miserable set of men bear witness, who, after spending a great part of their life in active industry, have retired to what they fancied was to be a pleasing enjoyment of themselves, in wealthy inactivity, and profound repose. Where they expected to find an elysium, they have found nothing but a dreary and comfortless waste. Their days have dragged on, in uniform languor; with the melancholy remembrance often returning, of the cheerful honrs they passed, when they were engaged in the honest business, and labours of the world.

We appeal to every one who has the least knowledge or observation of life, whether the busy, or the idle, have the most agreeable enjoyment of themselves? Compare them in the societies with which they mingle; and remark, which of them discover most cheerfulness and gaiety, which possess the most regular flow of spirits; whose temper is most eqnal; whose good humour,

most unclouded. While the active and diligent both enliven, and enjoy society, the idle are not only a burden to themselves, but a burden to those with whom they are connected; a nuisance to all whom they oppress with their company.

Enough has now been said to convince every thinking person, of the folly, the guilt, and the misery, of an idle state. Let these admonitions stir us up to exert ourselves in our different occupations, with that virtuous activity which becomes men and Christians. Let us arise from the bed of sloth; distribute our time with attention and care; and improve to advantage the opportunities which Providence has bestowed. The material business in which our several stations engage us, may often prove not sufficient to occupy the whole of our time and attention. In the life even of busy men, there are frequent intervals of leisure. Let them take care, that into these, none of the vices of idleness creep. Let some secondary, some subsidiary employment, of a fair and laudable kind, be always at hand to fill up those vacant spaces of life, which too many assign, either to corrupting amusements, or to mere inaction. We ought never to forget, that entire idleness always borders, either on misery, or on guilt.

At the same time, let the course of our employments be ordered in such a manner, that in carrying them on, we may be also promoting our eternal interest. With the business of the world, let us properly intermix the exercises of devotion. By religious duties, and virtuous actions, let us study to prepare ourselves for a better world. In the midst of our labours for this life, it ought never to be forgotten, that we must 'first seek the kingdom of God, and his righteousness; and give diligence to make our calling and election sure': otherwise, how active soever we may seem to be, our whole activity will prove only a laborious idleness: we shall appear in the end, to have been busy to no purpose, or to a purpose worse than none. Then only we fulfil the proper character of Christians, when we join that pious zeal which becomes us as the servants of God, with that industry which is required of us, as good members of society; when, according to the exhortation of the Apostle, we are found 'not slothful in business,' and, at the same time, 'fervent in spirit, serving the Lord.'

THE CHOICE OF OUR SITUATION IN LIFE, A POINT OF GREAT IMPORTANCE.

The influence of a new situation of external fortune is so great; it gives so different a turn to our temper and affections, to our views and desires, that no man can foretell what his character would prove, should he be either raised or depressed in his circumstances, in a remarkable degree; or placed in some sphere of action, widely different from that to which he has been accustomed in former life.

The seeds of various qualities, good and bad, lie in all our hearts. But until proper occasions ripen, and bring them forward, they lie there inactive and dead. They are covered up and concealed within the recesses of our nature: or, if they spring up at all, it is under such an appearance as is frequently mistaken, even by ourselves. Pride, for instance, in certain situations, has no opportunity of displaying itself, but as magnanimity, or sense of honour. Avarice appears as necessary and laudable economy. What in one station of life would discover itself to be cowardice and baseness of mind, passes in another for prudent circumspection. What in the fulness of power would prove to be cruelty and oppression, is reputed, in a subordinate rank, no more than the exercise of proper discipline. For a while, the man is known neither by the world, nor by himself, to be what he truly is. But bring him into a new situation of life, which accords with his predominant disposition; which strikes on certain latent qualities of his soul, and awakens them into action; and as the leaves of a flower gradually unfold to the sun, so shall all his true character open full to view.

This may, in one light, be accounted not so much an alteration of character, produced by a change of circumstances, as a discovery brought forth of the real character, which formerly lay concealed. Yet, at the same time, it is true that the man himself undergoes a change. For opportunity being given for certain dispositions, which had been dormant, to exert themselves without restraint, they of course gather strength. By means of the ascendency which they gain, other parts of the temper are borne down; and thus an alteration is made in the whole structure and system of the soul. He is a truly wise and good man, who, through Divine assistance, remains superior to this influence of fortune on his character: who, having once imbibed worthy sentiments, and established proper principles of action, continues constant to these, whatever his circumstances be; maintains, throughout all the changes of his life, one uniform and supported tenour of conduct; and what he abhorred as evil and wicked in the beginning of his days, continues to abhor to the

end. But how rare is it to meet with this honourable consistency among men, while they are passing through the different stations and periods of life! When they are setting out in the world, before their minds have been greatly misled or debased, they glow with generous emotions, and look with contempt on what is sordid and guilty. But advancing farther in life, and inured by degrees to the crooked ways of men; pressing through the crowd, and the bustle of the world; obliged to contend with this man's craft, and that man's scorn; accustomed, sometimes, to conceal their sentiments, and often to stifle their feelings, they become at last hardened in heart, and familiar with corruption. Who would not drop a tear over this sad, but frequent fall of human probity and honour? Who is not humbled, when he beholds the refined sentiments and high principles on which we are so ready to value ourselves, brought to such a shameful issue; and man, with all his boasted attainments of reason, discovered so often to be the creature of his external fortune, moulded and formed by the incidents of his life?

Let us for a moment reflect on the dangers which arise from stations of power and greatness; especially, when the elevation of men to these has been rapid and sudden. Few have the strength of mind which is requisite for bearing such a change with temperance and self-command. The respect which is paid to the great, and the scope which their condition affords for the indulgence of pleasure, are perilous circumstances to virtue. When men live among their equals, and are accustomed to encounter the hardships of life, they are of course reminded of their mutual dependence on each other, and of the dependence of all upon God. But when they are highly exalted above their fellows, they meet with few objects to awaken serious reflection, and with many to feed and inflame their passions. They are apt to separate their interest from that of all around them; to wrap themselves up in their vain grandeur; and, in the lap of indolence and selfish pleasure, to acquire a cold indifference to the concerns even of those whom they call their friends. The fancied independence into which they are lifted up, is adverse to sentiments of piety, as well as of humanity, in their heart.

But we are not to imagine, that elevated stations in the world furnish the only formidable trials to which our virtue is exposed. It will be found, that we are liable to no fewer, nor less dangerous temptations, from the opposite extreme of poverty and depression. When men who have known better days are thrown down into abject situations of fortune, their spirits are broken, and their tempers soured: envy rankles in their breast at such as are more successful: the providence of Heaven is accused in secret murmurs; and the sense of misery is ready to push them into atrocious crimes, in order to better their state. Among the inferior classes of mankind, craft and dishonesty are too often found to prevail. Low and penurious circumstances depress the human powers. They deprive men of the proper means of knowledge and improvement; and where ignorance is gross, it is always in hazard of engendering profligacy.

Hence it has been, generally, the opinion of wise men in all ages, that there is a certain middle condition of life, equally remote from either of those extremes of fortune, which, though it wants not also its own dangers, yet is, on the whole, the state most favourable both to virtue and to happiness. For there, luxury and pride on the one hand, have not opportunity to enervate or intoxicate the mind, nor want and dependence on the other, to sink and debase it; there, all the native affections of the soul have the freest and fairest exercise, the equality of men is felt, friendships are formed, and improvements of every sort are pursued with most success; there, men are prompted to industry without being overcome by toil, and their powers called forth into exertion, without being either superseded by too much abundance, or baffled by insuperable difficulties; there, a mixture of comforts and of wants, at once awakens their gratitude to God, and reminds them of their dependence on his aid; and therefore, in this state, men seem to enjoy life to most advantage, and to be least exposed to the snares of vice.

From what has been said, we learn the importance of attending, with the utmost care, to the choice which we make of our employment and condition in life. It has been shown, that our external situation frequently operates powerfully on our moral character; and by consequence that it is strictly connected, not only with our temporal welfare, but with our everlasting happiness or misery. He who might have passed unblamed, and upright, through certain walks of life, by unhappily choosing a road where he meets with temptations too strong for his virtue, precipitates himself into shame here, and into endless ruin hereafter. Yet how often is the determination of this most important article left to the chance of accidental

connexions, or submitted to the option of youthful fancy and humour! When it is made the subject of serious deliberation, how seldom have they, on whom the decision of it depends, any further view than so to dispose of one who is coming out into life, as that he may the soonest become rich, or, as it is expressed, make his way to most advantage in the world! Are there no other objects than this to be attended to, in fixing the plan of life? Are there not sacred and important interests which deserve to be consulted? — We would not willingly place one whose welfare we studied, in a situation for which we were convinced that his abilities were unequal. These, therefore, we examine with care; and on them we rest the ground of our decision. It is, however, certain, that not abilities merely, but the turn of the temper and the heart, require to be examined with equal attention, in forming the plan of future establishment. Every one has some peculiar weakness, some predominant passion, which exposes him to temptations of one kind more than of another. Early this may be discerned to shoot; and from its first risings its future growth may be inferred. Anticipate its progress. Consider how it is likely to be affected, by succeeding occurrences in life. If we bring one whom we are rearing up, into a situation, where all the surrounding circumstances shall cherish and mature this fatal principle in his nature, we become, in a great measure, answerable for the consequences that follow. In vain we trust to his abilities and powers. Vice and corruption, when they have tainted the heart, are sufficient to overset the greatest abilities. Nay, too frequently they turn them against the possessor; and render them the instruments of his more speedy ruin.

THE GOOD AND THE BAD MAN COMPARED IN THE SEASON OF ADVERSITY.

Religion prepares the mind for encountering, with fortitude, the most severe shocks of adversity; whereas vice, by its natural influence on the temper, tends to produce dejection under the slightest trials. While worldly men enlarge their possessions, and extend their connexions, they imagine that they are strengthening themselves against all the possible vicissitudes of life. They say in their hearts, 'My mountain stands strong, and I shall never be moved'. But so fatal is their delusion, that, instead of strengthening, they are weakening that which only can support them when those vicissitudes come. It is their mind which must then support them: and their mind, by their sensual attachments, is corrupted and enfeebled. Addicted with intemperate fondness to the pleasures of the world, they incur two great and certain evils: they both exclude themselves from every resource except the world; and they increase their sensibility to every blow which comes upon them from that quarter.

They have neither principles nor temper which can stand the assault of trouble. They have no principles which lead them to look beyond the ordinary rotation of events; and therefore, when misfortunes involve them, the prospect must be comfortless on every side. Their crimes have disqualified them from looking up to the assistance of any higher power than their own ability, or for relying on any better guide than their own wisdom. And as from principle they can derive no support, so in a temper corrupted by prosperity they find no relief. They have lost that moderation of mind which enables a wise man to accommodate himself to his situation. Long fed with false hopes, they are exasperated and stung by every disappointment. Luxurious and effeminate, they can bear no uneasiness. Proud and presumptuous, they can brook no opposition. By nourishing dispositions which so little suit this uncertain state, they have infused a double portion of bitterness into the cup of woe; they have sharpened the edge of that sword which is lifted up to smite them. Strangers to all the temperate satisfactions of a good and a pure mind; strangers to every pleasure except what was seasoned by vice or vanity, their adversity is to the last degree disconsolate. Health and opulence were the two pillars on which they rested. Shake either of them; and their whole edifice of hope and comfort falls. Prostrate and forlorn, they are left on the ground; obliged to join with the man of Ephraim, in his abject lamentation, 'They have taken away my gods, which I have made, and what have I more?' — Such are the causes to which we must ascribe the broken spirits, the peevish temper, and impatient passions, that so often attend the declining age or falling fortunes of vicious men.

But how different is the condition of a truly good man, in those trying situations of life! Religion had gradually prepared his mind for all the events of this inconstant state. It had instructed him in the nature of true happiness. It had early weaned him from an undue love of the world, by discovering to him its vanity, and by setting higher prospects in his view. Afflictions do

not attack him by surprise, and therefore do not overwhelm him. He was equipped for the storm, as well as the calm, in this dubious navigation of life. Under those conditions he knew himself to be brought hither; that he was not always to retain the enjoyment of what he loved: and therefore he is not overcome by disappointment, when that which is mortal, dies; when that which is mutable, begins to change; and when that which he knew to be transient, passes away.

All the principles which religion teaches, and all the habits which it forms, are favourable to strength of mind. It will be found, that whatever purifies, fortifies also the heart. In the course of living 'righteously, soberly, and piously', a good man acquires a steady and well-governed spirit. Trained, by Divine grace, to enjoy with moderation the advantages of the world, neither lifted up by success, nor enervated with sensuality, he meets the changes in his lot without unmanly dejection. He is inured to temperance and restraint. He has learned firmness and self-command. He is accustomed to look up to that Supreme Providence, which disposes of human affairs, not with reverence only, but with trust and hope.

The time of prosperity was to him not merely a season of barren joy, but productive of much useful improvement. He had cultivated his mind. He had stored it with useful knowledge, with good principles, and virtuous dispositions. These resources remain entire, when the days of trouble come. They remain with him in sickness, as in health; in poverty, as in the midst of riches; in his dark and solitary hours, no less than when surrounded with friends and gay society. From the glare of prosperity, he can, without dejection, withdraw into the shade. Excluded from several advantages of the world, he may be obliged to retreat into a narrower circle; but within that circle he will find many comforts left. His chief pleasures were always of the calm, innocent, and temperate kind; and over these, the changes of the world have the least power. His mind is a kingdom to him; and he can still enjoy it. The world did not bestow upon him all his enjoyments; and therefore it is not in the power of the world, by its most cruel attacks, to carry them all away.

ON DEATH.

Children of men! it is well known to you, that you are a mortal race. Death is the law of your nature, the tribute of your being, the debt which all are bound to pay. On these terms you received life, that you should be ready to give it up when Providence calls you to make room for others, who, in like manner, when their time is come, shall follow you. He who is unwilling to submit to death, when Heaven decrees it, deserves not to have lived. You might as reasonably complain that you did not live before the time appointed for your coming into the world, as lament that you are not to live longer, when the period of your quitting it is arrived. What Divine Providence hath made necessary, human prudence ought to comply with cheerfully. Submit, at any rate, you must; and is it not much better to follow, of your own accord, than to be dragged reluctantly, and by force? What privilege have you to plead, or what reason to urge, why you should possess an exemption from the common doom? All things around you are mortal and perishing. Cities, states, and empires have their periods set. The proudest monuments of human art moulder into dust. Even the works of nature wax old and decay. In the midst of this universal tendency to change, could you expect that to your frame alone a permanent duration should be given? All who have gone before you have submitted to the stroke of death. All who have come after you shall undergo the same fate. The great and the good, the prince and the peasant, the renowned and the obscure, travel alike the road which leads to the grave. At the moment when you expire, thousands throughout the world shall together with you be yielding up their breath. Can that be held a great calamity which is common to you with every thing that lives on earth; which is an event as much according to the course of nature as it is that leaves should fall in autumn, or that fruit should drop from the tree when it is fully ripe?

The pain of death cannot be very long, and is probably less severe than what you have at other times experienced. The pomp of death is more terrifying than death itself. It is to the weakness of imagination that it owes its chief power of dejecting your spirits; for when the force of the mind is roused, there is almost no passion in our nature but what has showed itself able to overcome the fear of death. Honour has defied death; love has despised it; shame has rushed upon it; revenge has disregarded it; grief a thousand times has wished for its approach. Is it not strange that reason and virtue cannot give you strength to surmount that fear, which, even in feeble

minds, so many passions have conquered! What inconsistency is there in complaining so much of the evils of life, and being at the same time so afraid of what is to terminate them all! Who can tell whether his future life might not teem with disasters and miseries, as yet unknown, were it to be prolonged according to his wish! At any rate, is it desirable to draw life out to the last dregs, and to wait till old age pour upon you its whole store of diseases and sorrows? You lament that you are to die; but, did you view your situation properly, you would have much greater cause to lament if you were chained to this life for two or three hundred years, without possibility of release. Expect, therefore, calmly that which is natural in itself, and which must be fit, because it is the appointment of Heaven. Perform your duty as a good subject to the Deity, during the time allotted you; and rejoice that a period is fixed for your dismission from the present warfare. Remember that a slavish dread of death destroys all the comfort of that life which you seek to reserve. Better to undergo the stroke of death at once, than to live in perpetual misery from the fear of dying.

PHILIP DORMER STANHOPE,
EARL OF CHESTERFIELD.

Philip Stanhope Earl of Chesterfield was born in 1694. Although his works are pretty numerous and all of them written in an excellent style, yet the only one which has remained popular is his 'Letters to his Son' published after his death which occurred in 1773. The style of these letters is exceedingly pure; they treat generally of the education of the mind and body, and of the character becoming a man of the world, but their morality cannot be said to be high-toned. The Earl of Chesterfield was more distinguished as a politician and a diplomatist than as an author.

LETTERS TO HIS SON.

I.

Dear boy,

Pleasure is the rock which most young people split upon: they launch out with crowded sails in quest of it, but without a compass to direct their course, or reason sufficient to steer the vessel; for want of which, pain and shame, instead of pleasure, are the returns of their voyage. Do not think that I mean to snarl at Pleasure, like a Stoic, or to preach against it, like a Parson; no I mean, to point it out and recommend it to you, like an Epicurean, I wish you a great deal, and my only view is to hinder you from mistaking it.

The character which most young men first aim at, is that of a man of pleasure; but they generally take it upon trust; and, instead of consulting their own taste and inclinations, they blindly adopt whatever those, with whom they chiefly converse, are pleased to call by the name of pleasure; and *a man of pleasure*, in the vulgar acceptation of that phrase, means only a beastly drunkard, and a profligate swearer and curser. As it may be of use to you, I am not unwilling, though at the same time ashamed, to own, that the vices of my youth proceeded much more from my silly resolution of being what I heard called a man of pleasure, than from my own inclinations. I always naturally hated drinking; and yet I have often drunk, with disgust at the time, attended by great sickness the next day, only because I then considered drinking as a necessary qualification for a fine gentleman and a man of pleasure.

The same as to gaming. I did not want money and consequently had no occasion to play for it; but I thought play another necessary ingredient in the composition of a man of pleasure, and accordingly I plunged into it without desire at first, sacrificed a thousand real pleasures to it, and made myself solidly uneasy by it, for thirty of the best years of my life.

I was even absurd enough, for a little while, to swear, by way of adorning and completing the shining character which I affected; but this folly I soon laid aside, upon finding both the guilt and the indecence of it.

Thus seduced by fashion, and blindly adopting nominal pleasures I lost real ones; and my fortune impaired and my constitution shattered are, I must confess, the just punishment of my errors. Take warning then by them; choose your pleasures for yourself and do not let them be imposed upon you. Follow nature and not fashion; weigh the present enjoyment of your pleasures, against the necessary consequences of them, and then let your own common sense determine your choice.

Were I to begin the world again, with the experience which I now have of it, I would lead a life of real, not of imaginary

pleasure. I would enjoy the pleasures of the table and of wine, but stop short of the pains inseparably annexed to an excess in either. I would not, at twenty years, be a preaching missionary of abstemiousness and sobriety; and I should let other people do as they would, without formally and sententiously rebuking them of it; but I would be most firmly resolved not to destroy my own faculties and constitution, in complaisance to those who have no regard to their own. I would play to give me pleasure, but not to give me pain; that is, I would play for trifles, in mixed companies, to amuse myself, and conform to custom; but I would take care not to venture for sums, which, if I won, I should not be the better for, but, if I lost, should be under a difficulty to pay, and, when paid, would oblige me to retrench in several other articles. Not to mention the quarrels which deep play commonly occasions.

I would pass some of my time in reading, and the rest in the company of people of sense and learning, and chiefly those above me; and I would frequent the mixed companies of men and women of fashion, which, though often frivolous, yet unbend and refresh the mind, not uselessly, because they certainly polish and soften the manners.

These would be my pleasures and amusements, if I were to live the last thirty years over again; they are rational ones; and moreover I will tell you, they are really the fashionable ones; for the others are not, in truth, the pleasures of what I call people of fashion, but of those who only call themselves so. Does good company care to have a man reeling drunk among them? or to see another tearing his hair, and blaspheming, for having lost, at play, more than he is able to pay? No; those who practise, and much more those, who brag of them, make no part of good company; and are most unwillingly, if ever, admitted into it. A real man of fashion and pleasure observes decency, at least neither borrows nor affects vices; and if he unfortunately has any, he gratifies them with choice, delicacy and secrecy.

I have not mentioned the pleasures of the mind, (which are the solid and permanent ones) because they do not come under the head of what people commonly call pleasures; which they seem to confine to the senses. The pleasure of virtue, of charity and of learning is true and lasting pleasure; with which I hope you will be long and well acquainted. Adieu.

II.

Dear Boy,

People of your age have commonly an unguarded frankness about them, which makes them the easy prey and bubble of the artful and the experienced; they look upon every knave or fool who tells them that he is their friend, to be really so; and pay that profession of simulated friendship with an indiscreet and unbounded confidence, always to their loss, often to their ruin. Beware, therefore, now, that you are coming into the world, of these proffered friendships. Receive them with great civility, but with great incredulity too; and pay them with compliments, but not with confidence. Do not let your vanity and self-love make you suppose, that people become your friends at first sight, or even upon a short acquaintance. Real friendship is a slow grower, and never thrives, unless ingrafted upon a stock of known and reciprocal merit. There is another kind of nominal friendship among young people, which is warm for the time, but by good luck of short duration. This friendship is hastily produced, by their being accidentally thrown together, and pursuing the same course of riot and debauchery. A fine friendship, truly! and well cemented by drunkenness and lewdness. It should rather be called a conspiracy against morals and good manners, and be punished as such by the civil magistrate. However, they have the impudence and the folly to call this confederacy a friendship. They lend one another money for bad purposes; they engage in quarrels, offensive and defensive, for their accomplices; they tell one another all they know, and often more too; when, of a sudden, some accident disperses them, and they think no more of each other, unless it be to betray and laugh at their imprudent confidence. Remember to make a great difference between companions and friends; for a very complaisant and agreeable companion may be, and very often proves, a very improper, and a very dangerous friend. People will, in a great degree, and not without reason, form their opinion of you, upon that which they have of your friends; and there is a Spanish proverb, which says very justly, 'Tell me whom you live with, and I will tell you who you are.' One may fairly suppose, that a man who makes a knave or a fool his friend, has something very bad to do or to conceal. But, at the same time that you carefully decline the friendship of knaves and fools, if it can be called friendship, there is no occasion to make either of them your enemies, wantonly and unpro-

voked; for they are numerous bodies; and I would rather choose a secure neutrality, than an alliance or war with either of them. You may be a declared enemy to their vices and follies, without being marked out by them as a personal one. Their enmity is the next dangerous thing to their friendship. Have a real reserve with almost every body; and have a seeming reserve with almost nobody; for it is very disagreeable to seem reserved, and very dangerous not to be so. Few people find the true medium; many are ridiculously mysterious and reserved upon trifles, and many imprudently communicative of all they know.

The next to the choice of your friends is the choice of your company. Endeavour, as much as you can, to keep company with people above you. There you rise, as much as you sink with people below you; for (as I have mentioned before) you are, whatever the company you keep is. Do not mistake, when I say, company above you, and think that I mean with regard to their birth; that is the least consideration; but I mean, with regard to their merit, and the light in which the world considers them.

There are two sorts of good company; one which is called the *beau monde*, and consists of those people who have the lead in courts and in the gay part of life: the other consists of those who are distinguished by some peculiar merit, or who excel in some particular and valuable art or science. For my own part, I used to think myself in company as much above me, when I was with Mr. Addison and Mr. Pope, as if I had been with all the princes in Europe. What I mean by low company, which should by all means be avoided, is the company of those, who absolutely insignificant and contemptible in themselves, think they are honoured by being in your company, and who flatter every vice and every folly you have, in order to engage you to converse with them. The pride of being the first of the company, is but too common; but it is very silly and very prejudicial. Nothing in the world lets down a character more, than that wrong turn.

You may possibly ask me, whether a man has it always in his power to get into the best company? and how? I say, yes, he has, by deserving it; provided, he is but in circumstances which enable him to appear upon the footing of a gentleman. Merit and good-breeding will make their way every where. Knowledge will introduce him, and good-breeding will endear him to the best companies; for, as I have often told you, politeness and good-breeding are absolutely necessary to adorn any or all other good qualities or talents. Without them, no knowledge, no profession whatsoever, is seen in the best light. The scholar without good-breeding is a pedant; the philosopher, a cynic; the soldier, a brute, and every man disagreeable.

I long to hear, from my several correspondents at Leipsig of your arrival there; and what impression you make on them at first; for I have Arguses, with an hundred eyes each, who will watch you narrowly, and relate to me faithfully. My accounts will certainly be true; it depends upon you, entirely, of what kind they shall be. Adieu.

III.

My dear friend,

Very few people are good economists of their fortune, and still fewer of their time; and yet, of the two, the latter is the most precious. I heartily wish you to be a good economist of both; and you are now of age, to begin to think seriously of these two important articles. Young people are not to think they have so much time before them, that they may squander what they please of it, and yet have enough left; 'as very great fortunes have frequently seduced people to a ruinous profusion. Fatal mistakes, always repented of, but always too late! Old Mr. Lowndes, the famous Secretary of the Treasury in the reigns of king William, Queen Anne and King George the first, used to say, 'take care of the peuce, and the pounds will take care of themselves.' To this maxim, which he not only preached, but practised, his two grandsons, at this time, owe the very considerable fortunes that he left them.

This holds equally true as to time; and I most earnestly recommend to you the care of those minutes and quarters of hours, in the course of the day, which people think too short to deserve their attention; and yet, if summed up at the end of the year, would amount to a very considerable portion of time. For example, you are to be at such a place at twelve, by appointment; you go out at eleven, to make two or three visits first; those persons are not at home; instead of sauntering away that intermediate time at a coffee-house and possibly alone, return home, write a letter, before-hand for the ensuing post, or take up a good book, I do not mean Descartes, Mallebranche, Locke or Newton, by way of dipping, but some book of rational amusement, and detached pieces, as Horace, Boileau, Waller, La Bruyère etc. This will be so much time saved, and by no means ill-em-

ployed. Many people lose a great deal of time by reading; for they read frivolous and idle books, such as the absurd romances of the two last centuries where characters, that never existed, are insipidly displayed, and sentiments, that were never felt, pompously described. Stick to the best established books in every language; the celebrated poets, historians, orators, or philosophers. By these means (to use a city metaphor) you will make fifty per cent of that time, of which others do not make above three or four, or probably nothing at all.

Many people lose a great deal of their time by laziness; they loll and yawn in a great chair, tell themselves that they have not time to begin any thing then and that it will do as well another time. This is a most unfortunate disposition, and the greatest obstruction to both knowledge and business. At your age you have no right nor claim to laziness; I have, if I please, being *emeritus*. You are but just listed in the world, and must be active, diligent and indefatigable. If ever you propose commanding with dignity, you must serve up to it with diligence. Never put off till to-morrow what you can do to-day.

Dispatch is the soul of business; and nothing contributes more to dispatch than method. Lay down a method for every thing, and stick to it inviolably as far as unexpected incidents may allow. Fix one certain hour and day in the week for your accompts, and keep them together in their proper order; by which means they will require very little time and you can never be much cheated. Whatever letters and papers you keep, docket and tie them up in their respective classes, so that you may have instantly recourse to any one. Lay down a method also for your reading, for which you allot a certain share of your mornings. Let it be in a consistent and consecutive course, and not in that desultory and immethodical manner, in which many people read scraps of different authors upon different subjects. Keep a useful and short common-place book of what you read to help your memory only, and not for pedantic quotations. Never read history without having maps, and a chronological book or tables, lying by you and constantly recurred to; without which history is only a confused heap of facts. One method more I recommend to you, by which I have found great benefit, even in the most dissipated part of my life; this is, to rise early, and at the same hour every morning, how late soever you may have sat up the night before. This secures you an hour or two, at least, of reading or reflection, before the common interruptions of the morning begin; and it will save your constitution, by forcing you to go to bed early, at least one night in three.

You will say, it may be, as many young people would, that all this order and method is very troublesome, only fit for dull people, and a disagreeable restraint upon the noble spirit and fire of youth. I deny it; and assert, on the contrary, that it will procure you, both more time and more taste of your pleasures; and so far from being troublesome to you, that after you have pursued it a month, it would be troublesome to you to lay it aside. Business whets the appetite, and gives a taste to pleasures, as exercise does to food; and business can never be done without method; it raises the spirits for pleasures; and a spectacle, a ball, an assembly will much more sensibly affect a man who has employed, than a man who has lost the preceding part of the day, nay I will venture to say, that a fine lady will seem to have more charms to a man of study or business, than to a saunterer. The same listlessness runs through his whole conduct, and he is as insipid in his pleasures, as inefficient in every thing else.

I wish to God that you had as much pleasure in following my advice, as I have in giving it you! and you may the more easily have it, as I give you none that is inconsistent with your pleasure. In all that I say to you it is your interest alone that I consider; trust to my experience, you know you may to my affection. Adieu.

IV.

Dear Boy,

I direct this letter to Berlin, where I suppose it will either find you, or at least wait but a little time for you. I cannot help being anxious for your success, at this your first appearance upon the great stage of the world; for, though the spectators are always candid enough to give allowances, and to shew great indulgence to a new actor: yet, from the first impression which he makes upon them, they are apt to decide, in their own minds at least, whether he will ever be a good one or not. If he seems to understand what he says, by speaking it properly; if he is attentive to his part, instead of staring negligently about; and if, upon the whole, he seems ambitious to please; they willingly pass over little awkwardnesses and inaccuracies, which they ascribe to a commendable modesty in a young

and inexperienced actor. They pronounce that he will be a good one in time; and, by the encouragement which they give him, make him so the sooner. This, I hope, will be your case: you have sense enough to understand your part: a constant attention and ambition to excel in it, with a careful observation of the best actors, will inevitably qualify you, if not for the first, at least for considerable parts.

Your dress (as insignificant a thing as dress is in itself) is now become an object worthy of some attention; for, I confess, I cannot help forming some opinion of a man's sense and character from his dress; and, I believe most people do, as well as myself. Any affectation whatsoever in dress, implies, in my mind, a flaw in the understanding. Most of our young fellows, here, display some character or other by their dress; some affect the tremendous, and wear a great and fiercely cocked hat, an enormous sword, a short waistcoat, and a black cravat; these I should be almost tempted to swear the peace against, in my own defence, if I was not convinced that they are but mock asses in lions' skins. Others go in brown frocks, leather breeches, great oaken cudgels in their hands, their hats uncocked, and their hair unpowdered; and imitate grooms, stage-coachmen, and country-bumpkins, so well in their outsides, that I do not make the least doubt of their resembling them equally in their insides. A man of sense carefully avoids any particular character in his dress: he is accurately clean for his own sake, but all the rest is for other people's. He dresses as well, and in the same manner, as the people of sense and fashion in the place where he is. If he dresses better, as he thinks, that he is more than they, he is a fop; if he dresses worse, he is unpardonably negligent: but, of the two, I would rather have a young fellow too much than too little dressed; the excess on that side will wear off, with a little age and reflection; but, if he is negligent at twenty, he will be a sloven at forty, and stink at fifty years old. Dress yourself fine, where others are fine; and plain where others are plain; but take care, always, that your clothes are well made, and fit you; for, otherwise they will give you a very awkward air. When you are once well dressed for the day, think no more of it afterwards; and without any stiffness for fear of discomposing that dress, let all your motions be as easy and natural as if you had no clothes on at all. So much for dress, which I maintain to be a thing of consequence in the polite world.

As to manners, good-breeding, and the graces, I have so often entertained you upon these important subjects, that I can add nothing to what I have formerly said. Your own good sense will suggest to you the substance of them; and observation, experience, and good company, the several modes of them. Your great vivacity, which I hear of from many people, will be no hindrance to your pleasing in good company; on the contrary, will be of use to you, if tempered by good-breeding, and accompanied by the graces. But, then, I suppose your vivacity to be a vivacity of parts, and not a constitutional restlessness: for, the most disagreeable composition that I know in the world, is that of strong animal spirits with a cold genius. Such a fellow is troublesomely active, frivolously busy, foolishly lively; talks much, with little meaning, and laughs more, with less reason; whereas, in my opinion, a warm and lively genius, with a cool constitution, is the perfection of human nature.

Do what you will at Berlin, provided you do but do something all day long. All I desire of you is, that you will never slattern away one minute in idleness and in doing nothing. When you are not in company, learn what either books, masters, or Mr. Harte, can teach you; and, when you are in company, learn (what company only can teach you) the characters and manners of mankind. I really ask your pardon for giving you this advice; because, if you are a rational creature, and a thinking being, as I suppose, and verily believe you are, it must be unnecessary, and to a certain degree, injurious. If I did not know, by experience, that some men pass their whole time in doing nothing, I should not think it possible for any being, superior to Monsieur Descartes' automatons, to squander away in absolute idleness one single minute of that small portion of time which is allotted us in this world.

I send you, my dear child, (and you will not doubt) very sincerely, the wishes of the season. May you deserve a great number of happy new years! and, if you deserve, may you have them. Many new years, indeed, you may see, but happy ones you cannot see without deserving them. These, virtue, honour, and knowledge, alone can merit, alone can procure. *Dii tibi dent annos! de te nam cætera sumes*, was a pretty piece of poetical flattery where it was said; I hope that, in time, it may be no flattery when said to you. But I assure you, that, whenever I cannot apply the latter part of the line to you with truth, I shall neither say, think, nor wish, the former. — Adieu!

V.

My dear friend,

I have sent you so many preparatory letters for Paris, that this, which will meet you there, shall only be a summary of them all.

You have hitherto had more liberty than any body of your age ever had; and I must do you the justice to own, that you have made a better use of it than most people of your age would have done: but then, though you had not a jailer, you had a friend with you. At Paris, you will not only be unconfined, but unassisted. Your own good sense must be your own guide; I have great confidence in it, and am convinced that I shall receive just such accounts of your conduct at Paris as I could wish. Enjoy the innocent pleasures of youth; you cannot do better: but refine and dignify them like a man of parts: let them raise and not sink, let them adorn and not vilify, your character: let them, in short, be the pleasures of a gentleman, and taken with your equals at least, but rather with your superiors, and those chiefly French.

Inquire into the characters of the several academicians, before you form a connection with any of them; and be most upon your guard against those who make the most court to you.

You cannot study too much in the academy; but you may study usefully there, if you are an economist of your time, and bestow only upon good books those quarters and halves of hours which occur to every body in the course of almost every day, and which, at the year's end, amount to a very considerable sum of time. Let Greek, without fail, share some part of every day: I do not mean the Greek poets, the catches of Anacreon, or the tender complaints of Theocritus, or even the porter-like language of Homer's heroes; of whom all smatterers in Greek know a little, quote often, and talk of always; but I mean Plato, Aristotle, Demosthenes, and Thucydides, whom none but adepts know. It is Greek that must distinguish you in the learned world: Latin will not. And Greek must be sought to be retained; for, it never occurs like Latin. When you read history, or other books of amusement, let every language you are master of have its turn; so that you may not only retain, but improve in every one. I also desire that you will converse in German and Italian, with all the Germans and the Italians with whom you converse at all. This will be a very agreeable and flattering thing to them, and a very useful one to you.

Pray apply yourself diligently to your exercises; for, though the doing them well is not supremely meritorious, the doing them ill is illiberal, vulgar, and ridiculous.

I send you the inclosed letter of recommendation to Marquis Matignon, which I would have you deliver to him as soon as you can. You will, I am sure, feel the good effects of his warm friendship for me and Lord Bolingbroke, who has also written to him upon your subject. By that, and by the other letters which I have sent you, you will be at once so thoroughly introduced into the best French company, that you must take some pains if you will keep bad; but that is what I do not suspect you of. You have, I am sure, too much right ambition, to prefer low and disgraceful company to that of your superiors, both in rank and age. Your character, and consequently your fortune, absolutely depends upon the company you keep, and the turn you take at Paris. I do not, in the least, mean a grave turn; on the contrary, a gay, a sprightly, but at the same time, an elegant and liberal one.

Keep carefully out of all scrapes and quarrels. They lower a character extremely, and are particularly dangerous in France, where a man is dishonoured by not resenting an affront, and utterly ruined by resenting it. The young Frenchmen are hasty, giddy, petulant, and extremely national. Forbear from any national jokes or reflections, which are always improper, and commonly unjust. The colder northern nations generally look upon France as a whistling, singing, dancing, frivolous nation: this notion is very far from being a true one, though many *petits maîtres*, by their behaviour, seem to justify it: but those very *petits maîtres*, when mellowed by age and experience, very often turn out able men. The number of great generals and statesmen, as well as authors, that France has produced, is an undeniable proof that it is not that frivolous, unthinking, empty nation, that northern prejudices suppose it. — Seem to like and approve of every thing at first, and I promise you that you will like and approve of many things afterwards.

I expect that you will write to me constantly, once every week, which I desire may be every Thursday; and that your letters may inform me of your personal transactions; not of what you see, but of whom you see, and what you do.

Be your own monitor, now that you will have no other. As to enunciation, I must repeat it to you again and again, that there is no one thing so necessary; and all other talents, without that, are absolutely useless, except in your own closet.

LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGUE.

Lady Montague, the eldest daughter of the Duke of Kingston, was born in 1690. She received a sound education in Latin, Greek and French, and married Mr. Edward Wortley Montague in 1712. In 1716 she accompanied him, upon his being appointed to the Porte, as far as Constantinople. Her letters written while she was in the Levant are very interesting; she describes with great accuracy, the manners and customs of the inhabitants of that part of Europe. In 1718 she returned to England and lived at Twickenham where she quarrelled with Pope, with whom she had formerly been on very good terms. In 1739 she left England again on account of her health and travelled in Italy. Her letters written at this time are also full of charms. She returned to England in 1761 at the death of her husband and died herself the following year. Although wit and talent are visible in all her letters, yet her masculine mind tends, from time to time, to make her rather indelicate: but as model letters those of Lady Montague will always hold a first place in the annals of English literature. They were first published in 1805 and occupy five volumes.

LETTERS.

To the Countess of —

Vienna, Sept. 8, O. S. 1716.

I am now, my dear sister, safely arrived at Vienna, and, I thank God, have not at all suffered in my health, nor, what is dearer to me, in that of my child, by all our fatigues. We travelled by water from Ratisbon, a journey perfectly agreeable, down the Danube, in one of those little vessels that they very properly call wooden houses, having in them all the conveniencies of a palace, stoves in the chambers, kitchens, etc. They are rowed by twelve men each, and with such incredible swiftness, that in the same day you have the pleasure of a vast variety of prospects, and within the space of a few hours you have the pleasure of seeing a populous city adorned with magnificent palaces, and the most romantic solitudes, which appear distant from the commerce of mankind, the banks of the Danube being charmingly diversified with woods, rocks, mountains covered with vines, fields of corn, large cities, and ruins of ancient castles. I saw the great towns of Passau and Lintz, famous for the retreat of the imperial court, when Vienna was besieged. This town, which has the honour of being the emperor's residence, did not at all answer my expectation, nor ideas of it, being much less than I expected to find it; the streets are very close, and so narrow, one cannot observe the fine fronts of the palaces, though many of them very well deserve observation, being truly magnificent. They are all built of fine white stone, and are excessively high. For as the town is too little for the number of the people that desire to live in it, the builders seem to have projected to repair that misfortune, by clapping one town on the top of another, most of the houses being of five, and some of them six stories. You may easily imagine that, the streets being so narrow, the rooms are extremely dark, and what is an inconveniency much more intolerable in my opinion, there is no house has so few as five or six families in it. The apartments of the greatest ladies, or even of the ministers of state, are divided, but by a partition, from that of a taylor or shoemaker; and I know nobody that has above two floors in any house, one for their own use, and one higher for their servants. Those that have houses of their own let out the rest of them to whoever will take them, and thus the great stairs (which are all of stone) are as common and as dirty as the street. 'Tis true, when you have once travelled through them, nothing can be more surprisingly magnificent than the apartments. They are commonly a suit of eight or ten large rooms, all inlaid, the doors and windows richly carved and gilt, and the furniture such as is seldom seen in the palaces of sovereign princes in other countries. Their apartments are adorned with hangings of the finest tapestry of Brussels, prodigious large looking-glasses in silver-frames, fine japan tables, beds, chairs, canopies, and window-curtains of the richest Genoa damask or velvet, almost covered with gold lace or embroidery. All this is made gay by pictures and vast jars of japan china, and large lustres of rock crystal. I have already had the honour of being invited to dinner by several of the first people of quality, and I must do them the justice to say, the good taste and magnificence of their tables very well answer to that of their furniture. I have been more than once entertained with different dishes of meat, all served in silver, and well dressed, the desert proportionable, served in the finest china. But the variety and richness of their wines is what appears the most surprising. The constant way is

to lay a list of their names upon the plates of the guests along with the napkins, and I have counted several times to the number of eighteen different sorts, all exquisite in their kinds. I was yesterday at count Schoonbrun, the vice-chancellor's garden, where I was invited to dinner. I must own I never saw a place so perfectly delightful as the fauhourg of Vienna. It is very large, and almost wholly composed of delicious palaces. If the emperor found it proper to permit the gates of the town to be laid open, that the fauhourgs might be joined to it, he would have one of the largest and best built cities in Europe. Count Schoonbrun's villa is one of the most magnificent; the furniture all rich brocades, so well fancied and fitted up, nothing can look more gay and splendid; not to speak of a gallery full of rarities of coral, mother of pearl, and throughout the whole house of profusion of gilding, carving, fine paintings, the most beautiful porcelain, statues of alabaster and ivory, and vast orange and lemon trees in gilt pots. The dinner was perfectly fine and well ordered, and made still more agreeable by the good humour of the count. I have not yet been at court, being forced to stay for my gown, without which there is no waiting on the empress; though I am not without great impatience to see a beauty that has been the admiration of so many different nations. When I have had that honour, I will not fail to let you know my real thoughts, always taking a particular pleasure in communicating them to my dear sister.

To Lady X—.

Vienna, October 1, O. S. 1716.

You desire me, madam, to send you some account of the customs here, and at the same time a description of Vienna. I am always willing to obey your commands, but you must upon this occasion take the will for the deed. If I should undertake to tell you all the particulars in which the manners here differ from ours, I must write a whole quire of the dullest stuff that ever was read, or printed without being read. Their dress agrees with the French or English in no one article, but wearing petticoats. They have many fashions peculiar to themselves; they think it indecent for a widow ever to wear green or rose colour, but all the other gayest colours at her own discretion. The assemblies here are the only regular diversion, the operas being always at court, and commonly on some particular occasion. Madam Rabutin has the assembly constantly every night at her house, and the other ladies, whenever they have a mind to display the magnificence of their apartments, or oblige a friend by complimenting them on the day of their saint, they declare that, on such a day, the assembly shall be at their house in honour of the feast of the Count or Countess — such-a-one. These days are called days of gala, and all the friends or relations of the lady whose saint it is are obliged to appear in their best clothes and all their jewels. The mistress of the house takes no particular notice of any body, nor returns any body's visit; and whoever pleases may go without the formality of being presented. The company are entertained with ice in several forms, winter and summer; afterwards they divide into several parties of ombre, piquet, or conversation, all games of hazard being forbidden.

I saw t'other day the gala for count Altheim, the emperor's favourite, and never in my life saw so many fine clothes ill fancied. They embroider the richest gold stuffs, and provided they can make their clothes expensive enough, that is all the taste they shew in them. On other days the general dress is a scarf, and what you please under it.

But now I am speaking of Vienna, I am sure you expect I should say something of the convents: they are of all sorts and sizes; but I am best pleased with that of St. Lawrence, where the ease and neatness they seem to live with, appears to be much more edifying than those stricter orders, where perpetual penance and nastiness must breed discontent and wretchedness. The nuns are all of quality. I think there are to the number of fifty. They have each of them a little cell perfectly clean, the walls of which are covered with pictures more or less fine, according to their quality. A long stone gallery runs by all of them, furnished with the pictures of exemplary sisters; the chapel is extremely neat, and richly adorned. Nothing can be more becoming than the dress of these nuns. It is a white robe, the sleeves of which are turned up with fine white calico, and their head-dress the same, excepting a small veil of black crape that falls behind. They have a lower sort of serving nuns that wait on them as their chamber-maids. They receive all visits of women, and play at ombre in their chambers with permission of their abbess, which is very easy to be obtained. I never saw an old woman so good-natured; she is near fourscore, and yet shews very little signs of decay, being still lively and cheerful. She caressed me as if I had been her

daughter, giving me some pretty things of her own work, and sweetmeats in abundance. The grate is not of the most rigid; it is not very hard to put a head through. The young count of Salamis came to the grate, while I was there, and the abbess gave him her hand to kiss. But I was surprized to find here the only beautiful young woman I have seen at Vienna, and, not only beautiful, but genteel, witty and agreeable, of a great family, and who had been the admiration of the town. I could not forbear shewing my surprise at seeing a nun like her. She made me a thousand obliging compliments, and desired me to come often. 'It would be an infinite pleasure to me,' said she sighing, 'but I avoid, with the greatest care, seeing any of my former acquaintances; and, whenever they come to our convent, I lock myself in my cell.' I observed tears come into her eyes, which touched me extremely, and I began to talk to her in that strain of tender pity she inspired me with.

To Mr. —

Vienna, October 10, O. S. 1716.

I deserve not all the reproaches you make me. If I have been some time without answering your letter, it is not that I don't know how many thanks are due to you for it, or that I am stupid enough to prefer any amusements to the pleasure of hearing from you; but after the professions of esteem you have so obligingly made me, I cannot help delaying, as long as I can, shewing you that you are mistaken. If you are sincere, when you say you expect to be extremely entertained by my letters, I ought to be mortified at the disappointment that I am sure you will receive when you hear from me, though I have done my best endeavours to find out something worth writing to you. I have seen every thing that was to be seen with a very diligent curiosity. Here are some fine villas, particularly the late Prince of Lichtenstein's: but the statues are all modern, and the pictures are not of the first hands. 'Tis true, the emperor has some of great value. I was yesterday to see the repository, which they call his treasure, where they seem to have been more diligent in amassing a great quantity of things, than in the choice of them. I spent above five hours there, and yet there were very few things that stopped me long to consider them. But the number is prodigious, being a very long gallery filled on both sides, and five large rooms. There is a vast quantity of paintings, amongst which are many fine miniatures; but the most valuable pictures are a few of Correggio, those of Titian being at the favorita.

The cabinet of jewels did not appear to me so rich as I expected to see it. They shewed me here a cup, about the size of a tea-dish, of one entire emerald, which they had so particular a respect for, that only the emperor has the liberty of touching it. There is a large cabinet full of curiosities of clock-work, only one of which I thought worth observing; that was a crawfish with all the motions so natural, that it was hard to distinguish it from the life.

The next cabinet was a large collection of agates, some of them extremely beautiful, and of an uncommon size, and several vases of lapis lazuli. I was surprised to see the cabinet of medals so poorly furnished; I did not remark one of any value, and they are kept in a most ridiculous disorder. As to the antiques, very few of them deserve that name. Upon my saying they were modern, I could not forbear laughing at the answer of the profound antiquary that shewed them, that 'They were ancient enough, for, to his knowledge, they had been there these forty years'; but the next cabinet diverted me yet better, being nothing else but a parcel of wax babies, and toys in ivory, very well worthy to be presented to children of five years old. Two of the rooms were wholly filled with these trifles of all kinds, set in jewels, amongst which I was desired to observe a crucifix that they assured me had spoken very wisely to the emperor Leopold. I won't trouble you with a catalogue of the rest of the lumber, but I must not forget to mention a small piece of loadstone that held up an anchor of steel too heavy for me to lift. This is what I thought the most curious in the whole treasure. There are some few heads of ancient statues; and several of them are defaced by modern additions. I foresee that you will be very little satisfied with this letter, and I dare hardly ask you to be good-natured enough to charge the dulness of it on the barrenness of the subject, and to overlook the stupidity of

Yours, etc. etc.

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EDMUND BURKE.

Edmund Burke, born in Dublin 1730, occupies a high rank as an orator and statesman, and also as a writer upon the political affairs of England. He studied in the Middle Temple and formerly contributed his writings only to periodical magazines. The first work of any importance he published was 'A Philosophical Inquiry into the Origin of our Ideas of the Sublime and Beautiful' which appeared in 1757 and attracted the notice of Johnson, Goldsmith &c. and raised the author's reputation. In 1761 he accompanied the Earl of Halifax to Ireland, after which he became private secretary to the Marquis of Rockingham. Burke's next step was to a seat in parliament where he represented first Wendover, and afterwards Bristol and Malton. We may say that his career began only with his entrance into parliament, for here he distinguished himself by his magnificent speeches, especially upon the American affairs. He was urgent in his protestations against the French Revolution, and published in 1790 his 'Reflections' upon it; in 1792 he produced his 'Appeal from the new to the old Whigs', his 'Letter to a Noble Lord on his Pension' in 1796 'Letters on a Regicide Peace', in 1796 and 1797 besides several of his great speeches, of which the principal are on 'American Taxation' in 1774, 'The conciliation with America' in 1775, 'Mr. Fox's India Bill' 1783. His magnificent orations upon the occasion of the prosecution of Warren Hastings (1789) were also published after his death which took place in 1797.

DEPENDENCE OF ENGLISH ON AMERICAN FREEDOM.

To leave any real freedom to parliament, freedom must be left to the colonies. A military government is the only substitute for civil liberty. That the establishment of such a power in America will utterly ruin our finances (though its certain effect), is the smallest part of our concern. It will become an apt, powerful, and certain engine for the destruction of our freedom here. Great bodies of armed men, trained to a contempt of popular assemblies representative of an English people, kept up for the purpose of exacting impositions without their consent, and maintained by that exaction; instruments in subverting, without any process of law, great ancient establishment, and respected forms of governments, set free from, and therefore above the ordinary English tribunals of the country where they serve; these men cannot so transform themselves, merely by crossing the sea, as to behold with love and reverence, and submit with profound obedience to the very same things in Great Britain which in America they had been taught to despise, and had been accustomed to awe and humble. All your majesty's troops, in the rotation of service, will pass through this discipline, and contract these habits. If we could flatter ourselves that this would not happen, we must be the weakest of men; we must be the worst, if we were indifferent whether it happened or not. What, gracious sovereign, is the empire of America to us, or the empire of the world, if we lose our own liberties? We deprecate this last of evils. We deprecate the effect of the doctrines which must support and countenance the government over conquered Englishmen.

As it will be impossible long to resist the powerful and equitable arguments in favour of the freedom of these unhappy people, that are to be drawn from the principle of our own liberty, attempts will be made, attempts have been made, to ridicule and to argue away this principle, and to inculcate into the minds of your people other maxims of government and other grounds of obedience than those which have prevailed at and since the glorious Revolution. By degrees these doctrines, by being convenient, may grow prevalent. The consequence is not certain; but a general change of principles rarely happens among a people without leading to a change of government.

Sir, your throne cannot stand secure upon the principles of unconditional submission and passive obedience; on powers exercised without the concurrence of the people to be governed; on acts made in defiance of their prejudices and habits; on acquiescence procured by foreign mercenary troops, and secured by standing armies. These may possibly be the foundation of other thrones; they must be the subversion of yours. It was not to passive principles in our ancestors that we owe the honour of appearing before a sovereign who cannot feel that he is a prince, without knowing that we ought to be free. The Revolution is a departure from the ancient course of the descent of this monarchy. The people at that time re-entered into their original rights; and it was not because a positive law authorised what was then done, but because the freedom and safety of the subject, the origin and cause of all laws, required a proceeding paramount and superior to them. At that ever-memorable and instructive period, the letter of the law was superseded in favour of the substance of liberty. To the free choice, therefore, of the people, without either king or parliament, we owe that happy establishment out of which both king and parliament were regenerated. From that great principle of liberty have originated

the statutes confirming and ratifying the establishment from which your majesty derives your right to rule over us. Those statutes have not given us our liberties; our liberties have produced them. Every hour of your majesty's reign, your title stands upon the very same fonndation on which it was at first laid, and we do not know a better on which it can possibly be laid.

Convinced, Sir, that yon cannot have different rights, and a different security in different parts of your dominions, we wish to lay an even platform for yonr throne, and to give it an unmovable stability, by laying it on the general freedom of yonr people, and by securing to your majesty that confidence and affection in all parts of your dominions, which makes your best security and dearest title in this the chief seat of your empire.

THE BRITISH MONARCHY.

The learned professors of the rights of man regard prescriptions, not as a title to bar all claim, set up against old possession, hnt they look on prescription itself as a har against the possessor and proprietor. They hold an immemorial possession to he no more than a long continued, and therefore an aggravated injustice. Such are their ideas, such their religion, and such their law. But as to our country and our race, as long as the well-compacted structure of our church and state, the sanctuary, the holy of holies of that ancient law, defended by reverence, defended by power, a fortress at once and a temple, shall stand inviolate on the brow of the British Sion — as long as the British monarchy, not more limited than fenced by the orders of the state, shall, like the proud keep of Windsor, rising in the majesty of proportion, and girt with the donble belt of its kindred and coeval towers — as long as this awful structure shall oversee and guard the subjected land, so long the mounds and dikes of the low fat Bedford Level will have nothing to fear from all the pickaxes of all the levellers of France. As long as onr sovereign lord the king, and his faithful subjects, the lords and commons of this realm — the triple cord which no man can break; the solemn, sworn, constitutional frankpledge of this nation; the firm guarantee of each other's being and each other's rights; the joint and several securities, each in its place and order for every kind and every quality of property and of dignity — as long as these endure, so long the Duke of Bedford is safe; and we are all safe together — the high from the blights of envy and the spoliations of rapacity; the low from the iron hand of oppression and the insolent spurn of contempt.

MARIE ANTOINETTE, QUEEN OF FRANCE.

It is now sixteen or seventeen years since I saw the qneen of France, then the dauphiness, at Versailles; and surely never lighted on this orb, which she hardly seemed to touch, a more delightful vision. I saw her just above the horizon, decorating and cheering the elevated sphere she just began to move in — glittering like the morning star full of life, and splendour, and joy. Oh! what a revolution! and what a heart must I have to contemplate without emotion that elevation and that fall! Little did I dream, when she added titles of veneration to that enthusiastic, distant, respectful love, that she should ever be obliged to carry the sharp antidote against disgrace concealed in that bosom; little did I dream that I should have lived to see such disasters fallen upon her in a nation of gallant men, in a nation of men of honour and of cavaliers. I thought ten thousand swords must have leaped from their scabbards to avenge even a look that threatened her with insult. But the age of chivalry is gone. That of sophisters, economists, and calculators has succeeded; and the glory of Europe is extinguished for ever. Never, never more shall we behold that generous loyalty to rank and sex, that proud submission, that dignified obedience, that subordination of the heart, which kept alive, even in servitude itself, the spirit of an exalted freedom. The unbought grace of life, the cheap defence of nations, the nurse of manly sentiment and heroic enterprise is gone! It is gone, that sensibility of principle, that chastity of honour, which felt a stain like a wound, which inspired courage whilst it mitigated ferocity, which ennobled whatever it touched, and under which vice itself lost half its evil by losing all its grossness.

THE ORDER OF NOBILITY.

To be honoured and even privileged by the laws, opinions, and inveterate usages of our country, growing out of the prejudice of ages, has nothing to provoke horror and indignation in any man. Even to be too tenacious of those privileges is not absolutely a crime. The strong struggle in every individual to preserve possession of what he has found to belong to him, and to distin-

guish him, is one of the securities against injustice and despotism implanted in our nature. It operates as an instinct to secure property, and to preserve communities in a settled state. What is there to shock in this? Nohility is a graceful ornament to the civil order. It is the Corinthian capital of polished society. 'Omnes honi nohilitati semper favemus,' was the saying of a wise and good man. It is, indeed, one sign of a liberal and benevolent mind to incline to it with some sort of partial propensity. He feels no ennohling principle in his own heart who wishes to level all the artificial institutions which have heen adopted for giving a hody to opinion and permanence to fugitive esteem. It is a sour, malignant, and envious disposition, without taste for the reality, or for any image or representation of virtue, that sees with joy the unmerited fall of what had long flourished in splendour and in honour. I do not like to see anything destroyed, any void produced in society, any ruin on the face of the land.

REFLECTIONS ON THE REVOLUTION IN FRANCE.

You will observe, that from Magna Charta to the declaration of right, it has heen the uniform policy of our constitution to claim and assert our liberties, as an entailed inheritance derived to us from our forefathers, and to be transmitted to our posterity; as an estate specially belonging to the people of this kingdom, without any reference whatever to any other more general or prior right. By this means our constitution preserves a unity in so great a diversity of its parts. We have an inheritahle crown; an inheritable peerage; and a house of commons and a people inheriting privileges, franchises, and liberties, from a long line of ancestors.

This policy appears to me to he the result of profound reflection; or rather the happy effect of following nature, which is wisdom without reflection, and ahove it. A spirit of innovation is generally the result of a selfish temper and confined views. People will not look forward to posterity, who never look hackward to their ancestors. Besides the people of England well know, that the idea of inheritance furnishes a sure principle of conservation, and a sure principle of transmission; without at all excluding a principle of improvement. It leaves acquisition free; hut it secures what it acquires. Whatever advantages are ohtained by a state proceeding on these maxims, are locked fast as in a sort of family settlement; grasped as in a kind of mortmain for ever. By a constitutional policy, working after the pattern of nature, we receive, we hold, we transmit our government and our privileges, in the same manner in which we enjoy and transmit our property and our lives. The institutions of policy, the goods of fortune, the gifts of Providence, are handed down, to us and from us, in the same course and order. Our political system is placed in a just correspondence and symmetry with the order of the world, and with the mode of existence decreed to a permanent hody composed of transitory parts; wherein, by the disposition of a stupendous wisdom, moulding together the great mysterious incorporation of the human race, the whole, at one time, is never old, or middle-aged, or young, but in a condition of unchangeable constancy, moves on through the varied tenor of perpetual decay, fall, renovation, and progression. Thus, hy preserving the method of nature in the conduct of the state, in what we improve we are never wholly new; in what we retain, we are never wholly obsolete. By adhering in this manner and on those principles to our forefathers, we are guided not hy the superstition of antiquarians, hut hy the spirit of philosophic analogy. In this choice of inheritance we have given to our frame of polity the image of a relation in hlood; binding up the constitution of our country with our dearest domestic ties; adopting our fundamental laws into the hosom of our family affections; keeping inseparable, and cherishing with the warmth of all their combined and mutually reflected charities, our state, our hearths, our sepulchres, and our altars.

Through the same plan of a conformity to nature in our artificial institutions, and hy calling in the aid of her unerring and powerful instincts, to fortify the fallible and feeble contrivances of our reason, we have derived several other, and those no small benefits, from considering our liberties in the light of an inheritance. Always acting as if in the presence of canonized forefathers, the spirit of freedom, leading in itself to misrule and excess, is tempered with an awful gravity. This idea of a liheral descent inspires us with a sense of habitual native dignity, which prevents that upstart insolence almost inevitably adhering to and disgracing those who are the first acquirers of any distinction. By this means our liberty becomes a noble freedom. It carries an imposing and majestic aspect. It has a pedigree and illustrating ancestors

It has its bearings and its ensigns armorial. It has its gallery of portraits; its monumental inscriptions; its records, evidences, and titles. We procure reverence to our civil institutions on the principle upon which nature teaches us to revere individual men; on account of their age; and on account of those from whom they are descended. All your sophisters cannot produce any thing better adapted to preserve a rational and manly freedom than the course that we have pursued, who have chosen our nature rather than our speculations, our hreasts rather than our inventions, for the great conservatories and magazines of our rights and privileges.

Whilst they are possessed hy these notions, it is vain to talk to them of the practice of their ancestors, the fundamental laws of their country, the fixed form of a constitution, whose merits are confirmed hy the solid test of long experience, and an increasing puhlic strength and national prosperity. They despise experience as the wisdom of unlettered men; and as for the rest, they have wrought under-ground a mine that will blow up at one grand explosion all examples of antiqnity, all precedents, charters, and acts of parliament. They have 'tne rights of men.' Against these there can be no prescription; against these no argument is binding; these admit no temperament, and no compromise: any thing withheld from their full demand is so much of fraud and injnstice. Against these their rights of men let no government look for security in the length of its continuance, or in the justice and lenity of its administration. The objections of these speculatists, if its forms do not quadrate with their theories, are as valid against such an old and heneficent government as against the most violent tyranny, or the greenest usurpation. They are always at issue with governments, not on a qnestion of ahuse, hut a question of competency, and a question of title. I have nothing to say to the clumsy suhtilty of their political metaphysics. Let them be their amusement in the schools. *'Illa se jactet in aula — Æolus, et clauso ventorum carcere regnet.'* — But let them not hreak prison to hnrst like a Levanter, to sweep the earth with their hurricane, and to hreak np the fountains of the great deep to overwhelm us.

Far am I from denying in theory; full as far is my heart from withholding in practice, if I were of power to give or to withhold, the real rights of men. In denying their false claims of right, I do not mean to injure those which are real, and are such as their pretended rights wonld totally destroy. If civil society he made for the advantages of man, all the advantages for which it is made become his right. It is an institntion of heneficence; and law itself is only beneficence acting by a rule. Men have a right to live hy that rule; they have a right to do jnstice; as between their fellows, whether their fellows are in politic function or in ordinary occupation. They have a right to the fruits of their industry; and to the means of making their indnstry fruitful. They have a right to the acquisitions of their parents; to the nourishment and improvement of their offspring; to instruction in life, and to consolation in death. Whatever each man can separately do, without trespassing upon others, he has a right to do for himself; and he has a right to a fair portion of all which society, with all its combinations of skill and force, can do in his favour. In this partnership all men have equal rights: hut not to equal things. He that has but five shillings in the partnership, has as good a right to it, as he that has five hundred pounds has to his larger proportion. But he has not a right to an equal dividend in the product of the joint stock; and as to the share of power, authority, and direction which each individual ought to have in the management of the state, that I must deny to be amongst the direct original rights of man in civil society; for I have in my contemplation the civil social man, and no other. It is a thing to be settled by convention.

If civil society he the offspring of convention, that convention must he its law That convention must limit and modify all the descriptions of constitution which are formed under it. Every sort of legislature, judicial, or executory power, are its creatures. They can have no heing in any other state of things; and how can any man claim, under the conventions of civil society, rights which do not so much as snppose its existence? Rights which are absolutely repugnant to it? One of the first motives to civil society, and which hecomes one of its fundamental rules, is, 'that no man should he judge in his own cause.' By this eaeh person has at once divested himself of the first fundamental right of uncovenanted man, that is, to jndge for himself, and to assert his own cause. He ahdicates all right to be his own governor. He inclusively, in a great measnre ahandons the right of self-defence, the first law of nature. Men cannot enjoy the rights of an uncivil and of a civil state together.

That he may obtain justice, he gives up his right of determining, what it is in points the most essential to him. That he may secure some liberty, he makes a surrender in trust of the whole of it.

Government is not made in virtue of natural rights, which may and do exist in total independence of it; and exist in much greater clearness, and in a much greater degree of abstract perfection: but their abstract perfection is their practical defect. By having a right to every thing they want every thing. Government is a contrivance of human wisdom to provide for human wants. Men have a right that these wants should be provided for by this wisdom. Among these wants is to be reckoned the want, out of civil society, of a sufficient restraint upon their passions. Society requires not only that the passions of individuals should be subjected, but that even in the mass and body as well as in the individuals, the inclinations of men should frequently be thwarted, their will controlled, and their passions brought into subjection. This can only be done by a power out of themselves; and not, in the exercise of its function, subject to that will and to those passions which it is its office to bridle and subdue. In this sense the restraints on men as well as their liberties, are to be reckoned among their rights. But as the liberties and the restrictions vary with times and circumstances, and admit of infinite modifications, they cannot be settled upon any abstract rule; and nothing is so foolish as to discuss them upon that principle.

The moment you abate any thing from the full rights of men, each to govern himself, and suffer any artificial positive limitation upon those rights, from that moment the whole organization of government becomes a consideration of convenience. This it is which makes the constitution of a state, and the due distribution of its powers, a matter of the most delicate and complicated skill. It requires a deep knowledge of human nature and human necessities, and of the things which facilitate or obstruct the various ends which are to be pursued by the mechanism of civil institutions. The state is to have recruits to its strength, and remedies to its distempers. What is the use of discussing a man's abstract right to food or medicine? The question is upon the method of procuring and administering them. In that deliberation I shall always advise to call in the aid of the farmer and the physician, rather than the professor of metaphysics.

This science of constructing a commonwealth, or renovating it, or reforming it, is, like every other experimental science, not to be taught *a priori*. Nor is it a short experience that can instruct us in that practical science; because the real effects of moral causes are not always immediate; but that which in the first instance is prejudicial may be excellent in its remoter operation; and its excellence may arise even from the ill effects it produces in the beginning. The reverse also happens; and very plausible schemes, with very pleasing commencements, have often shameful and lamentable conclusions. In states there are often some obscure and almost latent causes, things which appear at first view of little moment, on which a very great part of its prosperity or adversity may most essentially depend. The science of government being therefore so practical in itself, and intended for such practical purposes, a matter which requires experience, and even more experience than any person can gain in his whole life, however sagacious and observing he may be, it is with infinite caution that any man ought to venture upon pulling down an edifice which has answered in any tolerable degree for ages the common purposes of society, or on building it up again, without having models and patterns of approved utility before his eyes.

These metaphysic rights entering into common life, like rays of light which pierce into a dense medium, are, by the laws of nature, refracted from their straight line. Indeed in the gross and complicated mass of human passions and concerns, the primitive rights of men undergo such a variety of refractions and reflections, that it becomes absurd to talk of them as if they continued in the simplicity of their original direction. The nature of man is intricate; the objects of society are of the greatest possible complexity: and therefore no simple disposition or direction of power can be suitable either to man's nature, or to the quality of his affairs. When I hear the simplicity of contrivance aimed at and boasted of in any new political constitutions, I am at no loss to decide that the artificers are grossly ignorant of their trade, or totally negligent of their duty. The simple governments are fundamentally defective, to say no worse of them. If you were to contemplate society in but one point of view, all these simple modes of polity are infinitely captivating. In effect each would answer its single end much more perfectly than the more complex is able to attain all its complex purposes. But it is better that the whole should be imperfectly and anomalously answered, than that, while some

psrts are provided for with great exactness, others might be totally neglected, or perhaps materially injured, by the over-care of a favourite member.

The pretended rights of these theorists are extremes; and in proportion as they are metaphysically true, they are morally and politically false. The rights of men are in a sort of middle, incapable of definition, but not impossible to be discerned. The rights of men in governments are their advantages; and these are often in balances between differences of good; in compromises sometimes between good and evil, and sometimes between evil and evil. Political reason is a computing principle; adding, subtracting, multiplying, and dividing morally and not metaphysically or mathematically, true moral denominations.

By these theorists tbe right of tbe people is almost always sophistically confounded with their power. The body of the community, whenever it can come to act, can meet witb no effectual resistance; but till power and right are the same, tbe whole body of them has no right inconsistent with virtne, and the first of all virtues, prudence. Men have no right to what is not reasonable, and to what is not for their benefit; for though a pleasant writer said, '*Liceat perire poetis*,' when one of them, in cold blood, is said to have leaped into the flames of a volcanic revolntion, '*Ardentem frigidus Ætnam insiluit*,' I consider such a frolic rather as an nnjnstifiable poetic licence, than as one of the franchises of Parnassus; and whether he were poet or divine or politician, that chose to exercise this kind of right, I think that more wise, because more charitable thougbts would urge me rather to save the man, than to preserve his brazen slippers as the monuments of his folly.

TERROR A SOURCE OF THE SUBLIME.

No passion so effectually robs the mind of all its powers of acting and reasoning as fear; for fear being an apprehension of pain or death, it operates in a manner that resembles actual pain. Whatever therefore is terrible with regard to sight, is sublime too, whetber this cause of terror be endued with greatness of dimensions or not; for it is impossible to look on any thing as trifling or contemptible, that may be dangerons. There are many animals, wbo, tbough far from being large, are yet capable of raising ideas of the snblime, because they are considered as objects of terror; as serpents and poisonous animals of almost all kinds. Even to things of great dimensions, if we annex any adventitious ideas of terror; they become withont comparison greater. An even plain of a vast extent of land, is certainly no mean idea; the prospect of such a plain may be as extensive as a prospect of the ocean; but can it ever fill the mind with any thing so great as the ocean itself? This is owing to several causes; but it is owing to none more than to this, that the ocean is an object of no small terror.

SYMPATHY A SOURCE OF THE SUBLIME.

It is by the passion of sympathy tbat we enter into the concerns of others; that we are moved as they are moved, and are never suffered to be indifferent spectators of almost any thing which men can do or snffer. For sympathy must be considered as a sort of substitution, by which we are put into the place of another man, and affected in a good measure as he is affected; so that this passion may either partake of the nature of those which regard self-preservation, and tnrning upon pain may be a source of the sublime; or it may turn upon ideas of pleasure, and then, whatever has been said of the social affections, whether they regard society in general, or only some particular modes of it, may be applicable here.

It is by this principle chiefly that poetry, painting, and other affecting arts, transfuse their passions from one breast to another, and are often capable of grafting a delight on wretchedness, misery, and death itself. It is a common observation, that objects, which in the reality would shock, are, *in* tragical and snch like representations, the source of a very higb species of pleasure. This, taken as a fact, has been the cause of mnch reasoning. This satisfaction has been commonly attribnted, first, to tbe comfort we receive in considering that so melancholy a story is no more than a fiction; and next, to the contemplation of our own freedom from the evils we see represented. I am afraid it is a practice mucb too common, in inqniries of this natnre, to attribnte the cause of feelings wbich merely arise from the mechanical structure of our bodies, or from the natural frame and constitution of our minds, to certain conclusions of the reasoning faculty on the objects presented to us; for I have some reason to apprehend, that the infinence of reason in producing our passions is nothing near so extensive as is commonly believed.

EFFECTS OF SYMPATHY IN THE DISTRESSES OF OTHERS.

To examine this point concerning the effect of tragedy in a proper manner, we must previously consider, how we are affected by the feelings of our fellow-creatures in circumstances of real distress. I am convinced we have a degree of delight, and that no small one, in the real misfortunes and pains of others; for, let the affection be what it will in appearance, if it does not make us shun such objects, if, on the contrary, it induces us to approach them, if it makes us dwell upon them, in this case I conceive we must have a delight or pleasure of some species or other, in contemplating objects of this kind. Do we not read the authentic histories of scenes of this nature with as much pleasure, as romances or poems, where the incidents are fictitious? The prosperity of no empire, the grandeur of no king, can so agreeably affect in the reading, as the ruin of the state of Macedon, and the distress of its unhappy prince. Such a catastrophe touches us in history, as much as the destruction of Troy does in fable. Our delight in cases of this kind is very greatly heightened, if the sufferer be some excellent person who sinks under an unworthy fortune. Scipio and Cato are both virtuous characters; but we are more deeply affected by the violent death of the one, and the ruin of the great cause he adhered to, than with the deserved triumphs and uninterrupted prosperity of the other; for terror is a passion which always produces delight when it does not press too close, and pity is a passion accompanied with pleasure, because it arises from love and social affection. Whenever we are formed by nature to any active purpose, the passion which animates us to it is attended with delight, or a pleasure of some kind, let the subject-matter be what it will; and as our Creator has designed we should be united together by so strong a bond as that of sympathy, he has therefore twisted along with it a proportionable quantity of this ingredient; and always in the greatest proportion where our sympathy is most wanted, in the distresses of others. If this passion was simply painful, we should shun, with the greatest care, all persons and places that could excite such a passion; as some, who are so far gone in indolence as not to endure any strong impression, actually do. But the case is widely different with the greater part of mankind; there is no spectacle we so eagerly pursue, as that of some uncommon and grievous calamity; so that whether the misfortune is before our eyes, or whether they are turned back to it in history, it always touches with delight; but it is not an unmixed delight, but blended with no small uneasiness. The delight we have in such things, hinders us from shunning scenes of misery; and the pain we feel, prompts us to relieve ourselves by relieving those who suffer; and all this antecedent to any reasoning, by an instinct that works us to its own purposes, without our concurrence.

THE LETTERS OF JUNIUS.

1769. 1770. 1771.

By this designation are understood a series of political Letters which appeared in the 'Public Advertiser' between the years 1769 and 1772 and were generally signed Junius; they are remarkable for the purity of their style and their biting sarcasm, which attacked all the public characters of the day, and did not spare royalty itself. The political opinions of Junius are moderate, yet the personal invectives which often occur are unpardonable. In spite of all the endeavours of the public to discover the author of these papers he has successfully eluded their search; there are reasons for surmising him to have been Sir Philip Francis; it has also been tried to identify him with George Lord Sackville, but without any certain result.

LETTER TO THE KING.

To the Printer of the Public Advertiser.

Sir, December 19, 1769.

When the complaints of a brave and powerful people are observed to increase in proportion to the wrongs they have suffered, when, instead of sinking into submission, they are roused to resistance, the time will soon arrive, at which every inferior consideration must yield to the security of the Sovereign, and to the general safety of the state. There is a moment of difficulty and danger, at which flattery and falsehood can no longer deceive, and simplicity itself can no longer be misled. Let us suppose it arrived; let us suppose a gracious, well intentioned prince, made sensible, at last, of the great duty he owes to his people, and of his own disgraceful situation; that he looks round him for assistance, and asks for no advice, but how to gratify the wishes and secure the happiness of his subjects. In these circumstances, it may be matter of curious *speculation* to consider, if an honest man were permitted

to approach a king, in what terms he would address himself to his sovereign. Let it be imagined, no matter how improbable, that the first prejudice against his character is removed; that the ceremonious difficulties of an audience are surmounted; that he feels himself animated by the purest and most honourable affections to his King and country; and that the great person whom he addresses, has spirit enough to bid him speak freely, and understanding enough to listen to him with attention. Unacquainted with the vain impertinence of forms, he would deliver his sentiments with dignity and firmness, but not without respect.

Sir,

It is the misfortune of your life, and originally the cause of every reproach and distress which has attended your government, that you should never have been acquainted with the language of truth, until you heard it in the complaints of your people. It is not, however, too late to correct the error of your education. We are still inclined to make an indulgent allowance for the pernicious lessons you received in your youth, and to form the most sanguine hopes from the natural benevolence of your disposition. We are far from thinking you capable of a direct, deliberate purpose to invade those original rights of your subjects, on which all their civil and political liberties depend. Had it been possible for us to entertain a suspicion so dishonourable to your character, we should long since have adopted a style of remonstrance very distant from the humility of complaint. The doctrine inculcated by our laws, *That the King can do no wrong*, is admitted without reluctance. We separate the amiable, good-natured prince, from the folly and treachery of his servants, and the private virtues of the man from the vices of his government. Were it not for this just distinction, I know not whether your Majesty's condition, or that of the English nation, would deserve most to be lamented. I would prepare your mind for a favourable reception of truth, by removing every painful, offensive idea of personal reproach. Your subjects, Sir, wish for nothing, but that, as *they* are reasonable and affectionate enough to separate your person from your government, so *you*, in your turn, should distinguish between the conduct which becomes the permanent dignity of a King, and that which serves only to promote the temporary interest and miserable ambition of a Minister.

You ascended the throne with a declared, and, I doubt not, a sincere resolution of giving universal satisfaction to your subjects. You found them pleased with the novelty of a young prince, whose countenance promised even more than his words; and loyal to you, not only from principle, but passion. It was not a cold profession of allegiance to the first magistrate, but a partial, animated attachment to a favourite prince, the native of their country. They did not wait to examine your conduct nor to be determined by experience, but gave you a generous credit for the future blessings of your reign, and paid you in advance the dearest tribute of their affections. Such, Sir, was once the disposition of a people, who now surround your throne with reproaches and complaints. — Do justice to yourself. Banish from your mind those unworthy opinions, with which some interested persons have laboured to possess you. — Distrust the men who tell you that the English are naturally light and inconstant; that they complain without a cause. Withdraw your confidence equally from all parties: from ministers, favourites, and relations; and let there be one moment in your life, in which you have consulted your own understanding.

When you affectedly renounced the name of Englishman, believe me, Sir, you were persuaded to pay a very ill-judged compliment to one part of your subjects, at the expence of another. While the natives of Scotland are not in actual rebellion, they are undoubtedly entitled to protection: nor do I mean to condemn the policy of giving some encouragement to the novelty of their affections for the House of Hanover. I am ready to hope for every thing from their new-born zeal, and from the future steadiness of their allegiance; but, hitherto they have no claim to your favour. To honour them with a determined predilection and confidence, in exclusion of your English subjects, who placed your family, and, in spite of treachery and rebellion, have supported it upon the throne, is a mistake too gross even for the unsuspecting generosity of youth. In this error, we see a capital violation of the most obvious rules of policy and prudence. We trace it, however, to an original bias in your education, and are ready to allow for your inexperience.

To the same early influence we attribute it, that you have descended to take a share, not only in the narrow views and interests of particular persons, but in the fatal malignity of their passions. At your accession to the throne, the whole system of government was altered, not from wisdom or

deliberation, but because it had been adopted by your predecessor. A little personal motive of pique and resentment was sufficient to remove the ablest servants of the Crown; but it is not in this country, Sir, that such men can be dishonoured by the frowns of a King. They were dismissed but could not be disgraced. Without entering into a minnter discussion of the merits of the peace, we may observe, in the imprudent hurry with which the first overtures from France were accepted, in the conduct of the negociation, and terms of the treaty, the strongest marks of that precipitate spirit of concession, with which a certain part of your subjects havo been at all times ready to purchase a peace with the natural enemies of this country. On *your* part wo are satisfied, that every thing was honourable and sincere; and, if England was sold to France, wo doubt not that your Majesty was equally betrayed. The conditions of the peace were matter of grief and surprise to your subjects, but not the immediate cause of their present discontent.

Hitherto, Sir, you had been sacrificed to the prejudices and passions of others. With what firmness will you bear the mention of your own?

A man, not very honourably distinguished in the world, commences a formal attack upon your favourite, considering nothing but how he might best expose his person and principles to detestation, and the national character of his countrymen to contempt. The natives of that country, Sir, are as much distinguished by a peculiar character as by your Majesty's favour. Like another chosen people, they have been conducted into the land of plenty, where they find themselves effectually marked, and divided from mankind. There is hardly a period at which the most irregular character may not be redeemed. The mistakes of one sex find a retreat in patriotism, those of the other in devotion. Mr. Wilkes brought with him into politics the same liberal sentiments by which his private conduct had been directed; and seemed to think, that, as there are few excesses in which an English gentleman may not be permitted to indulge, the same latitude was allowed him in the choice of his political principles, and in the spirit of maintaining them. I mean to state, not entirely to defend, his conduct. In the earnestness of his zeal, he suffered some unwarrantable insinuations to escape him. He said more than moderate men would justify; but not enough to entitle him to the honour of your Majesty's personal resentment. The rays of royal indignation, collected upon him, served only to illuminate, and could not consume. Animated by the favour of the people on the one side, and heated by persecution on the other, his views and sentiments changed with his situation. Hardly serious at first, he is now an enthusiast. The coldest bodies warm with opposition, the hardest sparkle in collision. — There is a holy mistaken zeal in politics, as well as religion. By persuading others, we convince ourselves. The passions are engaged, and create a material affection in the mind, which forces us to love the cause for which we suffer. Is this a contention worthy of a king? Are you not sensible how much the meanness of the cause gives an air of ridicule to the serious difficulties into which you have been betrayed? The destruction of one man has been now, for many years, the sole object of your government; and, if there can be any thing still more disgraceful, we have seen, for such an object, the utmost influence of the executive power, and every ministerial artifice, exerted without success. Nor can you ever succeed, unless he should be imprudent enough to forfeit the protection of those laws to which you owe your crown; or unless your minister should persuade you to make it a question of force alone, and try the whole strength of government in opposition to the people. The lessons he has received, from experience, will probably guard him from such excess of folly; and, in your Majesty's virtues, we find an unquestionable assurance, that no illegal violence will be attempted.

Far from suspecting you of so horrible a design, we would attribute his continued violation of the laws, and even the last enormous attack upon the vital principles of the constitution, to an ill-advised, unworthy, personal resentment. From one false step, you have been betrayed into another; and, as the cause was unworthy of you, your ministers were determined that the prudence executed should correspond with the wisdom and dignity of the design. They have reduced you to the necessity of choosing out of a variety of difficulties; to a situation so unhappy, that you can neither do wrong without ruin, nor right without affliction. These worthy servants have undoubtedly given you many singular proofs of their abilities. Not contented with making Mr. Wilkes a man of importance, they have judiciously transferred the question from the rights and interests of one man, to the most important rights and interests of the people; and forced your subjects, from

wishing well to the cause of an individual, to unite with him in their own. Let them proceed as they have begun, and your Majesty need not doubt that the catastrophe will do no dishonour to the conduct of the piece.

The circumstances to which you are reduced, will not admit of a compromise with the English nation. Undecisive, qualifying measures, will disgrace your government still more than open violence; and, without satisfying the people, will excite their contempt. They have too much understanding and spirit to accept of an indirect satisfaction for a direct injury. Nothing less than a repeal, as formal as the resolution itself, can heal the wound which has been given to the constitution, nor will any thing less be accepted. I can readily believe, that there is an influence sufficient to recall that pernicious vote. The House of Commons undoubtedly consider their duty to the Crown, as paramount to all other obligations. To us they are only indebted for an accidental existence, and have justly transferred their gratitude from their parents to their benefactors; from those who gave them birth, to the minister, from whose benevolence they derive the comforts and pleasure of their political life; who has taken the tenderest care of their infancy, and relieves their necessities, without offending their delicacy. — But, if it were possible for their integrity to be degraded to a condition so vile and abject, that compared with it, the present estimation they stand in is a state of honour and respect, consider, Sir, in what manner you will afterwards proceed. Can you conceive that the people of this country will long submit to be governed by so flexible a House of Commons? It is not in the nature of human society, that any form of government, in such circumstances, can long be preserved. In ours, the general contempt of the people is as fatal as their detestation. Such, I am persuaded, would be the necessary effect of any base concession made by the present House of Commons; and, as a qualifying measure would not be accepted, it remains for you to decide, whether you will, at any hazard, support a set of men who have reduced you to this unhappy dilemma, or whether you will gratify the united wishes of the whole people of England, by dissolving the parliament.

Taking it for granted, as I do very sincerely, that you have personally no design against the constitution, nor any view, inconsistent with the good of your subjects, I think you cannot hesitate long upon the choice which it equally concerns your interests and your honour to adopt. On one side, you hazard the affection of all your English subjects; you relinquish every hope of repose to yourself, and you endanger the establishment of your family for ever. All this you venture for no object whatsoever; or, for such an object as it would be an affront to you to name. Men of sense will examine your conduct with suspicion; while those, who are incapable of comprehending to what degree they are injured, afflict you with clamours equally insolent and unmeaning. Supposing it possible that no fatal struggle should ensue, you determine, at once, to be unhappy, without the hope of a compensation, either from interest or ambition. If an English King be hated or despised, he *must* be unhappy: and this, perhaps, is the only political truth which he ought to be convinced of, without experiment. But, if the English people should no longer confine their resentment to a submissive representation of their wrongs; *if*, following the glorious example of their ancestors, they should no longer appeal to the creature of the constitution, but to that high Being, who gave them the rights of humanity, whose gifts it were sacrilege to surrender, let me ask you, Sir, upon what part of your subjects would you rely for assistance?

The people of Ireland have been uniformly plundered and oppressed. In return, they give you every day fresh marks of their resentment. They despise the miserable governor you have sent them, because he is the creature of Lord Bute: nor is it from any natural confusion in their ideas, that they are so ready to confound the *original* of a king, with the disgraceful *representation* of him.

The distance of the colonies would make it impossible for them to take an active concern in your affairs, if they were as well affected to your government, as they once pretended to be to your person. They were ready enough to distinguish between you and your ministers. They complained of an act of the legislature, but traced the origin of it no higher than to the servants of the crown: they pleased themselves with the hope that their Sovereign, if not favourable to their cause, at least was impartial. The decisive personal part you took against them has effectually banished that first distinction from their minds. They consider you as united with your servants against America; and know how to distinguish the Sovereign and a venal parliament on one side, from the real sentiments of the English

people on the other. Looking forward to independence, they might possibly receive you for their King: but, if ever you retire to America, be assured, they will give you such a covenant to digest, as the presbytery of Scotland would have been ashamed to offer to Charles the Second. They left their native land in search of freedom, and found it in a desert. Divided as they are into a thousand forms of policy and religion, there is one point in which they all agree: they equally detest the pageantry of a king, and the supercilious hypocrisy of a bishop. It is not, then, from the alienated affections of Ireland or America, that you can reasonably look for assistance; still less from the people of England, who are actually contending for their rights, and in this great question are parties against you. You are not, however, destitute of every appearance of support: you have all the Jacobites, Nonjurors, Roman Catholics, and Tories of this country, and all Scotland, without exception. Considering from what family you are descended, the choice of your friends has been singularly directed; and truly, Sir, if you had not lost the whig interest of England, I should admire your dexterity in turning the hearts of your enemies. Is it possible for you to place any confidence in men, who, before they are faithful to you, must renounce every opinion, and betray every principle, both in church and state, which they inherit from their ancestors, and are confirmed in by their education? whose numbers are so inconsiderable, that they have long since been obliged to give up the principles and language which distinguish them as a party, and to fight under the banners of their enemies? Their zeal begins with hypocrisy, and must conclude in treachery. At first they deceive — at last they betray.

As to the Scotch, I must suppose your heart and understanding so biassed, from your earliest infancy, in their favour, that nothing less than *your own* misfortunes can undeceive you. You will not accept of the uniform experience of your ancestors; and, when once a man is determined to believe, the very absurdity of the doctrine confirms him in his faith. A bigoted understanding can draw a proof of attachment to the House of Hanover, from a notorious zeal for the House of Stuart, and find an earnest of future loyalty in former rebellions. Appearances are, however, in their favour: so strongly, indeed, that one would think they had forgotten that you are their lawful King, and had mistaken you for a Pretender to the Crown. Let it be admitted, then, that the Scotch are as sincere in their present professions, as if you were, in reality, not an Englishman, but a Briton of the North. You would not be the first prince, of their native country, against whom they have rebelled, nor the first whom they have basely betrayed. Have you forgotten, Sir, or has your favourite concealed from you, that part of our history, when the unhappy Charles (and he, too, had private virtues) fled from the open, avowed indignation of his English subjects, and surrendered himself at discretion to the good faith of his own countrymen? Without looking for support in their affections as subjects, he applied only to their honour, as gentlemen, for protection. They received him, as they would your Majesty, with bows, and smiles, and falsehood, and kept him, until they had settled their bargain with the English parliament; then basely sold their native King to the vengeance of his enemies. This, Sir, was not the act of a few traitors, but the deliberate treachery of a Scotch parliament, representing the nation. A wise prince might draw from it two lessons of equal utility to himself. On one side, he might learn to dread the undisguised resentment of a generous people, who dare openly assert their rights, and who, in a just cause, are ready to meet their Sovereign in the field. On the other side, he would be taught to apprehend something far more formidable: a fawning treachery, against which no prudence can guard, no courage can defend. The insidious smile upon the cheek would warn him of the canker in the heart.

From the uses to which one part of the army has been too frequently applied, you have some reason to expect that there are no services they would refuse. Here, too, we trace the partiality of your understanding. You take the sense of the army from the conduct of the guards, with the same justice with which you collect the sense of the people from the representations of the Ministry. Your marching regiments, Sir, will not make the Guards their example, either as soldiers or subjects. They feel, and resent, as they ought to do, that invariable, undistinguishing favour with which the guards are treated; while those gallant troops, by whom every hazardous, every laborious service is performed, are left to perish in garrisons abroad, or pine in quarters at home, neglected and forgotten. If they had no sense of the great original duty they owe their country, their resentment would operate like patriotism, and leave your cause to be defended by those on whom you have lavished the rewards

and honours of their profession. The Prætorian bands, enervated and debauched as they were, had still strength enough to awe the Roman populace; but when the distant legions took the alarm, they marched to Rome, and gave away the empire.

On this side, then, whichever way you turn your eyes, you see nothing but perplexity and distress. You may determine to support the very Ministry who have reduced your affairs to this deplorable situation; you may shelter yourself under the forms of a parliament, and set the people at defiance; but, be assured, Sir, that such a resolution would be as imprudent as it would be odious. If it did not immediately shake your establishment, it would rob you of your peace of mind for ever.

On the other, how different is the prospect! How easy, how safe and honourable, is the path before you! The English nation declare they are grossly injured by their representatives, and solicit your Majesty to exert your lawful prerogative, and give them an opportunity of recalling a trust, which they find has been scandalously abused. You are not to be told, that the power of the House of Commons is not original, but delegated to them for the welfare of the people, from whom they received it. A question of right arises between the constituent and the representative body. By what authority shall it be decided? Will your Majesty interfere in a question, in which you have, properly, no immediate concern? It would be a step equally odious and unnecessary. Shall the Lords be called upon to determine the rights and privileges of the Commons? They cannot do it, without a flagrant breach of the constitution. Or, will you refer it to the judges? They have often told your ancestors, that the law of parliament is above them. What part then remains, but to leave it to the people to determine for themselves? They alone are injured; and since there is no superior power to which the cause can be referred, they alone ought to determine.

I do not mean to perplex you with a tedious argument upon a subject, already so discussed, that inspiration could hardly throw a new light upon it. There are, however, two points of view in which it particularly imports your Majesty to consider the late proceedings of the House of Commons. By depriving a subject of his birth-right, they have attributed to their own vote an authority equal to an act of the whole legislature; and though, perhaps, not with the same motives, have strictly followed the example of the Long Parliament, which first declared the regal office useless, and soon after, with as little ceremony, dissolved the House of Lords. — The same pretended power which robs an English subject of his birth-right, may rob an English King of his crown. In another view, the resolution of the House of Commons, apparently not so dangerous to your Majesty, is still more alarming to your people. Not contented with divesting one man of his right, they have arbitrarily conveyed that right to another. They have set aside a return as illegal, without daring to censure those officers who were particularly apprized of Mr. Wilkes's incapacity, not only by the declaration of the House, but expressly by the writ directed to them, and who, nevertheless, returned him as duly elected. They have rejected the majority of votes, the only criterion by which our laws judge of the sense of the people; they have transferred the right of election from the collective to the representative body: and by these acts, taken separately or together, they have essentially altered the original constitution of the House of Commons. Versed, as your Majesty undoubtedly is, in the English history, it cannot escape you, how much it is your interest, as well as your duty, to prevent one of the three estates from encroaching upon the province of the other two, or assuming the authority of them all. When once they have departed from the great constitutional line by which all their proceedings should be directed, who will answer for their future moderation? Or what assurance will they give you, that, when they have trampled upon their equals, they will submit to a superior? Your Majesty may learn hereafter, how nearly the slave and tyrant are allied.

Some of your council, more candid than the rest, admit the abandoned profligacy of the present House of Commons, but oppose their dissolution, upon an opinion, I confess, not very unwarrantable, that their successors would be equally at the disposal of the treasury. I cannot persuade myself that the nation will have profited so little by experience. But, if that opinion were well founded, you might then gratify our wishes at an easy rate, and appease the present clamour against your government, without offering any material injury to the favourite cause of corruption.

You have still an honourable part to act. The affections of your subjects may still be recovered. But, before you subdue their hearts, you must gain a noble victory over your own. Discard those little, personal resentments, which have too long directed

your public conduct. Pardon this man the remainder of his punishment; and, if resentment still prevails, make it, what it should have been long since, an act, not of mercy, but of contempt. He will soon fall back into his natural station; a silent senator, and hardly supporting the weekly eloquence of a newspaper. The gentle breath of peace would leave him on the surface, neglected and unremoved. It is only the tempest that lifts him from his place.

Without consulting your Minister, call together your whole council. Let it appear to the public, that you can determine and act for yourself. Come forward to your people. Lay aside the wretched formalities of a King, and speak to your subjects with the spirit of a man, and in the language of a gentleman. Tell them you have been fatally deceived. The acknowledgment will be no disgrace, but rather an honour, to your understanding. Tell them you are determined to remove every cause of complaint against your government; that you will give your confidence to no man, who does not possess the confidence of your subjects; and leave it to themselves to determine, by their conduct at a future election, whether or no it be, in reality, the general sense of the nation, that their rights have been arbitrarily invaded by the present House of Commons, and the constitution betrayed. They will then do justice to their representatives and to themselves.

These sentiments, Sir, and the style they are conveyed in, may be offensive, perhaps, because they are new to you. Accustomed to the language of courtiers, you measure their affections by the vehemence of their expressions; and when they only praise you indifferently, you admire their sincerity. But this is not a time to trifle with your fortune. They deceive you, Sir, who tell you that you have many friends, whose affections are founded upon a principle of personal attachment. The first foundation of friendship is not the power of conferring benefits, but the equality with which they are received, and may be returned. The fortune which made you a King, forbade you to have a friend. It is a law of nature, which cannot be violated with impunity. The mistaken Prince, who looks for friendship, will find a favourite, and in that favourite the ruin of his affairs.

The people of England are loyal to the House of Hanover; not from a vain preference of one family to another, but from a conviction, that the establishment of that family was necessary to the support of their civil and religious liberties. This, Sir, is a principle of allegiance equally solid and rational; fit for Englishmen to adopt, and well worthy of your Majesty's encouragement. We cannot long be deluded by nominal distinctions. The name of Stuart, of itself, is only contemptible; armed with the sovereign authority, their principles are formidable. The prince who imitates their conduct, should be warned by their example; and, while he plumes himself upon the security of his title to the crown, should remember, that, as it was acquired by one revolution, it may be lost by another.

VI. THE TRANSITION SCHOOL.

JAMES THOMSON.

James Thomson, born at Eduam in Roxburgshire in 1700, was educated for the church, which profession he however abandoned and went to London to earn his living by literary works. In 1726 appeared his 'Winter' which soon procured him celebrity and also the patronage of Chancellor Talbot, with whose son he made a tour on the Continent. This journey served to develop his talents and to store him with the most extensive information. In 1727 appeared 'Summer'; he accomplished the two other parts of his 'Seasons' ('Spring and Autumn') in the three following years. In 1727, Thomson exerted his talents in the dramatical line, and published 'Sophonisba', a tragedy, which did not however please the public. His other works under this head are: 'Agamemnon' (1738), 'The Masque of Alfred', his 'Tancred and Sigismunda' (1745), which latter is his best production in that branch. On returning from his tour on the continent he brought out his observations in a long poem entitled 'Liberty', which is much inferior to his other productions. The last and best of Thomson's works was 'The Castle of Indolence'; he wrote this poem in the Spenserian style whilst living at ease in Richmond; it exhibits a richness of imagination and beauty of versification hardly appearing in his other works. Thomson died of a cold, in 1748.

CHARITY INSPIRED BY SPRING.

Hence! from the bounteous walks
Of flowing Spring, ye sordid sons of earth,
Hard and unfeeling of another's woe!
Or only lavish to yourselves; away!
But come, ye generous minds, in whose wide thought,
Of all his works, creative Bounty burns

With warmest beam; and on your open front
And liberal eye, sits, from his dark retreat
Inviting modest Want. Nor, till invoked,
Can restless goodness wait: your active search
Leaves no cold wintry corner unexplored;
Like silent-working Heaven, surprising oft
The lonely heart with unexpected good.
For you the roving spirit of the wind
Blows Spring abroad; for you the teeming clouds
Descend in gladsome plenty o'er the world;
And the sun sheds his kindest rays for you,
Ye flower of human race! In these green days,
Reviving sickness lifts her languid head:
Life flows afresh; and young-eyed Health exalts
The whole creation round. Contentment walks
The sunny glade, and feels an inward bliss
Spring o'er his mind, beyond the power of kings
To purchase.

A SUMMER NOON.

'Tis raging noon; and, vertical, the sun
Darts on the head direct his forceful rays.
O'er heaven and earth, far as the ranging eye
Can sweep, a dazzling deluge reigns; and all
From pole to pole is undistinguish'd blaze.
In vain the sight, dejected, to the ground
Stoops for relief; thence hot ascending steams
And keen reflection pain. Deep to the root
Of vegetation parch'd, the cleaving fields
And slippery lawn an arid hue disclose,
Blast fancy's bloom, and wither even the soul.
Echo no more returns the cheerful sound
Of sharpening scythe: the mower sinking, heaps
O'er him the humid hay, with flowers perfumed;
And scarce a chirping grasshopper is heard
Through the dumb mead. Distressful nature pants.
The very streams look languid from afar:
Or, through th' unsheltered glade, impatient, seem
To hurl into the covert of the grove.

All-conquering heat, oh, intermit thy wrath,
And on my throbbing temples potent thus
Beam not so fierce! incessant still you flow,
And still another fervent flood succeeds,
Pour'd on the head profuse. In vain I sigh,
And restless turn, and look around for night;
Night is far off, and hotter hours approach.
Thrice happy he! who on the sunless side
Of a romantic mountain, forest-crown'd,
Beneath the whole collected shade reclines:
Or in the gelid caverns, woodbine-wrought,
And fresh bedew'd with ever-sponting streams,
Sits coolly calm; while all the world without,
Unsatisfied and sick, tosses in noon.
Emblem instructive of the virtuous man,
Who keeps his tempered mind serene and pure
And every passion aptly harmonized,
Amid a jarring world with vice inflamed.

EVENING IN SUMMER.

Confess'd from yonder slow-extinguished clouds,
All ether softening, sober evening takes
Her wonted station in the middle air;
A thousand shadows at her beck. First *this*
She sends on earth; then *that* of deeper dye
Steals soft behind; and then a deeper still,
In circle following circle, gathers round,
To close the face of things. A fresher gale
Begins to wave the wood, and stir the stream,
Sweeping with shadowy gust the fields of corn;
While the quail clamours for his running mate.
Wide o'er the thistly lawn, as swells the breeze,
A whitening shower of vegetable down
Amusive floats. The kind impartial care
Of nature nought disdains: thoughtful to feed
Her lowest sons, and clothe the coming year,
From field to field the feather'd seed she wings.

Among the crooked lanes, on every hedge,
The glowworm lights his gem; and through the dark
A moving radiance twinkles. Evening yields
The world to night; not in her winter robe
Of massy stygian woof, but loose array'd
In mantle dun. A faint erroneous ray,
Glanced from th' imperfect surfaces of *things*,
Flings half an image on the straining eye;
While wavering woods, and villages, and streams,
And rocks, and mountain tops, that long retain'd
Th' ascending gleam, are all one swimming scene,
Uncertain if beheld.

MISTS IN AUTUMN.

Now, by the cool, declining year condensed,
Descend the copious exhalations, check'd,
As up the middle sky unseen they stole,
And roll the doubling fogs around the hill.
No more the mountain, horrid, vast, sublime,
Who pours a sweep of rivers from his sides,
And high between contending kingdoms rears
The rocky long division, fills the view
With great variety; but in a night

Of gath'ring vapour from the baffled sense
Sinks dark and dreary; thence expanding far,
The huge dusk gradual swallows up the plain:
Vanish the woods; the dim-seen river seems
Sullen and slow to roll the misty wave.
Ev'n in the height of noon, oppress'd, the sun
Sheds weak and blunt his wide-refracted ray,
Whence glaring oft with many a broaden'd orb
He frights the nations. Indistinct on earth,
Seen through the turbid air, beyond the life
Objects appear, and, wilder'd o'er the waste,
The shepherd stalks gigantic: till, at last,
Wreathed dun around in deeper circles, still
Successive closing, sits the gen'ral fog
Unbounded o'er the world, and, mingling thick,
A formless gray confusion covers all.

EVENING IN AUTUMN.

The western sun withdraws the shortened day,
And humid evening, gliding o'er the sky
In her chill progress, to the ground condensed
The vapours throws. Where creeping waters ooze,
Where marshes stagnate, and where rivers wind,
Cluster the rolling fogs, and swim along
The dusky-mantled lawn. Meanwhile the moon,
Full-orb'd, and breaking through the scatter'd clouds,
Shows her broad visage in the crimson east.
Turn'd to the sun direct, her spotted disk,
Where mountains rise, umbrageous dales descend,
And caverns deep, as optic tube descries,
A smaller earth, gives us his blaze again,
Void of its flame, and sheds a softer day.
Now through the passing cloud she seems to stoop,
Now up the pure cerulean rides sublime.
Wide the pale deluge floats, and streaming mild
O'er the skied mountain to the shadowy vale,
While rocks and floods reflect the quivering gleam,
The whole air whitens with a boundless tide
Of silver radiance, trembling round the world.

A TRAVELLER LOST IN THE SNOW.

As thus the snows arise, and foul, and fierce,
All winter drives along the darken'd air;
In his own loose revolving fields, the swain
Disaster'd stands; sees other hills ascend,
Of unknown, joyless brow: and other scenes,
Of horrid prospect, shag the trackless plain:
Nor finds the river, nor the forest, hid
Beneath the formless wild; but wanders on
From hill to dale, still more and more astray,
Impatient flouncing through the drifted heaps,
Stung with the thoughts of home; the thoughts of home
Rush on his nerves, and call their vigour forth
In many a vain attempt. How sinks his soul!
What black despair, what horror fills his heart!
When for the dusky spot, which fancy feign'd
His tufted cottage rising through the snow,
He meets the roughness of the middle waste,
Far from the track and blest abode of man!
While round him night resistless closes fast,
And every tempest, howling o'er his head,
Renders the savage wilderness more wild.
Then throng the busy shapes into his mind,
Of cover'd pits, unfathomably deep,
A dire descent! beyond the power of frost;
Of faithless bogs; of precipices huge,
Smooth'd up with snow; and what is land, unknown,
What water; of the still unfrozen spring,
In the loose marsh or solitary lake,
Where the fresh fountain from the bottom boils.
These check his fearful steps, and down he sinks
Beneath the shelter of the shapeless drift,
Thinking o'er all the bitterness of death,
Mix'd with the tender anguish nature shoots
Through the wrung bosom of the dying man,
His wife, his children, and his friends unseen.
In vain for him th' officious wife prepares
The fire fair blazing, and the vestment warm;
In vain his little children, peeping out
Into the mingling storm, demand their sire,
With tears of artless innocence. Alas!
Nor wife, nor children, more shall he behold,
Nor friends, nor sacred home. On every nerve
The deadly winter seizes; shuts up sense;
And, o'er his inmost vitals creeping cold,
Lays him along the snows, a stiffen'd corse,
Stretch'd out, and bleaching in the northern blast.

REFLECTIONS SUGGESTED BY WINTER.

'Tis done! dread winter spreads his latest glooms,
And reigns tremendous o'er the conquer'd year.
How dead the vegetable kingdom lies!
How dumb the tuneful! Horror wide extends
His desolate domain. Behold, fond man!
See here thy pictured life: pass some few years,

Thy flowering spring, thy summer's ardent strength,
Thy sober autumn fading into age,
And pale concluding winter comes at last,
And shuts the scene. Ah! whither now are fled [hopes
Those dreams of greatness? those unsolid
Of happiness? those longings after fame?
Those restless cares? those busy bustling days? [thoughts,
Those gay-spent, festive nights? those veering
Lost between good and ill, that shared thy life?
All now are vanish'd! Virtue sole survives,
Immortal never-failing friend of man,
His guide to happiness on high. And see!
'Tis come, the glorious morn! the second birth [hears
Of heaven and earth! awakening nature
The new-creating word, and starts to life,
In every heighten'd form, from pain and death
For ever free. The great eternal scheme,
Involving all, and in a perfect whole
Uniting, as the prospect wider spreads,
To reason's eye refined clears up apace.
Ye vainly wise! ye blind presumptuous! now,
Confounded in the dust, adore that Power
And Wisdom oft arraign'd: see now the cause,
Why unassuming worth in secret lived,
And died neglected: why the good man's share
In life was gall and bitterness of soul:
Why the lone widow and her orphans pined
In starving solitude; while luxury,
In palaces, lay straining her low thought,
To form unreal wants: why heaven-born truth,
And moderation fair, wore the red marks
Of superstition's scourge: why licensed pain
That cruel spoiler, that embosom'd foe,
Embitter'd all our bliss. Ye good distress'd!
Ye noble few, who here unbending stand
Beneath life's pressure, yet bear up awhile,
And what your bounded view, which only
A little part, deem'd evil, is no more! [saw
The storms of wintry time will quickly pass
And one unbounded spring encircle all.

THE KNIGHT OF ARTS AND INDUSTRY.

Amid the greenwood shade this boy was bred,
And grew at last a knight of muchel fame,
Of active mind and vigorous lustyhed,
The Knight of Arts and Industry by name.
Earth was his bed, and boughs his roof did frame;
He knew no beverage but the flowing stream;
His tasteful well-earn'd food the sylvan game,
Or the brown fruit with which the woodlands teem: [breme.
The same to him glad summer, or the winter

Him did Minerva rear and nurture well,
In every science, and in every art,
By which mankind the thoughtless brutes excel,
That can or use, or joy, or grace impart,
Disclosing all the powers of head and heart:
Ne were to goodly exercises spar'd,
That brace the nerves, or make the limbs alert,
And mix elastic force with firmness hard:
Was never knight on ground mote he with him compar'd.

Sometimes, with early morn, he mounted gay
The hunter-steed, exulting o'er the dale,
And drew the roseat breath of orient day:
Sometimes, retiring to the secret vale,
Yclad in steel, and bright with burnish'd mail, [ing spear,
He strain'd the bow, or toss'd the sound-
Or, darting on the goal, outstripp'd the gale,
Or wheel'd the chariot in its mid-career,
Or strenuous wrestled hard with many a tough compeer.

At other times he pried through Nature's store,
Whate'er she in the ethereal round contains,
Whate'er she hides beneath her verdant floor,
The vegetable and the mineral reigns;
Or else he scanned the globe, those small domains,
Where restless mortals such a turmoil keep,
Its seas, its floods, its mountains, and its plains; [from sleep
But more, he search'd the mind, and roused
Those moral seeds whence we heroic actions reap.

Nor would he scorn to stoop from high pursuits [taught.
Of heavenly truth, and practise what she
Vain is the tree of knowledge without fruits. [he caught,
Sometimes in hand the spade or plough
Forth calling all with which boon earth is fraught; [tool,
Sometimes he plied the strong mechanic
Or rear'd the fabric from the finest draught;
And oft he put himself to Neptune's school,
Fighting with winds and waves on the vext ocean-pool.

To solace then these rougher toils, he tried
To touch the kindling canvass into life;
With nature his creating pencil vied,
With nature joyous at the mimic strife;

Or, to such shapes as graced Pygmalion's wife,
He hew'd the marble; or, with varied fire,
He roused the trumpet and the martial fife,
Or bade the lute sweet tenderness inspire,
Or verses framed that well might wake Apollo's lyre.

Accomplished thus he from the woods issued,
Full of great aims, and bent on bold emprize;
The work which long he in his breast had brew'd.
Now to perform he ardent did devise;
To-wit, a barbarous world to civilize.
Earth was till then a houndless forest wild:
Nonght to be seen but savage woods and skies;
No cities nourish'd arts, no culture smil'd,
No government, no laws, no gentle manners mild.

A rugged wight, the worst of brutes, was man:
On his own wretched kind he ruthless prey'd;
The strongest still the weakest overran;
In every country mighty robbers sway'd,
And guile and ruffian-force were all their trade.
Life was a scene of rapine, want, and wo;
Which this brave knight, in noble anger, made
To swear he would the rascal rout o'erthrow,
For, hy the powers divine, it shonld no more he so!

RULE BRITANNIA.

When Britain first at Heav'n's command
Arose from out the azure main,
This was the charter of the land,
And guardian Angels snng this strain:
Rule Britannia, Britannia rule the waves!
Britons never shall be slaves!

The nations not so blest as thee,
Must, in their turns, to tyrants fall!
While thou shalt flourish, great and free,
The dread and envy of them all.
Rule Britannia, etc.

Still more majestie shalt thou rise,
More dreadful from each foreign stroke;
As the loud blast, that tears the skies,
Serves but to root thy native oak.
Rule Britannia, etc.

Thee haughty tyrants ne'er shall tame:
All their attempts to hend thee down.
Will but arouse thy gen'rous flame,
But work their woe and thy renown.
Rule Britannia, etc.

To thee belongs the rural reign;
Thy cities shall with commerce shine:
All thine shall be the subject main,
And every shore it circles, thine.
Rule Britannia, etc.

The Muses, still with Freedom found,
Shall to thy happy coasts repair,
Blest Isle! with matchless beauties crown'd,
And manly hearts to guard the fair.
Rule Britannia, etc.

WILLIAM COWPER.

William Cowper was born in 1731 at Great Berkhampstead in Hertfordshire. When he was about six years old he had the misfortune to lose his mother, of whom he preserved a vivid recollection all his life, and his 'Lines on receiving her picture', prove the strong affection he had for her; these verses are well known and universally admired. In his youth he was very timid and of a feeble constitution and therefore much tyrannised over by boys older than himself. At the age of twenty one, Cowper took chambers at the Temple, there he became first subject to those fits which rendered his whole life miserable, and ultimately destroyed his mental faculties. He stayed in the Temple from 1752 till 1763 but made little progress in the study of the law. While there he lost his father, and an event occurred which completely shattered his intellectual powers. The circumstances were the following: A dispute in parliament rendered it necessary for him to appear in his official capacity as Clerk of the Journals, and the bare idea of this appearance in public so terrified him as to impair his health, and overthrow his reason: he even made an attempt at self-destruction. He however recovered and soon afterwards entered the house of a certain Mr. Unwin, at whose request he published a volume of poems containing: 'Table Talk' &c., but as they were written in a somewhat deep style, they were only gradually appreciated. In 1767 upon the death of his friend, Cowper removed with Mrs. Unwin to Olney in Buckinghamshire. In the year 1770 the death of his brother aggravated his disease, and until 1776 he was watched over with a mother's care and solicitude by Mrs. Unwin, through whose attention he was at length restored to bodily and mental health. As yet Cowper's productions were few in number but at the age of 50 during his convalescence he composed, at the suggestion of Mrs. Unwin and other friends, a volume of poetry comprising, 'Hope', 'The progress of Error', 'Charity and Expostulation'. At the advice of Lady Austin he began the 'Task'; to her promptings we are also indebted for 'John Gilpin'. Some time after this he wrote the 'Tirocinium', a poem exposing the then existing system of public education in England, in which the feeling produced by his own sufferings when at school, is very easily traced. He then undertook the translation of Homer which he published by subscription. Soon afterwards, he again fell into religious despondency, and the death of Mrs. Unwin (1796) proved a final blow both for his mind and body. He lingered three years in misery, and died in 1800, aged 69, and was buried in the parish church of East Dereham.

THOUGHTS ON NATURE.

Happy, if full of days, — but happier far,
If, ere we yet discern life's evening star,
Sick of the service of a world that feeds
Its patient drudges with dry chaff and weeds,

We can escape from custom's idiot sway,
To serve the Sovereign we were born t' obey,
Then sweet to muse upon his skill displayed,
(Infinite skill,) in all that he has made!
To trace, in Nature's most minute design,
The signature and stamp of power Divine;
Contrivance intricate, expressed with ease,
Where unassisted sight no beauty sees.
The shapely limb, and lubricated joint,
Within the small dimensions of a point,
Muscle and nerve miraculously spun,
His mighty work, who speaks, and it is done,
The Invisible, in things scarce seen revealed,
To whom an atom is an ample field:
To wonder at a thousand insect forms,
These hatched, and those resuscitated worms,
New life ordained and brighter scenes to share,
Once prone on earth, now buoyant upon air;
Whose shape would make them, had they bulk and size,
More hideous foes than fancy can devise;
With helmet-heads and dragon-scales adorned,
The mighty myriads, now securely scorned,
Would mock the majesty of man's high birth,
Despise his bulwarks, and unpeople earth.

Then with a glance of fancy to survey,
Far as the faculty can stretch away,
Ten thousand rivers poured at His command, [land;
From urns that never fail, through every
These like a deluge with impetuous force,
Those winding modestly a silent course;
The cloud-surmounting Alps, the fruitful vales;
Seas on which every nation spreads her sails; [light;
The sun, a world whence other worlds drink
The crescent moon, the diadem of night;
Stars countless, each in his appointed place,
Fast anchored in the deep abyss of space:
At such a sight to catch the poet's flame,
And with a rapture like his own exclaim,
These are thy glorious works, thou Source of good!
How dimly seen, how faintly understood!
Thine, and upheld by thy paternal care,
This universal frame, thus wondrous fair;
Thy power divine, and bounty beyond thought, [wrought,
Adored and praised in all that thou hast
Absorbed in that immensity I see,
I shrink abased, and yet aspire to thee;
Instruct me, guide me to that heavenly day,
Thy words more clearly than thy works, display [refine,
That, while Thy truths my grosser thoughts
I may resemble thee, and call thee mine!

GRATITUDE TO GOD.

How blest thy creature is, O God,
When with a single eye
He views the lustre of thy word,
The day-spring from on high.

Through all the storms that veil the skies,
And frown on earthly things,
The Sun of Righteousness he eyes
With healing on his wings.

Struck by that light the human heart,
A barren soil no more,
Sends the sweet smell of grace abroad,
Where serpents lurked before.

The glorious orb, whose golden beams
The fruitful year control,
Since first, obedient to thy word
He started from the goal,

Has cheered the nations with the joys
His orient rays impart;
But, Jesus, 'tis thy light alone
Can shine upon the heart.

JOHN GILPIN.

John Gilpin was a citizen,
Of credit and renown,
A train-band captain eke was he
Of famous London town.

John Gilpin's spouse said to her dear,
Though wedded we have been
These twice ten tedious years, yet we
No holiday have seen.

To-morrow is our wedding day,
And we will then repair
Unto the Bell at Edmonton,
All in a chaise and pair;

My sister and my sister's child,
Myself and children three,
Will fill the chaise, so you must ride
On horseback after we.

He soon replied, I do admire
Of womankind but one:
And you are she, my dearest dear,
Therefore it shall be done.

I am a linen-draper bold,
As all the world doth know,
And my good friend the calender
Will lend his horse to go.

Quoth Mistress Gilpin, That's well said;
And for that wine is dear,
We will be furnish'd with our own,
Which is both bright and clear.

John Gilpin kiss'd his loving wife;
O'erjoy'd was he to find
That, though on pleasure she was bent,
She had a frugal mind.

The morning came, the chaise was brought,
But yet not was allow'd
To drive up to the door, lest all
Should say that she was proud.

So three doors off the chaise was stay'd,
Where they did all get in,
Six precious souls, and all agog
To dash through thick and thin.

Smack went the whip, round went the wheels,
Were never folk so glad;
The stones did rattle underneath
As if Cheapside were mad.

John Gilpin at his horse's side
Seiz'd fast the flowing mane:
And up he got in haste to ride,
But soon came down again:

For saddle-tree scarce reach'd had he,
His journey to begin,
When turning round his head, he saw
Three customers come in.

So down he came; for loss of time,
Although it griev'd him sore,
Yet loss of pence, full well he knew,
Would trouble him much more.

'Twas long before the customers
Were suited to their mind;
When Betty screaming came down stairs,
'The wine is left behind!' —

Good lack! quoth he — yet bring it me,
My leathern belt likewise,
In which I bear my trusty sword
When I do exercise.

Now Mistress Gilpin, careful soul!
Had two stone bottles found,
To hold the liquor that she lov'd,
And keep it safe and sound.

Each bottle had a curling ear,
Through which the belt he drew,
And hung a bottle on each side,
To make his balance true;

Then over all, that he might be
Equipp'd from top to toe,
His long red cloak, well brush'd and neat,
He manfully did throw.

Now see him mounted once again
Upon his nimble steed,
Full slowly pacing o'er the stones
With caution and good heed.

But finding soon a smoother road
Beneath his well-shod feet,
The snorting beast began to trot,
Which gall'd him in his seat.

So, fair and softly, John he cried,
But John he cried in vain;
That trot became a gallop soon,
In spite of curb and rein.

So stooping down, as needs he must,
Who cannot sit upright,
He grasp'd the mane with both his hands,
And eke with all his might.

His horse, who never in that sort
Had handled been before,
What thing upon his back had got
Did wonder more and more.

Away went Gilpin, neck or nought,
Away went hat and wig;
He little dreamt, when he set out,
Of running such a rig.

The wind did blow, the cloak did fly,
Like streamer long and gay,
Till loop and button failing both,
At last it flew away.

Then might all people well discern
The bottles he had slung;
A bottle swinging at each side,
As hath been said or sung.

The dogs did bark, the children scream'd,
Up flew the windows all:
And every soul cried out, Well done!
As loud as he could bawl.

Away went Gilpin — who but he;
His fame soon spread around —
He carries weight! he rides a race!
'Tis for a thousand pound.

And still as fast as he drew near
'Twas wonderful to view,
How in a trice the turnpike-men
Their gates wide open threw.

And now as he went bowing down
His reeking head full low,
The bottles twain behind his back,
Were shatter'd at a blow.

Down ran the wine into the road,
Most piteous to be seen,
Which made his horse's flanks to smoke
As they had basted been.

But still he seem'd to carry weight,
With leathern girdle brac'd;
For all might see the bottles' necks,
Still dangling at his waist.

Thus all through merry Islington
These gambols he did play,
And till he came unto the Wash
Of Edmonton so gay.

And there he threw the wash about
On both sides of the way,
Just like unto a trundling mop,
Or a wild-goose at play.

At Edmonton his loving wife
From balcony espied
Her tender husband, wond'ring much
To see how he did ride.

'Stop, stop, John Gilpin! here's the house —
They all at once did cry;
The dinner waits, and we are tir'd:
Said Gilpin — So am I.'

But yet his horse was not a whit
Inclin'd to tarry there;
For why? his owner had a house
Full ten miles off, at Ware.

So like an arrow swift he flew,
Shot by an archer strong;
So did he fly — which brings me to
The middle of my song.

Away went Gilpin, out of breath,
And sore against his will,
Till at his friend's the calender's
His horse at last stood still.

The calender, amaz'd to see
His neighbour in such trim,
Laid down his pipe, flew to the gate,
And thus accosted him:

'What news? what news? your tidings tell,
Tell me you must and shall —
Say why bare headed you are come,
Or why you come at all!'

Now Gilpin had a pleasant wit,
And lov'd a timely joke;
And thus into the calender
In merry guise he spoke:

'I came because your horse would come,
And, if I well forehode,
My hat and wig will soon be here,
They are upon the road.'

The calender, right glad to find
His friend in merry pin,
Return'd him not a single word,
But to the house went in.

When straight he came with hat and wig,
A wig that flow'd behind,
A hat not much the worse for wear,
Each comely in its kind.

He held them up, and in his turn
Thus show'd his ready wit:
'My head is twice as big as yours,
They therefore needs must fit.

But let me scrape the dirt away
That hangs upon your face;
And stop and eat, for well you may
Be in a hungry case.'

Said John, 'It is my wedding-day;
And all the world would stare,
If wife should dine at Edmonton,
And I should dine at Ware.'

So turning to his horse, he said,
'I am in haste to dine:
'Twas for your pleasure you came here,
You shall go back for mine.'

Ah, luckless speech, and bootless boast!
For which he paid full dear;
For while he spake, a braying ass
Did sing most loud and clear:

Whereat his horse did snort, as he
Had heard a lion roar;
And gallop'd off with all his might,
As he had done before.

Away went Gilpin, and away
Went Gilpin's hat and wig;
He lost them sooner than at first,
For why? they were too big.

Now Mrs. Gilpin, when she saw
Her husband posting down
Into the country far away,
She pull'd out half a crown:

And thus unto the youth she said
That drove them to the Bell,
'This shall be yours when you bring back
My husband safe and well.'

The youth did ride, and soon did meet,
John coming back amain,
Whom in a trice he tried to stop
By catching at his rein;

But not performing what he meant,
And gladly would have done,
The frighted steed he frighted more,
And made him faster run.

Away went Gilpin, and away
Went post-boy at his heels,
The post-boy's horse right glad to miss
The lumb'ring of the wheels.

Six gentlemen upon the road
Thus seeing Gilpin fly,
With post-boy scamp'ring in the rear,
They rais'd the hue and cry:

'Stop thief! stop thief! — a highwayman!'
Not one of them was mute;
And all and each that pass'd that way
Did join in the pursuit.

And now the turnpike gates again
Flew open in short space;
The toll-men thinking, as before,
That Gilpin rode a race.

And so he did, and won it too,
For he got first to town,
Nor stopp'd till where he first got up
He did again get down.

Now let us sing, 'Long live the king,
And Gilpin, long live he;
And when he next doth ride abroad,
May I be there to see!'

ON THE LOSS OF THE ROYAL GEORGE.

Toll for the brave!
The brave that are no more!
All sunk beneath the wave,
Fast by their native shore!

Eight hundred of the brave,
Whose courage well was tried,
Had made the vessel heel,
And laid her on her side.

A land breeze shook the shrouds,
And she was overset;
Down went the Royal George,
With all her crew complete.

Toll for the brave!
Brave Kempenfelt is gone;
His last sea-fight is fought;
His work of glory done.

It was not in the battle;
No tempest gave the shock;
She sprang no fatal leak;
She ran upon no rock.

His sword was in its sheath;
His fingers held the pen,
When Kempenfelt went down,
With twice four hundred men.

Weigh the vessel up,
Once dreaded by our foes!
And mingle with our cup,
The tear that England owes.

Her timbers yet are sound,
And she may float again
Full-charg'd with England's thunder,
And plough the distant main.

But Kempenfelt is gone,
His victories are o'er:
And he and his eight hundred,
Shall plough the wave no more.

NEGRO SLAVERY.

I would not have a slave to till my ground,
To carry me, to fan me while I sleep,
And tremble when I wake, for all the wealth
That sinews bought and sold have ever earn'd.
No: dear as freedom is, and in my heart's
Just estimation prized above all price,
I had much rather be myself the slave,
And wear the bonds, than fasten them on him.
We have no slaves at home — then why abroad?
And they themselves, once ferried o'er the wave
That parts us, are emancipate and loosed.
Slaves cannot breathe in England; if their lungs
Receive our air, that moment they are free;
They touch our country, and their shackles fall.
That's noble, and bespeaks a nation proud
And jealous of the blessing. Spread it then,
And let it circulate through every vein
Of all your empire; that, where Britain's power
Is felt, mankind may feel her mercy too.

THE KITE, OR PRIDE MUST HAVE A FALL.

Once on a time a paper kite
Was mounted to a wondrous height,
Where giddy with its elevation,
It thus expressed self-admiration:
'See how yon crowds of gazing people
Admire my flight above the steeple;
How would they wonder, if they knew
All that a kite like me can do!
Were I but free, I'd take a flight,
And pierce the clouds beyond their sight,
But oh! like a poor pris'ner bound,
My string confines me to the ground:
I'd brave the eagle's tow'ring wing,
Might I but fly without a string.'
It tugg'd and pull'd, while thus it spoke,
To break the string — at last it broke.
Deprived at once of all its stay,
In vain it try'd to soar away;
Unable its own weight to bear,
It flutter'd downward through the air;
Unable its own course to guide,
The winds soon plunged it in the tide.
Ah! foolish kite, thou hast no wing,
How couldst thou fly without a string!
My heart replied, oh Lord, I see,
How much this kite resembles me!
Forgetful that by thee I stand,
Impatient of thy ruling hand;
How oft I've wish'd to break the lines,
Thy wisdom for my lot assigns!
How oft indulg'd a vain desire,
For something more, or something higher!
And but for grace and love divine,
A fall thus dreadful had been mine.

SCHOOL DAYS.

Be it a weakness, it deserves some praise,
We love the play-place of our early days;
The scene is touching, and the heart is stone [none.
That feels not at that sight, and feels at
The wall on which we tried our graving skill,
The very name we carved subsisting still;
The bench on which we sat while deep employed,
Though mangled, hacked, and hewed, not yet destroyed;
The little ones, unbuttoned, glowing hot,
Playing our games, and on the very spot;
As happy as we once, to kneel and draw
The chalky ring, and knuckle down at taw:
To pitch the ball into the grounded hat,
Or drive it devious with a dexterous pat;
The pleasing spectacle at once excites
Such recollection of our own delights,
That viewing it, we seem almost t' obtain
Our innocent, sweet, simple years again.
This fond attachment to the well-known place,
Whence first we started into life's long race,
Maintains its hold with such unfailing sway,
We feel it even in age, and at our latest day.

THOMAS GRAY.

Thomas Grey was born 1716; he received his early education at Eton, after which he studied in Cambridge. He made a journey on the continent with Sir Horace Walpole and his letters descriptive of this tour are among the most perfect epistolary specimens in the English language. Gray's first publication was an 'Ode to Eton College' which appeared in 1747; his 'Pindaric Odes' in 1754 were not well received. He refused the office of Poet Laureate, offered to him at the death of Colley Cibber and retired to live a quiet life at Cambridge where he remained with little interruption till his death in 1771. He has earned his principal fame from his being the author of an 'Elegy on a Country Church-yard'. In conclusion of this short sketch we may quote a passage from Mr. Tuckerman's 'Thoughts on the Poets', he says: 'of his harmless and studious life time has fairly spared but one beautiful relic. His reputation as a scholar is like a tale that is told; his odes are quite neglected, but his 'Elegy on a Country Churchyard' will bear his name gracefully down the tide of ages. It is one of the immortal poems of the language; and every year sees it renewed, illustrated, and more and more hallowed'.

ELEGY WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCH-YARD.

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea, [way
The plowman homeward plods his weary
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimm'ring landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his drony flight, [folds;
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant

Save that, from yonder ivy-mantled tow'r,
The moping owl does to the Moon complain
Of such, as wand'ring near her secret how'r,
Molest her ancient solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mould'ring heap,
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
The swallow twitt'ring from the straw-built shed,
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn, [lowly bed.
No more shall rouse them from their

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her evening care,
Nor children run to lisp their sire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield;
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke;
How jocund did they drive their teams afield!
How bow'd the woods beneath their sturdy stroke!

Let not ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys and destiny obscure;
Nor grandeur hear with a disdainful smile,
The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of pow'r,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er
Await, alike, th' inevitable hour; [gave,
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault,
If mem'ry o'er their tomb no trophies raise,
Where thro' the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault [praise.
The pealing anthem swells the note of

Can storied urn, or animated bust,
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
Can Honor's voice provoke the silent dust,
Or flatt'ry soothe the dull cold ear of death?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;
Hands, that the rod of empire might have sway'd,
Or wak'd to ecstasy the living lyre.

But knowledge to their eyes her ample page,
Rich with the spoils of Time, did ne'er unroll;
Chill Penury repress'd their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene,
The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear;
Full many a flow'r is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some village Hampden, that with dauntless breast
The little tyrant of his fields withstood;
Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest,
Some Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood.

Th' applause of list'ning senates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
And read their hist'ry in a nation's eyes,

Their lot forbade: nor circumscrib'd alone
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confin'd;
Forbade to wade through slaughter to a throne,
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind;

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,
To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame;
Or heap the shrine of Luxury and Pride
With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,
Their sober wishes never learn'd to stray;
Along the cool sequester'd vale of life
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

Yet ev'n these bones from insult to protect,
Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture deck'd,
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their name, their years, spelt by the unletter'd muse,
The place of fame and elegy supply;
And many a holy text around she strews,
That teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing anxious being e'er resign'd,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing, ling'ring look behind!

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
Some pious drops the closing eye requires;
Ev'n from the tomb, the voice of nature cries,
Ev'n in our ashes live their wonted fires.

For thee, who, mindful of th' unhonour'd dead,
Dost in these lines their artless tale relate;
If, chance, by lonely Contemplation led,
Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate:

Haply some hoary-headed swain may say,
'Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn,
Brushing with hasty steps the dews away,
To meet the sun upon the upland lawn:

There at the foot of yonder nodding beech,
That wreaths its old fantastic roots so high,
His listless length at noon-tide would he stretch,
And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

Hard by yon wood, now smiling, as in scorn,
Mutt'ring his wayward fancies, he would rove;
Now drooping, woeful wan, like one forlorn,
Or crazed with care, or cross'd in hopeless love.

One morn I miss'd him on the custom'd hill,
Along the heath, and near his fav'rite tree;
Another came; nor yet beside the rill,
Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he;

The next, with dirges due, in sad array,
Slow thro' the church-yard path we saw him borne;
Approach and read (for thou canst read) the lay,
Grav'd on the stone beneath yon aged thorn.

ODE ON THE SPRING.

Lo! where the rosy-bosom'd hours,
Fair Venus' train appear,
Disclose the long-expecting flowers,
And wake the purple year!
The Attic warbler pours her throat,
Responsive to the cuckoo's note,
The untaught harmony of spring:
While, whispering pleasure as they fly,
Cool zephyrs through the clear blue sky
Their gather'd fragrance fling.

Where'er the oak's thick branches stretch
A broader brownier shade;
Where'er the rude and moss-grown beech
O'er-canopies the glade,
Beside some water's rushy brink
With me the Muse shall sit, and think

(At ease reclined in rustic state)
How vain the ardour of the crowd,
How low, how little, are the proud,
How indigent the great!

Still is the toiling hand of Care:
The panting herds repose:
Yet hark, how through the peopled air
The busy murmur glows!
The insect youth are on the wing,
Eager to taste the honied spring,
And float amid the liquid noon:
Some lightly o'er the current skim,
Some show their gaily-gilded trim
Quick-glancing to the sun.

To Contemplation's sober eye
Such is the race of man:
And they that creep, and they that fly,
Shall end where they began.
Alike the busy and the gay
But flutter through life's little day,
In fortune's varying colours drest:
Brush'd by the hand of rough mischance,
Or chill'd by age, their airy dance
They leave, in dust to rest.

Methinks I hear in accents low
The sportive kind reply;
Poor moralist! and what art thou?
A solitary fly!
Thy joys no glittering female meets,
No hive hast thou of hoarded sweets,
No painted plumage to display:
On hasty wings thy youth is flown:
Thy sun is set, thy spring is gone —
We frolic while 'tis May.

THE BARD.[1]

I. 1.

'Ruin seize thee, ruthless king!
Confusion on thy banners wait;
Though, fann'd by Conquest's crimson wing,
They mock the air with idle state.
Helm, nor hauberk's twisted mail,
Nor e'en thy virtues, tyrant, shall avail
To save thy secret soul from nightly fears,
From Cambria's curse, from Cambria's tears!'
Such were the sounds, that o'er the crested pride
Of the first Edward scatter'd wild dismay,
As down the steep of Snowdon's shaggy side
He wound with toilsome march his long array.
Stout Glo'ster stood aghast in speechless trance.
To arms! cried Mortimer, and couch'd his quivering lance.

[1] The following Ode is founded on a tradition current in Wales, that Edward the First, when he completed the conquest of that country, ordered all the Bards, that fell into his hands, to be put to death.

I. 2.

On a rock, whose haughty brow
Frowns o'er old Conway's foaming flood,
Robed in the sable garb of woe,
With haggard eyes the Poet stood,
(Loose his beard, and hoary hair
Stream'd, like a meteor, to the troubled air);
And with a master's hand, and prophet's fire,
Struck the deep sorrows of his lyre.
'Hark, how each giant-oak, and desert cave,
Sighs to the torrent's awful voice beneath!
O'er thee, oh King? their hundred arms they wave,
Revenge on thee in hoarser murmurs breathe;
Vocal no more, since Cambria's fatal day,
To high-born Hoel's harp, or soft Llewellyn's lay.

I. 3.

'Cold is Cadwallo's tongue,
That hush'd the stormy main;
Brave Urien sleeps upon his craggy bed:
Mountains, ye mourn in vain
Modred, whose magic song [head.
Made huge Plinlimmon bow his cloud-topp'd
On dreary Arvon's shore they lie,
Smear'd with gore, and ghastly pale:
Far, far aloof th' affrighted ravens sail;
The famish'd eagle screams, and passes by.
Dear, lost companions of my tuneful art,
Dear, as the light that visits these sad eyes,
Dear, as the ruddy drops that warm my heart,
Ye died amidst your dying country's cries —
No more I weep. They do not sleep.
On yonder cliffs, a grisly band,
I see them sit, they linger yet,
Avengers of their native land:
With me in dreadful harmony they join,
And weave with bloody hands the tissue of thy line.'

II. 1.

'Weave the warp, and weave the woof,
The winding-sheet of Edward's race;
Give ample room, and verge enough
The characters of hell to trace.
Mark the year, and mark the night,
When Severn shall re-echo with affright;
The shrieks of death, through Berkeley's roofs that ring,
Shrieks of an agonizing King!
She-wolf of France, with unrelenting fangs,
That tear'st the bowels of thy mangled mate,
From thee be born, who o'er thy country hangs
The scourge of Heaven! What terrors round him wait!
Amazement in his van, with Flight combined,
And Sorrow's faded form, and Solitude behind.

II. 2.

'Mighty Victor, mighty Lord,
Low on his funeral couch he lies!
No pitying heart, no eye, afford
A tear to grace his obsequies.
Is the sable Warrior fled?
Thy son is gone. He rests among the dead.
The swarm, that in thy noon-tide beam were born?
Gone to salute the rising Morn.
Fair laughs the Morn, and soft the Zephyr blows,
While proudly riding o'er the azure realm
In gallant trim the gilded vessel goes;
Youth on the prow, and Pleasure at the helm;
Regardless of the sweeping whirlwind's sway,
That, hush'd in grim repose, expects his evening prey.

II. 3.

'Fill high the sparkling bowl,
The rich repast prepare:
Reft of a crown, he yet may share the feast;
Close by the regal chair
Fell Thirst and Famine scowl
A baleful smile upon their baffled guest.
Heard ye the din of battle bray,
Lance to lance, and horse to horse?
Long years of havoc urge their destined course,
And through the kindred squadrons mow their way.
Ye towers of Julius, London's lasting shame,
With many a foul and midnight murder fed,
Revere his consort's faith, his father's fame,
And spare the meek usurper's holy head!
Above, below, the rose of snow,
Twined with her blushing foe, we spread:
The bristled Boar in infant gore
Wallows beneath the thorny shade.
Now, brothers, bending o'er th' accursed loom,
Stamp we our vengeance deep, and ratify his doom.

III. 1.

'Edward, lo! to sudden fate
(Weave we the woof. The thread is spun.)
Half of thy heart we consecrate.
(The web is wove. The work is done.')
Stay, oh stay! nor thus forlorn
Leave me unbless'd, unpitied, here to mourn:
In yon bright track, that fires the western skies,
They melt, they vanish from my eyes.
But oh! what solemn scenes on Snowdon's height,
Descending slow, their glittering skirts unroll?
Visions of glory, spare my aching sight,
Ye unborn ages, crowd not on my soul!
No more our long-lost Arthur we bewail.
All hail, ye genuine kings! Britannia's issue, hail!

III. 2.

'Girt with many a baron bold
Sublime their starry fronts they rear;
And gorgeous dames, and statesmen old,
In bearded majesty, appear.
In the midst a form divine!
Her eye proclaims her of the Briton-line;
Her lion-port, her awe-commanding face,
Attemper'd sweet to virgin-grace.
What strings symphonious tremble in the air,
What strains of vocal transport round her play!
Hear from the grave, great Taliessin, hear!
They breathe a soul to animate thy clay.
Bright Rapture calls, and soaring, as she sings,
Waves in the eye of Heaven her many-colour'd wings.

III. 3.

'The verse adorn again
Fierce War, and faithful Love,
And Truth severe, by fairy Fiction drest.
In huskin'd measures move
Pale Grief, and pleasing Pain,
With Horror, tyrant of the throbbing breast.
A voice, as of the cherub-choir,
Gales from blooming Eden bear;
And distant warblings lessen on my ear,
That lost in long futurity expire.
Fond, impious man, think'st thou, yon sanguine cloud,
Raised by thy breath, hath quench'd the orb of day?
To-morrow he repairs the golden flood,
And warms the nations with redoubled ray.
Enough for me: with joy I see
The different doom our fates assign.
Be thine Despair, and sceptred Care;
To triumph, and to die, are mine.'
He spoke, and headlong from the mountain's height
Deep in the roaring tide he plunged to endless night.

TOBIAS SMOLLET.

Born 1721. Died 1771.

THE TEARS OF SCOTLAND.

Mourn, hapless Caledonia, mourn
Thy banish'd peace, thy laurels torn!
Thy sons, for valour long renown'd,
Lie slaughter'd on their native ground;
Thy hospitable roofs no more,
Invite the stranger to the door;
In smoky ruins sunk they lie,
The monuments of cruelty.

The wretched owner sees afar
His all become the prey of war;
Bethinks him of his babes and wife,
Then smites his breast, and curses life.
Thy swains are famish'd on the rocks,
Where once they fed their wanton flocks;
Thy ravish'd virgins shriek in vain;
Thy infants perish on the plain.

What boots it then, in every clime,
Through the wide-spreading waste of time,
Thy martial glory, crown'd with praise,
Still shone with undiminish'd blaze?
Thy towering spirit now is broke,
Thy neck is bended to the yoke.
What foreign arms could never quell,
By civil rage and rancour fell.

The rural pipe and merry lay
No more shall cheer the happy day:
No social scenes of gay delight
Beguile the dreary winter night:
No strains but those of sorrow flow,
And nought be heard but sounds of woe,
While the pale phantoms of the slain
Glide nightly o'er the silent plain.

O baneful cause, oh! fatal morn,
Accursed to ages yet unborn!
The sons against their father stood,
The parent shed his children's blood.
Yet, when the rage of battle ceased,
The victor's soul was not appeased:
The naked and forlorn must feel
Devouring flames, and murd'ring steel!

The pious mother, doom'd to death,
Forsaken wanders o'er the heath,
The bleak wind whistles round her head,
Her helpless orphans cry for bread;
Bereft of shelter, food, and friend,
She views the shades of night descend;
And stretch'd beneath th' inclement skies,
Weeps o'er her tender babes, and dies.

While the warm blood bedews my veins,
And unimpair'd remembrance reigns,
Resentment of my country's fate,
Within my filial breast shall beat;
And, spite of her insulting foe,
My sympathizing verse shall flow;
'Mourn, hapless Caledonia, mourn
Thy banish'd peace, thy laurels torn.'

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

Born 1729. Died 1774.

THE COUNTRY CLERGYMAN.

Near yonder copse, where once a garden smiled,
And still where many a garden-flower grows wild;
There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,
The village preacher's modest mansion rose.
A man he was to all the country dear,
And passing rich with forty pounds a year,
Remote from towns he ran his godly race,
Nor e'er had changed, nor wished to change, his place;
Unskilful he to fawn, or seek for power
By doctrines fashioned to the varying hour;
Far other aims his heart had learned to prize,
More bent to raise the wretched than to rise.
His house was known to all the vagrant train,
He chid their wand'rings, but relieved their pain;
The long-remembered beggar was his guest,
Whose beard, descending swept his aged breast;
The ruined spendthrift, now no longer proud,
Claimed kindred there, and had his claims allowed;
The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay,
Sat by his fire, and talked the night away;
Wept o'er his wounds, or tales of sorrow done,
Shouldered his crutch, and shewed how fields were won.
Pleased with his guests, the good man learned to glow,
And quite forgot their vices in their woe;

Careless their merits or their faults to scan,
His pity gave ere charity began.

Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,
And e'en his failings leaned to virtue's side;
But in his duty prompt at every call,
He watched and wept, he prayed and felt for all.
And as a bird each fond endearment tries,
To tempt its new-fledged offspring to the skies,
He tried each art, reproved each dull delay,
Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way.
Beside the bed where parting life was laid,
And sorrow, guilt, and pain, by turns dismay'd,
The reverend champion stood. At his control
Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul;
Comfort came down, the trembling wretch to raise,
And his last faltering accents whisper'd praise.

At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
His looks adorn'd the venerable place;
Truth from his lips prevail'd with double sway,
And fools who came to scoff remain'd to pray.
The service past, around the pious man
With ready zeal, each honest rustic ran;
E'en children follow'd with endearing wile,
And pluck'd his gown to share the good man's smile.
His ready smile a parent's warmth express'd,
Their welfare pleased him, and their cares distress'd;
To them his heart, his love, his griefs were given,
But all his serious thoughts had rest in Heaven.
As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm,
Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

Eternal blessings crown my earliest friend,
And round his dwelling guardian saints attend.
Blest be that spot, where cheerful guests retire
To pause from toil, and trim their evening fire;
Blest that abode, where want and pain repair
And every stranger finds a ready chair;
Blest be those feasts with simple plenty crowned,
Where all the ruddy family around
Laugh at the jests or pranks that never fail,
Or sigh with pity at some mournful tale,
Or press the bashful stranger to his food,
And learn the luxury of doing good.

But me, not destined such delights to share,
My prime of life in wandering spent and care;
Impelled with steps unceasing to pursue
Some fleeting good, that mocks me with the view;
That, like the circle bounding earth and skies,
Allures from far, yet, as I follow, flies;
My fortune leads to traverse realms alone,
And find no spot of all the world my own.

E'en now where Alpine solitudes ascend,
I sit me down a pensive hour to spend;
And placed on high, above the storm's career,
Look downward where a hundred realms appear;
Lakes, forests, cities, plains extending wide,
The pomp of kings, the shepherd's humbler pride.
When thus creation's charms around combine,
Amidst the store should thankless pride repine?
Say, should the philosophic mind disdain
That good which makes each humble bosom vain?
Let school-taught pride dissemble all it can,
These little things are great to little man;
And wiser he, whose sympathetic mind
Exults in all the good of all mankind.
Ye glittering towns, with wealth and splendour crown'd;
Ye fields, where summer spreads profusion round;
Ye lakes, whose vessels catch the breezy gale;
Ye bending swains, that dress the flowery vale;
For me your tributary stores combine;
Creation's heir, the world, the world is mine.

THE TRAVELLER.

Remote, unfriended, melancholy, slow,
Or by the lazy Scheld, or wandering Po;
Or onward, where the rude Carpathian boor
Against the houseless stranger shuts the door;
Or where Campania's plain forsaken lies,
A weary waste expanding to the skies;
Where'er I roam, whatever realms I see,
My heart, untravelled, fondly turns to thee:
Still to my brother turns, with ceaseless pain
And drags at each remove a lengthening chain.

THE DESERTED VILLAGE.

Sweet Auburn! loveliest village of the plain,
Where health and plenty cheered the labouring swain,

Where smiling spring its earliest visit paid,
And parting summer's lingering blooms delayed;
Dear lovely bowers of innocence and ease,
Seats of my youth, when every sport could please;
How often have I loitered o'er thy green,
Where humble happiness endeared each scene;
How often have I paused on every charm,
The sheltered cot, the cultivated farm,
The never-failing brook, the busy mill,
The decent church that topp'd the neighb'ring hill;
The hawthorn bush, with seats beneath the shade,
For talking age and whisp'ring lovers made!
How often have I blest the coming day,
When toil remitting lent its turn to play,
And all the village train, from labour free,
Led up their sports beneath the spreading tree!
While many a pastime circled in the shade,
The young contending as the old surveyed;
And many a gambol frolicked o'er the ground,
And sleights of art and feats of strength went round;
And still, as each repeated pleasure tired,
Succeeding sports the mirthful band inspired.
The dancing pair that simply sought renown,
By holding out to tire each other down;
The swain mistrustless of his smutted face,
While secret laughter tittered round the place;
The bashful virgin's side-long looks of love,
The matron's glance that would those looks reprove;
These were thy charms, sweet village! sports like these
With sweet succession taught e'en toil to please;
These round the bowers their cheerful influence shed,
These were thy charms — but all these charms are fled.

Sweet smiling village, loveliest of the lawn,
Thy sports are fled, and all thy charms withdrawn;
Amidst the bowers the tyrant's hand is seen,
And Desolation saddens all the green:
One only master grasps the whole domain,
And half a village stints thy smiling plain;
No more thy glassy brook reflects the day,
But, choked with sedges, works its weedy way;
Along the glades a solitary guest,
The hollow-sounding bittern guards its nest;
Amidst thy desert walks the lapwing flies,
And tires their echoes with unvaried cries:
Sunk are thy bowers in shapeless ruin all,
And the long grass o'ertops the mould'ring wall,
And trembling, shrinking from the spoiler's hand,
Far, far away thy children leave the land.

WILLIAM COLLINS.

William Collins' short and melancholy history is soon told: he was born in Chichester in 1720 and was the son of a hatter; he received a good education and took the degree of Bachelor of Arts in Oxford 1744, after which he repaired to London to procure his living by his pen. He had during his stay at Oxford published (1742) the Oriental Eclogues, which in spite of their possessing high merit and giving evidence of a superior talent, were wholly neglected. In 1746 he published in London his 'Odes' which also, although remarkable for their beauty and purity of idea, were not duly appreciated till after the poet's death. This neglect broke his spirits, and he became indolent and dissipated. But on the occasion of Thompson's death he composed 1747 another most beautiful Ode. Whilst Collins was suffering from poverty his uncle died and left him £2000 with which he paid his bookseller's claims and then sunk into still greater indolence, he became subject to fits of depression and fell into a state of melancholy to such a degree that it was necessary to confine him in a lunatic asylum for some time: he was afterwards placed under the care of his sister till he died in 1756.

THE PASSIONS.

When Music, heavenly maid, was young,
While yet in early Greece she sung,
The Passions oft, to hear her shell,
Throng'd around her magic cell,
Exulting, trembling, raging, fainting,
Possest beyond the Muse's painting;
By turns they felt the glowing mind,
Disturb'd, delighted, raised, refined:
Till once, 'tis said, when all were fired,
Fill'd with fury, rapt, inspired,
From the supporting myrtles round
They snatch'd her instruments of sound,
And, as they oft had heard apart
Sweet lessons of her forceful art,
Each, for Madness ruled the hour,
Would prove his own expressive power.

First Fear his hand, its skill to try,
Amid the chords bewilder'd laid,
And back recoil'd, he knew not why,
E'en at the sound himself had made.

Next Anger rush'd, his eyes on fire,
In lightnings own'd his secret stings,
In one rude clash he struck the lyre,
And swept with hurried hand the strings.

With woful measures wan Despair —
Low sullen sounds his grief beguiled,
A solemn, strange, and mingled air,
'Twas sad by fits, by starts 'twas wild.

But thou, O Hope! with eyes so fair,
What was thy delighted measure?
Still it whisper'd promised pleasure,
And bade the lovely scenes at distance hail!
Still would her touch the strain prolong,
And from the rocks, the woods, the vale,
She call'd on Echo still through all the song;
And where her sweetest theme she chose,
A soft responsive voice was heard at every close,
And Hope enchanted smiled, and waved her golden hair.

And longer had she sung — but, with a frown,
Revenge impatient rose,
He threw his blood-stain'd sword in thunder down,
And, with a withering look,
The war-denouncing trumpet took,
And blew a blast so loud and dread,
Were ne'er prophetic sounds so full of woe!
And ever and anon he beat
The doubling drum with furious heat;
And though sometimes, each dreary pause between,
Dejected Pity at his side
Her soul-subduing voice applied,
Yet still he kept his wild unalter'd mien,
While each strain'd ball of sight seem'd bursting from his head.

Thy numbers, Jealousy, to nought were fix'd,
Sad proof of thy distressful state!
Of differing themes the veering song was mix'd,
And now it courted Love, now raving call'd on Hate.
With eyes up-raised, as one inspired,
Pale Melancholy sat retired,
And from her wild sequester'd seat,
In notes by distance made more sweet,
Pour'd through the mellow horn her pensive soul:
And, dashing soft from rocks around,
Bubbling runnels join'd the sound;
Through glades and glooms the mingled measure stole,
Or o'er some haunted streams with fond delay,
Round an holy calm diffusing,
Love of peace, and lonely musing,
In hollow murmurs died away.

But, O, how alter'd was its sprightlier tone!
When Cheerfulness, a nymph of healthiest hue,
Her bow across her shoulders flung,
Her buskins gemm'd with morning dew,
Blew an inspiring air, that dale and thicket rung,
The hunter's call to Faun and Dryad known;
The oak-crown'd Sisters, and their chaste-eyed Queen,
Satyrs and Sylvan boys were seen,
Peeping from forth their alleys green;
Brown Exercise rejoiced to hear,
And Sport leapt up, and seized his beechen spear.

Last came Joy's ecstatic trial;
He, with viny crown advancing,
First to the lively pipe his hand address;
But soon he saw the brisk-awakening viol,
Whose sweet entrancing voice he loved the best.
They would have thought, who heard the strain,
They saw in Tempe's vale her native maids,
Amidst the festal sounding shades,
To some unwearied minstrel dancing;
While, as his flying fingers kiss'd the strings,
Love framed with Mirth a gay fantastic round;
Loose were her tresses seen, her zone unbound;
And he, amidst his frolic play,
As if he would the charming air repay,
Shook thousand odours from his dewy wings.

O Music! sphere-descended maid,
Friend of Pleasure, Wisdom's aid,
Why, Goddess, why to us denied,
Lay'st thou thy ancient lyre aside?
As, in that loved Athenian bower,
You learn'd an all-commanding power,
Thy mimic soul, O nymph endear'd,
Can well recall what then it heard.
Where is thy native simple heart,
Devote to Virtue, Fancy, Art?
Arise, as in that elder time,
Warm, energetic, chaste, sublime!
Thy wonders, in that god-like age,
Fill thy recording Sister's page —
'Tis said, and I believe the tale,
Thy humblest reed could more prevail,
Had more of strength, diviner rage,
Than all which charms this laggard age;
E'en all at once together found
Cecilia's mingled world of sound —
O, bid our vain endeavours cease,
Revive the just designs of Greece:
Return in all thy simple state!
Confirm the tales her sons relate!

ODE.

How sleep the brave, who sink to rest,
By all their country's wishes blest!
When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,
Returns to deck their hallow'd mould,

She there shall dress a sweeter sod
Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.
By Fairy hands their knell is rung,
By forms unseen their dirge is sung;
There Honour comes, a pilgrim grey,
To bless the turf that wraps their clay,
And Freedom shall a while repair
To dwell a weeping hermit there!

MARK AKENSIDE.

Mark Akenside both a physician and a poet, was born at Newcastle-upon-Tyne in the year 1721. He received his education in a grammar school at the expence of a society of dissenters, who hoped that he would become their minister at a future period, but his opinions changed, and after having honourably refunded the money advanced for his education, he studied medicine, and in 1744 took his degree of M. D. His principal poem is 'The Pleasures of the Imagination' which was published in 1744 and is one of the finest specimens of blank verse in the English language. Many of his productions appeared in the 'Gentlemen's Magazine', which afterwards were collected by Mr. Burke and published in his work: 'The life, writings and genius of Akenside.' To this gentleman we are indebted for the authentic account of the poet's life. He informs us that Akenside was a physician of considerable merit, but that he had to struggle hard to obtain a good practise, and at the time he commenced his profession in London, had it not been for an annuity of £. 300 per annum allowed him by his friend Mr. Dyson, he would have been involved in serious difficulties. He wrote also several medical works and was in the midst of his career when he died of a putrid fever in 1770 in the 49th year of his age.

GENIUS.

From Heav'n my strains begin; from Heav'n descends
The flame of genius to the human breast,
And love, and beauty, and poetic joy,
And inspiration. Ere the radiant Sun,
Sprang from the east, or 'midst the vault of night
The Moon suspended her serener lamp;
Ere mountains, woods, or streams adorn'd the globe,
Or Wisdom taught the sons of men her lore;
Then liv'd th' almighty One; then, deep retir'd
In his unfathom'd essence, view'd the forms,
The forms eternal of created things;
The radiant sun, the moon's nocturnal lamp,
The mountains, woods, and streams, the rolling globe,
And Wisdom's mien celestial. From the first
Of days on them his love divine he fix'd,
His admiration: till in time complete,
What he admir'd, and lov'd, his vital smile
Unfolded into being. Hence the breath
Of life informing each organic frame;
Hence the green earth, and wild resounding waves;
Hence light and shade alternate; warmth and cold;
And clear autumnal skies, and vernal show'rs;
And all the fair variety of things.

But not alike to ev'ry mortal eye
Is this great scene unveil'd. For since the claims
Of social life to diff'rent labours urge
The active pow'rs of man; with wise intent
The hand of Nature on peculiar minds
Imprints a diff'rent bias, and to each
Decrees its province in the common toil.
To some she taught the fabric of the sphere,
The changeful moon, the circuit of the stars,
The golden zones of Heav'n: to some she gave
To weigh the moment of eternal things,
Of time, and space, and fate's unbroken chain;
And will's quick impulse: others by the hand
She led o'er vales and mountains, to explore
What healing virtue swells the tender veins
Of herbs and flow'rs; or what the beams of morn
Draw forth, distilling from the clifted rind
In balmy tears. But some to higher hopes
Were destin'd: some within a finer mould
She wrought and temper'd with a purer flame.
To these the Sire Omnipotent unfolds
The world's harmonious volume, there to read
The transcript of himself. On ev'ry part
They trace the bright impressions of his hand;
In earth, or air, the meadow's purple stores,
The moon's mild radiance, or the virgin's form
Blooming with rosy smiles, they see portray'd
That uncreated Beauty which delights
The Mind supreme. They also feel her charms,
Enamour'd: they partake th' eternal joy.

GREATNESS.

Say, why was man so eminently rais'd
Amid the vast creation? why ordain'd
Through life and death to dart his piercing eye,
With thoughts beyond the limits of his frame?
But that th' Omnipotent might send him forth,
In sight of mortal and immortal pow'rs,

As on a boundless theatre, to run
The great career of justice; to exalt
His gen'rous aim to all diviner deeds;
To chase each partial purpose from his breast;
And through the mists of passion and of sense,
And through the tossing tide of chance and pain,
To hold his course unfalt'ring, while the voice
Of Truth and Virtue, up the steep ascent
Of Nature, calls him to his high reward,
Th' applauding smile of Heav'n. Else wherefore burns
In mortal bosoms this unquenched hope,
That breathes from day to day sublimer things,
And mocks possession? Wherefore darts the mind,
With such resistless ardour to embrace
Majestic forms; impatient to be free;
Spurning the gross control of wilful might;
Proud of the strong contention of her toils;
Proud to be daring? Who but rather turns
To Heav'n's broad fire his unconstrained view,
Than to the glimm'ring of a waxen flame!
Who that from Alpine heights his lab'ring eye
Shoots round the wide horizon, to survey
Nilus, or Ganges, rolling his bright wave
Through mountains, plains, through empires black with shade,
And continents of sand, will turn his gaze,
To mark the windings of a scanty rill,
That murmurs at his feet? The high-born soul
Disdains to rest her Heav'n-aspiring wing
Beneath it's native quarry. Tir'd of earth
And this diurnal scene, she springs aloft
Through fields of air; pursues the flying storm;
Rides on the volley'd lightning through the heav'ns;
Or yok'd with whirlwinds and the northern blast
Sweeps the long tract of day. Then high
The blue profound, and hov'ring round the Sun,
Beholds him pouring the redundant stream
Of light; beholds his unrelenting sway
Bend the reluctant planets to absolve
The fated rounds of time. Thence far effus'd
She darts her swiftness up the long career
Of devious comets; through its burning signs,
Exulting, measures the perennial wheel
Of Nature, and looks back on all the stars,
Whose blended light as with a milky zone
Invests the orient. Now amaz'd she views
Th' empyreal waste, where happy spirits hold,
Beyond this concave Heav'n, their calm abode;
And fields of radiance, whose unfading light
Has travell'd the profound six thousand years,
Nor yet arrives in sight of mortal things.
Ev'n on the barriers of the world untir'd
She meditates th' eternal depth below;
Till, half recoiling, down the headlong steep
She plunges; soon o'erwhelm'd and swallow'd up
In that immense of being. There her hopes
Rest at the fated goal. For from the birth
Of mortal man, the sov'reign Maker said,
That not in humble nor in brief delight,
Not in the fading echoes of renown,
Pow'r's purple robes, nor Pleasure's flow'ry lap,
The soul should find enjoyment: but from those
Turning disdainful to an equal good,
Through all th' ascent of things enlarge her view,
Till ev'ry bound at length should disappear
And infinite perfection close the scene.

WILLIAM SHENSTONE.

William Shenstone, born in Shropshire 1714, was an author of odes, elegies, ballads and pastorals. Being of an ambitious character, he would probably have risen to celebrity, had he not devoted the chief part of his time to ornamental gardening. Of his miscellaneous pieces, his 'Judgment of Hercules' and 'Village Schoolmistress', are the best known. After his death (1763), his works were published in three volumes consisting of poetical essays, and his correspondence.

THE SHEPHERD'S HOME.

My banks they are furnished with bees,
Whose murmur invites one to sleep;
My grottos are shaded with trees,
And my hills are white over with sheep.
I seldom have met with a loss,
Such health do my fountains bestow;
My fountains are bordered with moss,
Where the harebells and violets blow.

Not a pine in my grove is there seen,
But with tendrils of woodbine is bound;
Not a beech's more beautiful green,
But a sweet-brier entwines it around.
Not my fields, in the prime of the year,
More charms than my cattle unfold;
Not a brook that is limpid and clear,
But it glitters with fishes of gold.

One would think she might like to retire
To the bower I have laboured to rear;
Not a shrub that I heard her admire,
But I hasted and planted it there.
Oh, how sudden the jessamine strove
With the lilac to render it gay!
Already it calls for my love
To prune the wild branches away.

From the plains, from the woodlands, and groves,
What strains of wild melody flow!
How the nightingales warble their loves
From thickets of roses that blow!
And when her bright form shall appear,
Each bird shall harmoniously join
In a concert so soft and so clear,
As — she may not be fond to resign.

I have found out a gift for my fair,
I have found where the wood-pigeons breed; —
But let me such plunder forbear,
She will say 'twas a barbarous deed;
For he ne'er could be true, she averred,
Who would rob a poor bird of its young;
And I loved her the more when I heard
Such tenderness fall from her tongue.

I have heard her with sweetness unfold
How that pity was due to a dove;
That it ever attended the bold,
And she called it the sister of love.
But her words such a pleasure convey,
So much I her accent adore,
Let her speak, and whatever she say,
Methinks I should love her the more.

ANCIENT BRITONS.

And see Plinlimmon! ev'n the youthful sight
Scales the proud hill's ethereal cliffs with pain!
Such Caer-caradoc! thy stupendous height,
Whose ample shade obscures th' Iernian main.

Bleak, joyless regions! where, by science fired,
Some prying sage his lonely step may bend;
There, by the love of novel plants inspired,
Invidious view the clambering goats ascend.

Yet for those mountains, clad with lasting snow,
The freeborn Briton left his greenest mead,
Receding sullen from his mightier foe,
For here he saw fair Liberty recede.

Then if a chief perform'd a patriot's part,
Sustain'd her drooping sons, repell'd her foes,
Above all Persian luxe, or Attic art,
The rude majestic monument arose.

Progressive ages caroll'd forth his fame;
Sires, to his praise, attuned their children's tongue;
The hoary Druid fed the generous flame,
While in such strains the reverend wizard sung: —

'Go forth, my sons; — for what is vital breath,
Your gods expell'd, your liberty resign'd?
Go forth, my sons! for what is instant death
To souls secure perennial joys to find?

For scenes there are, unknown to war or pain,
Where drops the balm that heals a tyrant's wound;
Where patriots, blest with boundless freedom, reign,
With mistletoe's mysterious garlands crown'd.

Such are the names that grace your mystic songs;
Your solemn woods resound their martial fire;
To you, my sons, the ritual meed belongs,
If in the cause you vanquish or expire.

Hark! from the sacred oak that crowns the groves,
What awful voice my raptured bosom warms;
This is the favour'd moment heaven approves;
Sound the shrill trump; this instant, sound to arms'.

Theirs was the science of a martial race,
To shape the lance, or decorate the shield
Ev'n the fair virgin stain'd her native grace
To give new horrors to the tented field.

Now, for some cheek where guilty blushes glow,
For some false Florimel's impure disguise,
The listed youth, nor war's loud signal know,
Nor virtue's call, nor fame's imperial prize.

Then if soft concord lull'd their fears to sleep,
Inert and silent slept the manly car;
But rush'd horrific o'er the fearful steep,
If freedom's awful clarion breathed to war.

Now the sleek courtier, indolent, and vain,
Throned in the splendid carriage glides supine;
To taint his virtue with a foreign stain,
Or at a favourite's board his faith resign.

Leave then, O Luxury! this happy soil!
Chase her, Britannia, to some hostile shore;
Or fleece the baneful pest with annual spoil,
And let thy virtuous offspring weep no more!

THE PRINCESS ELIZABETH.[1]

Will you hear how once repining
Great Eliza captive lay?
Each ambitious thought resigning,
Foe to riches, pomp, and sway.

While the nymphs and swains delighted
Tript around in all their pride;
Envying joys by others slighted,
Thus the royal maiden cried: —

'Bred on plains, or born in valleys,
Who would bid those scenes adieu?
Stranger to the arts of malice,
Who would ever courts pursue?

Malice never taught to treasure,
Censure never taught to bear:
Love is all the shepherd's pleasure;
Love is all the damsel's care.

How can they of humble station
Vainly blame the powers above?
Or accuse the dispensation
Which allows them all to love?

Love like air is widely given;
Power nor chance can these restrain;
Truest, noblest gift of heaven!
Only purest on the plain!

Peers can no such charms discover,
All in stars and garters drest,
As, on Sundays, does the lover,
With his nosegay on his breast.

Pinks and roses in profusion,
Said to fade when Chloe's near;
Fops may use the same allusion,
But the shepherd is sincere.

Hark to yonder milk-maid singing
Cheerly o'er the brimming pail;
Cowslips all around her springing
Sweetly paint the golden vale.

Never yet did courtly maiden
Move so sprightly, look so fair;
Never breast with jewels laden
Pour a song so void of care.

Would indulgent Heaven had granted
Me some rural damsel's part!
All the empire I had wanted
Then had been my shepherd's heart.

Then, with him, o'er hills and mountains,
Free from fetters, might I rove:
Fearless taste the crystal fountains;
Peaceful sleep beneath the grove.

Rustics had been more forgiving;
Partial to my virgin bloom:
None had envied me when living;
None had triumph'd o'er my tomb.'

[1] Alluding to a story recorded of her, when she was prisoner at Woodstock, 1554.

DESCRIPTION OF VIRTUE.

This, whose attire less clogg'd with art appear'd,
The simple sweets of innocence endear'd.
Her sprightly bloom, her quick sagacious eye,
Show'd native merit, mix'd with modesty.
Her air diffused a mild yet awful ray,
Severely sweet, and innocently gay.
Such the chaste image of the martial maid,
In artless folds of virgin white array'd!
She let no borrow'd rose her cheeks adorn,
Her blushing cheeks, that shamed the purple morn;
Her charms nor had nor wanted artful foils,
Or studied gestures, or well-practised smiles.
She scorn'd the toys which render beauty less:
She proved th' engaging chastity of dress;
And while she chose in native charms to shine,
Ev'n thus she seem'd, nay, more than seem'd, divine.
One modest emerald clasp'd the robe she wore,
And, in her hand, th' imperial sword she bore
Sublime her height, majestic was her pace,
And match'd the awful honours of her face.
The shrubs, the flowers, that deck'd the verdant grounds,
Seem'd, where she trod, with rising lustre crown'd.
Still her approach with stronger influence warm'd;
She pleased, while distant; but, when near, she charm'd.
So strikes the gazer's eye, the silver gleam,
That glittering quivers o'er a distant stream:
But from its banks we see new beauties rise,
And, in its crystal bosom, trace the skies.

JAMES MACPHERSON.

James Macpherson was born at Kingussie, Invernessshire in 1738, and educated at Aberdeen for the church. A poem called 'The Highlander', which he wrote at the age of twenty, and published in his own name, is a wretched production: but in the year 1760 he created a commotion by the publication of a volume, entitled 'Fragments of Ancient Poetry, translated from the Gaelic or Erse Language.' The public received this work with great favour, and a subscription was soon raised to enable the translator to make a journey into the Highlands, in search of further materials. This journey was not without fruit, for in 1762 he published 'Fingal, an Ancient Epic Poem, in Six Books', and in the following year 'Temora', in eight parts, both of which he affirmed to have been originally written in the Gaelic tongue. In 1773 he tried to make a translation of the Iliad, but completely failed. Macpherson having become rich, purchased in 1789 an estate in the Highlands, and built a house on it in the style of an Italian villa, where he died 1796, and was at his own request buried in Westminster-Abbey. The authenticity of his works has caused a controversy which is not yet satisfactorily concluded. The opinion of many is, that those poems which he represents as originally written in the Gaelic are the production of his own pen; the supporters of this argument maintain that there were no Epic poems among the old Scottish clans. The Highland Society have not succeeded in discovering one poem with the same name or the same contents as those published by Macpherson; on the other hand many of the names and incidents in the poems coincide with those handed down by tradition, in the North of Scotland. The style of Ossian, whose poetry Macpherson pretended to have discovered is grand, wild and melancholy, yet a sameness of the ideas soon renders its perusal tedious.

CALTHON AND COLMAL.

Pleasant is the voice of thy song, thou lonely dweller of the rock! It comes on the sound of the stream, along the narrow vale. My soul awakes, O stranger! in the midst of my hall. I stretch my hand to the spear, as in the days of other years, I stretch my hand, but it is feeble; and the sigh of my bosom grows. Wilt thou not listen, son of the rock! to the song of Ossian? My soul is full of other times; the joy of my youth returns. Thus the sun appears in the west, after the steps of his brightness have moved behind a storm: the green hills lift their dewy heads: the blue streams rejoice in the vale. The aged hero comes forth on his staff; his grey hair glitters in the beam. Dost thou not behold, son of the rock! a shield in Ossian's hall? It is marked with the strokes of battle; and the brightness of its bosses has failed. That shield the great Dunthalmo bore, the chief of streamy Tentha. Dunthalmo bore it in battle, before he fell by Ossian's spear. Listen, son of the rock! to the tale of other years!

Rathmor was a chief of Clutha. The feeble dwelt in his hall. The gates of Rathmor were never shut, his feast was always spread. The sons of the stranger came. They blessed the generous chief of Clutha. Bards raised the song, and touched the harp: joy brightened on the face of the sad! Dunthalmo came, in his pride, and rushed into the combat of Rathmor. The chief of Clutha overcame; the rage of Dunthalmo rose. He came, by night, with his warriors; the mighty Rathmor fell. He fell in his halls, where his feast was often spread for strangers.

Colmal and Calthon were young, the sons of car-borne Rathmor. They came, in the joy of youth, into their father's hall. They beheld him in his blood; their bursting tears descend. The soul of Dunthalmo melted, when he saw the children of youth. He brought them to Altentha's walls; they grew in the house of their foe. They bent the bow in his presence; and came forth to his wars. They saw the fallen walls of their fathers; they saw the green thorn in the hall. Their tears rushed forth in secret. At times, their faces were sad. Dunthalmo beheld their grief: his darkening soul designed their death. He closed them in two caves, on the echoing banks of Teutha. The sun did not come there with his beams; nor the moon of heaven by night. The sons of Rathmor remained in darkness, and foresaw their death.

The daughter of Dunthalmo wept in silence, the fair-haired, blue-eyed Colmal. Her eye had rolled in secret on Calthon; his loveliness swelled in her soul. She trembled for her warrior; but what could Colmal do? Her arm could not lift the spear; nor was the sword formed for her side. Her white breast never rose beneath a mail. Neither was her eye the terror of heroes. What canst thou do, O Colmal! for the falling chief? Her steps are unequal; her hair is loose; her eye looks wildly through her tears. She came, by night, to the hall. She armed her lovely form in steel; the steel of a young warrior, who fell in the first of his battles. She came to the cave of Calthon, and loosened the thong from his hands.

'Arise, son of Rathmor,' she said, 'arise, the night is dark! Let us fly to the king of Selma, chief of fallen Clutha! I am the son of Lamgal, who dwelt in thy father's hall. I heard of thy dark dwelling in the cave, and my soul arose. Arise, son of Rathmor, arise, the night is dark!' 'Blest

voice!' replied the chief, 'comest thou from the clouds to Calthon? The ghosts of his fathers have often descended in his dreams, since the sun has retired from his eyes, and darkness has dwelt around him. Or art thou the son of Lamgal, the chief I often saw in Clutha? But shall I fly to Fingal, and Colmal? my brother low? Will I fly to Morven, and the hero closed in night? No: give me that spear, son of Lamgal, Calthon will defend his brother!'

'A thousand warriors,' replied the maid, 'stretch their spears round car-borne Colmal. What can Calthon do against a host so great? Let us fly to the king of Morven, he will come with war. His arm is stretched forth to the unhappy; the lightning of his sword is round the weak. Arise, thou son of Rathmor! the shadows will fly away. Arise, or thy steps may be seen, and thou must fall in youth!'

The sighing hero rose; his tears descend for car-borne Colmal. He came with the maid to Selma's hall; but he knew not that it was Colmal. The helmet covered her lovely face. Her bosom heaved beneath the steel. Fingal returned from the chase, and found the lovely strangers. — They were like two beams of light, in the midst of the hall of shells. The king heard the tale of grief; and turned his eyes around. A thousand heroes half-rose before him; claiming the war of Teutha. I came with my spear from the hill; the joy of battle rose in my breast: for the king spoke to Ossian in the midst of a thousand chiefs.

'Son of my strength,' began the king, 'take thou the spear of Fingal. Go to Teutha's rushing stream, and save the car-borne Colmal. Let thy fame return before thee like a pleasant gale; that my soul may rejoice over my son, who renews the renown of our fathers. Ossian! be thou a storm in war; but mild when the foe is low! It was thus my fame arose, O my son! be thou like Selma's chief. When the haughty come to my halls, my eyes behold them not. But my arm is stretched forth to the unhappy. My sword defends the weak.'

I rejoiced in the words of the king. I took my rattling arms. Diaran rose at my side, and Dargo king of spears. Three hundred youths followed our steps: the lovely strangers were at my side. Dunthalmo heard the sound of our approach. He gathered the strength of Teutha. He stood on a hill with his host. They were like rocks broken with thunder, when their bent trees are singed and bare, and the streams of their chinks have failed. The stream of Teutha rolled, in its pride, before the gloomy foe. I sent a bard to Dunthalmo, to offer the combat on the plain; but he smiled in the darkness of his pride. His unsettled host moved on the hill; like the mountain-cloud, when the blast has entered its womb, and scatters the curling gloom on every side.

They brought Colmal to Teutha's bank, bound with a thousand thongs. The chief is sad, but stately. His eye is on his friends; for we stood in our arms, whilst Teutha's waters rolled between. Dunthalmo came with his spear, and pierced the hero's side. he rolled on the bank in his blood. We heard his broken sighs. Calthon rushed into the stream. I bounded forward on my spear. Teutha's race fell before us. Night came rolling down. Dunthalmo rested on a rock amidst an aged wood. The rage of his bosom burned against the car-borne Calthon. But Calthon stood in his grief; he mourned the fallen Colmal; Colmal slain in youth, before his fame arose!

I bade the song of woe to rise, to sooth the mournful chief; but he stood beneath a tree, and often threw his spear on earth. The humid eye of Colmal rolled near in a secret tear: she foresaw the fall of Dunthalmo, or of Clutha's warlike chief. Now half the night had passed away. Silence and darkness were on the field. Sleep rested on the eyes of the heroes: Calthon's settling soul was still. His eyes were half-closed: but the murmur of Teutha had not yet failed in his ear. Pale, and showing his wounds, the ghost of Colmal came: he bent his head over the hero, and raised his feeble voice.

'Sleeps the son of Rathmor in this night, and his brother low? Did we not rise to the chace together? Pursued we not the dark brown hinds? Colmal was not forgot till he fell; till death had blasted his youth. I lie pale beneath the rock of Lona. O let Calthon rise! the morning comes with its beams; Dunthalmo will dishonour the fallen.' He passed away in his blast. The rising Calthon saw the steps of his departure. He rushed in the sound of his steel. — Unhappy Colmal rose. She followed her hero through night, and dragged her spear behind. But when Calthon came to Lona's rock, he found his fallen brother. The rage of his bosom rose; he rushed among the foe. The groans of death ascend. They close around the chief. He is bound in the midst, and brought to gloomy Dunthalmo. The shout of joy arose; and the hills of night replied.

I started at the sound, and took my father's spear. Diaran rose at my side; and the youthful strength of Dargo. We mis-

sed the chief of Clutha, and our souls were sad. I dreaded the departure of my fame. The pride of my valour rose! 'Sons of Morven!' I said, 'it is not thus our fathers fought. They rested not on the field of strangers, when the foe was not fallen before them. Their strength was like the eagles of heaven; their renown is in the song. But our people fall by degrees. Our fame begins to depart. What shall the king of Morven say, if Ossian conquers not at Teutha? Rise in your steel, ye warriors! follow the sound of Ossian's course. He will not return, but renowned, to the echoing walls of Selma.'

Morning rose on the blue waters of Teutha. Colmal stood before me in tears. She told of the chief of Clutha: thrice the spear fell from her hand. My wrath turned against the stranger; for my soul trembled for Calthon. 'Son of the feeble hand!' I said, 'do Teutha's warriors fight with tears? The battle is not won with grief; nor dwells the sigh in the soul of war. Go to the deer of Carmun, to the lowing herds of Teutha. But leave these arms, thou son of fear! A warrior may lift them in fight.'

I tore the mail from her shoulders. Her snowy breast appeared. She bent her blushing face to the ground. I looked in silence to the chiefs. The spear fell from my hand; the sigh of my bosom rose! But when I heard the name of the maid, my crowding tears rushed down. I blessed the lovely beam of youth, and bade the battle move!

Why, son of the rock, should Ossian tell how Teutha's warriors died? They are now forgot in their land, their tombs are not found on the heath. — Years came on with their storms. The green mounds are moulder-ed away. Scarce is the grave of Dunthalmo seen, or the place where he fell by the spear of Ossian. Some grey warrior, half blind with age, sitting by night at the flaming oak of the hall, tells now my deeds to his sons, and the fall of the dark Dunthalmo. The faces of youth bend sidelong towards his voice. Surprize and joy burn in their eyes! I found Calthon bound to an oak; my sword cut the thongs from his hands. I gave him the white-bosomed Colmal. They dwelt in the halls of Teutha.

THE SONGS OF SELMA.

Star of descending night! fair is thy light in the west! thou liftest thy unshorn head from thy cloud; thy steps are stately on thy hill. What dost thou behold in the plain? The stormy winds are laid. The murmur of the torrent comes from afar. Roaring waves climb the distant rock. The flies of evening are on their feeble wings; the hum of their course is on the field. What dost thou behold, fair light? But thou dost smile and depart. The waves come with joy around thee: they bathe thy lovely hair. Farewell, thou silent beam! let the light of Ossian's soul arise!

And it does arise in its strength! I behold my departed friends. Their gathering is on Lora, as in the days of other years. Fingal comes like a watery column of mist; his heroes are around. And see the bards of song, grey-haired Ullin! stately Ryno! Alpin with the tuneful voice! the soft complaint of Minona! How are ye changed, my friends, since the days of Selma's feast, when we contended, like gales of spring, as they fly along the hill, and bend by turns the feebly whistling grass!

Minona came forth in her beauty, with down-cast look and tearful eye. Her hair flew slowly on the blast, that rushed unfrequent from the hill. The souls of the heroes were sad when she raised the tuneful voice. Often had they seen the grave of Salgar, the dark dwelling of white-bosomed Colma. Colma left alone on the hill, with all her voice of song! Salgar promised to come; but the night descended around. Hear the voice of Colma, when she sat alone on the hill!

Colma.

It is night; I am alone, forlorn on the hill of storms. The wind is heard in the mountain. The torrent pours down the rock. No hut receives me from the rain; forlorn on the hill of winds!

Rise, moon, from behind thy clouds! Stars of the night, arise! Lead me, some light, to the place, where my love rests from the chase alone! his bow near him, unstrung! his dogs panting around him. But here I must sit alone by the rock of the mossy stream. The stream and the wind roar aloud. I hear not the voice of my love. Why delays my Salgar, why the chief of the hill, his promise? Here is the rock, and here the tree! here is the roaring stream! Thou didst promise with night to be here. Ah, whither is my Salgar gone? With thee I would fly from my father; with thee from my brother of pride. Our race have long been foes; we are no foes, O Salgar!

Cease a little while, O wind! stream, be thou silent a while! let my voice be heard around. Let my wanderer hear me! Salgar, it is Colma who calls. Here is the tree, and the rock. Salgar, my love! I am here. Why delayest thou thy coming? Lo!

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the calm moon comes forth. The flood is bright in the vale. The rocks are grey on the steep. I see him not on the brow. His dogs come not before him, with tidings of his near approach. Here I must sit alone!

Who lie on the heath beside me? Are they my love and my brother? Speak to me, O my friends! To Colma they give no reply. Speak to me; I am alone! My soul is tormented with fears! Ah, they are dead! Their swords are red from the fight. O my brother, my brother, why hast thou slain my Salgar? why, O Salgar, hast thou slain my brother? Dear were ye both to me! What shall I say in your praise? Thou wert fair on the hill among thousands! he was terrible in fight. Speak to me; hear my voice; hear me, sons of my love. They are silent, silent for ever! Cold, cold are their breasts of clay! Oh from the rock on the hill; from the top of the windy steep, speak, ye ghosts of the dead! speak, I will not be afraid! Whither are ye gone to rest? In what cave of the hill shall I find the departed? No feeble voice is on the gale; no answer half-drowned in the storm!

I sit in my grief! I wait for morning in my tears! Rear the tomb, ye friends of the dead! Close it not till Colma come. My life flies away like a dream; why should I stay behind? Here shall I rest with my friends, by the sounding rock. When night comes on the hill; when the loud winds arise; my ghost shall stand in the blast, and mourn the death of my friends. The hunter shall hear from his booth. He shall fear but love my voice! For sweet shall my voice be for my friends; pleasant were her friends to Colma!

Such was thy song, Minona, softly blushing daughter of Torman. Our tears descended for Colma, and our souls were sad! Ullin came with his harp; he gave the song of Alpin. The voice of Alpin was pleasant; the soul of Ryno was a beam of fire! But they rested in the narrow house; their voice had ceased in Selma. Ullin had returned, one day, from the chase, before the heroes fell. He heard their strife on the hill; their song was soft but sad! They mourned the fall of Morar, first of mortal men! His soul was like the soul of Fingal; his sword like the sword of Oscar. But he fell, and his father mourned; his sister's eyes were full of tears. Minona's eyes were full of tears, the sister of car-borne Morar. She retired from the song of Ullin, like the moon in the west, when she foresees the shower, and hides her fair head in a cloud. I touched the harp with Ullin; the song of mourning rose!

Ryno.

The wind and the rain are past; calm is the noon of day. The clouds are divided in heaven. Over the green hills flies the inconstant sun. Red through the stony vale comes down the stream of tha hill. Sweet are thy murmurs, O stream! but more sweet is the voice I hear. It is the voice of Alpin, the son of song. Why alone on the silent hill? Why complainest thou, as a blast in the wood, as a wave on the lonely shore?

Alpin.

My tears, O Ryno, are for the dead; my voice for those that have passed away. Tall thou art on the hill; fair among the sons of the vale. But thou shalt fall like Morar; the mourner shall sit on the tomb. The hills shall know thee no more; thy bow shall lie in thy hall, unstrung!

Thou wert swift, O Morar! as a roe on the desert; terrible as a meteor of fire. Thy wrath was as the storm. Thy sword in battle, as lightning in the field. Thy voice was a stream after rain; like thunder on distant hills. Many fell by thy arm; they were consumed in the flames of thy wrath. But when thou didst return from war, how peaceful was thy brow! Thy face was like the sun after rain; like the moon in the silence of night; calm as the breast of the lake when the loud wind is laid.

Narrow is thy dwelling now! dark the place of thine abode! With three steps I compass thy grave, O thou who wast so great before. Four stones, with their heads of moss are the only memorial of thee. A tree with scarce a leaf, long grass which whistles in the wind, mark to the hunter's eye the grave of the mighty Morar. Morar, thou art low indeed. Thou hast no mother to mourn thee; no maid with her tears of love. Dead is she that brought thee forth. Fallen is the daughter of Morglan.

Who on his staff is this? who is this whose head is white with age? whose eyes are red with tears? who quakes at every step? It is thy father, O Morar! the father of no son but thee. He heard of thy fame in war; he heard of foes dispersed. He heard of Morar's renown; why did he not hear of his wound? Weep, thou father of Morar, weep, but thy son heareth thee not. Deep is the sleep of the dead; low their pillow of dust. No more shall he hear thy voice; no more awake at thy call. When shall it be morn in the grave, to bid the slumberer awake? Farewell, thou bravest of men! thou conqueror in the field! but the

field shall see thee no more; nor the dark wood be lightened with the splendour of thy steel. Thou hast left no son. The song shall preserve thy name. Fnture times shall bear of thee; they shall hear of the fallen Morar!

The grief of all arose, but most the bursting sigh of Armin. He remembers the death of his son, who fell in the days of his youth. Carmor was near the hero, the chief of the echoing Galmal. Why bursts the sigh of Armin? he said. Is there a cause to mourn? The song comes with its music, to melt and please the soul. It is like soft mist, that, rising from a lake, pours on the silent vale; the green flowers are filled with dew, but the sun returns in his strength, and the mist is gone. Why art thou sad, O Armin; chief of sea-surrounded Gorma?

Sad I am! nor small is my cause of woe! Carmor, thou hast lost no son; thou hast lost no daughter of beauty. Colgar the valiant lives; and Armira, fairest maid. The boughs of thy house ascend, O Carmor, but Armin is the last of his race. Dark is thy bed, O Daura, deep thy sleep in the tomb! when shalt thou awake with thy songs? with all thy voice of music?

Arise, winds of autumn, arise; blow along the heath! streams of the mountains roar! roar, tempests, in the groves of my oaks! walk through broken clouds, O moon! show thy pale face at intervals! bring to my mind the night when all my children fell; when Arindal the mighty fell; when Daura the lovely failed? Daura, my daughter! thou wert fair, fair as the moon on Fura; white as the driven snow; sweet as the breathing gale. Arindal, thy bow was strong. Thy spear was swift in the field. Thy look was like mist on the wave; thy shield, a red cloud in a storm. Armar, renowned in war, came, and sought Daura's love. He was not long refused; fair was the hope of their friends!

Erath, son of Odgal, repined; his brother had been slain by Armar. He came disguised like a son of the sea; fair was his skiff on the wave; white his locks of age; calm his serious brow. Fairest of women, he said, loveliest daughter of Armin! a rock not distant in the sea bears a tree on its side; red shines the fruit afar! There Armar waits for Daura. I come to carry his love! She went, she called on Armar. Nought answered, but the son of the rock, Armar, my love! why tormentest thou me with fear? hear, son of Arnart, hear; it is Daura, who calleth thee! Erath the traitor fled laughing to the land. She lifted up her voice; she called for her brother and her father. Arindal! Armin! none to relieve your Daura!

Her voice came over the sea. Arindal my son descended from the hill; rough in spoils of the chase. His arrows rattled by his side; his bow was in his hand; five dark grey dogs attend his steps. He saw fierce Erath on the shore; he seized and bound him to an oak. Thick wind the thongs of the hide around his limbs; he loads the wind with his groans. Arindal ascends the deep in his boat, to bring Daura to land. Armar came in his wrath, and let fly the grey-feathered shaft. It sunk, it sunk in thy heart, O Arindal my son; for Erath the traitor thou diedst. The oar is stopped at once; he panted on the rock and expired. What is thy grief, O Daura, when round thy feet is poured thy brother's blood! The boat is broken in twain. Armar plunges into the sea, to rescue his Daura, or die. Sudden a blast from the hill came over the waves. He sunk, and he rose no more.

Alone, on the sea-beat rock, my daughter was heard to complain. Frequent and loud were her cries. What could her father do? All night I stood on the shore. I saw her by the faint beam of the moon. All night I heard her cries, loud was the wind, the rain beat hard on the hill. Before morning appeared, her voice was weak. It died away, like the evening breeze among the grass of the rocks. Spent with grief she expired; and left thee Armin alone. Gone is my strength in war! fallen my pride among women! When the storms aloft arise: when the north lifts the wave on high, I sit by the sounding shore and look on the fatal rock. Often by the setting moon I see the ghosts of my children. Half viewless they walk in mournful conference together. Will none of you speak in pity? They do not regard their father. I am sad, O Carmor, nor small is my cause of woe!

Such were the words of the bards in the days of song; when the king heard the music of harps, the tales of other times! The chiefs gathered from all their hills, and heard the lovely sound. They praised the voice of Cona! the first among a thousand bards! But age is now on my tongue; my soul has failed! I hear, at times, the ghosts of bards, and learn their pleasant song. But memory fails on my mind. I hear the call of years! They say, as they pass along, why does Ossian sing? Soon shall he lie in the narrow house, and no hard shall raise his fame! Roll on, ye dark-brown years; ye bring no joy on your course!

Let the tomb open to Ossian, for his strength has failed. The sons of song are gone to rest. My voice remains like a blast, that roars lonely on a sea-surrounded rock, after the winds are laid. The dark moss whistles there; the distant mariner sees the waving trees!

DEATH OF CUTHULLIN.

Is the wind on the shield of Fingal? or is the voice of past times in my hall? Sing on, sweet voice! for thou art pleasant. Thou carriest away my night with joy. Sing on, O Bragela, daughter of car-borne Sorglan!

It is the white wave of the rock and not Cuthullin's sails. Often do the mists deceive me for the ship of my love! when they rise round some ghost, and spread their grey skirts on the wind. Why dost thou delay thy coming, son of the generous Semo? Four times has autumn returned with its winds, and raised the seas of Togorma, since thou hast been in the roar of battles, and Bragela distant far! Hills of the isle of mist! when will ye answer to his hounds? But ye are dark in your clouds. Sad Bragela calls in vain! Night comes rolling down. The face of ocean fails. The heathcock's head is beneath his wing. The hind sleeps with the hart of the desert. They shall rise with morning's light, and feed by the mossy stream. But my tears return with the sun. My sighs come on with the night. When wilt thou come in thine arms, O chief of Erin's wars?

Pleasant is thy voice in Ossian's ear, daughter of car-borne Sorglan! But retire to the hall of shells; to the beam of the burning oak. Attend to the murmur of the sea; it rolls at Dunscai's walls; let sleep descend on thy blue eyes. Let the hero arise in thy dreams!

Cuthullin sits at Lego's lake, at the dark rolling of waters. Night is around the hero. His thousands spread on the heath. A hundred oaks burn in the midst. The feast of shells is smoking wide. Carril strikes the harp beneath a tree. His grey locks glitter in the beam. The rustling blast of night is near, and lifts his aged hair. His song is of the blue Togorma, and of its chief, Cuthullin's friend! 'Why art thou absent, Connal, in the day of the gloomy storm? The chiefs of the south have convened against the car-borne Cormac. The winds detain thy sails. Thy blue waters roll around thee. But Cormac is not alone. The son of Semo fights his wars! Semo's son his battles fights! the terror of the stranger! He that is like the vapour of death, slowly borne by sultry winds. The sun reddens in its presence. The people fall around.'

Such was the song of Carril, when a son of the foe appeared. He threw down his pointless spear. He spoke the words of Torlath! Torlath, chief of heroes, from Lego's sable surge! He that led his thousands to battle, against the car-borne Cormac. Cormac who was distant far, in Temora's echoing halls; he learned to bend the bow of his fathers, and to lift the spear. Nor long didst thou lift the spear, mildly shining beam of youth! Death stands dim behind thee like the darkened half of the moon behind its growing light! Cuthullin rose before the bard, that came from generous Torlath. He offered him the shell of joy. He honoured the son of songs. 'Sweet voice of Lego!' he said, 'what are the words of Torlath? Comes he to our feast or battle, the car-borne son of Cantela?'

'He comes to thy battle,' replied the bard, 'to the sounding strife of spears. When morning is grey on Lego, Torlath will fight on the plain. Wilt thou meet him, in thine arms, king of the isle of mist? Terrible is the spear of Torlath! it is a meteor of night. He lifts it, and the people fall! death sits in the lightning of his sword!' — 'Do I fear,' replied Cuthullin, 'the spear of car-borne Torlath? He is brave as a thousand heroes; but my soul delights in war! The sword rests not by the side of Cuthullin, bard of the times of old! Morning shall meet me on the plain, and gleam on the blue arms of Semo's son. But sit thou on the heath, O bard, and let us hear thy voice. Partake of the joyful shell, and hear the sons of Temora!'

'This is no time,' replied the bard, 'to hear the song of joy: when the mighty are to meet in battle, like the strength of the waves of Lego. Why art thou so dark, Slimora, with all thy silent woods? No star trembles on thy top, no moon-beam on thy side. But the meteors of death are there, the grey watery forms of ghosts. Why art thou dark, Slimora, with thy silent woods?' He retired, in the sound of his song. Carril joined his voice. The music was like the memory of joys that are past, pleasant and mournful to the soul. The ghosts of departed bards heard on Slimora's side. Soft sounds spread along the wood. The silent valleys of night rejoice. So, when he sits in the silence of the day, in the valley of his breeze, the humming of the mountain bee comes to Ossian's ear, the

gale drowns it in its course; but the pleasant sound returns again! Slant looks the sun on the field! gradual grows the shade of the hill!

'Raise,' said Cuthullin to his hundred bards, 'the song of the noble Fingal; that song which he hears at night, when the dreams of his rest descend; when the bards strike the distant harp, and the faint light gleams on Selma's walls! Or let the grief of Lara rise, the sighs of the mother of Carmar, when he was sought in vain on his hills; when she beheld his bow in the hall. Carril, place the shield of Caithbat on that branch. Let the spear of Cuthullin be near, that the sound of my battle may rise, with the grey beam of the east.' The hero leaned on his father's shield; the song of Lara rose! The hundred bards were distant far: Carril alone is near the chief. The words of the son were his; the sound of his harp was mournful.

'Alcletha with the aged locks! mother of car-borne Calmar! why dost thou look towards the desert, to behold the return of thy son? These are not his heroes, dark on the heath! nor is that the voice of Calmar. It is but the distant grove, Alcletha, but the roar of the mountain wind!' — 'Who bounds over Lara's stream, sister of the noble Calmar? Does not Alcletha behold his spear? But her eyes are dim! Is it not the son of Matha, daughter of my love?'

'It is but an aged oak, Alcletha!' replied the lovely-weeping Alona. 'It is but an oak, Alcletha, bent over Lara's stream. But who comes along the plain? sorrow is in his speed. He lifts high the spear of Calmar. Alcletha, it is covered with blood!' — 'But it is covered with the blood of foes, sister of car-borne Calmar! His spear never returned unstained with blood, nor his bow from the strife of the mighty. The battle is consumed in his presence; he is a flame of death, Alona! Youth of the mournful speed, where is the son of Alcletha? Does he return with his fame, in the midst of his echoing shields? Thou art dark and silent! Calmar is then no more! Tell me not, warrior, how he fell; I must not hear of his wound!' Why dost thou look towards the desert, mother of low-laid Calmar?

Such was the song of Carril, when Cuthullin lay on his shield. The bards rested on their harps. Sleep fell softly around. The son of Semo was awake alone. His soul was fixed on war. The burning oaks began to decay. Faint red light is spread around. A feeble voice is heard! The ghost of Calmar came! He stalked dimly along the beam. Dark is the wound in his side. His hair is disordered and loose. Joy sits pale on his face. He seems to invite Cuthullin to his cave.

'Son of the cloudy night!' said the rising chief of Erin. 'Why dost thou bend thy dark eyes on me, ghost of the noble Calmar! Wouldst thou frighten me! O Matha's son, from the battle of Cormac? Thy hand was not feeble in war; neither was thy voice for peace. How art thou changed, chief of Lara! if thou dost now advise to fly! But, Calmar, I never fled. I never feared the ghosts of night. Small is their knowledge, weak their hands: their dwelling is in the wind. But my soul grows in danger, and rejoices in the noise of steel. Retire thou to thy cave. Thou art not Calmar's ghost. He delighted in battle. His arm was like the thunder of heaven!' He retired in his blast with joy; for he had heard the voice of his praise.

The faint beam of the morning rose. The sound of Caithbat's buckler spread. Green Erin's warriors convened, like the roar of many streams. The horn of war is heard over Lego. The mighty Torlath came! 'Why dost thou come with thy thousands, Cuthullin?' said the chief of Lego. 'I know the strength of thy arm. Thy soul is an unextinguished fire. Why fight we not on the plain, and let our hosts behold our deeds? Let them behold us like roaring waves, that tumble round a rock; the mariners hasten away, and look on their strife with fear.'

'Thou risest, like the sun, on my soul,' replied the son of Semo. Thine arm is mighty, O Torlath and worthy of my wrath. Retire, ye men of Ullin, to Slimora's shady side. Behold the chief of Erin in the days of his fame. Carril tell to mighty Connal, if Cuthullin must fall, tell him, I accused the winds, which roar on Togorma's waves. Never was he absent in battle, when the strife of my fame arose. Let his sword be before Cormac, like the beam of heaven. Let his counsel sound in Temora, in the day of danger!

He rushed, in the sound of his arms, like the terrible spirit of Loda, when he comes in the roar of a thousand storms, and scatters battles from his eyes. He sits on a cloud over Lochlin's seas. His mighty hand is on his sword. Winds lift his flaming locks! The waning moon half-lights his dreadful face. His features blended in darkness arise to view. So terrible was Cuthullin in the days of his fame. Torlath fell by his hand. Lego's heroes mourned. They gather around the chief, like the clouds of the desert. A thousand swords

rose at once; a thousand arrows flew; but he stood like a rock in the midst of a roaring sea. They fell aronnd. He strode in blood. Dark Slimora echoed wide. The sons of Ullin came. The battle spread over Lego, the chief of Erin overcame. He returned over the field with his fame. But pale he returned! The joy of his face was dark. He rolled his eyes in silence. The sword hung, unsheathed, in his hand. His spear bent at every step!

'Carril', said the chief in secret, 'the strength of Cuthullin fails. My days are with the years that are past. No morning of mine shall arise. They shall seek me at Temora, but I shall not be found. Cormac will weep in his hall and say: 'Where is Erin's chief?' Bnt my name is renowned, my fame in the song of bards. The youth will say in secret: O let me die as Cuthullin died! Renown cloathed him like a robe. The light of his fame is great. Draw the arrow from my side. Lay Cuthullin beneath that oak. Place the shield of Caithbat near, that they may behold me amidst the arms of my fathers!'

'And is the son of Semo fallen? said Carril with a sigh. Monrnful are Tura's walls. Sorrow dwells at Dunscai. Thy spouse is left alone in her youth. The song of thy love is alone! He shall come to Bragela and ask her why she weeps? He shall lift his eyes to the wall, and see his father's sword. 'Whose sword is that?' he will say. The soul of his mother is sad. Who is that, like the hart of the desert, in the murmur of his course? His eyes look wildly round in search of his friend. Connal, son of Colgar, where hast thou been, when the mighty fell? Did the seas of Cogorma roll around thee? Was the wind of the south in thy sails? The mighty have fallen in battle, and thou wast not there. Let none tell it in Selma, nor in Morven's woody land. Fingal will be sad, and the sons of the desert mourn!

By the dark rolling waves of Lego they raised the hero's tomb. Luath at a distance lies. The song of bards rose over the dead:

'Blest be thy soul, son of Semo! Thon wert mighty in battle. Thy strength was like the strength of a stream; thy speed like the eagle's wing. Thy path in hattle was terrihle; the steps of death were hehind thy sword. Blest be thy soul, son of Semo, car-borne chief of Dunscäi! Thou hast not fallen hy the sword of the mighty, neither was thy hlood on the spear of the brave. The arrow came, like the sting of death in a blast; nor did the feehle hand, which drew the bow, perceive it. Peace to thy soul, in thy cave, chief of the isle of mist!'

'The mighty are dispersed at Temora; there is none in Cormac's hall. The king mourns in his youth. He does not behold thy return. The sound of thy shield is ceased, his foes are gathering aronnd. Soft be thy rest in thy cave, chief of Erin's wars! Bragela will not hope for thy return, or see thy sails in ocean's foam. Her steps are not on the shore, nor her ear open to the voice of thy rowers. She sits in the hall of shells. She sees the arms of him that is no more. Thine eyes are full of tears, daughter of car-horne Sorglan! Blest be thy soul in death, O chief of shady Tura!'

THOMAS CHATTERTON.

This extraordinary youth was born at Bristol in the year 1752 of poor parents who could only afford to give him a slight education, yet his poems written when he was eleven years old were superior to those of Cowley and Pope when several years his seniors. In 1768 he commenced his impositions which consisted principally in the compiling of manoscripts which he professed to have been found in Bristol Cathedral, and affirmed that they were the works of a priest of the fifteenth century named Rowley, and so well were they imitated and written, that they occasioned dispates between the most competent judges in England as to their authenticity. The evidence which betrayed them, was the too careful disguise of language employed in them, and the fact that the name of Rowley was nowhere mentioned in history. Chatterton pretended also to have made many additional discoveries and thus deceived the citizens of Bristol for a long time. At the age of seventeen he went to London in the expectation of being able to procure himself an easy livelihood. There he wrote political papers; however it appears that he had no opinions of his own but exerted himself for that party which he found to his greatest advantage. These contributions were not sufficient for his subsistence and after living some time in absolute want he put an end to his life by means of arsenic August 25th 1770 at the age of 17 years and nine months. His works in modern English are greatly inferior to his imitations of the old style. Campbell says that 'no English poet equalled him at the same age'.

RESIGNATION.

O God, whose thunder shakes the sky;
Whose eye this atom globe surveys;
To thee, my only rock I fly,
Thy mercy in thy justice praise.

The mystic mazes of thy will,
The shadows of celestial light,
Are past the power of human skill —
But what th' Eternal acts is right.

Oh teach me in the trying hour,
When anguish swells the dewy tear,
To still my sorrows, own thy pow'r,
Thy goodness love, thy justice fear.

If in this bosom aught but thee,
Encroaching sought a boundless sway;
Omniscience could the danger see,
And Mercy look the cause away.

Then why, my soul, dost thou complain?
Why drooping seek the dark recess?
Shake off the melancholy chain,
For God created all to bless.

But ah! my breast is human still —
The rising sigh, the falling tear,
My languid vitals' feeble rill,
The sickness of my soul declare.

But yet, with fortitude resign'd,
I'll thank th' inflicter of the blow;
Forbid the sigh, compose my mind,
Nor let the gush of misery flow.

The gloomy mantle of the night,
Which on my sinking spirits steals,
Will vanish at the morning light,
Which God, my East, my Sun reveals.

THE ADVICE.

Revolving in their destined sphere,
The hours begin another year
As rapidly to fly;
Ah; think, Maria (e'er in grey
Those auburn tresses fade away),
So youth and beauty die.

Though now the captivated throng
Adore with flattery and song,
And all before you bow;
Whilst unattentive to the strain,
Yon hear the humble Muse complain,
Or wreath your frowning brow.

Though poor Pitholeon's feeble line,
In opposition to the Nine,
Still violates your name;
Though tales of passion meanly told,
As dull as Cumberland, as cold,
Strive to confess a flame:

Yet when that bloom and dancing fire,
In silver'd reverence shall expire,
Aged, wrinkled, and defaced;
To keep one lover's flame alive,
Requires the genius of a Clive,
With Walpole's mental taste.

Though rapture wantons in your air,
Though beyond simile you 're fair;
Free, affable, serene:
Yet still one attribute divine
Should in your composition shine —
Sincerity, I mean.

Though numerous swains before you fall,
'Tis empty admiration all,
'Tis all that you require:
How momentary are their chains!
Like you, how insincere the strains
Of those, who but admire!

Accept, for once, advice from me
And let the eye of censure see
Maria can be true:
No more from fools or empty beaux,
Heaven's representatives disclose,
Or butterflies pursue.

Fly to your worthiest lover's arms,
To him resign your swelling charms,
And meet his generous breast:
Or if Pitholeon suits your taste,
His Muse, with tatter'd fragments graced,
Shall read your cares to rest.

FROM THE BATTLE OF HASTINGS.

O Chryste, it is a grief for me to telle,
How manie a noble erle and valrous knyghte
In fyghtynge for Kyngo Harrold noblie fell,
Al sleynge in Hastyngs feeld in bloudie fyghte.
O sea! our teeming donore, han thy floude,
Han anie fructuous entendement,
Thou wouldst have rose and sank wyth tydes of bloude,
Before Duke Wyllyam's knyghts han hither went;
Whose cowart arrows manie erles sleyne,
And brued the feeld wythe bloude as season rayne.

And of his knyghtes did eke full manie die,
All passing hie, of mickle myghte echone,
Whose poygnante arrowes, typp'd with destynie,
Caused many wydowes to make myckle mone.
Lordynges, avaunt, that chycken-harted are,
From oute of hearynge quicklie now departe;
Full well I wote, to synge of bloudie warre
Will greeve your tenderlie and mayden harte.
Go to the weaklie womman inn man's geare,
And scond your mansion if grymm war come there.

Soone as the erlie maten belle was tolde,
And sonne was come to byd us all good daie,
Both armies on the feeld, both brave and bolde,
Prepared for fyghte in champyon arraie.

As when two bulles, destynde for Hocktide fyghte
Are yoked hie the necke within a sparre,
Theie rend the erthe, and travellers affryghte,
Lackynge to gage the sportive bloudie warre;
Soe lacked Harroldes menne to come to blowes,
The Normans lacked for to wielde their bowes.

Kynge Harrolde turnynge to his leegemen spake:
My merriemen, he not caste downe in mynde;
Your onlie lode for ay to mar or make,
Before yon sunne has donde his welke londe
Your lovyng wife, who erst dyd rid the yon'll fynde
Of Lurdanes, and the treasure that you honde,
Wyll falle into the Normanne robber's han,
Unlesse wyth honde and harte you plaie awaie,
the manne.
Cheer up your hartes, chase sorrow farre
Godde and Seyncte Cuthhert be the worde to daie.

And thenne Duke Wyllyam to his knightes did saie:
My merrie menne, he bravelie everiche;
Gif I do gayn the honore of the daie,
Ech one of you I will make myckle riche.
Beer you in mynde, we for a kyngdomm fyghte;
Lordshippes and honores echone shall possesse;
Be this the worde to daie, God and my ryghte;
No donhte but God wylle our true cause hlesse.
The clarions then soundedd sharpe and shrille;
Deathdoeynge blades were out intent to kille.

THE MINSTREL'S SONG IN AELLA.

'O! synge unto my roundelaie,
O! droppe the brynie teare wythe mee,
Daunce ne moe atte hallie daie,
Lycke a rennynge ryver bee.
Mie love is dedde,
Gonne to hys deathe-hedde,
Al under the wyllowe-tree.

Black hys cryne as the wyntere nyght,
Whyte hys rode as the sommer snowe,
Rodde hys face as the mornynge lyghte,
Cale he lyes ynne the grave belowe.
Mie love ys dedde,
Gonne to hys deathe-bedde,
Al under the wyllowe-tree.

Swote his tongue as the throstles note,
Quycke ynne daunce as thought cann bee,
Defte his taboure, codgelle stote,
O! hee lys bie the wyllowe-tree.
Mie love ys dedde,
Gonne to hys deathe-bedde,
Al under the wyllowe-tree.

Harke! the ravenne flappes hys wynge,
In the briered dell belowe;
Harke! the dethe-owle loude dothe synge,
To the nyghte-mares as theie goe.
Mie love ys dedde,
Gonne to hys deathe-bedde,
Al under the wyllowe-tree.

See! the whyte moone sheenes onne hie;
Whyterre is mie true loves shroude;
Whyterre yanne the mornynge skie,
Whyterre yanne the evenynge clonde.
Mie love ys dedde,
Gonne to hys deathe-hedde,
Al under the wyllowe-tree.

Heere, upon mie true loves grave,
Schalle the baren fleurs be layde,
Ne one hallie seyncte to save
Al the celness of a mayde.
Mie love ys dedde,
Gonne to hys deathe-bedde,
Al under the wyllowe-tree.

Wythe mie hondes I'll dent the brieres
Rounde hys hallie corse to gre,
Ouphante fairies, lyghte your fyres,
Here mie boddie stille schalle bee,
Mie love ys dedde,
Gonne to hys deathe-bedde,
Al under the wyllowe-tree.

Comme, wythe acorne-coppe and thorne,
Drayne my hartys blodde awaie;
Lyfe and all yttes goode I scorne,
Daunce bie nete, or feaste by daie.
Mie love ys dedde,
Gonne to hys deathe-hedde.
Al under the wyllowe-tree.

Waterwytches, crownede wythe reytes,
Bere mee to yer leathalle tyde.
I die; I comme; mie true love waytes.
Thos the damselle spake, and dyed.'

Dr THOMAS PERCY.

Dr. Thomas Percy is more celebrated for the publication of his 'Reliques of English Poetry' (which book decided the tone of the literary taste of the period), than for his own poems. He was born at Bridgenorth, Shropshire in 1728, was educated at Oxford for the church, and rose to be bishop of Dromore in 1782, in which office he remained till his death 1811. The writings of Percy are not extensive, they consist only in a number of ballads, some of which are full of taste and genius.

SIR LANCELOT DU LAKE.

When Arthur first in court began,
And was approved king,
By force of armes great victorys wanne,
And conquest home did bring.

Then into England straight he came
With fifty good and able
Knights, that resorted unto him,
And were of his Round Table:

And he had justs and turnaments,
Wherto were many prest,
Wherein some knights did far excell
And eke surmount the rest.

But one Sir Lancelot du Lake,
Who was approved well,
He for his deeds and feats of armes
All others did excell.

When he had rested him a while,
In play, and game, and sportt,
He said he wold goe prove himselfe
In some adventurous sort.

He armed rode in a forrest wide,
And met a damsell faire,
Who told him of adventures great,
Wherto he gave great care.

Such wold I find, quoth Lancelot:
For that cause came I hither.
Thou seemst, quoth shee, a knight full good,
And I will bring thee thither.

Wheras a mighty knight doth dwell,
That now is of great fame:
Therfore tell me what wight[1] thou art,
And what may be thy name.

'My name is Lancelot du Lake.'
Quoth she, it likes me than:
Here dwelles a knight who never was
Yet matcht with any man:

Who has in prison threescore knights
And four, that he did wound;
Knights of King Arthurs court they be,
And of his Table Round.

She brought him to a river side,
And also to a tree,
Whereon a copper bason hung,
And many shields to see.

He struck soe hard, the bason broke;
And Tarquin soon he spyed:
Who drove a horse before him fast,
Whereon a knight lay tyed.

Sir knight, then sayd Sir Lancelot,
Bring me that horse-load hither,
And lay him downe, and let him rest;
Weel[1] try our force together:

For, as I understand, thou hast,
Soe far as thou art able,
Done great despite and shame unto
The knights of the Round Table.

If thou be of the Table Round,
Quoth Tarquin speedilye,
Both thee and all thy fellowship
I utterly defye.

That's over much, quoth Lancelot tho,
Defend thee by and by.
They sett their speares unto their steeds,
And eache att other flie.

They concht theire speares, (their horses ran,
As though there had beene thunder)
And strucke them each immidst their shields,
Wherewith they broke in sunder.

Their horsses backes brake under them,
The knights were both astound[2]:
To avoyd their horsses they made haste
And light upon the ground.

They tooke them to their shields full fast,
Their swords they drew out than,
With mighty strokes most eagerlye
Each at the other ran.

They wounded were, and bled full sore,
They both for breath did stand,
And leaning on their swords awhile,
Quoth Tarquine, hold thy hand,

And tell to me what I shall aske,
Say on, quoth Lancelot tho.
Thou art, quoth Tarquine, the best knight
That ever I did know;

And like a knight that I did hate:
Soe that thou be not hee,
I will deliver all the rest,
And eke accord with thee.

[1] Human creature, man or woman.

[1] We will. [2] Astonished, confounded.

That is well said quoth Lancelot;
But sith it must he soe,
What knight is that thou hatest thus?
I pray thee to me show.

His name is Launcelot du Lake,
He slew my brother deere;
Him I suspect of all the rest:
I would I had him here.

Thy wish thou hast, but yet unknowne,
I am Lancelot du Lake,
Now knight of Arthurs table round;
King Hauds son of Schuwake;

And I desire thee do thy worst.
Ho, Ho, quoth Tarquin tho,
One of us two shall end our lives
Before that we do go.

If thou be Lancelot du Lake,
Then welcome shalt thou bee.
Wherfore see thou thyself defend,
For now defye I thee.

They huckled then together so,
Like unto wild boares rashing;
And with their swords and shields they ran
At one another slashing:

The ground besprinkled was wyth blood:
Tarquin began to yield;
For he gave backe for wearinesse,
And lowe did beare his shield.

This soone Sir Lancelot espyde,
He leapt upon him then,
He pull'd him downe upon his knee,
And rushing off his helm,

Forthwith he strucke his necke in two,
And, when he had soe done,
From prison threescore knights and four
Delivered everye one.

GERNUTUS THE JEW OF VENICE.

In Venice towne not long agoe
A cruel Jew did dwell,
Which lived all on usurie,
As Italian writers tell.

Gernutus called was the Jew,
Which never thought to dye,
Nor ever yet did any good
To them in streets that lie.

His life was like a harrow hogge,
That liveth many a day,
Yet never once doth any good,
Until men will him slay.

Or like a filthy heap of dung,
That lyeth in a whoard;
Which never can do any good,
Till it be spread abroad.

So fares it with the usurer,
He cannot sleep in rest,
For feare the thiefe will him pursue
To plucke him from his nest.

His heart doth thinke on many a wile,
How to deceive the poore;
His mouth is almost full of mucke,
Yet still he gapes for more.

His wife must lend a shilling,
For every weeke a penny.
Yet bring a pledge, that is double worth,
If that you will have any.

And see, likewise, you keepe your day,
Or else you loose it all;
This was the living of the wife,
Her cow she did it call.

Within that citie dwelt that time
A marchant of great fame,
Which being distressed in his need,
Unto Gernutus came:

Desiring him to stand his friend
For twelve month and a day,
To lend to him an hundred crownes:
And he for it would pay

Whatsoever he would demand of him,
And pledges he should have.
No, (quoth the Jew with flearing lookes,)
Sir, aske what you will have.

No penny for the loane of it
For one year you shall pay;
You may doe me as good a turne,
Before my dying day.

But we will have a merry jeast,
For to be talked long:
You shall make me a bond, quoth he,
That shall be large and strong:

And this shall be the forfeyture;
Of your own fleshe a pound.
If you agree, make you the bond,
And here is a hundred crownes.

With right good will! the marchant says:
And so the bond was made.
When twelve month and a day drew on
That backe it should be payd.

The marchants ships were all at sea,
And money came not in;
Which way to take, or what to doe
To thinke he doth begin:

And to Gernutus strait he comes
With cap and bended knee,
And sayde to him, Of curtesie
I pray you beare with mee.

My day is come, and I have not
The money for to pay:
And little good the forfeyture
Will doe yon, I dare say,

With all my heart, Gernutus sayd,
Commaund it to your minde:
In thinges of higger waight then this
You shall me ready finde.

He goes his way: the day once past
Gernutus doth not slacke
To get a sergiant presently;
And clapt him on the hacke:

And layd him into prison strong,
And sued his bond withall;
And when the judgement day was come
For judgement he did call.

The marchants friends came thither fast
With many a weeping eye,
For other means they could not find,
But he that day must dye.

Some offered for his hundred crownes
Five hundred for to pay;
And some a thousand, two or three,
Yet still he did denay.

And at the last ten thousand crownes
They offered, him to save.
Gernutus sayd, I will no gold:
My forfeite I will have.

A pound of fleshe is my demand,
And that shall be my hire.
Then sayd the judge, Yet, good my friend,
Let me of you desire.

To take the flesh from such a place,
As yet you let him live:
Do so, and lo! an hundred crownes
To thee here will I give.

No: no: quoth he; no: judgement here:
For this it shall be tride,
For I will have my pound of fleshe
From under his right side.

It grieved all the companie
His crueltie to see,
For neither friend nor foe could helpe
But he must spoyled bee.

The bloudie Jew now ready is
With whetted blade in hand,
To spoyle the bloud of innocent,
By forfeit of his bond.

And as he was about to strike
In him the deadly blow:
Stay (quoth the judge) thy crueltie;
I charge thee to do so.

Sith needs thou wilt thy forfeit have,
Which is of flesh a pound:
See that thou shed no drop of bloud,
Nor yet the man confound.

For if thou doe, like murderer,
Thou here shalt hanged be:
Likewise of flesh see that thou cut
No more than longes to thee:

For if thou take either more or lesse
To the value of a mite,
Thou shalt be hanged presently,
As is both law and right.

Gernutus now waxt franticke mad,
And wotes[1] not what to say;
Quoth he at last, Ten thousand crownes,
I will that he shall pay;

And so I graunt to set him free.
The jndge doth answere make;
You shall not have a penny given;
Your forfeyture now take.

At the last he doth demaund
But for to have his owne.
No, quoth the judge, doe as you list,
Thy judgement shall be showne.

Either take your pound of flesh, quoth he,
Or cancell me your bond.
O cruell judge then quoth the Jew,
That doth against me stand!

And so with griping grieved mind
He hiddeth them fare-well.
'Then' all the people prays'd the Lord,
That ever this heard tell.

Good people, that doe heare this song,
For trueth I dare well say,
That many a wretch as ill as hee
Doth live now at this day;

That seeketh nothing but the spoyle
Of many a wealthy man,
And for to trap the innocent
Deviseth what they can.

From whome the Lord deliver me,
And every Christian too,
And send to them like sentence eke
That meaneth so to do.

KING LEIR AND HIS THREE DAUGHTERS

King Leir once ruled in this land
With princely power and peace;
And had all things with hearts content,
That might his joys increase.
Amongst those things that nature gave,
Three daughters fair had he,
So princely seeming beautiful,
As fairer could not be.

[1] Knew.

So on a time it pleas'd the king
A question thus to move,
Which of his daughters to his grace
Could shew the dearest love:
For to my age yon bring content,
Quoth he, then let me hear,
Which of you three in plighted troth
The kindest will appear.

To whom the eldest thus began;
Dear father, mind, quoth she,
Before your face, to do yon good,
My blood shall render'd be:
And for your sake my bleeding heart
Shall here be cut in twain,
Ere that I see your reverend age
The smallest grief sustain.

And so will I, the second said;
Dear father, for your sake,
The worst of all extremities
I'll gently undertake:
And serve your highness night and day
With diligence and love;
That sweet content and quietness
Discomforts may remove.

In doing so, yon glad my soul,
The aged king reply'd;
But what sayst thou, my youngest girl,
How is thy love ally'd?
My love (quoth young Cordelia then)
Which to your grace I owe,
Shall be the duty of a child,
And that is all I'll show.

And wilt thon shew no more, quoth he,
Than doth thy duty bind?
I well perceive thy love is small,
When as no more I find.
Henceforth I banish thee my court,
Thon art no child of mine;
Nor any part of this my realm
By favour shall be thine.

Thy elder sisters loves are more
Than well I can demand,
To whom I equally bestow
My kingdome and my land,
My pompal state and all my goods,
That lovingly I may
With those thy sisters be maintain'd
Until my dying day.

Thus flattering speeches won renown,
By these two sisters here;
The third had causeless banishment,
Yet was her love more dear:
For poor Cordelia patiently
Went wandring up and down,
Unhelp'd, unpity'd, gentle maid,
Through many an English town:

Untill at last in famous France
She gentler fortunes found;
Though poor and bare, yet she was deem'd
The fairest on the ground:
Where when the king her virtues heard,
And this fair lady seen,
With full consent of all his court
He made his wife and queen.

Her father King Leir this while
With his two daughters staid:
Forgetful of their promis'd loves,
Full soon the same decay'd;
And living in Queen Ragan's court,
The eldest of the twain,
She took from him his chiefest means,
And most of all his train.

For whereas twenty men were wont
To wait with bended knee:
She gave allowance but to ten,
And after scarce to three;
Nay, one she thought too much for him;
So took she all away,
In hope that in her court, good king,
He would no longer stay.

Am I rewarded thus, quoth he,
In giving all I have
Unto my children, and to beg
For what I lately gave?
I'll go unto my Gonorell:
My second child, I know,
Will be more kind and pitiful,
And will relieve my woe.

Full fast he hies then to her court;
Where when she heard his moan,
Return'd him answer, That she griev'd,
That all his means were gone:
But no way could relieve his wants;
Yet if that he would stay
Within her kitchen, he should have
What scullions gave away.

When he had heard, with bitter tears,
He made his answer then;
In what I did let me be made
Example to all men.
I will return again, quoth he,
Unto my Ragan's court;
She will not use me thus, I hope,
But in a kinder sort.

Where when he came, she gave command
To drive him thence away:
When he was well within her court
(She said) he would not stay.
Then back again to Gonorell
The woeful king did hie,
That in her kitchen he might have
What scullion boys set by.

But there of that he was deny'd
Which she had promis'd late:
For once refusing, he should not
Come after to her gate.
Thus twixt his daughters, for relief
He wandred up and down;
Being glad to feed on beggars food,
That lately wore a crown.

And calling to remembrance then
His youngest daughters words,
That said the duty of a child
Was all that love affords:
But doubting to repair to her,
Whom he had banish'd so,
Grew frantick mad; for in his mind
He bore the wounds of woe:

Which made him rend his milk-white locks,
And tresses from his head,
And all with blood bestain his checks,
With age and honour spread.
To hills and woods and watry founts
He made his hourly moan,
Till hills and woods and senseless things,
Did seem to sigh and groan.

Even thus possest with discontents,
He passed o're to France,
In hopes from fair Cordelia there,
To find some gentler chance;
Most virtuous dame! which when she heard
Of this her father's grief,
As duty bound, she quickly sent
Him comfort and relief:

And by a train of noble peers,
In brave and gallant sort,
She gave in charge he should be brought
To Aganippus' court;
Whose royal king, with noble mind
So freely gave consent,
To muster up his knights at arms,
To fame and courage bent.

And so to England came with speed,
To repossesse King Leir,
And drive his daughters from their thrones
By his Cordelia dear.
Where she, true-hearted noble queen,
Was in the battel slain;
Yet he good king, in his old days,
Possest his crown again.

But when he heard Cordelia's death,
Who died indeed for love
Of her dear father, in whose cause
She did this battle move;
He swooning fell upon her breast,
From whence he never parted:
But on her bosom left his life,
That was so truly hearted.

The lords and nobles when they saw
The end of these events,
The other sisters unto death
They doomed by consents;
And being dead, their crowns they left
Unto the next of kin:
Thus have you seen the fall of pride,
And disobedient sin.

KING JOHN AND THE ABBOT OF CANTERBURY.

An ancient story I'll tell you anon
Of a notable prince, that was called King John;
And he ruled England with main and with might,
For he did great wrong, and maintain'd little right.

And I'll tell you a story, a story so merry,
Concerning the Abbot of Canterbury;
How for his house-keeping, and high renown,
They rode post for him to fair London town.

An hundred men, the king did hear say,
The abbot kept in his house every day;
And fifty gold chains, without any doubt,
In velvet coats waited the abbot about.

'How now, father abbot, I hear it of thee,
Thou keepest a far better house than me,
And for thy house-keeping and high renown,
I fear thou work'st treason against my crown.'

'My liege,' quo' the abbot, 'I would it were known,
I never spend nothing, but what is my own;
And I trust, your grace will do me no dear,
For spending of my own true-gotten gear.'

'Yes, yes, father abbot, thy fault it is high,
And now for the same thou needest must die;
For except thou canst answer me questions three,
Thy head shall be smitten from thy body.

And first,' quo' the king, 'when I'm in this stead,
With my crown of gold so fair on my head,
Among all my liege-men so noble of birth,
Thou must tell me to one penny what I am worth.

Secondly, tell me, without any doubt,
How soon I may ride the whole world about;
And at the third question thou must not shrink,
But tell me here truly what I do think.'

'O, these are hard questions for my shallow wit,
Nor I cannot answer your grace as yet:
But if you will give me but three weeks space,
I'll do my endeavour to answer your grace.'

'Now three weeks space to thee will I give,
And that is the longest time thou hast to live; [three,
For if thou dost not answer my questions
Thy lands and thy livings are forfeit to me.'

Away rode the abbot all sad at that word,
And he rode to Cambridge, and Oxenford;
But never a doctor there was so wise,
That could with his learning an answer devise.

Then home rode the abbot of comfort so cold,
And he met his shepherd a going to fold:
'How now, my lord abbot, you are welcome home; [John?'
What news do you bring us from good king

'Sad news, sad news, shepherd, I must give;
That I have but three days more to live:
For if I do not answer him questions three,
My head will be smitten from my body.

The first is to tell him there in that stead,
With his crown of gold so fair on his head,
Among all his liege-men so noble of birth,
To within one penny of what he is worth.

The second, to tell him, without any doubt,
How soon he may ride this whole world about:
And at the third question I must not shrink,
But tell him there truly what he does think.'

'Now cheer up, sir abbot, did you never hear yet,
That a fool he may learn a wise man wit?
Lend me horses, and serving-men, and your apparel, [quarrel.
And I'll ride to London to answer your

Nay frown not, if it hath been told nnto me,
I am like your lordship, as ever may be:
And if you will but lend me your gown,
There is none shall know us in fair London town.'

'Now horses, and serving-men thou shalt have, [brave;
With sumptuous array most gallant and
With crozier, and mitre, and rochet, and cope,
Fit to appear fore our father the pope.'

'Now welcome, sir abbot,' the king he did say, [day;
'Tis well thou'rt come back to keep thy
For an if thou canst answer my questions three,
Thy life and thy living both saved shall be.

And first, when thou seest me here in this stead, [head,
With my crown of gold so fair on my
Among all my liege-men so noble of birth,
Tell me to one penny what I am worth.'

'For thirty pence our Saviour was sold
Among the false Jews, as I have been told:
And twenty-nine is the worth of thee,
For I think, thou art one penny worser than he.'

The king he laughed, and swore by St. Bittel,
'I did not think I had been worth so little!
— Now secondly tell me, without any doubt,
How soon I may ride this whole world about.'

'You must rise with the sun, and ride with the same,
Until the next morning he riseth again;
And then your grace need not make any doubt,
But in twenty-four hours you'll ride it about.'

The king he laughed, and swore by St. John,
'I did not think, it could be done so soon!
— Now from the third question thou must not shrink,
But tell me truly what I do think.'

'Yea, that shall I do, and make your grace merry:
You think, I'm the abbot of Canterbury;
But I'm his poor shepherd, as plain you may see, [for me.'
That am come to beg pardon for him and

The king he laughed, and swore by the mass, [place!'
'I'll make thee lord abbot this day in his
'Now nay, my liege, be not in such speed,
For alack I can neither write, nor read.'

'Four nobles a week, then I will give thee,
For this merry jest thou hast shown unto me;
And tell the old abbot when thou comest home, [King John.'
Thou hast brought him a pardon from good

SCOTTISH POETRY.

BATTLE OF SHERIFF-MUIR.

Pray came you here the fight to shun,
Or keep the sheep wi' me, man?
Or was you at the Sherra-muir,
And did the battle see, man?
Pray tell whilk[1] o' the parties wan,
For weel[2] I wat[3] I saw them run
Both south and north, when they begun
To pell, and mell, and kill, and fell,
With muskets snell and pistols knell,
And some to hell did flee, man.
Huh! hey dum dirrum hey dum dan,
Huh! hey dum dirrum dey dan,
Huh! hey dum dirrum hey dum dandy,
Hey dum dirrum dey dan.

But, my dear Will, I kenna[4] still
Whilk o' the twa did lose, man;
For weel I wat they had gude skill
To set upo' their foes, man.
The redcoats they are train'd, you see,
The clans always disdain to flee;
Wha then should gain the victory?
But the Highland race, all in a brace,
With a swift pace, to the Whigs' disgrace,
Did put to chase their foes, man.
Huh! hey dum dirrum, &c.

Now, how deil,[5] Tam, can this be true?
I saw the chase gae north, man.
But weel I wat they did pursue
Them even unto Forth, man.
Frae Dunblane they ran, i' my own sight,
And got o'er the bridge wi' a' their might,
And those at Stirling took their flight:
Gif only ye had been wi' me,
You had seen them flee, of each degree,
For fear to die wi' sloth, man.
Huh! hey dum dirrum, &c.

My sister Kate came o'er the hill,
Wi' crowdie unto me, man;
She swore she saw them running still
Frae Perth unto Dundee, man.
The left wing general had nae skill,
The Angus lads had nae gude will
That day their neighbours' blood to spill;
For fear, by foes, that they should lose
Their cogues o' brose, all crying woes—
Yonder them goes, d'ye see, man?
Huh! hey dum dirrum, &c.

I see but few like gentlemen
Amang yon frighted crew, man:
I fear my Lord Panmure he slain,
Or that he's ta'en just now, man.

For though his officers obey,
His cow'rdly commons run away,
For fear the redcoats them should slay.
The sodgers'[1] hail made their hearts fail;
See how they skale, and turn their tail,
And rin to flail and plough, man!
Huh! hey dum dirrum, &c.

But now brave Angus comes again
Into the second fight, man;
They swear they'll either die or gain,
No foes shall them affright, man:
Argyle's best forces they'll withstand,
And boldly fight them sword in hand,
Give them a gen'ral to command,
A man of might, that will but fight,
And take delight to lead them right,
And ne'er desire the flight, man.
Huh! hey dum dirrum, &c.

But Flanderkins they have nae skill
To lead a Scottish force, man,
Their motions do our courage spill,
And put us to a loss, man.
You'll hear of us far better news,
When we attack wi' Highland trews,[2]
To hash, and smash, and slash, and bruise,
Till the field, though braid, be all o'erspread,
But coat or plaid, wi' corpses dead,
In their cauld bed, that's moss, man.
Hnh! hey dum dirrum, &c.

Twa gen'rals frae the field did run,
Lords Huntly and Seaforth, man;
They cried and run, grim death to shun,
Those heroes of the north, man.
They're fitter far for book or pen,
Than under Mars to lead on men:
Ere they came there they might weel ken
That female hands could ne'er gain lands;
'Tis Highland hands that countermands
Argathlean hands frae Forth, man.
Huh! hey dum dirrum, &c.

The Camerons scour'd as they were mad,
Lifting their neighbours' cows, man;
M'Kenzie and the Stewart fled
But philabeg[3] or trews, man.
Had they behaved like Donald's corps,
And kill'd all those came them before,
Their king had gone to France no more:
Then each Whig saint wad soon repent,
And straight recant his covenant,
And rent it at the news, man.
Hnh! hey dum dirrum, &c.

[1] Which. [2] Well. [3] To know. [4] Know not. [5] Devil.

[1] Soldiers. [2] Trowsers. [3] Short petticoats worn by the Highlandmen.

M'Gregors they far off did stand,
Bad'noch and Athole too, man;
I hear they wantit the command,
For I believe them true, man.
Perth, Fife, and Angus, wi' their horse,
Stood motionless, and some did worse;
For though the redcoats went them cross,
They did conspire for to admire
Clans run and fire, left wings retire,
While rights entire pursue, man.
Huh! hey dum dirrum, &c.

But Scotland has not much to say
For such a fight as this is,
Where baith[1] did fight, baith ran away;
And devil take the miss is,
That ev'ry officer was not slain,
That ran that day, and was not ta'en
Either flying to or from Dunblane:
When Whig and Tory, in their fury,
Strove for glory, to our sorrow,
This sad story hush is.
Huh! hey dum dirrum, &c.

J. BARCLAY.

THE WAUKIN' O' THE FAULD.

My Peggie is a young thing,
Just enter'd in her teens,
Fair as the day, and sweet as May,
Fair as the day, and always gay:
My Peggy is a young thing,
And I'm nae very auld,
Yet weel I like to meet her at
The wanking[2] o' the fauld.

My Peggy speaks sae sweetly
Whene'er we meet alane,
I wish nae mair to lay my care,
I wish nae mair o' a' that's rare:
My Peggy speaks sae sweetly,
To a' the lave I'm cauld;
But she gars a' my spirits glow
At wanking o' the fauld.

My Peggy smiles sae kindly
Whene'er I whisper love,
That I look down on a' the town,
That I look down upon a crown:
My Peggy smiles sae kindly,
It makes me blythe and bauld,
And naething gi'es me sic delight,
As wauking o' the fauld.

My Peggy sings sae saftly,
When on my pipe I play;
By a' the rest it is confest,
By a' the rest that she sings best,
My Peggy sings sae saftly,
And in her sangs are tauld,
Wi' innocence the wale o' sense,
At wauking o' the fauld.

RAMSAY.

THE SUN RISES BRIGHT IN FRANCE.

The sun rises bright in France
And fair sets he;
But he has tint the blink he had
In my ain country.

It's nae my ain ruin
That wets aye my e'e,
But the dear Marie I left ahin[1]
Wi' sweet bairnies three.

Fu' bienly glow'd my ain hearth
And smil'd my ain Marie!
O' I have left a' my heart behind,
In my ain conntrie.

O I'm leal to high Heaven
Which aye was leal to me;
And it's there I'll meet ye a' soon
Frae my ain countrie.

HIS HEALTH IN WATER.

Although his back be at the wa'
Another was the fautor;
Although his back be at the wa',
Yet here's his health in water.

He got the skaith, he got the scorn,
I lo'e him yet the better.
Thongh in the moor I hide forlorn,
I'll drink his health in water.

Although his back be at the wa',
Yet here's his health in water.
I'll maybe live to see the day
That hounds shall get the halter.

And drink his health in nsquebaugh
As now I do in water.
I yet may stand as I have stood,
Wi' him throngh rout and slaughter,

And bathe my hands in scoundrel blood,
As now I do in water.
Although his back be at the wa',
Yet here's his health in water.

I HA'E NAE KITH.

I ha'e nae kith, I ha'e nae kin,
Nor ane that's dear to me;
For the bonnie lad that I lo'e best,
He's far ayont the sea.

[1] Both. [2] Watching.

[1] Behind.

He's gane wi' ane that was our ain,[1]
And we may rue[2] the day,
When our king's ae daughter came here
To play sic foul play.

O gin I were a bonnie bird,
Wi' wings that I might flee,
Then would I travel o'er the main,
My ae true love to see.
Then I wad tell a joyfu' tale,
To ane that's dear to me,
And sit upon a king's window
And sing my melody.

The adder lies i' the corbie's nest,
Aneath the corbie's wing,
And the blast that reaves the corbie's brood,
Will soon blaw hame our king.
Then blaw ye east, or blaw ye west,
Or blaw ye o'er the faem,
O bring the lad that I lo'e best,
And aue I darena name.

OVER THE HILLS AND FAR AWAY.

Over the hills and far away,
It's over the hills and far away,
O'er the hills an' o'er the sea,
The wind has blawn my plaid frae me.
My tartan plaid my ain[3] good sheet,
That keepit me frae wind and weet.
And held me bien[4] baith night and day
Is o'er the hills and far away.

There was a wind it came to me,
O'er the south and o'er the sea,
And it has blawn my corn and hay,
O'er the hills and far away.
It blew my corn it blew my gear,[5]
It neither left me kid nor steer,
An' blew my plaid my only stay,[6]
Over the hills and far away.

But though't has left me bare indeed,
And blawn the bonnet aff my head,
There's something hid in Highland brae;
It hasna blown my sword away.
Then over the hills and o'er the dales,
Over all England and through Wales,
The braidsword yet shall bear the sway —
Over the hills an' far away.

CHARLIE HE'S MY DARLING.

'Twas on a Monday morning,
Richt early in the year,
That Charlie cam' to our toun,
The young Chevalier.

And Charlie he's my darling,
My darling, my darling;
Charlie he's my darling,
The young Chevalier.

As he was walking up the street,
The city for to view,
O there he spied a bonnie lass,
The window looking through.

Sae licht's he jumped up the stair,
And tirl'd[1] at the pin;[2]
And wha sae ready as hersel',
To let the laddie in!

He set his Jenny on his knee,
All in his Highland dress;
For brawly weel he kenned the way
To please a bonnie lass.

It's up yon heathery mountain,
And down yon scroggy[3] glen,
We daurna gang a-milking,
For Charlie and his men.

THE LAMENT OF DUNCAN SKENE OF CLANDONOCHIE.

O Scotland my country far far have I ranged,
Since last I took farewell o' thee.
Thy beauties are over, how much art thou changed
From what thou wert once wont to be!
This is the green valley and yonder's the spot,
Where once rose the smoke of my sire's little cot,
My friends are no more and their dwelling is not;
Still greater's the change upon me

I was young and my hopes and my courage were high,
For freedom I freely drew glaive;
But ruin soon came and the spoiler was nigh,
No home there remain'd for the brave.
I have roamed on the world's wide wilderness cast,
Unfriended, expos'd to the bitterest blast
Of misfortune, and now I have sought thee at last,
To sleep in my forefathers grave.

As clear as before runs thy burn o'er its bed,
As sweet thy wild heath flowrets grow;
But thy glory is past and thy honours are fled,
Since freedom no more thou canst know:
Thy sons were disloyal, unmanly, unjust;
The heroes were few, that stood firm to their trust.
Thy thistle's dishonour'd and trampled in dust,
By the friends o' thy deadliest foes.

[1] Own. [2] To repent. [3] Own. [4] Well. [5] Goods. [6] Shelter.

[1] To rattle. [2] Lock. [3] Craggy.

The smoke of the cottage arose to the sky,
The babe dipt its fingers in gore,
And smiled, for it knew not the bright crimson dye
Was the lifeblood of her that it bore.
Thy foes they were many, and ruthless their wrath,
Thy glens they defaced with ravage and death;
Thy children were hunted and slain on the heath,
And the best of thy sons are no more.

Thy hills are majestic, thy valleys are fair,
But O they're possess'd by the foe,
Thy glens are the same, but the stranger is there;
There's none that will weep for thy woe.
On my thoughts hangs a heavy, a dark cheerless gloom,
Far from thee long have I mourn'd o'er thy doom,
And again I have sought thee to find me a tomb;
'Tis all thou hast now to bestow.

I'll wander away to that ill-fated heath,
Where Scotland for freedom last stood;
Where fought the last remnant for glory or death,
And seal'd the true cause with their blood.
And there will I mourn for the honour that's fled,
And dig a new grave 'mongst the bones of the dead;
Then prondly lay down my gray weary head,
With the last of the loyal and good.

THE THISTLE AND THE ROSE.

There grew in bonnie Scotland
A thistle and a brier,
And aye they twined and clasped,
Like sisters kind and dear:
The rose it was sae bonnie,
It could ilk[1] bosom charm;
The thistle spread its thorny leaf,
To keep the rose frae harm.

A bonnie laddie tended
The rose baith[2] air[3] and late;
He watered it, and fanned it,
And wove it with his fate,
And the leal[4] hearts of Scotland
Prayed it might never fa,[5]
The thistle was sae bonnie green,
The rose sae like the snaw.

But the weird sisters sat
Where Hope's fair emblems grew;
They drapt a drap upon the rose
O' bitter, blasting dew;
And aye they twined the mystic thread, —
But ere their task was done,
The snaw-white shade it disappeared —
It withered in the sun!

A bonnie laddie tended
The rose baith air an' late;
He watered it, and fanned it,
And wove it with his fate;
But the thistle tap it withered, —
Winds bore it far awa', —
And Scotland's heart was broken
For the rose sae like the snaw!

R. ALLAN.

[1] Each. [2] Both. [3] Early. [4] Loyal. [5] Fade.

THE OLD MAN'S SONG.

O! why should old age so much wound us, O?
There is nothing in't all to confound us, O;
For how happy now am I,
With my old wife sitting by,
And our hairns[1] and our oyes all around us, O.
We began in the world wi' naething, O,
And we've jogged on and toiled for the ae thing, O;
We made use of what we had,
And our thankfu' hearts were glad,
When we got the bit meat and the claithing, O.

We have lived all our lifetime contented, O.
Since the day we became first acqnainted, O;
It's true we've been but poor,
And we are so to this hour,
Yet we never pined nor lamented, O.
We ne'er thought o' schemes to be wealthy, O,
By ways that were cunning or stealthie, O
But we always had the bliss —
And what farther could we wiss? —
To be pleased wi' onrselves and be healthy, O.

What though we canna boast of our guineas, O.
We have plenty of Jockies and Jeanies, O;
And these, I'm certain, are
More desirable by far,
Than a pock full of poor yellow steenies, O.
We have seen many a wonder and ferlie[2], O,
Of changes that almost are yearlie, O,
Among rich folks up and down,
Both in country and in town,
Who now live but scrimply and barely, O.

Then why should people brag of prosperity, O?
A straitened[3] life, we see, is no rarity, O;

[1] Children. [2] Wonder. [3] Miserable.

Indeed, we've been in want,
And our living been but scant,
Yet we never were reduced to need charity, O.
In this house we first came together, O,
Where we've long been a father and mother, O;
And though not of stone and lime,
It will last us a' our time;
And I hope we shall never need anither, O.

And when we leave this habitation, O,
We'll depart with a good commendation, O,
We'll go hand in hand, I wiss,
To a better house than this,
To make room for the next generation, O.
Then why should old age so much wound us, O?
There is nothing in't all to confound us, O?
For how happy now am I,
With my auld wife sitting by,
And our bairns and our oyes all around us, O!

J. SKINNER.

JOHN O' BADENYON.

When first I came to be a man, of twenty years, or so,
I thought myself a handsome youth, and fain the world would know;
In best attire I stept abroad, with spirits brisk and gay;
And here, and there, and every where, was like a morn in May.
No care I had, no fear of want, but rambled up and down;
And for a beau I might have pass'd in country or in town:
I still was pleased where'er I went; and, when I was alone,
I tuned my pipe, and pleased myself wi' John o' Badenyon.

Now in the days of youthful prime, a mistress I must find;
For love, they say, gives one an air, and ev'n improves the mind.
On Phillis fair, above the rest, kind fortune fix'd mine eyes;
Her piercing beauty struck my heart and she became my choice.
To Cupid, now, with hearty prayer, I offer'd many a vow,
And danced and sung, and sigh'd and swore as other lovers do.
But when at last I breathed my flame, I found her cold as stone —
I left the girl, and tuned my pipe to John o' Badenyon.

When love had thus my heart beguiled with foolish hopes and vain,
To friendship's port I steer'd my course, and laugh'd at lovers' pain;
A friend I got by lucky chance — 'twas something like divine;
An honest friend's a precious gift, and such a gift was mine.
And now, whatever may betide, a happy man was I,
In any strait I knew to whom I freely might apply.
A strait soon came; my friend I tried — he laugh'd, and spurn'd my moan;
I hied me home, and tuned my pipe to John o' Badenyon.

I thought I should be wiser next, and would a patriot turn,
Began to doat on Johnie Wilkes, and cry'd up parson Horne;
Their noble spirit I admir'd, and praised their noble zeal,
Who had, with flaming tongue and pen, maintain'd the public weal.
But, e'er a month or two had pass'd, I found myself betray'd;
Twas Self and Party, after all, for all the stir they made.
At last I saw these factious knaves insult the very throne;
I cursed them all, and tuned my pipe to John o' Badenyon.

What next to do I mused a while, still hoping to succeed;
I pitch'd on books for company, and gravely tried to read:
I bought and borrowed every where, and studied night and day,
Nor miss'd what dean or doctor wrote, that happen'd in my way.
Philosophy I now esteem'd the ornament of youth,
And carefully, through many a page, I hunted after truth:
A thousand various schemes I tried, and yet was pleased with none;
I threw them by, and tuned my pipe to John o' Badenyon.

And now, ye youngsters everywhere, who wish to make a show,
Take heed in time, nor vainly hope for happiness below:
What you may fancy pleasure here is but an empty name;
And girls, and friends, and books also, you'll find them all the same.

Then be advised, and warning take from such a man as me;
I'm neither pope nor cardinal, nor one of high degree;
You'll mee displeasure every where; then do as I have done —
E'en tune your pipe, and please yourself with John of Badenyon.

J. SKINNER.

ROBERT BURNS.

Robert Burns, Scotland's national bard, the son of a poor farmer, was born in 1759 in the parish of Alloway near Ayr. His father gave him what education he could afford, but that was very slight indeed; when he left school he possessed but few books such as 'The Spectator', Pope's Works, Allan Ramsay, and a collection of English songs: but these few he studied thoroughly. In 1786 Burns published his first volume which created a great sensation, and the impatience of the public could scarcely be kept within bounds for the 3rd edition. After this success he took the farm of Ellisland near Dumfries and married. In 1788 he obtained the situation of Excise-man in which, however, on account of his rather jovial habits, he could not advance, and in 1791 he retired to Dumfries where he subsisted upon his paltry salary of *L.* 70 a year. He then published a third edition of his works with the addition of Tam O'Shanter and other pieces composed on his farm at Ellisland. He died in 1796 aged 37 years. His best known poems are his 'Cotter's Saturday Night' and 'Tam O'Shanter', but the feeling of the author is not so well expressed in them as in his poem 'To a mouse on turning up her nest with a plough' and some of his smaller and less known productions, in which his pathos and original inspiration are strongly to be noticed.

JOHN BARLEYCORN.

There was three kings into the east,
Three kings both great and high,
And they had sworn a solemn oath
John Barleycorn should die.

They took a plough and plough'd him
Put clods upon his head [down,
And they hae[1] sworn a solemn oath
John Barleycorn was dead.

But the cheerful Spring came kindly on,
And show'rs began to fall;
John Barleycorn got up again,
And sore surpris'd them all.

The sultry suns of Summer came,
And he grew thick and strong,
His head weel[2] arm'd wi'[3] pointed spears,
That no one should him wrong.

The sober Autumn enter'd mild,
When he grew wan and pale;
His bending joints and drooping head
Show'd he began to fail.

His colour sicken'd more and more,
He faded into age,
And then his enemies began
To show their deadly rage.

They've taen a weapon, long and sharp,
And cut him by the knee;
Then ty'd him fast upon a cart,
Like a rogue for forgery.

They laid him down upon his back,
And cudgell'd him full sore;
They hung him up before the storm,
And turn'd him o'er and o'er.

They filled up a darksome pit
With water to the brim,
They heaved in John Barleycorn,
There let him sink or swim.

They laid him out upon the floor,
To work him farther woe,
And still, as signs of life appear'd,
They toss'd him to and fro.

They wasted o'er a scorching flame
The marrow of his bones;
But a miller us'd him worst of all,
For he crush'd him between two stones.

And they hae taen his very heart's blood,
And drank it round and round!
And still the more and more they drank,
Their joy did more abound.

John Barleycorn was a hero bold,
Of noble enterprise,
For if you do but taste his blood,
'T will make your courage rise.

'T will make a man forget his woe;
'T will heighten all his joy:
'T will make the widow's heart to sing,
Tho' the tear were in her eye.

Then let us toast John Barleycorn,
Each man a glass in hand;
And may his great posterity
Ne'er fail in old Scotland.

[1] Have. [2] Well. [3] with.

AFTON WATER.

Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes,
Flow gently, I'll sing thee a song in thy praise;
My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream,
Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream.

Thou stockdove, whose echo resounds thro' the glen,
Ye wild whistling blackbirds in yon thorny den;
Thou green-crested lapwing, thy screaming forbear,
I charge you disturb not my slumbering fair.

How lofty, sweet Afton, thy neighbouring hills,
Far mark'd with the courses of clear, winding rills!
There daily I wander as noon rises high,
My flocks and my Mary's sweet cot in my eye.

How pleasant thy banks and green valleys below,
Where, wild in the woodlands, the primroses blow!
There oft, as mild ev'ning weeps over the lee,
The sweet scented birk shades my Mary and me.

Thy crystal stream, Afton, how lovely it glides,
And winds by the cot where my Mary resides;
How wanton thy waters her snowy feet lave,
As gath'ring sweet flow'rets she stems thy clear wave.

Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes,
Flow gently, sweet river, the theme of my lays;
My Mary's asleep by yon murmuring stream,
Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream.

FAREWELL TO THE HIGHLANDS.

My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here;
My heart's in the Highlands, a chasing the deer:
Chasing the wild deer, and following the roe,
My heart's in the Highlands wherever I go.

Farewell to the mountains high cover'd with snow;
Farewell to the straths and green valleys below;
Farewell to the forests and wild-hanging woods;
Farewell to the torrents and loud-pouring floods:
My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here;
My heart's in the Highlands, a chasing the deer:
Chasing the wild deer, and following the roe,
My heart's in the Highlands wherever I go.

TO MARY IN HEAVEN.

Thou lingering star, with less'ning ray,
Thou lov'st to greet the early morn,
Again thou usher'st in the day
My Mary from my soul was torn.

O Mary! dear departed shade!
Where is thy place of blissful rest?
See'st thou thy lover lowly laid?
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?

That sacred hour can I forget,
Can I forget the hallow'd grove,
Where by the winding Ayr we met,
To live one day of parting love!

Eternity will not efface,
Those records dear of transports past:
Thy image at our last embrace;
Ah! little thought we 'twas our last!

Ayr, gurgling kiss'd his pebbled shore,
O'erhung with wild woods, thick'ning, green,
The fragrant birch, and hawthorn hoar,
Twin'd am'rous round the raptur'd scene.

The flowers sprang wanton to be prest,
The birds sang love on every spray,
Till too, too soon, the glowing west,
Proclaim'd the speed of winged day.

Still o'er these scenes my mem'ry wakes,
And fondly broods with miser care!
Time but th' impression deeper makes,
As streams their channels deeper wear.

My Mary, dear departed shade!
Where is thy blissful place of rest?
See'st thou thy lover lowly laid?
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?

TO A MOUNTAIN DAISY.

Wee, modest, crimson-tipped flow'r,
Thou's met me in an evil hour;
For I mann[1] crush amang the stoure[2]
Thy slender stem;
To spare thee now is past my pow'r,
Thou bonnie gem!

Alas! it's no thy neebor[3] sweet,
The bonnie *Lark*, companion meet!
Bending thee 'mang the dewy weet,
Wi' speckled breast,
When upward-springing, blithe, to greet
The purpling east.

Cauld[4] blew the bitter-biting north
Upon thy early, humble birth;
Yet cheerfully thou glinted[5] forth

[1] Must. [2] Dust. [3] Neighbour. [4] Cold. [5] To peep.

Amid the storm,
Scarce rear'd above the parent earth
Thy tender form.

The flaunting flow'rs our gardens yield,
High sheltering woods and wa's[1] maun shield;
But thou, beneath the random bield[2]
O' clod or stane,
Adorns the histie *stibble-field,*
Unseen, alane.

There, in thy scanty mantle clad,
Thy snawy bosom sun-ward spread,
Thou lifts thy unassuming head
In humble guise:
But now the *share* uptears thy bed,
And low thou lies!

Such is the fate of artless Maid,
Sweet *flow'ret* of the rural shade,
By love's simplicity betray'd,
And guileless trust,
Till she, like thee, all soil'd, is laid
Low i' the dust.

Such is the fate of simple Bard,
On life's rough ocean luckless starr'd!
Unskilful he to note the card
Of *prudent Lore,*
Till billows rage, and gales blow hard,
And whelm him o'er!

Such fate to *suffering worth* is given,
Who long with wants and woes has striven,
By human pride or cunning driven,
To misery's brink,
Till, wrench'd of every stay but *Heaven,*
He, ruin'd sink!

Ev'n thou who mourn'st the Daisy's fate,
That fate is thine — no distant date;
Stern Ruin's *ploughshare* drives elate,
Full on thy bloom,
Till crush'd beneath the furrow's weight,
Shall be thy doom.

JOHN ANDERSON.

John Anderson my jo, John,
When we were first acquent;
Your locks were like the raven,
Your bonny brow was brent;[3]
But now your brow is beld, John,
Your locks are like the snaw:
But blessings on your frosty pow,[4]
John Anderson my jo.
John Anderson my jo, John,
We clamb the hill thegither;
And mony a canty day, John,
We've had wi' ane anither:
But we maun totter down, John,
But hand in hand we'll go;
And sleep thegither at the foot,
John Anderson my jo.

[1] Walls. [2] Shelter. [3] Smooth. [4] Head.

BANNOCHBURN.

Robert Bruce's address to his army.

Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled,
Scots, wham Bruce has aften led;
Welcome to your gory bed,
Or to glorious victorie!

Now's the day, and now's the hour —
See the front o' battle lower;
See approach proud Edward's power —
Edward! chains and slaverie!

Wha will be a traitor-knave?
Wha can fill a coward's grave?
Wha sae[1] base as be a slave?
Traitor! coward! turn and flee!

Wha for Scotland's king and law
Freedom's sword will strongly draw,
Freeman stand, or freeman fa',[2]
Caledonian! on wi' me!

By oppression's woes and pains!
By our sons in servile chains!
We will drain our dearest veins,
But they shall be — shall be free!

Lay the proud usurpers low!
Tyrants fall in every foe!
Liberty's in every blow!
Forward! let us do, or die!

LORD GREGORY.

O mirk,[3] mirk is this midnight hour,
And loud the tempest's roar;
A waefu'[4] wanderer seeks thy tow'r,
Lord Gregory ope thy door.

An exile frae[5] her father's ha',[6]
And a'[7] for loving thee;
At least some pity on me shaw,
If love it may na be.

Lord Gregory, mind'st thou not the grove,
By bonnie Irwine side,
Where first I own'd that virgin love
I lang, lang had denied?

How often didst thou pledge and vow,
Thou wad for aye be mine!
And my fond heart, itsel sae true,
It ne'er mistrusted thine.

Hard is thy heart, Lord Gregory,
And flinty is thy breast:
Thou dart of heaven, that flashest by,
O wilt thou give me rest.

[1] So. [2] To fall. [3] Dark. [4] Woeful. [5] From. [6] Hall. [7] All.

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Ye mustering thunders from above,
Your willing victim see!
But spare, and pardon my fause love,
His wrangs to heaven and me!

LAMENT OF MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.

Now Nature hangs her mantle green
On every blooming tree,
And spreads her sheets o' daisies white
Out o'er the grassy lea:
Now Phœbus cheers the crystal streams,
And glads the azure skies;
But naught can glad the weary wight
That fast in durance lies.

Now lav'rocks[1] wake the merry morn,
Aloft on dewy wing;
The merle, in his noontide bow'r,
Makes woodland echoes ring;
The mavis[2] wild, wi' many a note,
Sings drowsy day to rest;
In love and freedom they rejoice,
Wi' care nor thrall oppress.

Now blooms the lily by the bank,
The primrose down the brae;[3]
The hawthorn's budding in the glen,
And milk-white is the slae:
The meanest hind in fair Scotland
May rove their sweets amang;
But I, the Queen of a' Scotland,
Maun lie in prison strang.

I was the Queen o' bonnie France,
Where happy I hae been;
Fu' lightly rase I in the morn,
As blithe lay down at e'en:
And I'm the sovereign of Scotland,
And mony a traitor there;
Yet here I lie in foreign hands,
And never-ending care.

But as for thee, thou false woman,
My sister and my fae,
Grim vengeance, yet shall whet a sword
That through thy soul shall gae:
The weeping blood in woman's breast
Was never known to thee!
Nor the balm that draps on wounds of wo
Frae woman's pitying e'e.[1]

My son! my son! may kinder stars
Upon thy fortune shine;
And may those pleasures gild thy reign,
That ne'er wad blink on mine;
God keep thee frae thy mother's faes,
Or turn their hearts to thee:
And when thou meet'st thy mother's friend,
Remember him for me!

O! soon to me, may summer-suns
Nae mair[2] light up the morn!
Nae mair, to me, the autumn winds
Wave o'er the yellow corn;
And in the narrow house o' death
Let winter round me rave;
And the next flowers that deck the spring,
Bloom on my peaceful grave.

[1]Lark, [2]Thrush. [3]Rising ground.

SONNET.

Sing on, sweet thrush, upon the leafless bough;
Sing on, sweet bird, I listen to thy strain;
See aged Winter, 'mid his surly reign,
At thy blithe carol clears his furrow'd brow.

So in lone Poverty's dominion drear,
Sits meek Content with light unanxious heart,
Welcomes the rapid moments, bids them part,
Nor asks if they bring aught to hope or fear.

I thank thee, Author of this opening day!
Thou whose bright sun now gilds yon orient skies!
Riches denied, thy boon was purer joys.
What wealth could never give or take away!

Yet come, thou child of poverty and care;
The mite high Heav'n bestow'd, that mite with thee I'll share.

[1]Eye. [2]No more.

VII. DRAMATISTS.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

Born 1729. Died 1774.

SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER.

ACT I.

SCENE I. — *A chamber in an old-fashioned house.*

Enter HARDCASTLE *and* MRS. HARDCASTLE.

Mrs. H. I vow, Mr. Hardcastle, you're very particular. Is there a creature in the whole country, but ourselves, that does not take a trip to town now and then, to rub off the rust a little? There's the two Miss Hoggs, and our neighbour, Mrs. Grigsby, go to take a month's polish every winter.

Hard. Ay, and bring back vanity and affectation to last them the whole year. I wonder why London cannot keep its own folks at home. In my time, the follies of the town crept slowly among us, but now they travel faster than a stagecoach. Its fopperies come down, not only as inside passengers, but in the very basket.

Mrs. H. Ay, your times were fine times indeed; you have been telling us of them for many a long year. Here we live in an old rumbling mansion, that looks for all the world like an inn, but that we never see company. Our best visitors are old Mrs. Oddfish, the curate's wife, and little Cripplegate, the lame dancing-master; and all our entertainment, your old stories of Prince Eugene and Duke of Marlborough. I hate such old-fashioned trumpery.

Hard. And I love it. I love every thing that's old: old friends, old times, old manners, old books, old wine; and I believe, Dorothy, you'll own I have been pretty fond of an old wife.

Mrs. H. Lord, Mr. Hardcastle, you're for ever at your Dorothy's, and your old wives. I'm not so old as you'd make me by more than one good year. Add twenty to twenty, and make money of that.

Hard. Let me see; twenty added to twenty makes just fifty and seven.

Mrs. H. It's false, Mr. Hardcastle.

Enter MISS HARDCASTLE.

Hard. Blessings on my pretty innocence! — Dress'd out as usual, my Kate. Goodness! what a quantity of superfluous silk hast thou got about thee, girl! I could never teach the fools of this age, that the indigent world could be clothed out of the trimmings of the vain.

Miss H. You know our agreement, sir. You allow me the morning to receive and pay visits, and to dress in my own manner; and, in the evening, I put on my housewife's dress to please you.

Hard. Well, remember I insist on the terms of our agreement; and, by-the-by, I believe I shall have occasion to try your obedience this very evening.

Miss H. I protest, sir, I don't comprehend your meaning.

Hard. Then to be plain with you, Kate, I expect the young gentleman I have chosen to be your husband from town this very day. I have his father's letter, in which he informs me his son is set out, and that he intends to follow him shortly after.

Miss H. Indeed! I wish I had known something of this before. Bless me, how shall I behave? It's a thousand to one I shan't like him; our meeting will be so formal, and so like a thing of business, that I shall find no room for friendship or esteem.

Hard. Depend upon it, child, I'll never control your choice; but Mr. Marlow, whom I have pitched upon, is the son of my old friend, Sir Charles Marlow, of whom you have heard me talk so often. The young gentleman has been bred a scholar, and is designed for an employment in the service of his country. I am told he's a man of an excellent understanding.

Miss H. Is he?

Hard. Very generous.

Miss H. I believe I shall like him.

Hard. Young and brave.

Miss H. I'm sure I shall like him.

Hard. And very handsome.

Miss. H. My dear papa, say no more; he's mine, I'll have him.

Hard. And, to crown all, Kate, he's one of the most bashful and reserved young fellows in the world.

Miss. H. Eh! you have frozen me to death again. That word reserved has un-

done all the rest of his accomplishments. A reserved lover, it is said, always makes a suspicious husband.

Hard. On the contrary, modesty seldom resides in a breast that is not enriched with nobler virtues. It was the very feature in his character that first struck me.

Miss H. He must have more striking features to catch me, I promise you. However, if he be so young, so handsome, and so every thing, as you mention, I believe he'll do still. I think I'll have him.

Hard. Ay, Kate, but there is still an obstacle. It's more than even wager he may not have you.

Miss H. My dear papa, why will you mortify one so? — Well, if he refuses, instead of breaking my heart at his indifference, I'll only break my glass for its flattery; set my cap to some newer fashion, and look out for some less difficult admirer.

Hard. Bravely resolved! In the mean time I'll go prepare the servants for his reception; as we seldom see company, they want as much training as a company of recruits the first day's muster. [*Exit.*

Miss H. Lud, this news of papa's puts me all in a flutter. Young, handsome; these he puts last; but I put them foremost. Sensible, good-natured; I like all that. But then reserved and sheepish, that's much against him. Yet can't he be cured of his timidity, by being taught to be proud of his wife? Yes, and can't I — But I vow I'm disposing of the husband, before I have secured the lover.

Enter MISS NEVILLE.

Miss H. I'm glad you're come, Neville, my dear. Tell me, Constance, how do I look this evening? is there any thing whimsical about me? is it one of my well-looking days, child? am I in face to-day?

Miss N. Perfectly, my dear. Yet now I look again — bless me! sure no accident has happened among the canary birds or the gold fishes. Has your brother or the cat been meddling? or has the last novel been too moving?

Miss H. No; nothing of all this. I have been threatened — I can scarce get it out — I have been threatened with a lover.

Miss N. And his name —

Miss H. Is Marlow.

Miss N. Indeed!

Miss H. The son of Sir Charles Marlow.

Miss N. As I live, the most intimate friend of Mr. Hastings, my admirer. They are never asunder. I believe you must have seen him when we lived in town.

Miss H. Never.

Miss N. He's a very singular character, I assure you. Among women of reputation and virtue, he is the modestest man alive; but his acquaintance give him a very different character among women of another stamp: you understand me?

Miss H. An odd character indeed. I shall never be able to manage him. What shall I do! Pshaw, think no more of him; but trust to occurrences for success. But how goes on your own affair, my dear? has my mother been courting you for my brother Tony, as usual?

Miss N. I have just come from one of our agreeable tête à tête. She has been saying a hundred tender things, and setting off her pretty monster as the very pink of perfection.

Miss H. And her partiality is such, that she actually thinks him so. A fortune like yours is no small temptation. Besides, as she has the sole management of it, I'm not surprised to see her unwilling to let it go out of the family.

Miss N. A fortune like mine, which chiefly consists in jewels, is no such mighty temptation. But at any rate, if my dear Hastings be but constant, I make no doubt to be too hard for her at last. However, I let her suppose that I am in love with her son, and she never once dreams that my affections are fixed upon another.

Miss H. My good brother holds out stoutly. I could almost love him for hating you so.

Miss N. It is a good-natured creature at the bottom, and I'm sure would wish to see me married to any body but himself. But my aunt's bell rings for our afternoon's walk round the improvements. Allons, courage is necessary, as our affairs are critical.

Miss H. Would it were bed-time and all were well. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *An alehouse-room.*

Several shabby Fellows, with punch and tobacco. TONY *at the head of the table a little higher than the rest: a mallet in his hand.*

Omnes. Hurra, hurra, hurra, bravo.

1. *Fel.* Now, gentlemen, silence for a song. The squire is going to knock himself down for a song.

Omnes. Ay, a song, a song.

Tony. Then I'll sing you, gentlemen, a song I made upon this alehouse, the Three Pigeons.

SONG. — TONY.

Let schoolmasters puzzle their brain
With grammar, and nonsense, and learning;
Good liquor, I stoutly maintain,
Gives genus[1] a better discerning.

[1] Genius.

Let them brag of their Heathenish gods,
Their Lethes, their Styxes, and Stygians:
Their quis, and their quaes, and their quods,
They are all but a parcel of pigeons.
Toroddle, toroddle, toroll.

Then come, put the jorum about,
And let us be merry and clever;
Our hearts and our liquors are stout;
Here's the Three Jolly Pigeons for ever.
Let some cry up woodcock or hare,
Your bustards, your ducks, and your widgeons;
But of all the birds in the air,
Here's a health to the Three Jolly Pigeons.
Toroddle, toroddle toroll.

Omnes. Bravo, bravo.

1. *Fel.* The squire has got spunk in him.

2. *Fel.* I loves to hear him sing, bekeays he never gives us nothing that's low.

3. *Fel.* O, damn any thing that's low; I can't bear it.

4. *Fel.* The genteel thing is the genteel thing at any time, if so be that a gentleman hees in a concatenation accordingly.

3. *Fel.* I like the maxim of it, Master Muggins. What, though I am obligated to dance a bear, a man may be a geotleman for all that. May this be my poison if my bear ever dances but to the very genteelest of tunes — 'Water parted', or the minuet in Ariadne.

2. *Fel.* What a pity it is the squire is not come to his own. It would be well for all the publicans within ten miles round of him.

Tony. Egad, and so it would, master Slang. I'd then show what it was to keep choice of company.

2. *Fel.* Oh, he takes after his own father for that. To be sure, old squire Lumpkin was the finest gentleman I ever set my eyes on. For winding the horn, or beating a thicket for a hare, he never had his fellow. It was a saying in the place, that he kept the best horses and dogs in the whole country.

Tony. Egad, and when I'm of age, I'll be no bastard, I promise you. But come, my boys, drink about and be merry, for you pay no reckoning. Well, Stingo, what's the matter?

Enter LANDLORD.

Land. There be two gentlemen, in a post-chaise, at the door. They have lost their way upo' the forest, and they are talking something about Mr. Hardcastle.

Tony. As sure as can be, one of them must be the gentleman that's coming down to court my sister. Do they seem to be Londoners?

Land. I believe they may. They look woundily like Frenchmen.

Tony. Then desire them to step this way, and I'll set them right in a twinkling. [*Exit Landlord.*] Gentlemen, as they mayn't be good enough company for you, step down for a moment, and I'll be with you in the squeezing of a lemon. [*Exeunt Mob.*] Father-in-law has been calling me whelp, and hound, this half year. Now, if I pleased, I could be so revenged upon the old grumbletonian. But then, I'm afraid, afraid of what! I shall soon be worth fifteen hundred a year, and let him frighten me out of that if he can.

Enter LANDLORD, *conducting* MARLOW *and* HASTINGS.

Mar. What a tedious, uncomfortable day have we had of it! We were told it was but forty miles across the country, and we have come above threescore.

Hast. And all, Marlow, from that unaccountable reserve of yours, that would not let us inquire more frequently on the way.

Mar. I own, Hastings, I am unwilling to lay myself under an obligation to every one I meet; and often stand the chance of an unmannerly answer.

Hast. At present, however, we are not likely to receive any answer.

Tony. No offence, gentlemen; but I'm told you have been inquiring for one Mr. Hardcastle, in these parts. Do you know what part of the country you are in?

Hast. Not in the least, sir; but should thank you for information.

Tony. Nor the way you came?

Hast. No, sir; but if you can inform us —

Tony. Why, gentlemen, if you know neither the road you are going, nor where you are, nor the road you came, the first thing I have to inform you, is, that — you have lost your way.

Mar. We wanted no ghost to tell us that.

Tony. Pray, gentlemen, may I be so bold as to ask the place from whence you came?

Mar. That's not necessary towards directing us where we are to go.

Tony. No offence; but question for question is all fair, you know. Pray, gentlemen, is not this same Hardcastle, a crossgrain'd, old-fashion'd, whimsical fellow, with an ugly face, a daughter, and a pretty son!

Hast. We have not seen the gentleman, but he has the family you mention.

Tony. The daughter, a tall, traipsing, trolloping, talkative maypole — the son, a pretty, well-bred, agreeable youth, that every body is fond of.

Mar. Our information differs in this: the daughter is said to be well-bred and beautiful; the son, an awkward hooby, reared up and spoiled at his mother's apron-string.

Tony. He-he-hem — Then, gentlemen, all I have to tell you, is, that you won't reach Mr. Hardcastle's house this night, I believe.

Hast. Unfortunate!

Tony. It's a damn'd long, dark, boggy, dirty, dangerous way. Stingo, tell the gentlemen the way to Mr. Hardcastle's; [*Winking upon the Landlord.*] M. Hardcastle's, of Quagmire-marsh, you understand me?

Land. Master Hardcastle's! Lack-a-day, my masters, you're come a deadly deal wrong! When you came to the bottom of the hill, you should have cross'd down Squash-lane.

Mar. Cross down Squash-lane?

Land. Then you were to keep straight forward till you came to four roads.

Mar. Come to where four roads meet?

Tony. Ay, but you must be sure to take only one of them.

Mar. O, sir, you're facetious.

Tony. Then keeping to the right, you are to go sideways till you come upon Crackskull common; there you must look sharp for the track of the wheel, and go forward till you come to farmer Murrain's barn. Coming to the farmer's barn, you are to turn to the right, and then to the left, and then to the right about again, till you find out the old mill.

Mar. Zounds, man! we could as soon find out the longitude!

Hast. What's to be done, Marlow?

Mar. This house promises but a poor reception; though perhaps the landlord can accommodate us.

Land. Alack, master, we have but one spare bed in the whole house.

Tony. And, to my knowledge, that's taken up by three lodgers already. [*After a pause, in which the rest seem disconcerted.*] I have hit it: don't you think, Stingo, our landlady would accommodate the gentlemen by the fire-side, with three chairs and a bolster?

Hast. I hate sleeping by the fire-side.

Mar. And I detest your three chairs and a bolster.

Tony. You do, do you? — then let me see — what — if you go on a mile further, to the Buck's Head, the old Buck's Head, on the hill, one of the best inns in the whole country?

Hast. O ho! so we have escaped an adventure for this night, however.

Land. [*Apart to Tony.*] Sure you ben't sending them to your father's as an inn, be you?

Tony. Mum, you fool you; let them find that out. [*To them.*] You have only to keep on straight forward till you come to a large house on the road side: you'll see a pair of large horns over the door: that's the sign. Drive up the yard, and call stoutly about you.

Hast. Sir, we are obliged to you. The servants can't miss the way?

Tony. No, no; but I tell you though, the landlord is rich, and going to leave off business: so he wants to be thought a gentleman, saving your presence, he! he! he! He'll be for giving you his company, and, egad, if you mind him, he'll persuade you that his mother was an alderman, and his aunt a justice of peace.

Land. A troublesome old blade, to be sure: but he keeps as good wines, and beds, as any in the whole country.

Mar. Well, if he supplies us with these, we shall want no further connexion. We are to turn to the right did you say?

Tony. No, no; straight forward. I'll just step, myself, and show you a piece of the way. [*To the Landlord.*] Mum.

Land. Ah, bless your heart, for a sweet, pleasant — damn'd, mischievous son of a —. [*Aside. Exeunt.*

ACT II.

An old-fashioned house.

Enter HARDCASTLE, followed by three or four awkward servants.

Hard. Well, I hope you are perfect in the table exercise I have been teaching you these three days. You all know your posts and your places, and can show that you have been used to good company, without stirring from home.

Omnes. Ay, ay.

Hard. When company comes, you are not to pop out and stare, and then run in again, like frighted rabbits in a warren.

Omnes. No, no.

Hard. You, Diggory, whom I have taken from the barn, are to make a show at the side-table; and you, Roger, whom I have advanced from the plough, are to place yourself behind my chair. But you're not to stand so, with your hands in your pockets. Take your hands from your pockets, Roger and from your head, you blockhead you. See how Diggory carries his hands. They're a little too stiff, indeed, but that's no great matter.

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Dig. Ay, mind how I hold them; I learned to hold my hands this way when I was upon drill for the militia. And so being upon drill —

Hard. You must not be so talkative, Diggory; you must be all attention to the guests: you must hear us talk, and not think of talking; you must see us drink and not think of drinking; you must see us eat, and not think of eating.

Dig. By the laws, your worship, that's perfectly impossible. Whenever Diggory sees yeating going forwards, egad, he's always wishing for a monthful himself.

Hard. Blockhead! is not a bellyful in the kitchen as good as a bellyful in the parlour? Stay your stomach with that reflection.

Dig. Egad, I thank your worship, I'll make a shift to stay my stomach with a slice of cold beef in the pantry.

Hard. Diggory, you are too talkative. Then if I happen to say a good thing, or tell a good story at table, you must not all burst out a laughing, as if you made part of the company.

Dig. Then egad, your worship must not tell the story of Ould Grouse in the gunroom: I can't help laughing at that — he! he! he! he! — for the soul of me. We have laughed at that these twenty years — ha! ha! ha!

Hard. Ha! ha! ha! The story is a good one. Well, honest Diggory, you may laugh at that — but still remember to be attentive. Suppose one of the company should call for a glass of wine, how will you behave? A glass of wine, sir, if you please. [*To Diggory.*] — Eh, why don't you move?

Dig. Egad, your worship, I never have courage till I see the eatables and drinkables brought upo' the table, and then I'm as bold as a lion.

Hard. A glass of wine, if you please — What, will nobody move?

1. *Serv.* I'm not to leave this place.

2. *Serv.* I'm sure it's no pleace of mine.

3. *Serv.* Nor mine, for sartain.

Dig. Wauns, and I'm sure it canna be mine.

Hard. You nnmskulls! and so, while like your betters, you are quarrelling for places, the guests must be starv'd. O you dunces! I find I must begin all over again. — But, don't I hear a coach drive into the yard? To your posts, you blockheads. I'll go in the meantime, and give my old friend's son a hearty welcome at the gate. [*Exit.*

Dig. My place is gone quite out of my head.

Roger. I know that my place is to be every where.

1. *Serv.* Where the devil is mine?

2. *Serv.* My place is to be no where at all; and so I'ze go about my business.

[*Exeunt Servants.*

Enter MARLOW *and* HASTINGS.

Hast. After the disappointments of the day, welcome once more, Charles, to the comforts of a clean room and a good fire. Upon my word, a very well looking house; antique, but creditable.

Mar. The usual fate of a large mansion. Having first ruined the master by good house-keeping, it at last comes to levy contributions as an inn.

Hast. As you say, we passengers are to be taxed to pay all these fineries. I have often seen a good side-board, or a marble chimney-piece, though not actually put in the bill, inflame the bill confoundedly.

Mar. Travellers, George, must pay in all places; the only difference is, that in good inns you pay dearly for luxuries; in bad inns you are fleeced and starved.

Hast. You have lived pretty much among them. In truth, I have been often surprised that you, who have seen so much of the world, with your natural good sense, and your many opportunities, could never yet acquire a requisite share of assurance.

Mar. The Englishman's malady: but tell me, George, where could I have learned that assurance you talked of? My life has been chiefly spent in a college or an inn, in seclusion from that lovely part of the creation that chiefly teach men confidence. I don't know that I was ever familiarly acquainted with a single modest woman — except my mother.

Hast. If you could say but half the fine things to them that I have heard you lavish upon the barmaid of an inn —

Mar. Why, George, I can't say fine things to them. They freeze, they petrify me. They may talk of a comet, or a burning mountain, or some such bagatelle; but to me a modest woman, dress'd out in all her finery, is the most tremendous object of the whole creation.

Hast. Ha! ha! ha! At this rate, man, how can you ever expect to marry?

Mar. Never; unless, as among kings and princes, my bride were to be courted by proxy. If, indeed, like an eastern bridegroom, one were to be introduced to a wife he never saw before, it might be endured. But to go through all the terrors of a formal courtship, together with the episode of aunts, grandmothers, cousins, and at last to blurt out the broad start-question, of madam,

will you marry me? No, no, that's a strain much above me, I assure you.

Hast. I pity you! but how do you intend behaviug to the lady you are come down to visit at the request of your father?

Mar. As I behave to all other ladies. Bow very low. Answer yes, or no, to all her demauds — But for the rest, I don't think I shall venture to look iu her face till I see my father's again.

Hast. I'm surprised, that one who is so warm a friend can be so cool a lover.

Mar. To be explicit, my dear Hastings, my chief inducement down, was to be iustrumental in forwardiug your happiness, not my own. Miss Neville loves you; the family don't kuow you; as my friend, you are sure of a reception, and let honour do the rest.

Enter HARDCASTLE.

Hard. Gentlemen, ouce more you are heartily welcome. Which is Mr. Marlow? — [*Mar. advances.*] — Sir, you're heartily welcome. It's uot my way, you see, to receive my friends with my back to the fire; I like to give them a hearty receptiou in the old style at my gate: I like to see their horses and trunks taken care of.

Mar. [*Aside.*] He has got our names from the servauts already. [*To Hard.*] — We approve your caution and hospitality, sir. [*To Hast.*] — I have beeu thiuking, George, of changiug our travelling dresses iu the morning; I am grown coufoundedly ashamed of mine.

Hard. I beg, Mr. Marlow, you'll use no ceremony in this house.

Hast. I fancy, George, you're right: the first blow is half the battle. — We must, however, open the campaign.

Hard. Mr. Marlow — Mr. Hastings — gentlemen — pray, be under uo restraint in this house. This is Liberty-hall, gentlemeu; you may do just as you please here.

Mar. Yet, George, if we open the campaign too fiercely at first, we may want ammunition before it is over. We must show our generalship, by securing, if necessary, a retreat.

Hard. Your talking of a retreat, Mr. Marlow, puts me iu mind of the Duke of Marlborough, when he went to besiege Denaiu. He first summoned the garrison —

Mar. Ay, and we'll summou your garrison, old boy.

Hard. He first summoued the garrisou, which might consist of about five thousand men.

Hast. Marlow, what's o'clock.

Hard. I say, geutlemen, as I was telling you, he summoned the garrison, which might consist of about five thousaud men.

Mar. Five miuutes to seven.

Hard. Which might cousist of about five thousand men, well appointed with stores, ammunition, and other implements of war. Now, says the Duke of Marlborough, to George Brooks that stood next to him — You must have heard of George Brooks — I'll pawn my dukedom, says he, but I take that garrisou without spilling a drop of blood. So —

Mar. What, my good friend, if you give us a glass of punch in the mean time, it would help us to carry on the siege with vigour.

Hard. Punch, sir! — This is the most unaccountable kind of modesty I ever met with. [*Aside.*

Mar. Yes, sir, punch. A glass of warm punch after our journey, will be comfortable.

Enter SERVANT, *with a tankard.*

This is Liberty-hall, you kuow.

Hard. Here's a cup, sir.

Mar. So this fellow, in his Liberty-hall, will only let us have just what he pleases.

Hard. I hope you'll find it to your miud. I have prepared it with my own hands, aud I believe you'll own the ingredients are tolerable. Will you be so good as to pledge me, sir? Here, Mr. Marlow, here is to our better acquaintance.

Mar. A very impudent fellow this; but he's a character, and I'll humour him a little. — [*Aside.*] — Sir, my service to you.

Hast. I see this fellow wants to give us his company, and forgets that he's an inukeeper, before he has learned to be a gentleman.

Mar. From the excellence of your cup, my old friend, I suppose you have a good deal of business iu this part of the country. Warm work, now and then at elections, I suppose.

Hard. No, sir, I have loug given that work over. Since our betters have hit upou the expedient of electing each other, there's no business for us that sell ale.

Hast. So then, you have no turn for politics, I find.

Hard. Not in the least. There was a time, indeed, I fretted myself about the mistakes of government, like other people; but finding myself every day grow more angry, and the government growing no better, I left it to mend itself. Since that, I no more trouble my head about who's in or who's out, than I do about John Nokes or Tom Stiles. So my service to you.

Hast. So that with eating above stairs and drinking below, with receiving your

friends within, and amnsing them without, you lead a good, pleasant, hustling life of it.

Hard. I do stir about a good deal, that's certain. Half the differences of the parish are adjusted in this very parlour.

Mar. And you have an argument in your cup, old gentleman, better than any in Westminster-Hall.

Hard. Ay, young gentleman, that, and a little philosophy.

Mar. Well, this is the first time I ever heard of an innkeeper's philosophy. [*Aside.*

Hast. So then, like an experienced general, you attack them on every quarter. If you find their reason manageable, you attack them with your philosophy; if you find they have no reason, you attack them with this. Here's your health, my philosopher.

Hard. Good, very good, thank you; ha! ha! your generalship puts me in mind of Prince Engene, when he fought the Turks, at the battle of Belgrade. You shall hear.

Mar. Instead of the battle of Belgrade, I think it's almost time to talk about supper. What has your philosophy got in the house for supper?

Hard. For supper, sir! — Was ever such a request to a man in his own house!

Mar. Yes, sir, supper, sir; I begin to feel an appetite. I shall make devilish work to-night in the larder, I promise you.

Hard. Such a brazen dog sure never my eyes beheld. — [*Aside.*] — Why really, sir, as for supper, I can't well tell. My Dorothy and the cookmaid settle these things between them. I leave this kind of things entirely to them.

Mar. You do, do you?

Hard. Entirely. By-the-by, I believe they are in actual consultation upon what's for supper this moment in the kitchen.

Mar. Then I beg they'll admit me as one of their privy-council. It's a way I have got. When I travel, I always choose to regulate my own supper. Let the cook be called. No offence, I hope, sir?

Hard. O no, sir, none in the least: yet, I don't know how, our Bridget, the cookmaid, is not very communicative upon these occasions. Should we send for her, she might scold us all out of the house.

Hast. Let's see the list of the larder then. I ask it as a favour. I always match my appetite to my bill of fare.

Mar. Sir, he's very right, and it's my way too.

Hard. Sir, you have a right to command here. — Here, Roger, bring us the bill of fare, for to night's supper. I believe it's drawn out. Your manner, Mr. Hastings, puts me in mind of my uncle, Colonel Wallop. It was a saying of his, that no man was sure of his supper till he had eaten it.

Hast. All upon the high ropes! His uncle a colonel! We shall soon hear of his mother being a justice of peace. But let's hear the bill of fare. [*Aside.*

Mar. What's here? For the first course; for the second course; for the dessert. — The devil, sir! do you think we have brought down the whole Joiners' Company, or the corporation of Bedford, to eat up such a supper? Two or three little things, clean and comfortable will do.

Hast. But let's hear it.

Mar. For the first course: at the top a pig and prune sance.

Hast. Damn your pig, I say.

Mar. And damn your prune sauce, say I.

Hard. And yet, gentlemen, to men that are hungry, pig, with prune sance, is very good eating. — Their impudence confounds me. — [*Aside.*] — Gentlemen, you are my guests, make what alterations you please. Is there any thing else you wish to retrench or alter, gentlemen?

Mar. Item. — A pork pie, a boiled rabbit and sausages, a florentine, a shaking pudding, and a dish of tiff — taff — taffety cream.

Hast. Confound your made-dishes! I shall be as much at a loss in this house, as at a green and yellow dinner at the French Ambassador's table. I'm for plain eating.

Hard. I'm sorry, gentlemen, that I have nothing you like; but if there be any thing you have a particular fancy to —.

Mar. Why, really, sir, your bill of fare is so exquisite, that any one part of it is full as good as another. Send us what you please. So much for supper. And now to see that our beds are aired, and properly taken care of.

Hard. I entreat you'll leave all that to me. You shall not stir a step.

Mar. Leave that to you! I protest, sir, you must excuse me, I always look to these things myself.

Hard. I must insist, sir, you'll make yourself easy on that head.

Mar. You see I'm resolved on it. — A very troublesome fellow, as ever I met with. [*Aside.*

Hard. Well, sir, I'm resolved at least to attend you. — This may be modern modesty, but I never saw any thing look so like old-fashioned impudence. — [*Aside.*]

[*Exeunt* MARLOW *and* HARDCASTLE.

Hast. So I find this fellow's civilities begin to grow troublesome. But who can be angry with those assiduities which are meant to please him? Ha! what do I see? Miss Neville, by all that's happy!

Enter Miss Neville.

Miss N. My dear Hastings! To what unexpected good fortune, to what accident, am I to ascribe this happy meeting?

Hast. Rather let me ask the same question, as I could never have hoped to meet my dearest Constance at an inn.

Miss N. An inn! you mistake; my aunt, my guardian, lives here. What could induce you to think this house an inn?

Hast. My friend, Mr. Marlow, with whom I came down, and I, have been sent here as to an inn, I assure you. A young fellow, whom we accidentally met at a house hard by, directed us hither.

Miss N. Certainly it must be one of my hopeful cousin's tricks, of whom you have heard me talk so often. Ha! ha! ha!

Hast. He whom your aunt intends for you? He of whom I have such just apprehensions?

Miss N. You have nothing to fear from him, I assure you. You'd adore him, if you knew how heartily he despises me. My aunt knows it too, and she has undertaken to court me for him, and actually begins to think she has made a conquest.

Hast. Thou dear dissembler! — You must know, my Constance, I have just seized this happy opportunity of my friend's visit here to get admittance into the family. The horses that carried us down are now fatigued with the journey, but they'll soon be refreshed; and then, if my dearest girl will trust in her faithful Hastings, we shall soon be landed in France, where even among slaves the laws of marriage are respected.

Miss N. I have often told you, that, though ready to obey you, I yet should leave my little fortune behind with reluctance. The greatest part of it was left me by my uncle, the India Director, and chiefly consists in jewels. I have been for some time persuading my aunt to let me wear them. I fancy I'm very near succeeding. The instant they are put into my possession, you shall find me ready to make them and myself yours.

Hast. Perish the baubles! Your person is all I desire. In the mean time, my friend Marlow must not be let into his mistake. I know the strange reserve of his temper is such, that, if abruptly informed of it, he would instantly quit the house, before our plan was ripe for execution.

Miss N. But how shall we keep him in the deception? Miss Hardcastle is just returned from walking; what if we persuade him she is come to this house as to an inn? — Come this way.

Enter Marlow.

Mar. The assiduities of these good people tease me beyond bearing. My host seems to think it ill manners to leave me alone, and so he claps not only himself, but his old-fashioned wife on my back. They talk of coming to sup with us too; and then, I suppose, we are to run the gantlet through all the rest of the family. — What have we got here? —

Hast. My dear Charles, let me congratulate you — The most fortunate accident! — Who do you think has just alighted?

Mar. Cannot guess.

Hast. Our mistresses, boy: Miss Hardcastle, and Miss Neville. Give me leave to introduce Miss Constance Neville to your acquaintance. Happening to dine in the neighbourhood, they called, on their return, to take fresh horses here. Miss Hardcastle has just stept into the next room, and will be back in an instant. Wasn't it lucky? eh!

Mar. I have just been mortified enough of all conscience, and here comes something to complete my embarrassment. [*Aside.*

Hast. Well! but wasn't it the most fortunate thing in the world?

Mar. O! yes. Very fortunate — a most joyful encounter. — But our dresses, George, you know, are in disorder — What, if we should postpone the happiness till to-morrow? — To-morrow at her own house — it will be every bit as convenient — and rather more respectful — To-morrow let it be.

Miss N. By no means, sir. Your ceremony will displease her. The disorder of your dress will show the ardour of your impatience. Besides, she knows you are in the house, and will permit you to see her.

Mar. O! the devil? how shall I support it? — Hem! hem! Hastings, you must not go. You are to assist me, you know. I shall be confoundedly ridiculous. Yet, hang it! I'll take courage. Hem! [*Aside to* Hast.

Hast. Pshaw, man! 'tis but the first plunge, and all's over. She's but a woman, you know. [*Aside to* Mar.

Mar. And of all women, she that I dread most to encounter!

Enter Miss Hardcastle, *as returning from walking.*

Hast. Miss Hardcastle, Mr. Marlow. I'm proud of bringing two persons together,

who only want to know, to esteem each other.

Miss H. (*Aside.*) Now, for meeting my modest gentleman with a demure face, and quite in his own manner. I'm glad of your safe arrival, sir — I'm told you had some accidents by the way.

Mar. Only a few, madam. Yes, we had some. Yes, madam, a good many accidents, but should be sorry, madam, a good many accidents, but should be sorry, madam — or rather glad of any accidents — that are so agreeably concluded. Hem!

Hast. (*Aside to Mar.*) You never spoke better in your whole life. Keep it up, and I'll insure you victory.

Miss H. I'm afraid you flatter, sir. You that have seen so much of the finest company, can find little entertainment in an obscure corner of the country.

Mar. I have lived, indeed, in the world, madam; but I have kept very little company. I have been but an observer upon life, madam, while others were enjoying it.

Miss H. An observer, like you, upon life, were, I fear, disagreeably employed, since you must have had much more to censure than to approve.

Mar. Pardon me, madam: I was always willing to be amused. The folly of most people is rather an object of my mirth than uneasiness.

Hast. (*Aside to Mar.*) Bravo! bravo! never spoke so well in your whole life. Well, Miss Hardcastle, I see that you and Mr. Marlow are going to be very good company. I believe our being here will but embarrass the interview.

Mar. Not in the least, Mr. Hastings. We like your company of all things. (*Aside to Hast.*) — Zounds! George, sure you won't go! How can you leave us?

Hast. Our presence will but spoil conversation. So we'll retire to the next room. (*Aside to Mar.*) You don't consider, man, that we are to manage a little tête-à-tête of our own. [*Exeunt.*

Miss H. But you have not been wholly an observer, I presume, sir? The ladies, I should hope, have employed some part of your addresses.

Mar. Pardon me, madam, I — I — I as yet have studied — only — to — deserve them.

Miss H. And that, some say, is the very worst way to obtain them.

Mar. Perhaps so, madam: but I love to converse only with the more grave and sensible part of the sex — But, I'm afraid, I grow tiresome.

Miss H. Not at all, sir; there is nothing I like so much as grave conversation myself; I could hear it for ever. Indeed, I have often been surprised how a man of sentiment could ever admire those light airy pleasures, where nothing reaches the heart.

Mar. It's — a disease — of the mind, madam. In the variety of tastes, there must be some who, wanting a relish — for — nm — a — um.

Miss H. I understand you, sir. There must be some who, wanting a relish for refined pleasures, pretend to despise what they are incapable of tasting.

Mar. My meaning, madam; but infinitely better expressed. And I can't help observing, that in this age of hypocrisy — a —

Miss H. Who could ever suppose this fellow impudent upon some occasions! (*Aside*) You were going to observe, sir —

Mar. I was observing, madam — I protest, madam, I forget what I was going to observe.

Miss H. I vow, and so do I. (*Aside.*) You were observing, sir, that in this age of hypocrisy, something about hypocrisy, sir.

Mar. Yes, madam; in this age of hypocrisy, there are few who, upon strict inquiry, do not — a — a —

Miss H. I understand you perfectly, sir.

Mar. 'Egad! and that's more than I do myself. (*Aside.*)

Miss H. You mean that, in this hypocritical age, there are few that do not condemn in public, what they practise in private, and think they pay every debt to virtue when they praise it.

Mar. True, madam; those who have most virtue in their mouths, have least of it in their bosoms. But I see Miss Neville expecting us in the next room. I would not intrude for the world.

Miss H. I protest, sir, I never was more agreeably entertained in all my life. Pray go on.

Mar. Yes, madam. I was — but she beckons us to join her. Madam, shall I do myself the honour to attend you?

Miss H. Well then, I'll follow.

Mar. This pretty smooth dialogue has done for me. [*Aside.* — *Exit.*

Miss H. Ha! ha! ha! Was there ever such a sober, sentimental interview? I'm certain he scarce look'd me in my face the whole time. Yet the fellow, but for his unaccountable bashfulness, is pretty well too. He has good sense, but then so buried in his fears, that it fatigues one more than ignorance. If I could teach him a little confidence, it would be doing somebody that I know of a piece of service. But who is that somebody? — that, faith, is a question I can scarcely answer. [*Exit.*

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Enter TONY *and* MISS NEVILLE, *followed by* MRS. HARDCASTLE *and* HASTINGS.

Tony. What do you follow me for, cousin Con.? I wonder you're not asham'd to be so very engaging.

Miss N. I hope, cousin, one may speak to one's own relations, and not be to blame.

Tony. Ay, but I know what sort of a relation you want to make me, though; but it won't do. I tell you, cousin Con., it won't do; so I beg you'll keep your distance; I want no nearer relationship.

Mrs. H. Well, I vow. Mr. Hastings, you are very entertaining. There's nothing in the world I love to talk of so much as London, and the fashions, though I was never there myself.

Hast. Never there! you amaze me! from your air and manner, I concluded you had been bred all your life either at Ranelagh, St. James's, or Towerwharf.

Mrs. H. O! sir, you're only pleased to say so. We country persons can have no manner at all. I'm in love with the town, and that serves to raise me above some of our neighbouring rustics; but who can have a manner that has never seen the Pantheon, the Grotto Gardens, the Borough, and such places, where the nobility chiefly resort; all I can do, is to enjoy London at second-hand. Pray, how do you like this head, Mr. Hastings?

Hast. Extremely elegant and dégagée, upon my word, madam. Your friseur is a Frenchman, I suppose.

Mrs. H. I protest, I dressed it myself from a print in the Ladies' Memorandum-book for the last year.

Hast. Indeed! such a head in a side-box at the play-house, would draw as many gazers as my lady mayoress at a city-ball.

Mrs. H. One must dress a little particular or one may escape in the crowd.

Hast. But that can never be your case, madam, in any dress.

Mrs. H. Yet, what signifies my dressing, when I have such a piece of antiquity by my side as Mr. Hardcastle? All I can say will not argue down a single button from his clothes. I have often wanted him to throw off his great flaxen wig, and where he was bald, to plaster it over, like my Lord Pately, with powder.

Hast. You are right, madam; for, as among the ladies there are none ugly, so among the men there are none old.

Mrs. H. But what do you think his answer was? Why, with his usual Gothic vivacity, he said, I only wanted him to throw off his wig, to convert it into a tête for my own wearing.

Hast. Intolerable! at your age you may wear what you please, and it must become you.

Mrs. H. Pray, Mr. Hastings, what do you take to be the most fashionable age about town?

Hast. Some time ago, forty was all the mode; but I'm told, the ladies intend to bring up fifty for the ensuing winter.

Mrs. H. Seriously? Then I shall be too young for the fashion.

Hast. No lady begins now to put on jewels till she's past forty. For instance, miss there, in a polite circle, would be considered as a child, a mere maker of samplers.

Mrs. H. And yet Mrs. Niece thinks herself as much a woman, and is as fond of jewels, as the oldest of us all.

Hast. Your niece, is she? And that young gentleman, a brother of yours, I should presume?

Mrs. H. My son, sir. They are contracted to each other. Observe their little sports. They fall in and out ten times a day, as if they were man and wife already. Well, Tony, child, what soft things are you saying to your cousin Constance, this evening?

Tony. I have been saying no soft things; but, that it's very hard to be followed about so. Egad! I've not a place in the house that's left to myself, but the stable.

Mrs. H. Never mind him, Con., my dear. He's in another story behind your back.

Miss N. There's something generous in my cousin's manner. He falls out before faces, to be forgiven in private.

Tony. That's a damned confounded — crack.

Mrs. H. Ah! he's a sly one. Don't you think they're like each other about the mouth, Mr. Hastings? The Blenkinsop mouth to a T. They're of a size too. Back to back, my pretties, that Mr. Hastings may see you.

Tony. You had as good not make me, I tell you.

Miss N. O lud! he has almost cracked my head.

Mrs. H. O the monster! for shame, Tony. You a man, and behave so!

Tony. If I'm a man, let me have my fortin. Egad! I'll not be made a fool of any longer.

Mrs. H. Is this, ungrateful boy, all that I'm to get for the pains I have taken in your education? I, that have rock'd you in your cradle, and fed that pretty mouth with a spoon! Did not I work that waistcoat to make you genteel?

Tony. But, egad! I tell you I'll not be made a fool of any longer.

Mrs. H. Wasn't it all for your good, viper! Wasn't it all for your good?

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Tony. I wish you'd let me and my good alone, then. Snubbing this way, when I'm in spirits. If I'm to have any good, let it come of itself; not to keep dinging it, dinging it into one so.

Mrs. H. That's false; I never see you when you're in spirits. No, Tony, you then go to the alehouse or kennel. I'm never to be delighted with your agreeable wild notes, unfeeling monster!

Tony. Egad! mamma, your own notes are the wildest of the two.

Mrs. H. Was ever the like? But I see, he wants to break my heart, I see he does.

Hast. Dear madam, permit me to lecture the young gentleman a little. I'm certain I can persuade him to his duty.

Mrs. H. Well, I must retire. Come, Constance, my love. You see, Mr. Hastings, the wretchedness of my situation: was ever poor woman so plagued with a dear, sweet, pretty, provoking, undutiful boy!

[*Exeunt,* Mrs. Hardcastle *and* Miss Neville.

Tony.

[*Singing.*] There was a young man riding by,
And fain would have his will.
Rang do dillo dee.

Don't mind her. Let her cry. It's the comfort of her heart. I have seen her and sister cry over a book for an hour together, and they said they liked the book the better, the more it made them cry.

Hast. Then you're no friend to the ladies, I find, my pretty young gentleman?

Tony. That's as I find'um.

Hast. Not to her of your mother's choosing, I dare answer? And yet she appears to me a pretty well-tempered girl.

Tony. That's because you don't know her as well as I. I know every inch about her; and there's not a more bitter toad in all Christendom.

Hast. Pretty encouragement this for a lover. (*Aside.*)

Tony. I have seen her since the height of that — She has as many tricks as a hare in a thicket, or a colt the first day's breaking.

Hast. To me she appears sensible and silent.

Tony. Ay, before company. But when she's with her play-mates, she's as loud as a hog in a gate.

Hast. But there is a meek modesty about her, that charms me.

Tony. Yes, but curb her never so little, she kicks up and you're flung in the ditch.

Hast. Well, but you must allow her a little beauty — yes, you must allow her some beauty.

Tony. Bandbox! she's all a made-up thing. Ah! could you but see Bet Bouncer of these parts, you might then talk of beauty. Egad! she has two eyes as black as sloes, and cheeks as broad and red as a pulpit cushion. She'd make two of she.

Hast. Well, what say you to a friend that would take this bitter bargain off your hands?

Tony. Anan?

Hast. Would you thank him that would take Miss Neville, and leave you to happiness and your dear Betsy?

Tony. Ay; but where is there such a friend, for who would take her?

Hast. I am he. If you but assist me, I'll engage to whip her off to France, and you shall never hear more of her.

Tony. Assist you! Egad, I will, to the last drop of my blood. I'll clap a pair of horses to your chaise, that shall trundle you off in a twinkling; and may be get you a part of her fortin beside, in jewels, that you little dream of.

Hast. My dear squire, this looks like a lad of spirit.

Tony. Come along then, and you shall see more of my spirit before you have done with me.

[*Singing.*] We are the boys
That fear no noise,
Where thundering cannon roar.

[*Exeunt.*

RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN.

R. B. Sheridan (born at Dublin 1751, died in London 1816), showed himself to be possessed of few talents in his youth, several years of which he passed at Harrow. In 1769 he entered the Middle Temple, but did not fulfil the expectations of his father. Through his marriage with an actress, who did not afterwards make her appearance upon the stage, he found it necessary to employ himself as an author in order to procure his sustenance and published in 1774 'the Rivals' an excellent comedy, in which there is a great deal of good humour — a farce entitled 'St. Patrick's Day' and the 'Duenna' which met with great popularity. The year 1777 produced two other plays from his pen 'the trip to Scarborough' and 'the school for scandal' which latter is pronounced to be superior to any comedy of modern times. It is elaborately worked out and shows, as indeed is the case with all Sheridan's writings that he bestowed immense time and trouble upon his composition and possessed an extraordinary taste in the choice of his characters; his whole productions are distinguished by their spirit and wit. In 1778 he wrote 'the camp' and 'the Critic' some scenes of which are said to be the best he ever produced. In 1780 Sheridan entered parliament and became the friend of Fox whom he almost rivalled. As an orator he distinguished himself by his patriotism, his force of expression and biting wit. He defended the liberty of the press and religious tolerance. In his latter years he gave himself up to many excesses and died in impoverished circumstances.

THE RIVALS.

Dramatis Personae.

SIR ANTHONY ABSOLUTE, a testy old Gentleman.
CAPTAIN ABSOLUTE, his son, the lover of Lydia.
FAULKLAND, the lover of Julia.
ACRES, a half-witted country Squire.
SIR LUCIUS O'TRIGGER, an Irish Baronet.
FAG, Capt. Absolute's servant.
DAVID, Servant to Acres.
COACHMAN to sir Anthony.
Mrs. MALAPROP, the aunt of Lydia.
LYDIA LANGUISH, a *sentimental* young Lady.
JULIA, the ward of Sir Anthony.
LUCY, Lydia's maid.
Maid, Boy, Servants, etc.

SCENE: — BATH.

ACT I.

SCENE I. — *A street in* BATH.

COACHMAN *crosses the stage.* — *Enter* FAG, *looking after him.*

Fag. What! Thomas! Sure 'tis he? What! Thomas! Thomas!

Coachman. Hey! Odd's life! Mr. Fag! give us your hand, my old fellow-servant.

Fag. Excuse my glove, Thomas: I'm devilish glad to see you, my lad: why, my prince of charioteers, you look as hearty! — but who the dence thought of seeing you in Bath.

Coachman. Sure, master, Madam Julia, Harry, Mrs. Kate, and the postillion, be all come.

Fag. Indeed.

Coachman. Ay, master thought another fit of the gout was coming to make him a visit; so he'd a mind to gi't the slip, and whip! we were all off at an hour's warning.

Fag. Ay, Ay! hasty in every thing, or it would not be Sir Anthony Absolute!

Coachman. But tell us, Mr. Fag, how does young master? Odd! Sir Anthony will stare to see the captain here!

Fag. I do not serve Captain Absolute now.

Coachman. Why sure!

Fag. At present I am employed by Ensign Beverley.

Coachman. I doubt, Mr. Fag, you ha'n't changed for the better.

Fag. I have not changed, Thomas.

Coachman. No! why didn't you say you had left young master?

Fag. No. Well, honest Thomas. I must puzzle you no farther: briefly then — Captain Absolute and Ensign Beverley are one and the same person.

Coachman. The devil they are!

Fag. So it is indeed, Thomas; and the *ensign* half of my master being on guard at present — the *captain* has nothing to do with me.

Coachman. So, so! what this is some freak, I warrant! Do tell us, Mr. Fag, the meaning o't — you know I ha' trusted you.

Fag. You'll be secret, Thomas?

Coachman. As a coach-horse.

Fag. Why then the cause of all this is — LOVE, — Love, Thomas, who (as you may get read to you) has been a masquerader ever since the days of Jupiter.

Coachman. Ay, ay; I guess'd there was a lady in the case: but pray, why does your master pass only for ensign? Now if he had shamm'd general, indeed —

Fag. Ah! Thomas, there lies the mystery o' the matter. Hark'ee, Thomas, my master is in love with a lady of a very singular taste: a lady who likes him better as half-pay ensign than if she knew he was son and heir to Sir Anthony Absolute, a baronet of three thousand a-year.

Coachman. That is an odd taste indeed! But has she got the stuff, Mr. Fag? is she rich, hey?

Fag. Rich! why, I believe she owns half the stocks! Zounds! Thomas, she could pay the national debt as easily as I could my washer-woman! She has a lap-dog that eats

out of gold, feeds her parrot with small pearls, and all her thread-papers are made of bank-notes!

Coachman. Bravo, faith! Odd! I warrant she has a set of thousands at least. But does she draw kindly with the captain?

Fag. As fond as pigeons.

Coachman. May one know her name?

Fag. Miss Lydia Languish. But there is an old tough aunt in the way; though, by the by, she has never seen my master — for we got acquainted with miss while on a visit in Gloucestershire.

Coachman. Well — I wish they were once harnessed together in matrimony. But pray, Mr. Fag, what kind of a place is this Bath? I ha' heard a deal of it — here's a mort o'merry-making, hey?

Fag. Pretty well, Thomas, pretty well — 'tis a good lounge; in the morning we go to the pump-room (though neither my master nor I drink the waters); after breakfast we saunter on the parades, or play a game at billiards; at night we dance; but d—n the place, I'm tired of it: their regular hours stupify me — not a fiddle nor a card after eleven! — however, Mr. Faulkland's gentleman and I keep it up a little in private parties; I'll introduce you there, Thomas — you'll like him much.

Coachman. Sure I know Mr. Du Peigne — you know his master is to marry Madam Julia.

Fag. I had forgot. But, Thomas, you must polish a little — indeed you must — Here now — this wig! — what the devil do you do with a wig, Thomas? — none of the London whips of any degree of *ton* wear wigs now.

Coachman. More's the pity! more's the pity, I say — Odd's life! when I heard how the lawyers and doctors had took to their own hair, I thought how 'twould go next: — Odd rabbit it! when the fashion had got foot on the bar, I guess'd 'twould mount to the box! — but 'tis all out of character, believe me, Mr. Fag: and look'ee, I'll never gi' up mine — the lawyers and doctors may do as they will.

Fag. Well, Thomas, we'll not quarrel about that.

Coachman. Why, bless you, the gentlemen of the professions ben't all of a mind — for in our village now, thoff Jack Gauge the exciseman has ta'en to his carrots, there's little Dick the farrier swears he'll never forsake his hob, tho' all the college should appear with their own heads!

Fag. Indeed! well said, Dick! but hold — mark! mark! Thomas.

Coachman. Zooks! 'tis the captain — Is that the lady with him?

Fag. No! no! that is Madam Lucy — my master's mistress's maid. They lodge at that house — but I must after him to tell him the news.

Coachman. Odd! he's giving her money! — well, Mr. Fag —

Fag. Good bye, Thomas, I have an appointment in Gyde's Porch this evening at eight; meet me there, and we'll make a little party.

(*Exeunt severally.*)

SCENE II. — *A dressing-room in Mrs.* MALAPROP'S *lodgings.*

LYDIA *sitting on a sopha, with a book in her hand.* LUCY, *as just returned from a message.*

Luc. Indeed, ma'am, I traversed half the town in search of it: I don't believe there's a circulating-library in Bath I ha'n't been at.

Lyd. And could not you get 'The Reward of Constancy?'

Luc. No, indeed, ma'am.

Lyd. Nor 'The Fatal Connexion?'

Luc. No, indeed, ma'am.

Lyd. Nor 'The Mistakes of the Heart?'

Luc. Ma'am, as ill luck would have it; Mr. Bull said miss Sukey Saunter had just fetched it away.

Lyd. Heigh-ho! Did you inquire for 'The Delicate Distress?'

Luc. — Or 'The Memoirs of Lady Woodford?' Yes, indeed, ma'am. I asked every where for it and I might have brought it from Mr. Frederick's, but Lady Slattern Lounger, who had just sent it home, had so soiled and dog's-ear'd it, it wa'n't fit for a christian to read.

Lyd. Heigh-ho! Yes, I always know when Lady Slattern has been before me. She has a most observing thumb; and, I believe, cherishes her nails for the convenience of making marginal notes. Well, child, what have you brought me?

Lucy.

(*Taking books from under her cloak, and from her pockets.*)

Oh! here, ma'am. This is 'The Gordian Knot,' and this 'Peregrine Pickle.' Here are 'The Tears of Sensibility', and 'Humphrey Clinker.' This is 'The Memoirs of a Lady of Quality written by herself,' and here the second volume of 'The Sentimental Journey.'

Lyd. Heigh-ho! What are those books by the glass?

Luc. The great one is only 'The Whole Duty of Man', where I press a few blonds, ma'am.

Lyd. Very well — give me the sal volatile.

Luc. Is it in a blue cover, ma'am?

Lyd. My smelling-bottle, you simpleton!

Luc. O, the drops! — here, ma'am.

Lyd. Hold! — here's some one coming — quick, see who it is —

(*Exit* LUCY.)

Lyd. Surely I heard my cousin Julia's voice.

(*Re-enter* LUCY.)

Luc. Lud! ma'am, here is Miss Melville.

Lyd. Is it possible! —

Enter JULIA.

Lyd. My dearest Julia, how delighted I am! How unexpected was this happiness! (*Embrace.*)

Jul. True, Lydia — and our pleasure is the greater; but what has been the matter? — you were denied to me at first!

Lyd. Ah! Julia, I have a thousand things to tell you! — but first inform me what has conjured you to Bath? Is Sir Anthony here?

Jul. He is — we are arrived within this hour and I suppose he will be here to wait on Mrs. Malaprop as soon as he is dress'd.

Lyd. Then before we are interrupted, let me impart to you some of my distress! I know your gentle nature will sympathize with me, though your prudence may condemn me! My letters have informed you of my whole connexion with Beverley; — but I have lost him, Julia! — my aunt has discovered our intercourse by a note she intercepted and has confined me ever since! Yet would you believe it? she has fallen absolutely in love with a tall Irish baronet she met one night since we have been here at Lady Macshuffle's rout.

Jul. You jest, Lydia!

Lyd. No, upon my word. She really carries on a kind of correspondence with him, under a feigned name though, till she chooses to be known to him; but it is a Delia or a Celia, I assure you.

Jul. Then, surely she is now more indulgent to her niece.

Lyd. Quite the contrary. Since she has discovered her own frailty, she is become more suspicious of mine. Then I must inform you of another plague! That odious Acres is to be in Bath to-day; so that I protest I shall be teased out of all spirits!

Jul. Come, come, Lydia, hope for the best — Sir Anthony shall use his interest with Mrs. Malaprop.

Lyd. But you have not heard the worst. Unfortunately I had quarrelled with my poor Beverley, just before my aunt made the discovery, and I have not seen him since, to make it up.

Jul. What was his offence?

Lyd. Nothing at all! But I don't know how it was, as often as we had been together, we had never had a quarrel! And, somehow; I was afraid he would never give me an opportunity. So, last Thursday, I wrote a letter to myself to inform myself that Beverley was at that time paying his address to another woman. I signed it 'your friend unknown', showed it to Beverley; charged him with his falsehood, put myself in a violent passion, and vowed I'd never see him more.

Jul. And you let him depart so, and have not seen him since?

Lyd. 'Twas the next day my aunt found the matter out. I intended only to have teased him three days and a half, and now I've lost him for ever!

Jul. If he is as deserving and sincere as you have represented him to me, he will never give you up so. Yet consider, Lydia, you tell me he is but an ensign, and you have thirty thousand pounds!

Lyd. But you know I lose most of my fortune if I marry without my aunt's consent, till of age; and that is what I have determined to do, ever since I knew the penalty. Nor could I love the man, who could wish to wait a day for the alternative.

Jul. Nay, this is caprice!

Lyd. What, does Julia tax me with caprice? I thought her lover Faulkland had inured her to it.

Jul. I do not love even *his* faults.

Lyd. But apropos — you have sent to him, I suppose?

Jul. Not yet, upon my word — nor has he the least idea of my being in Bath. Sir Anthony's resolution was so sudden, I could not inform him of it.

Lyd. Well, Julia, you are your own mistress (though under the protection of Sir Anthony), yet have you, for this long year, been a slave to the caprice, the whim, the jealousy of this ungrateful Faulkland, who will ever delay assuming the right of a husband, while you suffer him to be equally imperious as a lover.

Jul. Nay, you are wrong entirely. We were contracted before my father's death. That, and some consequent embarrassments, have delayed what I know to be my Faulkland's most ardent wish. He is too generous to trifle on such a point. And, for his character, you wrong him there, too. No, Lydia, he is too proud, too noble to be jealous: if he is captious, 'tis without dissembling; if fretful, without rudeness. Un-

used to the fopperies of love, he is negligent of the little duties expected from a lover — but being unhackneyed in the passion, his affection is ardent and sincere; and as it engrosses his whole soul, he expects every thought and emotion of his mistress to move in unison with his. Yet, though his pride calls for this full return, his humility makes him undervalue those qualities in him which would entitle him to it; and not feeling why he should be loved to the degree he wishes, he still suspects that he is not loved enough: this temper, I must own, has cost me many unhappy hours; but I have learned to think myself his debtor, for those imperfections which arise from the ardour of his attachment.

Lyd. Well, I cannot blame you for defending him. But tell me candidly, Julia, had he never saved your life, do you think, you should have been attached to him as you are? Believe me, the rude blast that overset your boat was a prosperous gale of love to him.

Jul. Gratitude may have strengthened my attachment to Mr. Faulkland, but I loved him before he had preserved me, yet surely that alone were an obligation sufficient —

Lyd. Obligation! Why a water-spaniel would have done as much! Well, I should never think of giving my heart to a man because he could swim!

Jul. Come, Lydia, you are too inconsiderate.

Lyd. Nay, I do but jest. What's here?

Enter Lucy *in a hurry.*

Luc. O ma'am, here is Sir Anthony Absolute just come home with your aunt.

Lyd. They'll not come here, Lucy, do you watch. [*Exit* Lucy.

Jul. Yet I must go. Sir Anthony does not know I am here, and if we meet, he'll detain me, to show me the town. I'll take another opportunity of paying my respects to Mrs. Malaprop, when she shall treat me, as long as she chooses, with her select words so ingeniously misapplied, without being mispronounced.

Re-enter Lucy.

Luc. O lud! ma'am, they are both coming up stairs.

Lyd. Well, I'll not detain you, coz. Adieu, my dear Julia, I'm sure you are in haste to send to Faulkland. There — through my room you'll find another staircase.

Jul. Adieu! (*Embrace.*) [*Exit* Julia.

Lyd. Here, my dear Lucy, hide these books. Quick, quick. Fling 'Peregrine Pickle' under the toilet — throw 'Roderick Random' into the closet — put 'The Innocent Adultery' into 'The Whole Duty of Man' — thrust 'Lord Aimworth' under the sopha — cram 'Ovid' behind the bolster — there — put 'The Man of Feeling' into your pocket — so, so — now lay 'Mrs. Chapone' in sight, and leave 'Fordyce's Sermons' open on the table.

Luc. O burn it, ma'am, the hair-dresser has torn away as far as 'Proper Pride.'

Lyd. Never mind — open at 'Sobriety'. Fling me 'Lord Chesterfield's Letters.' — Now for 'em.

Enter Mrs. Malaprop *and* Sir Anthony Absolute.

Mal. There, Sir Anthony, there sits the deliberate simpleton, who wants to disgrace her family, and lavish herself on a fellow not worth a shilling.

Lyd. Madam, I thought you once —

Mal. You thought, miss! I don't know any business you have to think at all — thought does not become a young woman. But the point we would request of you is, that you will promise to forget this fellow — to illiterate him, I say, quite from your memory.

Lyd. Ah madam! our memories are independent of our wills. It is not so easy to forget.

Mal. But I say it is, miss; there is nothing on earth so easy as to forget, if a person chooses to set about it. I'm sure I have as much forgot your poor dear uncle, as if he had never existed — and I thought it my duty so to do; and let me tell you, Lydia, these violent memories don't become a young woman.

A. Abs. Why sure she won't pretend to remember what she's ordered not! — ay, this comes of her reading!

Lyd. What crime, madam, have I committed, to be treated thus?

Mal. Now don't attempt to extirpate yourself from the matter; you know I have proof controvertible of it. But tell me, will you promise to do as you're bid? Will you take a husband of your friends' choosing?

Lyd. Madam, I must tell you plainly, that had I no preference for any one else, the choice you have made would be my aversion.

Mal. What business have you, miss, with preference and aversion? They don't become a young woman; and you ought to know, that as both always wear off, 'tis safest in matrimony to begin with a little aversion. I am sure I hated your poor uncle before marriage as if he'd been a black-amoor — and yet, miss, you are sensible what a wife I made! — and when it pleased Heaven to

release me from him, 'tis unknown what tears I shed! But suppose we were going to give you another choice, will you promise to give up this Beverley?

Lyd. Could I belie my thoughts so far as to give that promise, my actions would certainly as far belie my words.

Mal. Take yourself to your room. You are fit company for nothing but your own ill-humours.

Lyd. Willingly, ma'am — I cannot change for the worse. [*Exit* LYDIA.

Mal. There's a little intricate hussy for you!

A. Abs. It is not to be wondered at, ma'am, — all this is the natural consequence of teaching girls to read. Had I a thousand daughters, by Heaven! I'd as soon have them taught the black art as their alphabet!

Mal. Nay, nay, Sir Anthony, you are an absolute misanthropist.

A. Abs. In my way hither, Mrs. Malaprop, I observed your niece's maid coming forth from a circulating-library! She had a book in each hand — they were half-bound volumes, with marble covers! From that moment I guessed how full of duty I should see her mistress.

Mal. Those are vile places, indeed!

A. Abs. Madam, a circulating library in a town, is as an evergreen tree of diabolical knowledge! It blossoms through the year! And depend on it, Mrs. Malaprop, that they who are so fond of handling the leaves, will long for the fruit at last.

Mal. Fie, fie, Sir Anthony, you surely speak laconically.

A. Abs. Why, Mrs. Malaprop, in moderation, now; what would you have a woman know?

Mal. Observe me, Sir Anthony. I would by no means wish a daughter of mine to be a progeny of learning; I don't think so much learning becomes a young woman: for instance, I would never let her meddle with greek, or hebrew, or algebra, or simony, or fluxions, or paradoxes, or such inflammatory branches of learning — neither would it be necessary for her to handle any of your mathematical, astronomical, diabolical instruments: — But, Sir Anthony, I would send her, at nine years old, to a boarding-school, in order to learn a little ingenuity and artifice. Then, sir, she should have a supercilious knowledge in accounts; and as she grew up, I would have her instructed in geometry, that she might know something of the contagious countries; but above all, Sir Anthony, she should be mistress of orthodoxy; that she might not mis-spell, and mispronounce words so shamefully as girls usually do; and likewise that she might reprehend the true meaning of what she is saying. This, Sir Anthony, is what I would have a woman know; and I don't think there is a superstitious article in it.

A. Abs. Well, well, Mrs. Malaprop, I will dispute the point no further with you; though I must confess, that you are a truly moderate and polite arguer, for almost every third word you say is on my side of the question. But, Mrs. Malaprop, to the more important point in debate; you say, you have no objection to my proposal.

Mal. None, I assure you. I am under no positive engagement with Mr. Acres, and as Lydia is so obstinate against him, perhaps your son may have better success.

A. Abs. Well, madam, I will write for the boy directly. He knows not a syllable of this yet, though I have for some time had the proposal in my head. He is at present with his regiment.

Mal. We have never seen your son, Sir Anthony; but I hope no objection on his side.

A. Abs. Objection! — let him object if he dare! No, no, Mrs. Malaprop, Jack knows that the least demur puts me in a phrensy directly. My process was always very simple; in his younger days, 'twas 'Jack do this:' — if he demurred, I knocked him down; and if he grumbled at that, I always sent him out of the room.

Mal. Ay, and the properest way, o'my conscience! nothing is so conciliating to young people as severity. Well, Sir Anthony, I shall give Mr. Acres his discharge, and prepare Lydia to receive your son's invocations; and I hope you will represent *her* to the captain as an object not altogether illegible.

A. Abs. Madam, I will handle the subject prudently. Well I must leave you; and let me beg you, Mrs. Malaprop, to enforce this matter roundly to the girl, take my advice; keep a tight hand; if she rejects this proposal, clap her under lock and key; and if you were just to let the servant forget to bring her dinner for three or four days, you can't conceive how she'd come about.

[*Exit* Sir ANTHONY.

Mal. Well, at any rate I shall be glad to get her from under my intuition. She has somehow discovered my partiality for Sir Lucius O'Trigger — sure, Lucy can't have betrayed me! No, the girl is such a simpleton, I should have made her confess it. *(Calls)* Lucy! Lucy! Had she been one of your artificial ones, I should never have trusted her.

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Enter LUCY.

Luc. Did you call, ma'am?

Mal. Yes, girl. Did you see Sir Lucius while you was out?

Luc. No, indeed, ma'am, not a glimpse of him.

Mal. You are sure, Lucy, that you never mentioned —

Luc. O Gemini! I'd sooner cut my tongue out.

Mal. Well, don't let your simplicity be imposed on.

Luc. No, ma'am.

Mal. So, come to me presently, and I'll give you another letter to Sir Lucius; but mind, Lucy — if ever you betray what you are intrusted with (unless it be other people's secrets to me), you forfeit my malevolence for ever; and your being a simpleton shall be no excuse for your locality.

[*Exit* MRS. MALAPROP.

Luc. Ha! ha! So, my dear *simplicity*, let me give you a little respite. — (*Altering her manner.*) Let girls in my station be as fond as they please of appearing expert, and knowing in their trusts; commend me to a mask of silliness; and a pair of sharp eyes for my own interest under it! Let me see to what account have I turned my simplicity — lately — (*Looks at a paper.*) 'For abetting Miss Lydia Languish in a design of running away with an ensign! in money, sundry times, twelve pound twelve; gowns, five; hats, ruffles, cups, etc., etc., numberless! From the said ensign, within this last month, six guineas and a half, 'About a quarter's pay!' Item, 'from Mrs. Malaprop, for betraying the young people to her' — when I found matters were likely to be discovered — 'two guineas, and a black paduasoy.' — Item, 'from Mr. Acres, for carrying divers letters' — which I never delivered — two guineas and a pair of buckles. Item, 'from sir Lucius O'Trigger, three crowns, two gold pocket-pieces, and a silver snuff-box!' — Well done, *simplicity!* — yet I was forced to make my Hibernian believe that he was corresponding not with the *aunt*, but with the *niece:* for though not over rich, I found he had too much pride and delicacy to sacrifice the feelings of a gentleman to the necessities of his fortune. [*Exit.*

ACT II.

SCENE I. *Captain* ABSOLUTE'S *lodgings.*

Captain ABSOLUTE *and* FAG.

Fag. Sir, while I was there Sir Anthony came in: I told him you had sent me to inquire after his health, and to know if he was at leisure to see you.

C. Abs. And what did he say, on hearing I was at Bath?

Fag. Sir, in my life I never saw an elderly gentleman more astonished! He started back two or three paces, rapt out a dozen interjectural oaths, and asked what the devil had brought you here?

C. Abs. Well, sir, and what did you say?

Fag. O, I lied, sir — I forget the precise lie; but you may depend on't he got no truth from me. Yet, with submission, for fear of blunders in future, I should be glad to fix what has brought us to Bath, in order that we may lie a little consistently. Sir Anthony's servants were curious, sir, very curious indeed.

C. Abs. You have said nothing to them?

Fag. O, not a word, sir, not a word. Mr. Thomas, indeed, the coachman (whom I take to be the discreetest of whips) —

C. Abs. 'Sdeath! you rascal! you have not trusted him!

Fag. O, *no*, sir, — no — no — not a syllable, upon my veracity! he was, indeed, a little inquisitive; but I was sly, sir — devilish sly! my master (said I), honest Thomas (you know, sir, one says *honest* to one's inferiors), is come to Bath to *recruit* — Yes, sir, I said *to recruit* — and whether for men, money, or constitution, you know, sir, is nothing to him, nor any one else.

C. Abs. Well, *recruit* will do — let it be so.

Fag. O, sir, recruit will do surprisingly — indeed, to give the thing an air, I told Thomas, that your honour had already inlisted five disbanded chairmen, seven minority waiters, and thirteen billiard-markers.

C. Abs. You blockhead, never say more than is necessary.

Fag. I beg pardon, sir — I beg pardon — but, with submission, a lie is nothing unless one supports it. Sir, whenever I draw on my invention for a good current lie, I always forge indorsements as well as the bill.

C. Abs. Well, take care you don't hurt your credit, by offering too much security. Is Mr. Faulkland returned?

Fag. He is above, sir, changing his dress.

C. Abs. Can you tell whether he has been informed of Sir Anthony's and Miss Melville's arrival?

Fag. I fancy not, sir; he has seen no one since he came in but his gentleman, who was with him at Bristol. I think, sir, I hear Mr. Faulkland coming down —

C. Abs. Go, tell him, I am here.

Fag. Yes, sir, — (*Going.*) — I beg pardon, sir, but should Sir Anthony call, you will do me the favour to remember, that we are *recruiting*, if you please.

C. Abs. Well, well.

Fag. And in tenderness to my character, if your honour could bring in the chairmen and waiters, I should esteem it as an obligation; for though I never scruple a lie to serve my master, yet it hurts one's conscience to be found out. [*Exit.*

C. Abs. Now for my whimsical friend — if he does not know that his mistress is here, I'll tease him a little before I tell him —

Enter FAULKLAND.

Faulkland, you're welcome to Bath again; you are punctual in your return.

Faulk. Yes; I had nothing to detain me, when I had finished the business I went on. Well, what news since I left you? how stand matters between you and Lydia?

C. Abs. Faith, much as they were; I have not seen her since our quarrel; however, I expect to be recalled every hour.

Faulk. Why don't you persuade her to go off with you at once?

C. Abs. What, and lose two-thirds of her fortune? you forget that, my friend. No, no, I could have brought her to that long ago.

Faulk. Nay then, you trifle too long — If you are sure of *her*, propose to the aunt *in your own character*, and write to Sir Anthony for his consent.

C. Abs. Softly, softly; for though I am convinced my little Lydia would elope with me as Ensign Beverley, yet am I by no means certain that she would take me with the impediment of our friends' consent, a regular humdrum wedding, and the reversion of a good fortune on my side: no, no; I must prepare her gradually for the discovery, and make myself necessary to her before I risk it. Well, but Faulkland, you'll dine with us to-day at the hotel?

Faulk. Indeed I cannot; I am not in spirits to be of such a party.

C. Abs. By heavens! I shall forswear your company. You are the most teasing, captious, incorrigible lover! Do love like a man.

Faulk. I own I am unfit for company.

C. Abs. Am not I a lover; ay, and a romantic one too? yet do I carry every where with me such a confounded farrago of doubts, fears, hopes, wishes, and all the flimsy furniture of a country miss's brain!

Faulk. Ah! Jack, your heart and soul are not, like mine, fixed immutably on one only object. You throw for a large stake, but losing, you could stake, and throw again; but I have set my sum of happiness on this cast, and not to succeed, were to be stript of all.

C. Abs. But, for heaven's sake! what grounds for apprehension can your whimsical brain conjure up at present?

Faulk. What grounds for apprehension, did you say? heavens! are there not a thousand! I fear for her spirits — her health — her life. My absence may fret her; her anxiety for my return, her fears for me, may oppress her gentle temper. And for her health, does not every hour bring me cause to be alarmed? If it rains, some shower may even then have chilled her delicate frame! if the wind be keen, some rude blast may have affected her! the heat of noon, the dews of the evening, may endanger the life of her, for whom only I value mine. O Jack! when delicate and feeling souls are separated, there is not a feature in the sky, not a movement of the elements, not an aspiration of the breeze, but hints some cause for a lover's apprehension!

C. Abs. Ay, but we may choose whether we will take the hint or not. So then, Faulkland, if you were convinced that Julia were well and in spirits, you would be entirely content.

Faulk. I should be happy beyond measure — I am anxious only for that.

C. Abs. Then to cure your anxiety at once — Miss Melville is in perfect health, and is at this moment in Bath.

Faulk. Nay, Jack, — don't trifle with me.

C. Abs. She is arrived here with my father within this hour.

Faulk. Can you be serious?

C. Abs. I thought you knew Sir Anthony better than to be surprised at a sudden whim of this kind. Seriously then, it is as I tell you — upon my honour.

Faulk. My dear friend! Hollo, Du Peigne! my hat — my dear Jack — now nothing on earth can give me a moment's uneasiness.

Enter FAG.

Fag. Sir, Mr. Acres, just arrived, is below.

C. Abs. Stay, Faulkland, this Acres lives within a mile of Sir Anthony, and he shall tell you how your mistress has been ever since you left her. — Fag, show the gentleman up. [*Exit* FAG.

Faulk. What, is he much acquainted in the family?

C. Abs. O, very intimate: I insist on your not going; besides, his character will divert you.

Faulk. Well, I should like to ask him a few questions.

C. Abs. He is likewise a rival of mine — that is, of my *other self's*, for he does not think his friend Captain Absolute ever saw the lady in question; and it is ridiculous enough to hear him complain to me of *one Beverley*, a concealed skulking rival who —

Faulk. Hush! — he's here.

Enter Acres.

Acr. Hah! my dear friend, noble captain, and honest Jack, how do'st thou? just arrived, faith, as you see. — Sir, your humble servant. — Warm work on the roads, Jack, — odds whips and wheels! I've travelled like a comet, with a tail of dust all the way as long as the mall.

C. Abs. Ah! Bob, you are indeed an eccentric planet, but we know your attraction hither — give me leave to introduce Mr. Faulkland to you; Mr. Faulkland, Mr. Acres.

Acr. Sir, I am most heartily glad to see you: sir, I solicit your connexions. Hey Jack — what, this is Mr. Faulkland, who —

C. Abs. Ay, Bob, Miss Melville's Mr. Faulkland.

Acr. Od'so! she and your father can be but just arrived before me — I suppose you have seen them. Ah! Mr. Faulkland, you are indeed a happy man.

Faulk. I have not seen Miss Melville yet, sir; I hope she enjoyed full health and spirits in Devonshire?

Acr. Never knew her better in my life, sir, never better. Odds blushes and blooms! she has been as healthy as the German Spa.

Faulk. Indeed! I did hear that she had been a little indisposed.

Acr. False, false, sir — only said to vex you: quite the reverse, I assure you.

Faulk. There, Jack, you see she has the advantage of me; I had almost fretted myself ill.

Abs. Now are you angry with your mistress for not having been sick?

Faulk. No, no, you misunderstand me: yet surely a little trifling indisposition is not an unnatural consequence of absence from those we love. Now confess — isn't there something unkind in this violent, robust, unfeeling health?

C. Abs. O, it was very unkind of her to be well in your absence, to be sure!

Acr. Good apartments, Jack.

Faulk. Well, sir, but you was saying that Miss Melville has been so *exceedingly* well — what then she has been merry and gay, I suppose? — Always in spirits — hey?

Acr. Merry, odds crickets! she has been the belle and spirit of the company wherever she has been — so lively and entertaining! so full of wit and humour!

Faulk. There, Jack, there. O, by my soul! there is an innate levity in woman, that nothing can overcome. What! happy and I away!

C. Abs. Have done: how foolish this is! just now you were only apprehensive for your mistress's *spirits*.

Faulk. Why, Jack, have I been the joy and spirit of the company?

C. Abs. No indeed, you have not.

Faulk. Have I been lively and entertaining?

C. Abs. O, upon my word, I acquit you.

Faulk. Have I been full of wit and humour?

C. Abs. No, faith, to do you justice, you have been confoundedly stupid indeed.

Acr. What's the matter with the gentleman?

C. Abs. He is only expressing his great satisfaction at hearing that Julia has been so well and happy — that's all — hey, Faulkland?

Faulk. Oh! I am rejoiced to hear it — yes, yes, she has a *happy* disposition!

Acr. That she has indeed — then she is so accomplished — so sweet a voice — so expert at her harpischord — such a mistress of flat and sharp, squallante, rumblante, and quiverante! — there was this time month — odds minnums and crotchets! how she did chirup at Mrs. Piano's concert!

Faulk. There again, what say you to this? you see she has been all mirth and song — not a thought of me!

C. Abs. Pho! man, is not music the food of love!

Faulk. Well, well, it may be so. Pray, Mr. — (*Aside*) What's his d—d name? — do you remember what songs Miss Melville sung?

Acr. Not I indeed.

C. Abs. Stay now, they were some pretty melancholy purling-stream airs, I warrant; perhaps you may recollect: did she sing, 'When absent from my soul's delight?'

Acr. No, that wa'n't it.

C. Abs. Or, 'Go, gentle gales!' (*Sings.*) 'Go, gentle gales!'

Acr. O no! nothing like it. Odds! now I recollect one of them — (*Sings.*) 'My heart's my own, my will is free.'

Faulk. Fool! fool that I am! to fix all my happiness on such a trifler! 'Sdeath! to make herself the pipe and ballad-monger of a circle! to soothe her light heart with catches and glees! — What can you say to this, sir?

C. Abs. Why, that I should be glad to hear my mistress had been so merry, *sir*.

Faulk. Nay, nay, nay — I'm not sorry that she has been happy — no, no, I am glad of that — I would not have had her sad or sick — yet surely a sympathetic heart would have shown itself even in the choice of a song — she might have been temperately healthy, and somehow, plaintively gay; but she has been dancing too, I doubt not!

Acr. What does the gentleman say about dancing?

C. Abs. He says the lady wo speak of dances as well as she sings.

Acr. Ay truly, does she — there was at our last race ball —

Faulk. Hell and the devil! there! there — I told you so! I told you so! oh! she thrives in my absence! Dancing! but her whole feelings have been in opposition with mine; I have been anxious, silent, pensive, sedentary — my days have been hours of care, my nights of watchfulness. She has been all health! spirit! laugh! song! dance! Oh! d—n'd, d—n'd levity!

C. Abs. For heaven's sake, Faulkland, don't expose yourself so. Suppose she has danced, what then? — does not the ceremony of society often oblige —

Faulk. Well, well, I'll contain myself — perhaps as you say — for form's sake. — What, Mr. Acres, you were praising Miss Melville's manner of dancing a *minuet* — hey?

Acr. O, I dare insure her for that — but what I was going to speak of was her *country-dancing:* —odds swimmings! she has such an air with her!

Faulk. Now disappointment on her! — defend this, Absolute; why don't you defend this? — Country-dances! jigs and reels! am I to blame now? a minuet I could have forgiven — I should not have minded that — I say I should not have regarded a minuet — but *country-dances!* zounds! had she made one in *cotillion* — I believe I could have forgiven even that — but to be monkey-led for a night! to run the gauntlet through a string of amorous palming puppies! to show paces like a managed filly! O Jack, there never can be but *one* man in the world, whom a truly modest and delicate woman ought to pair with in a *country-dance;* and even then, the rest of the couples should be her great uncles and aunts.

C. Abs. Ay, to be sure! grandfathers and grandmothers!

Faulk. If there be but one vicious mind in the set, 'twill spread like a contagion — — the action of their pulse beats to the most lively movement of the heart — their quivering, warmbreathed sighs impregnate the very air — the atmosphere becomes electrical to love, and each amorous spark darts through every link of the chain! I must leave you — I own I am somewhat flurried — and that confounded looby has perceived it. (*Going.*)

C. Abs. Nay, but stay, Faulkland, and thank Mr. Acres for his good news.

Faulk. D—n his news!

[*Exit* FAULKLAND.

C. Abs. Ha! ha! ha! poor Faulkland! five minutes since — 'nothing on earth could give him a moment's uneasiness!'

Acr. The gentleman wa'n't angry at my praising his mistress, was he?

C. Abs. A little jealous, I believe, Bob.

Acr. You don't say so? Ha! ha! jealous of me — that's a good joke.

C. Abs. There's nothing strange in that, Bob; let me tell you, that sprightly grace and insinuating manner of yours will do some mischief among the girls here.

Acr. Ah! you joke — ha! ha! mischief — ha! ha! but you know I am not my own property, my dear Lydia has forestalled me. She could never abide me in the country, because I used to dress so badly — but odds frogs and tambours! I sha'n't take matters so here — now ancient madam has no voice in it — I'll make my old clothes know who's master — I shall straightway cashier the hunting-frock — and render my leather breeches incapable. My hair has been in training some time.

C. Abs. Indeed!

Acr. Ay — and tho'ff the side curls are a little restive, my hind-part takes it very kindly.

C. Abs. O, you'll polish, I doubt not.

Acr. Absolutely I propose so — then if I can find out this Ensign Beverley, odds triggers and flints! I'll make him know the difference o't.

C. Abs. Spoke like a man — but pray, Bob, I observe you have got an odd kind of a new method of swearing. —

Acr. Ha! ha! you've taken notice of it — 'tis genteel, isn't *it*? I didn't invent it myself though; but a commander in our militia — a great scholar, I assure you — says that there is no meaning in the common oaths, and that nothing but their antiquity makes them respectable: because, he says, the ancients would never stick to an oath or two, but would say, by Jove! or by Bacchus! or by Mars! or by Venus! or by Pallas! according to the sentiment — so that to swear with propriety, says my little major, the 'oath should be an echo to the sense; and this we call the *oath referential,*

or *sentimental swearing* — ha! ha! ha! 'tis genteel, isn't it?

C. Abs. Very genteel, and very new indeed, and I dare say will supplant all other figures of imprecation.

Acr. Ay, ay, the best terms will grow obsolete — Damns have had their day.

Enter FAG.

Fag. Sir, there is a gentleman below desires to see you. Shall I show him into the parlour?

C. Abs. Ay — you may.

Acr. Well, I must be gone —

C. Abs. Stay; who is it, Fag?

Fag. Your father, sir.

C. Abs. You puppy, why didn't you show him up directly?

[*Exit* FAG.

Acr. You have business with Sir Anthony. I expect a message from Mrs. Malaprop at my lodgings. — I have sent also to my dear friend Sir Lucius O'Trigger. Adieu, Jack, we must meet at night, when you shall give me a dozen bumpers to little Lydia.

C. Abs. That I will with all my heart.

[*Exit* ACRES.

Now for a parental lecture — I hope he has heard nothing of the business that has brought me here. — I wish the gout had held him fast in Devonshire, with all my soul!

Enter SIR ANTHONY.

Sir I am delighted to see you here; and looking so well! your sudden arrival at Bath made me apprehensive for your health.

A. Abs. Very apprehensive, I dare say, Jack. What, you are recruiting here, hey?

C. Abs. Yes, sir, I am on duty.

A. Abs. Well, Jack, I am glad to see you, though I did not expect it, for I was going to write to you on a little matter of business, Jack. I have been considering that I grow old and infirm, and shall probably not trouble you long.

C. Abs. Pardon me, sir, I never saw you look more strong and hearty; and I pray frequently that you may continue so.

A. Abs. I hope your prayers may be heard, with all my heart. Well then, Jack, I have been considering that I am so strong and hearty, I may continue to plague you a long time. Now, Jack, I am sensible that the income of your commission, and what I have hitherto allowed you, is but a small pittance for a lad of your spirit.

C. Abs. Sir, you are very good.

A. Abs. And it is my wish, while yet I live, to have my boy make some figure in the world. I have resolved, therefore, to fix you at once in a noble independence.

C. Abs. Sir, your kindness overpowers me — such generosity makes the gratitude of reason more lively than the sensations even of filial affection.

A. Abs. I am glad you are so sensible of my attention — and you shall be master of a large estate in a few weeks.

C. Abs. Let my future life, sir, speak my gratitude; I cannot express the sense I have of your munificence. Yet, sir, I presume you would not wish me to quit the army?

A. Abs. O, that shall be as your wife chooses.

C. Abs. My wife, sir!

A. Abs. Ay, ay, settle that between you — settle that between you.

C. Abs. A *wife*, sir, did you say?

A. Abs. Ay, a wife, — why, did not I mention her before?

C. Abs. Not a word of her, sir.

A. Abs. Odd so! I must'n forget *her*, though. Yes, Jack, the independence I was talking of is by a marriage — the fortune is saddled with a wife — but I suppose that makes no difference.

C. Abs. Sir! sir! you amaze me!

A. Abs. Why, what the devil's the matter with the fool? Just now you were all gratitude and duty.

C. Abs. I was, sir; you talked to me of independence and a fortune, but not a word of a wife.

A. Abs. Why — what difference does that make? odds life, sir! if you have the estate, you must take it with the live stock on it, as it stands.

C. Abs. If my happiness is to be the price, I must beg leave to decline the purchase. Pray, sir, who is the lady?

A. Abs. What's that to you, sir? — Come, give me your promise to love, and to marry her directly.

C. Abs. Sure, sir. this is not very reasonable, to summon my affections for a lady I know nothing of!

A. Abs. I am sure, sir, 'tis more unreasonable in you to *object* to a lady you know nothing of.

C. Abs. Then, sir, I must tell you plainly, that my inclinations are fixed on another — my heart is engaged to an angel.

A. Abs. Then pray let it send an excuse. It is very sorry — but *business* prevents its waiting on her.

C. Abs. But my vows are pledged to her.

A. Abs. Let her foreclose, Jack; let her foreclose; they are not worth redeeming; besides, you have the angel's vow in ex-

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change, I suppose; so there can be no loss there.

C. Abs. You must excuse me, sir, if I tell you, once for all, that in this point I cannot obey you.

A. Abs. Hark'ee, Jack, I have heard you for some time with patience — I have been cool — quite cool; but take care — you know I am compliance itself — when I am not thwarted: no one more easily led — when I have my own way: but don't put me in a phrensy.

C. Abs. Sir, I must repeat it — in this I cannot obey you.

A. Abs. Now d—n me! if ever I call you *Jack* again while I live!

C. Abs. Nay, sir, but hear me.

A. Abs. Sir, I won't hear a word! — not a word! not one word! so give me your promise by a nod — and I'll tell you what, Jack — I mean, you dog — if you don't by —

C. Abs. What, sir, promise to link myself to some mass of ugliness! to —

A. Abs. Zounds! sirrah! the lady shall be as ugly as I choose: she shall have a hump on each shoulder; she shall be as crooked as the Crescent; her one eye shall roll like the bull's in Cox's Museum; she shall have a skin like a mummy, and the beard of a Jew — she shall be all this, sirrah! — yet I will make you ogle her all day, and sit up all night to write sonnets on her beauty.

C. Abs. This is reason and moderation indeed!

A. Abs. None of your sneering, puppy! no grinning, jackanapes!

C. Abs. Indeed, sir, I never was in a worse humour for mirth in my life.

A. Abs. 'Tis false, sir, I know you are laughing in your sleeve; I know you'll grin when I am gone, sirrah!

C. Abs. Sir, I hope I know my duty better.

A. Abs. None of your passion! sir! none of your violence, if you please! — it won't do with me, I promise you.

C. Abs. Indeed, sir, I never was cooler in my life.

A. Abs. 'Tis a confounded lie! I know you are in a passion in your heart; I know you are, you hypocritical young dog! but it won't do.

C. Abs. Nay, sir, upon my word.

A. Abs. So you will fly out! can't you be cool like me? What the devil good can *passion* do? — *passion* is of no service, you impudent, insolent, overbearing reprobate! — There you sneer again! — don't provoke me! but you rely upon the mildness of my temper — you do, you dog! you play upon the meekness of my disposition! yet take care — the patience of a saint may be overcome at last! — but mark! I give you six hours and a half to consider of this: if you then agree, without any condition, to do every thing on earth that I choose, why — confound you! I may in time forgive you — if not, zounds! don't enter the same hemisphere with me! don't dare to breathe the same air, or use the same light with me; but get an atmosphere and a sun of your own! I'll strip you of your commission; I'll lodge a five-and-threepence in the hands of trustees, and, you shall live on the interest. I'll disown you, I'll disinherit you, I'll unget you! and d—n me! if ever I call you Jack again!

(*Exit* Sir Anthony.)

Absolute *solus.*

Mild, gentle, considerate father — I kiss your hands. What a tender method of giving his opinion in these matters Sir Anthony has! I dare not trust him with the truth. I wonder what old wealthy hag it is that he wants to bestow on me! — yet he married himself for love! and was in his youth a bold intriguer, and a gay companion!

Enter Fag.

Fag. Assuredly, sir, your father is wrath to a degree; he comes down stairs eight or ten steps at a time — muttering, growling, and thumping the banisters all the way; I and the cook's dog stand howling at the door — rap! he gives me a stroke on the head with his cane; bids me carry that to my master; then kicking the poor turnspit into the area, d—ns us all, for a puppy triumvirate! Upon my credit, sir, were I in your place, and found my father such very bad company, I should certainly drop his acquaintance.

C. Abs. Cease your impertinence, sir, at present. Did you come in for nothing more? Stand out of the way!

(*Pushes him aside, and exit.*)

Fag *solus.*

Soh! Sir Anthony trims my master; he is afraid to reply to his father — then vents his spleen on poor Fag? When one is vexed by one person, to revenge one's self on another, who happens to come in the way, is the vilest injustice! Ah! it shows the worst temper — the basest —

Enter Errand Boy.

Boy. Mr. Fag! your master calls you.

Fag. Well! you little dirty puppy, you need not bawl so! — The meanest disposition! the

Boy. Quick, quick, Mr. Fag.

Fag. Quick! quick! you impudent jackanapes, am I to be commanded by you, too? you little, impertinent, insolent kitchen-bred —

Exit kicking and beating him.

SCENE II. *The* NORTH PARADE.

Enter LUCY.

So — I shall have another rival to add to my mistress's list — Captain Absolute. However, I shall not enter his name till my purse has received notice in form. Poor Acres is dismissed! Well, I have done him a last friendly office in letting him know that Beverley was here before him. Sir Lucius is generally more punctual, when he expects to hear from his *dear Delia,* as he calls her: I wonder he's not here! I have a little scruple of conscience from this deceit, though I should not be paid so well, if my hero knew that *Delia* was near fifty, and her own mistress.

Enter SIR LUCIUS O'TRIGGER.

Sir L. Hah! my little ambassadress — upon my conscience, I have been looking for you; I have been on the South Parade this half hour.

Luc. (*Speaking simply.*) O gemini! and I have been waiting for your worship here on the North.

Sir L. Faith! may be, that was the reason we did not meet; and it is very comical too, how you could go out and I not see you — for I was only taking a nap at the Parade coffee-house: and I chose the *window* on purpose that I might not miss you.

Luc. My stars! Now I'd wager a sixpence I went by while you were asleep.

Sir L. Sure enough it must have been so — and I never dreamt it was so late, till I waked. Well, but my little girl, have you got nothing for me?

Luc. Yes, but I have — I've got a letter for you in my pocket.

Sir L. O faith! I guessed you weren't come empty-handed — well — let me see what the dear creature says.

Luc. (*Gives him a letter.*) There, Sir Lucius.

Sir L. (*Reads.*) 'Sir — there is often a sudden incentive impulse in love, that has a greater induction than years of domestic combination: such was the commotion I felt at the first superfluous view of Sir Lucius O'Trigger.' — Very pretty, upon my word. — 'Female punctuation forbids me to say more; yet let me add, that it will give me joy infallible to find Sir Lucius worthy of the last criterion of my affections.

'DELIA'.

Upon my conscience, Lucy, your lady is a great mistress of language! Faith, she's quite the queen of the dictionary! for the devil a word dare refuse coming at her call — though one would think it were quite out of hearing.

Luc. Ay, Sir, a lady of her experience.

Sir L. Experience? what seventeen?

Luc. O true, sir — but then she reads so — my stars! how she will read off hand!

Sir L. Faith, she must be very deep read to write this way — though she is rather an arbitrary writer too — for here are a great many poor words pressed into the service of this note, that would get their *habeas corpus* from any court in christendom.

Luc. Ah! Sir Lucius, if you were to hear how she talks of you!

Sir L. O tell her I'll make her the best husband in the world, and Lady O'Trigger into the bargain! But we must get the old gentlewoman's consent — and do every thing fairly.

Luc. Nay, Sir Lucius, I thought you wa'n't rich enough to be so nice!

Sir L. Upon my word, young woman, you have hit it: I am so poor, that I can't afford to do a dirty action. If I did not want money, I'd steal your mistress and her fortune with a great deal of pleasure. — However, my pretty girl (*Gives her money*), here's a little something to buy you a riband; and meet me in the evening, and I'll give you an answer to this. So, hussy, take a kiss beforehand, to put you in mind. (*Kisses her.*)

Luc. O lud! Sir Lucius — I never seed such a gemman! My lady won't like you if you're so impudent.

Sir L. Faith she will, Lucy — that same — phoh! what's the name of it? — *Modesty?* — is a quality in a lover more praised by the women than liked; so, if your mistress asks you whether Sir Lucius ever gave you a kiss, tell her fifty — my dear.

Luc. What, would you have me tell her a lie?

Sir L. Ah then, you baggage! I'll make it a truth presently.

Luc. For shame now; here is some one coming.

Sir L. O faith, I'll quiet your conscience!

(*Sees* FAG. — *Exit, humming a tune.*)

Enter FAG.

Fag. So, so, ma'am, I humbly beg pardon.

Luc. O lud! now, Mr. Fag — you flurry one so.

Fag. Come, come, Lucy, here's no one by — so a little less simplicity, with a grain or two more sincerity, if you please. You

play false with us, madam. I saw you give the baronet a letter. My master shall know this — and if he don't call him out, I will.

Luc. Ha! ha! you gentlemen's gentlemen are so hasty. That letter was from Mrs. Malaprop, simpleton. She is taken with Sir Lucius's address.

Fag. How, what tastes some people have! — Why, I suppose I have walked by her window a hundred times. But what says our young lady? Any message to my master?

Luc. Sad news! Mr. Fag. — A worse rival than Acres! Sir Anthony Absolute has proposed his son.

Fag. What, Captain Absolute?

Luc. Even so — I overheard it all.

Fag. Ha! ha! ha! very good; faith, Good bye, Lucy, I must away with this news.

Luc. Well, you may laugh — but it is true, I assure you. (*Going.*) But — Mr. Fag — tell your master not to be cast down by this.

Fag. O, he'll be so disconsolate.

Luc. And charge him not to think of quarrelling with young Absolute.

Fag. Never fear! never fear!

Luc. Be sure — bid him keep up his spirits.

Fag. We will — we will.

(*Exeunt severally.*)

ACT III.

SCENE I. *The* North Parade.

Enter Absolute.

'Tis just as Fag told me, indeed. — Whimsical enough, faith! My father wants to *force* me to marry the very girl I am plotting to run away with! — He must not know of my connexion with her yet awhile. He has too summary a method of proceeding in these matters. — However, I'll read my recantation instantly. — My conversion is something sudden, indeed — but I can assure him it is very *sincere*. — So, so, here he comes. — He looks plaguy gruff.

(*Steps aside.*)

Enter Sir Anthony.

A Abs. No — I'll die sooner than forgive him — *Die*, did I say? I'll live these fifty years to plague him. — At our last meeting, his impudence had almost put me out of temper. — An obstinate, passionate, self-willed boy! — Who can he take after? This is my return for getting him before all his brothers and sisters! — for putting him twelve years old, into a marching regiment, and allowing him fifty pounds a-year, besides his pay ever since! — but I have done with him; — he's any body's son for me. — I never will see him more, — never — never — never — never.

C. Abs. Now for a penitential face.

A. Abs. Fellow, get out of my way.

C. Abs. Sir, you see a penitent before you.

A. Abs. I see an impudent scoundrel before me.

C. Abs. A sincere penitent. I am come, sir, to acknowledge my error, and to submit entirely to your will.

A. Abs. What's that?

C. Abs. I have been revolving, and reflecting, and considering on your past goodness, and kindness, and condescension to me.

A. Abs. Well, sir?

C. Abs. I have been likewise weighing and balancing what you were pleased to mention concerning duty, and obedience, and authority.

A. Abs. Well, puppy?

C. Abs. Why, then, sir, the result of my reflections is — a resolution to sacrifice every inclination of my own to your satisfaction.

A. Abs. Why now you talk sense — absolute sense — I never heard any thing more sensible in my life Confound you! you shall be Jack again.

C. Abs. I am happy in the appellation.

A. Abs. Why then, Jack, my dear Jack, I will now inform you who the lady really is. Nothing but your passion and violence, you silly fellow, prevented my telling you at first. Prepare, Jack, for wonder and rapture — prepare. — What think you of Miss Lydia Languish!

C. Abs. Languish? What, the Languishes of Worcestershire?

A. Abs. Worcestershire! No. Did you never meet Mrs. Malaprop, and her niece Miss Languish, who came into our country just before you were last ordered to your regiment?

C. Abs. Malaprop! Languish! I don't remember to have heard the names before. Yet, stay — I think I do recollect something — *Languish? Languish!* She squints, don't she? — A little red-haired girl?

A. Abs. Squints! — A red-haired girl! — Zounds! no.

C. Abs. Then I must have forgot: it can't be the same person.

A. Abs. Jack! Jack! what think you of blooming, love-breathing seventeen?

C. Abs. As to that, sir, I am quite indifferent. — If I can please you in the matter, 'tis all I desire.

A. Abs. Nay, but, Jack, such eyes! such eyes! so innocently wild! so bashfully irresolute! Not a glance but speaks and kindles some

thought of love! — Then, Jack, her cheeks, her cheeks, Jack! so deeply blushing at the insinuations of her tell-tale eyes? — Then, Jack, her lips! O Jack, lips smiling at their own discretion; and if not smiling more sweetly pouting, more lovely in sullenness!

C. Abs. (*Aside.*) That's she indeed. — Well done, old gentleman!

A. Abs. Then, Jack, her neck! — O Jack! Jack!

C. Abs. And which is to be mine, sir, the niece or the aunt.

A. Abs. Why, you unfeeling, insensible puppy, I despise you. When I was of your age, such a description would have made me fly like a rocket! The *aunt*, indeed! when I ran away with your mother, I would not have touched any thing old or ugly to gain an empire.

C. Abs. Not to please your father, sir.

A. Abs. To please my father! — Zounds! not to please — Oh, my father — Odd so! — yes — yes; if my father indeed had desired — that's quite another matter. — Though he wa'n't the indulgent father that I am, Jack.

C. Abs. I dare say not, sir?

A. Abs. But, Jack, you are not sorry to find your mistress is so beautiful?

C. Abs. Sir, I repeat it — if I please you in this affair, 'tis all I desire. Not that I think a woman the worse for being handsome; but, sir, if you please to recollect, you before hinted something about a hump or two, one eye, and a few more graces of that kind — now, without being very nice, I own I should rather choose a wife of mine to have the usual number of limbs, and a limited quantity of back: and though *one* eye may be very agreeable, yet as the prejudice has always run in favour of *two*, I would not wish to affect a singularity in that article.

A. Abs. What a phlegmatic sot it is! Why, sirrah, you're an anchorite! — a vile, insensible stock. — You a soldier! you're a walking block, fit only to dust the company's regimentals on! — Odds life! I've a great mind to marry the girl myself!

C. Abs. I am entirely at your disposal, sir; if you should think of addressing Miss Languish yourself, I suppose you would have me marry the *aunt!* or if you should change your mind and take the old lady — 'tis the same to me — I'll marry the *niece.*

A. Abs. Upon my word, Jack, thou'rt either a very great hypocrite, or — but, come, I know your indifference on such a subject must be all a lie — I'm sure it must — come, now — damn your demure face! — come, confess, Jack — you have been lying — ha'n't you? You have been playing the hypocrite, hey! — I'll never forgive you, if you ha'n't been lying and playing the hypocrite.

C. Abs. I'm sorry, sir, that the respect and duty which I bear to you should be mistaken.

A. Abs. Hang your respect and duty! But come along with me, I'll write a note to Mrs. Malaprop, and you shall visit the lady directly. Her eyes shall be the Promethean torch to you — come along, I'll never forgive you if you don't come back stark mad with rapture and impatience — if you don't, egad, I'll marry the girl myself.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. JULIA'S *dressing-room.*
FAULKLAND *solus.*

They told me Julia would return directly; I wonder she is not yet come! How mean does this captious, unsatisfied temper of mine appear to my cooler judgment! Yet I know not that I indulge it in any other point, but on this one subject, and to this one subject, whom I think I love beyond my life, I am ever ungenerously fretful and madly capricious! — I am conscious of it — yet I cannot correct myself! What tender honest joy sparkled in her eyes when we met! How delicate was the warmth of her expressions! I was ashamed to appear less happy — though I had come resolved to wear a face of coolness and upbraiding. Sir Anthony's presence prevented my proposed expostulations: yet I must be satisfied that she has not been so very happy in my absence. She is coming! Yes! I know the nimbleness of her tread, when she thinks her impatient Faulkland counts the moments of her stay.

Enter JULIA.

Jul. I had not hoped to see you again so soon.

Faulk. Could I, Julia, be contented with my first welcome — restrained as we were by the presence of a third person?

Jul. O Faulkland, when your kindness can make me thus happy, let me not think that I discovered something of coldness in your first salutation.

Faulk. 'Twas but your fancy, Julia. I *was* rejoiced to see you — to see you in such health — Sure I had no cause for coldness.

Jul. Nay then, I see you have taken something ill. You must not conceal from me what it is.

Faulk. Well, then — shall I own to you that my joy at hearing of your health and arrival here, by your neighbour Acres, was

somewhat damped by his dwelling much on the high spirits you had enjoyed in Devonshire — on your mirth — your singing — dancing, and I know not what! For such is my temper, Julia, that I should regard every mirthful moment in your absence as a treason to constancy. The mutual tear that steals down the cheek of parting lovers is a compact, that no smile shall live there till they meet again.

Jul. Must I never cease to tax my Faulkland with this teasing minute caprice? Can the idle reports of a silly hoor weigh in your breast against my tried affection?

Faulk. They have no weigbt with me, Julia: No, no — I am bappy if you have been so — yet only say, that you did not sing with *mirth* — say that you *thought* of Faulkland in the dance.

Jul. I never can be happy in your absence. If I wear a countenance of content, it is to sbow that my mind holds no douht of my Faulkland's truth. If I seemed sad, it were to make malice triumph: and say, that I had fixed my heart on one, who left me to lament his roving, and my own credulity. Believe me, Faulkland, I mean not to upbraid you, when I say, that I have often dressed sorrow in smiles, lest my friends should guess whose unkindness had caused my tears.

Faulk. You were ever all goodness to me. O, I am a hrute, when I hut admit a doubt of your true constancy!

Jul. If ever without sucb cause from you, as I will not suppose possihle, you find my affections veering but a point, may I become a proverbial scoff for levity and base ingratitude.

Faulk. Ah! Julia, that last word is grating to me. I would I had no title to your *gratitude!* Search your heart, Julia; perhaps what you have mistaken for love, is but the warm effusion of a too thankful heart!

Jul. For what quality must I love you?

Faulk. For no quality! to regard me for any quality of mind or understanding, were only to *esteem* me. And for person — I have often wished myself deformed, to be convinced that I owed no obligation *there* for any part of your affection.

Jul. Where nature has bestowed a show of nice attention in the features of a man, he should laugh at it as misplaced. I have seen men, who in *this* vain articlo, perhaps, might rank above you, hut my heart has never asked my eyes if it were so or not.

Faulk. Now this is not well from *you*, Julia; I despise person in a man; yet, if you loved me as I wish, though I were an Aethiop, you'd think none so fair.

Jul. I see you are determined to be unkind. The *contract* which my poor father bound us in gives you more than a lover's privilege.

Faulk. Again, Julia, you raise ideas that feed and justify my douhts. — I would not have been more free — no, I am proud of my restraint. Yet — yet — perhaps your high respect alone for this solemn compact has fettered your inclinations, which else had made a worthier choice. — How shall I be sure, had you remained unbound in thought and promise, that I should still have been the object of your persevering love?

Jul. Then try me now. Let us be free as strangers as to what is past: *my* heart will not feel more liberty!

Faulk. There now! so hasty, Julia! so anxious to he free! If your love for me were fixed and ardent, you would not lose your bold, even tbougb I wished it.

Jul. O! you torture me to the heart! I cannot bear it.

Faulk. I do not mean to distress you. If I loved you less, I should never give you an uneasy moment. But hear me. All my fretful douhts arise from this. Women are not used to weigh, and separate the motives of their affections: the cold dictates of prudence, gratitude, or filial duty, may sometimes be mistaken for tho pleadings of the heart. I would not boast — yet let me say, that I bave neither age, person, nor character, to find dislike on; my fortuno such as few ladies could ho charged with *indiscretion* in the match. O Julia! wheu *Love* receives such countenance from *Prudence*, nice minds will be suspicious of its birth.

Jul. I know not whither your insinuations would tend: but as they seem pressing to insult me, I will spare you the regret of having done so. I have given you no cause for this!

(*Exit in tears.*)

Faulk. In tears! Stay, Julia: stay but for a moment. The door is fastened! Julia! my soul — but for one moment: I hear her sobbing! 'Sdeath! what a brute am I to use her thus! Yet stay. Ay — she is coming now: — how littlo resolution there is in woman! how a few soft words can turn them! No, faith! she is *not* coming either. Why, Julia — my love — say but that you forgive me — comc but to tell me that — now this is being *too* resentful: stay! she is coming too — I thought sbe would — no *steadiness* in any thing! her going away must have been a mere trick then — she sha'n't see that I was hurt hy it. — I'll affect indifference (*Hums a tune: then listens*) — No — Zounds! sbe's *not* coming! nor don't intend it, I

suppose. This is not *steadiness* but *obstinacy!* Yet I deserve it. What, after so long an absence to quarrel with her tenderness! 'twas barbarous and unmanly! I should be ashamed to see her now. I'll wait till her just resentment is abated — and when I distress her so again, may I lose her for ever! and be linked instead to some antique virago, whose gnawing passions, and long hoarded spleen, shall make me curse my folly half the day and all the night.

(Exit.)

SCENE III. — Mrs. MALAPROP's *lodgings.*

Mrs. MALAPROP, *with a letter in her hand, and Captain* ABSOLUTE.

Mal. Your being Sir Anthony's son, captain, would itself be a sufficient accommodation; but from the ingenuity of your appearance, I am convinced you deserve the character here given of you.

C. Abs. Permit me to say, madam, that as I never yet have had the pleasure of seeing Miss Languish, my principal inducement in this affair is at present the honour of being allied to Mrs. Malaprop; of whose intellectual accomplishments, elegant manners, and unaffected learning, no tongue is silent.

Mal. Sir, you do me infinite honour! I beg, captain, yon'll be seated. *(Sit.)* Ah! few gentlemen, now-a-days, know how to value the ineffectual qualities in a woman! few think how a little knowledge becomes a gentlewoman! Men have no sense now but for the worthless flower of beauty!

C. Abs. It is but too true indeed, ma'am; yet I fear our ladies should share the blame; they think our admiration of *beauty* so great, that *knowledge* in *them* would be superfluous. Thus, like garden-trees, they seldom show fruit, till time has robbed them of the more specious blossom. Few, like Mrs. Malaprop and the orange-tree, are rich in both at once!

Mal. Sir, yon overpower me with good-breeding — He is the very pine-apple of politeness! You are not ignorant, captain, that this giddy girl has somehow contrived to fix her affections on a beggarly, strolling, eaves-dropping ensign, whom none of us have seen, and nobody knows any thing of.

C. Abs. O, I have heard the silly affair before. I'm not at all prejudiced against her on *that* account.

Mal. You are very good and very considerate, captain. I am sure I have done every thing in my power since I exploded the affair; long ago I laid my positive injunctions on her, never to think on the fellow again; I have since laid Sir Anthony's proposition before her; but, I am sorry to say, she seems to decline every particle that I enjoin her.

C. Abs. It must be very distressing, indeed, ma'am.

Mal. Oh! it gives me the hydrostatics to such a degree; I thought she had persisted from corresponding with him; but, behold, this very day, I have intercepted another letter from the fellow; I believe I have it in my pocket.

C. Abs. (Aside.) O the devil! my last note.

Mal. Ay, here it is.

C. Abs. (Aside.) Ay, my note indeed! Oh the little traitress Lucy.

Mal. (Gives him the letter.) There perhaps you may know the writing.

C. Abs. I think I have seen the hand before — yes, I certainly must have seen this hand before —

Mal. Nay, but read it, captain.

C. Abs. (Reads.) 'My soul's idol, my adored Lydia!' Very tender indeed!

Mal. Tender! ay, and profane too o'my conscience!

C. Abs. 'I am excessively alarmed at the intelligence you send me, the more so as my new rival' —

Mal. That's you, sir.

C. Abs. 'Has universally the character of being an accomplished gentleman, and a man of honour!' Well, that's handsome enough.

Mal. O, the fellow has some design in writing so.

C. Abs. That he had, I'll answer for him, ma'am.

Mal. But go on, sir; you'll see presently.

C. Abs. 'As for the old weather-beaten she-dragon who guards you' — Who can he mean by that?

Mal. Me, sir — me — he means me there — what do you think now? — but go on a little further.

C. Abs. Impudent scoundrel! 'It shall go hard but I will elude her vigilance, as I am told that the same ridiculous vanity, which makes her dress up her coarse features, and deck her dull chat with hard words which she don't understand.'

Mal. There, sir, an attack upon my language! what do you think of that? — an aspersion upon my parts of speech! was ever such a brute! Sure if I reprehend any thing in this world, it is the use of my oracular tongue, and a nice derangement of epitaphs!

C. Abs. He deserves to be hanged and quartered! let me see — 'Same ridiculous vanity' —

Mal. You need not read it again, sir.

C. Abs. I beg pardon, ma'am — 'Does also lay her open to the grossest deceptions from flattery and pretended admiration' — An impudent coxcomb! — 'So that I have a scheme to see you shortly with the old harridan's consent, and even to make her a go-between in our interview.' — Was ever such assurance!

Mal. Did you ever hear any thing like it? — he'll elude my vigilance, will he — yes, yes! ha! ha! he's very likely to enter these doors! — we'll try who can plot best!

C. Abs. So we will, ma'am — so we will. Ha! ha! ha! a conceited puppy, ha! ha! ha! Well, but Mrs. Malaprop, as the girl seems so infatuated by this fellow, suppose you were to wink at her corresponding with him for a little time — let her even plot an elopement with him — then do you connive at her escape — while I, just in the nick, will have the fellow laid by the heels, and fairly contrive to carry her off in his stead.

Mal. I am delighted with the scheme; never was any thing better perpetrated.

C. Abs. But, pray, could not I see the lady for a few minutes now? I should like to try her temper a little.

Mal. Why, I don't know — I doubt she is not prepared for a visit of this kind. There is a decorum in these matters.

C. Abs. O Lord! she won't mind *me* — only tell her Beverley.

Mal. Sir!

C. Abs. (*Aside.*) Gently, good tongue.

Mal. What did you say — Beverley?

C. Abs. O, I was going to propose that you should tell her by way of jest, that it was Beverley who was below — she'd come down fast enough then — ha! ha! ha!

Mal. 'Twould be a trick she well deserves — besides, you know the fellow tells her he'll get my consent to see her — ha! ha! — Let him if he can, I say again. — (*Calling.*) Lydia, come down here! He'll make me a *go-between in their interviews!* — ha! ha! ha! Come down, I say, Lydia! I don't wonder at your laughing, ha! ha! ha! his impudence is truly ridiculous.

C. Abs. 'Tis very ridiculous, upon my soul, ma'am, ha! ha! ha!

Mal. The little hussy won't hear. Well, I'll go and tell her at once who it is — she shall know that Captain Absolute is come to wait on her. And I'll make her behave as becomes a young woman.

C. Abs. As you please, ma'am.

Mal. For the present, captain, your servant — Ah! you've not done laughing yet, I see — *elude my vigilance!* yes, yes; ha! ha! ha! [*Exit.*

C. Abs. Ha! ha! ha! one would think now that I might throw off all disguise at once, and seize my prize with security — but such is Lydia's caprice, that to undeceive were probably to lose her. I'll see whether she knows me.

(*Walks aside, and seems engaged in looking at the pictures.*)

Enter LYDIA.

Lyd. What a scene am I now to go through! surely nothing can be more dreadful than to be obliged to listen to the loathsome addresses of a stranger to one's heart. I have heard of girls persecuted as I am, who have appealed in behalf of their favoured lover to the generosity of his rival: suppose I were to try it — there stands the hated rival — an officer too! — but O how unlike my Beverley! I wonder he don't begin — truly he seems a very negligent wooer! quite at his ease, upon my word. I'll speak first — Mr. Absolute.

C. Abs. Ma'am. (*Turns round.*)

Lyd. O heavens! Beverley!

C. Abs. Hush! hush, my life! softly! be not surprised.

Lyd. I am so astonished! and so terrified! and so overjoyed! For heaven's sake! how came you here?

C. Abs. Briefly, I have deceived your aunt — I was informed that my new rival was to visit here this evening, and, contriving to have him kept away, have passed myself on *her* for Captain Absolute.

Lyd. O charming! And she really takes you for young Absolute.

C. Abs. O she's convinced of it.

Lyd. Ha! ha! ha! I can't forbear laughing to think how her sagacity is overreached.

C. Abs. But we trifle with our precious moments — such another opportunity may not occur — then let me now conjure my kind, my condescending angel, to fix the time when I may rescue her from undeserving persecution, and with a licensed warmth plead for my reward.

Lyd. Will you then, Beverley, consent to forfeit that portion of my paltry wealth — that burden on the wings of love?

C. Abs. O, come to me — rich only thus — in loveliness — Bring no portion to me but thy love — 'twill be generous in you, Lydia — for well you know, it is the only dower your poor Beverley can repay.

Lyd. How persuasive are his words! how charming will poverty be with him!

C. Abs. Ah! my soul, what a life will we then live! Love shall be our idol and

support! we will worship him with a monastic strictness; abjuring all worldly toys, to centre every thought and action there. Proud of calamity, we will enjoy the wreck of wealth; while the surrounding gloom of adversity shall make the flame of our pure love show doubly bright — By heavens! I would fling all goods of fortune from me with a prodigal hand, to enjoy the scene where I might clasp my Lydia to my bosom, and say, the world affords no smile to me but here (*Embracing her.*) — (*Aside.*) If she holds out now, the devil is in it!

Lyd. Now could I fly with him to the antipodes! but my persecution is not yet come to a crisis.

Enter Mrs. MALAPROP, *listening.*

Mal. (*Aside.*) I am impatient to know how the little hussy deports herself.

C. Abs. So pensive, Lydia! is then your warmth abated?

Mal. Warmth abated! so! she has been in a passion, I suppose.

Lyd. No — nor ever can while I have life.

Mal. An ill-tempered little devil! She'll be in a passion all her life — will she?

Lyd. Think not the idle threats of my ridiculous aunt can ever have any weight with me.

Mal. Very dutiful, upon my word!

Lyd. Let her choice be Captain Absolute, but Beverley is mine.

Mal. I am astonished at her assurance! to his face — this is to his face!

C. Abs. (*Kneeling.*) Thus then let me enforce my suit.

Mal. Ay, poor young man! down on his knees entreating for pity! I can contain no longer. Why, thou vixen! — I have overheard you.

C. Abs. (*Aside.*) O, confound her vigilance!

Mal. Captain Absolute, I know not how to apologise for her shocking rudeness.

C. Abs. (*Aside.*) So — all's safe, I find. — I have hopes, madam, that time will bring the young lady —

Mal. O, there's nothing to be hoped for from her! she's as headstrong as an allegory on the banks of the Nile.

Lyd. Nay, madam, what do you charge me with now?

Mal. Why, thou unblushing rebel — didn't you tell this gentleman to his face that you loved another better? — didn't you say you never would be his?

Lyd. No, madam — I did not.

Mal. Good heavens! what assurance! Lydia, Lydia, you ought to know that lying don't become a young woman! didn't you boast that Beverley, that stroller Beverley, possessed your heart? Tell me that, I say.

Lyd. 'Tis true, ma'am, and none but Beverley —

Mal. Hold! hold, assurance! you shall not be so rude.

C. Abs. Nay, pray, Mrs. Malaprop, don't stop the young lady's speech: she's very welcome to talk thus; it does not hurt *me* in the least, I assure you.

Mal. You are *too* good, captain — *too* amiably patient — but come with me, miss. Let us see you again soon, captain — remember what we have fixed.

C. Abs. I shall, ma'am.

Mal. Come, take a graceful leave of the gentleman.

Lyd. May every blessing wait on my Beverley, my loved Bev —

Mal. Hussy! I'll choke the word in your throat! come along — come along.

(*Exeunt severally.* ABSOLUTE *kissing his hand to Lydia — Mrs.* MALAPROP *stopping her from speaking.*)

SCENE IV. — ACRES's *lodgings.*

ACRES, *as just dressed, and* DAVID.

Acr. Indeed, David — do you think I become it so?

Dav. You are quite another creature, believe me master, by the mass! an' we've any luck we shall see the Devon monkerony in all the print-shops in Bath!

Acr. Dress *does* make a difference, David.

Dav. 'Tis all in all, I think — difference! why an' you were to go now to Clod-Hall, I am certain the old lady wouldn't know you: Master Butler wouldn't believe his own eyes, and Mrs. Pickle would cry, 'Lard presarve me!' our dairy-maid would come giggling to the door! and I warrant Dolly Tester, your honour's favourite, would blush like my waistcoat — Oons! I'll hold a gallon, there an't a dog in the house but would bark, and I question whether Phillis would wag a hair of her tail!

Acr. Ay, David, there's nothing like polishing.

Dav. So I says of your honour's boots; but the boy never heeds me!

Acr. But, David, has Mrs. De la Grace been here? I must rub up my balancing, and chasing, and boring.

Dav. I'll call again, sir.

Acr. Do — and see if there are any letters for me at the post-office.

Dav. I will. By the mass, I can't help looking at your head! — if I hadn't been by at the cooking, I wish I may die if I should have known the dish again myself!

(*Exit.*)

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Acr. (*comes forward, practising a dancing step.*) Sink, slide — coupée — Confound the first inventors of cotillions! say I — they are as bad as algebra to us country gentlemen — I can walk a minuet easy enough when I am forced! and I have been accounted a good stick in a country-dance. — Odds jigs and tabors! I never valued your cross-over to couple — figure in — right and left — and I'd foot it with e'er a captain in the county! — but these outlandish heathen allemandes and cotillions are quite beyond me! I shall never prosper at 'em, that's sure — mine are true-born English legs — they don't understand their curst French lingo! their *pas* this, and *pas* that, and *pas* t'other! — damn me! my feet don't like to be called paws! no, 'tis certain I have most anti-gallican toes!

Enter SERVANT.

Servant. Here is Sir Lucius O'Trigger to wait on you, sir.

Acr. Show him in.

Enter Sir LUCIUS.

Luc. Mr. Acres, I am delighted to embrace you.

Acr. My dear Sir Lucius, I kiss your hands.

Luc. Pray, my friend, what has brought you so suddenly to Bath?

Acr. Faith! I have followed Cupid's jack-a-lantern, and find myself in a quagmire at last. In short, I have been very ill-used, Sir Lucius. I don't choose to mention names, but look on me as on a very ill used gentleman.

Luc. Pray what is the case? I ask no names.

Acr. Mark me Sir Lucius, I fall as deep as need be in love with a young lady — her friends take my part — I follow her to Bath — send word of my arrival; and receive answer, that the lady is to be otherwise disposed of — This, Sir Lucius, I call being ill used.

Luc. Very ill, upon my conscience — Pray, can you divine the cause of it?

Acr. Why, there's the matter: she has another lover, one Beverley, who, I am told, is now in Bath. Odds slanders and lies! he must be at the bottom of it.

Luc. A rival in the case, is there? — and you think he has supplanted you unfairly?

Acr. Unfairly! to be sure he has. He never could have done it fairly.

Luc. Then sure you know what is to be done!

Acr. Not I, upon my soul!

Luc. We wear no swords here, but you understand me.

Acr. What! fight him!

Luc. Ay, to be sure: what can I mean else?

Acr. But he has given me no provocation.

Luc. Now, I think he has given you the greatest provocation in the world. Can a man commit a more heinous offence against another than to fall in love with the same woman? O, by my soul! it is the most unpardonable breach of friendship.

Acr. Breach of friendship! Ay, ay; but I have no acquaintance with this man. I never saw him in my life.

Luc. That's no argument at all — he has the less right then to take such a liberty.

Acr. Gad, that's true — I grow full of anger, Sir Lucius! I fire apace! odds hilts and blades! I find, a man may have a deal of valour in him, and not know it! but couldn't I contrive to have a little right on my side?

Luc. What the devil signifies *right*, when your *honour* is concerned? Do you think Achilles, or my little Alexander the Great, ever inquired where the right lay? No, by my soul, they drew their broad-swords, and left the lazy sons of peace to settle the justice of it.

Acr. Your words are a grenadier's march to my heart! I believe courage must be catching! I certainly do feel a kind of valour rising as it were — a kind of courage, as I may say — Odds flints, pans, and triggers! I'll challenge him directly.

Luc. Ah, my little friend! if I had *Blunderbuss-Hall* here, I could show you a range of ancestry, in the O'Trigger line, that would furnish the new room; every one of whom had killed his man! — For though the mansion-house and dirty acres have slipt through my fingers, I thank heaven, our honour and the family-pictures are as fresh as ever.

Acr. O, Sir Lucius! I have had ancestors too! — every man of 'em colonel or captain in the militia! — Odds balls and barrels! say no more — I'm braced for it. The thunder of your words has soured the milk of human kindness in my breast! zounds! as the man in the play says, 'I could do such deeds!'

Luc. Come, come, there must be no passion at all in the case — these things should always be done civilly.

Acr. I must be in a passion, Sir Lucius — I must be in a rage. Dear Sir Lucius, let me be in a rage, if you love me. Come, here's pen and paper. (*Sits down to write.*) I would the ink were red! — indite, I say indite! — how shall I begin? Odds bullets

and blades! I'll write a good bold hand, however.

Luc. Pray compose yourself.

Acr. Come — now, shall I begin with an oath? Do, Sir Lucius, let me begin with a damme.

Luc. Pho! pho! do the thing decently, and like a christian. Begin now — 'Sir,' —

Acr. That's too civil by half.

Luc. 'To prevent the confusion that might arise' —

Acr. Well —

Luc. 'From our both addressing the same lady,' —

Acr. Ay — there's the reason — 'same lady' — well —

Luc. 'I shall expect the honour of your company' —

Acr. Zounds! I'm not asking him to dinner.

Luc. Pray be easy.

Acr. Well then, 'honour of your company' —

Luc. 'To settle our pretensions' —

Acr. Well.

Luc. Let me see, ay, King's Mead-fields will do — 'in King's Mead-fields.'

Acr. So that's done. Well, I'll fold it up presently; my own crest — a hand and dagger, shall be the seal.

Luc. You see now this little explanation will put a stop at once to all confusion or misunderstanding that might arise between you.

Acr. Ay, we fight to prevent any misunderstanding.

Luc. Now, I'll leave you to fix your own time. Take my advice, and you'll decide it this evening if you can; then let the worst come of it, 'twill be off your mind to-morrow.

Acr. Very true.

Luc. So I shall see nothing more of you, unless it be by letter, till the evening. I would do myself the honour to carry your message; but, to tell you a secret, I believe I shall have just such another affair on my own hands. There is a gay captain here, who put a jest on me lately, at the expense of my country, and I only want to fall in with the gentleman, to call him out.

Acr. By my valour, I should like to see you kill him, if it was only to get a little lesson.

Luc. I shall be very proud of instructing you. Well, for the present — but remember now, when you meet your antagonist, do every thing in a mild and agreeable manner. Let your courage be as keen, but at the same time as polished as your sword.

(*Exeunt severally.*)

ACT IV.

SCENE I. Acres's *lodgings.*

Acres *and* David.

Dav. Then, by the mass, sir! I would do no such thing — ne'er a Sir Lucius O'Trigger in the kingdom should make me fight, when I wa'n't so minded. Oons! what will the old lady say, when she hears o't?

Acr. Ah! David, if you had heard Sir Lucius! odds sparks and flames! he would have roused your valour.

Dav. Not he, indeed. I hate such bloodthirsty cormorants. Look'ee, master, if you'd wanted a bout at boxing, quarter-staff, or short-staff, I should never be the man to bid you cry off: but for your curst sharps and snaps, I never knew any good come of 'em.

Acr. But my honour, David, my honour! I must be very careful of my honour.

Dav. Ay, by the mass! and I would be very careful of it; and I think in return my *honour* couldn't do less than to be very careful of *me.*

Acr. Odds blades! David, no gentleman will ever risk the loss of his honour!

Dav. I say then, it would be but civil in *honour* never to risk the loss of a *gentleman.* Look'ee, master, this *honour* seems to me to be a marvellous false friend: ay, truly, a very courtierlike servant. Put the case, I was a gentleman (which, thank God, no one can say of me); well — my honour makes me quarrel with another gentleman of my acquaintance. So — we fight. (Pleasant enough that.) Boh! I kill him — (the more's my luck.) Now, pray, who gets the profit of it? Why, my *honour.* But put the case that he kills me! by the mass! I go to the worms, and my honour whips over to my enemy.

Acr. No, David — in that case! odds crowns and laurels! your honour follows you to the grave.

Dav. Now that's just the place where I could make a shift to do without it.

Acr. Zounds! David, you are a coward! It doesn't become my valour to listen to you. What, shall I disgrace my ancestors? Think of that, David — think what it would be to disgrace my ancestors!

Dav. Under favour, the surest way of not disgracing them, is to keep as long as you can out of their company. Look'ee now, master, to go to them in such haste — with an ounce of lead in your brains — I should think might as well be let alone. Our ancestors are very good kind of folks; but they are the last people I should choose to have a visiting acquaintance with.

Acr. But, David, now, you don't think there is such very, very, *very* great danger, hey? — odds life! people often fight without any mischief done!

Dav. By the mass, I think 'tis ten to one against you! Oons! here to meet some lion-headed fellow, I warrant, with his d—n'd double barrelled swords, and cut-and-thrust pistols! Lord bless us! it makes me tremble to think o't! — Those be such desperate bloody-minded weapons! Well, I never could abide 'em — from a child I never could fancy 'em! I suppose there a'n't been so merciless a beast in the world as your loaded pistol!

Acr. Zounds! I *won't* be afraid odds fire and fury! you sha'n't make me afraid. Here is the challenge, and I have sent for my dear friend Jack Absolute to carry it for me.

Dav. Ay, i' the name of mischief, let *him* be the messenger. For my part, I wouldn't lend a hand to it for the best horse in your stable. By the mass! it don't look like another letter! It is, as I may say, a designing and malicious-looking letter; and I warrant smells of gun-powder like a soldier's pouch! — Oons! I wouldn't swear it mayn't go off!

Acr. Out, you poltroon! you ha'n't the valour of a grass-hopper.

Dav. Well, I say no more — 'twill be sad news, to be sure, at Clod-Hall! but I ha' done. How Phillis will howl when she hears of it! — ay, poor bitch, she little thinks what shooting her master's going after! *(Whimpering.)* And I warrant old Crop, who has carried your honour, field and road, these ten years, will curse the hour he was born.

Acr. It won't do, David — I am determined to fight — so get along, you coward, while I'm in the mind.

Enter SERVANT.

Servant. Captain Absolute, Sir.

Acr. O! show him up. [*Exit* SERVANT.

Dav. Well, heaven send we be all alive this time to-morrow!

Acr. What's! don't provoke me, David!

Dav. (Whimpering) Good bye, master.

Acr. Get along, you cowardly, dastardly, croaking raven. [*Exit* DAVID.

Enter ABSOLUTE.

C. Abs. What's the matter, Bob?

Acr. A vile, sheep-hearted blockhead? If I hadn't the valour of St. George and the dragon to boot.

C. Abs. But what did you want with me, Bob?

Acr. O! — There *(Gives him the challenge).*

C. Abs. 'To Ensign Beverley.' — *(Aside)* So — what's going on now? — Well, what's this?

Acr. A challenge!

C. Abs. Indeed! — Why, you won't fight him; will you, Bob?

Acr. 'Egad, but I will, Jack. Sir Lucius has wrought me to it. He has left me full of rage — and I'll fight this evening, that so much good passion mayn't be wasted.

C. Abs. But what have I to do with this?

Acr. Why, as I think you know something of this fellow, I want you to find him out for me, and give him this mortal defiance.

C. Abs. Well, give it to me, and trust me he gets it.

Acr. Thank you, my dear friend, my dear Jack; but it is giving you a great deal of trouble.

C. Abs. Not in the least — I beg you won't mention it. No trouble in the world, I assure you.

Acr. You are very kind. What it is to have a friend! You couldn't be my second — could you, Jack?

C. Abs. Why no, Bob — not in *this* affair — it would not be quite so proper.

Acr. Well, then, I must get my friend Sir Lucius. I shall have your good wishes, however, Jack.

C. Abs. Whenever he meets you, believe me.

Enter SERVANT.

Servant. Sir Anthony Absolute is below, inquiring for the captain.

C. Abs. I'll come instantly. Well, my little hero, success attend you. *(Going.)*

Acr. Stay — stay, Jack. If Beverley should ask you what kind of a man your friend Acres is, do tell him, I am a devil of a fellow — will you, Jack?

C. Abs. To be sure I shall. I'll say you are a determined dog — hey, Bob!

Acr. Ay, do, do — and if that frigbtens him, 'egad, perhaps he mayn't come. So tell him I generallly kill a man a-week: will you, Jack?

C. Abs. I will, I will; I'll say you are called in the country '*Fighting Bob.*'

Acr. Right — right — 'tis all to prevent mischief; for I don't want to take his life, if I clear my honour.

C. Abs. No! — that's very kind of you.

Acr. Why, you don't wish me to kill him — do you, Jack?

C. Abs. No, upon my soul, I do not. But a devil of a fellow, hey? *(Going.)*

Acr. True, true — but stay — stay, Jack

— you may add, that you never saw me in such a rage before — a most devouring rage!

C. Abs. I will, I will.

Acr. Remember, Jack — a determined dog!

C. Abs. Ay, ay, '*Fighting Bob!*'

[*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE II. Mrs. Malaprop's *lodgings.*

Mrs. Malaprop *and* Lydia.

Mal. Why, thou perverse one! — tell me what you can object to him? — Isn't he a handsome man? — tell me that. A genteel man? a pretty figure of a man?

Lyd. (Aside.) She little thinks whom she is praising! — So is Beverley, ma'am.

Mal. No caparisons, miss, if you please. Caparisons don't become a young woman. No! Captain Absolute is indeed a fine gentleman!

Lyd. (Aside.) Ay, the Captain Absolute *you* have seen.

Mal. Then he's *so* well bred; *so* full of alacrity and adulation; and has *so much* to say for himself: in such good language too! — his physiognomy so grammatical! — then his presence is so noble! — I protest when I saw him, I thought of what Hamlet says in the play: 'Hesperian curls — the front of *Job* himself! an eye, like *March*, to threaten at command! a station, like Harry Mercury, new —. Something about kissing — on a hill — however, the similitude struck me directly.

Lyd. (Aside.) How enraged she'll be presently when she discovers her mistake!

Enter Servant.

Servant. Sir Anthony and Captain Absolute are below, ma'am.

Mal. Show them up here. [*Exit* Servant. Now, Lydia, I insist on your behaving as becomes a young woman. Show your good breeding, at least, though you have forgot your duty.

Lyd. Madam, I have told you my resolution! I shall not only give him no encouragement, but I won't even speak to, or look at him.

(Flings herself into a chair, with her face from the door.)

Enter Sir Anthony *and* Absolute.

A. Abs. Here we are, Mrs. Malaprop; come to mitigate the frowns of unrelenting beauty, and difficulty enough I had to bring this fellow. I don't know what's the matter; but if I had not held him by force, he'd have given me the slip.

Mal. You have infinite trouble, sir Anthony, in the affair. *(Aside to* Lydia.*)* I am ashamed for the cause! Lydia, Lydia, rise, I beseech you! — pay your respects!

A. Abs. I hope, madam, that Miss Languish has reflected on the worth of this gentleman, and the regard due to her aunt's choice, and *my* alliance. *(Aside to* Absolute.*)* Now, Jack, speak to her.

C. Abs. (Aside.) What the d—l shall I do! — You see, sir, she won't even look at me, whilst you are here. I knew she wouldn't! I told you so — let me entreat you, sir, to leave us together!

*(*Absolute *seems to expostulate with his father.)*

Lyd. (Aside.) I wonder I ha'n't heard my aunt exclaim yet! sure she can't have looked at him! Perhaps their regimentals are alike, and she is something blind.

A. Abs. I say, sir, I won't stir a foot yet.

Mal. I am sorry to say, Sir Anthony, that my affluence over my niece is very small. — *(Aside to* Lydia.*)* Turn round, Lydia; I blush for you!

A. Abs. May I not flatter myself, that Miss Languish will assign what cause of dislike she can have to my son! *(Aside to* Absolute.*)* Why don't you begin, Jack? Speak, you puppy! — speak!

Mal. It is impossible, Sir Anthony, she can have any. She will not say she has. *(Aside to* Lydia.*)* Answer, hussy! why don't you answer?

A. Abs. Then, madam, I trust that a childish and hasty predilection will be no bar to Jack's happiness. *(Aside to* Absolute.*)* Zounds! sirrah! why don't you speak!

Lyd. (Aside.) I think my lover seems as little inclined to conversation as myself. How strangely blind my aunt must be!

C. Abs. Hem! hem! madam — hem! *(*Absolute *attempts to speak, then returns to sir* Anthony.*)* Faith! sir, I am so confounded! — and — so — so confused! — I told you I should be so, sir, I knew it. The — the — tremor of my passion entirely takes away my presence of mind.

A. Abs. But it don't take away your voice, fool, does it? go up, and speak to her directly!

*(*Absolute *makes signs to* Mrs. Malaprop *to leave them together.)*

Mal. Sir Anthony, shall we leave them together? *(Aside to* Lydia.*)* Ah! you stubborn little vixen!

Abs. (*Draws near* Lydia.) *(Aside.)* Now heaven send she may be too sullen to look round! I must disguise my voice. *(Speaks in a low hoarse tone.)* Will not Miss Languish lend an ear to the mild accents of true love? — will not —

A. Abs. What the d—l ails the fellow?

Why don't you speak out? — not stand croaking like a frog in a quinsy!

C. Abs. The — the — excess of my awe, and my — my — my modesty, quite choke me!

A. Abs. Ah! your *modesty* again! I'll tell you what, Jack; if you don't speak out directly, and glibly too, I shall be in such a rage! — Mrs. Malaprop, I wish the lady would favour us with something more than a side-front.

(Mrs. MALAPROP *seems to chide* LYDIA.)

C. Abs. So all will out, I see! (*Goes up to* LYDIA, *speaks softly.*) Be not surprised, my Lydia, suppress all surprise at present.

Lyd. (*Aside.*) Heavens! 'tis Beverley's voice! — sure he can't have imposed on Sir Anthony too! (*Looks round by degrees, then starts up.*) Is this possible! — my Beverley! — How can this be? — my Beverley?

C. Abs. (*Aside.*) Ah! 'tis all over.

A. Abs. Beverley! — the devil! — Beverley! What can the girl mean? — This is my son, Jack Absolute.

Mal. For shame, hussy! for shame! — your head runs so on that fellow, that you have him always in your eyes! — beg Captain Absolute's pardon directly.

Lyd. I see no Captain Absolute, but my loved Beverley!

A. Abs. Zounds! the girl's mad! — her brain's turned by reading!

Mal. O' my conscience, I believe so! — What do you mean by Beverley, hussy? You saw Captain Absolute before to-day; there he is — your husband that shall be.

Lyd. With all my soul, ma'am — when I refuse my Beverley —

A. Abs. O! she's as mad as Bedlam! — or has this fellow been playing us a rogue's trick! Come here, sirrah, who the d—l are you?

C. Abs. Faith, sir, I am not quite clear myself; but I'll endeavour to recollect.

A. Abs. Are you my son or not? answer for your mother, you dog, if you won't for me.

Mal. Ay, sir, who are you? O mercy! I begin to suspect! —

C. Abs. (*Aside.*) Ye powers of impudence, befriend me! — Sir Anthony, most assuredly I am your wife's son; and that I sincerely believe myself to be *yours* also, I hope my duty has always shown. Mrs. Malaprop, I am your most respectful admirer — and shall be proud to add affectionate nephew. I need not tell my Lydia, that she sees her faithful Beverley, who, knowing the singular generosity of her temper, assumed that name, and a station which has proved a test of the most disinterested love, which he now hopes to enjoy in a more elevated character.

Lyd. (*Sullenly.*) So! — there will be no elopement after all!

A. Abs. Upon my soul, Jack, thou art a very impudent fellow! to do you justice, I think I never saw a piece of more consummate assurance!

C. Abs. O, you flatter me, sir, — you compliment — 'tis my *modesty* you know, sir — my *modesty* that has stood in my way.

A. Abs. Well, I am glad you are not the dull, insensible varlet you pretended to be, however, — I'm glad you have made a fool of your father you dog — I am. So this was your *penitence*, your *duty*, and *obedience!* — I thought it was d—n'd sudden! — You *never heard their names before*, not you! — *What*, the LANGUISHES *of* Worcestershire, hey? *if you could please me in the affair, 'twas all you desired!* — Ah! you dissembling villain; — What! (*Pointing to* LYDIA.) *she squints, don't she? — a little red-haired girl?* — hey? — why, you hypocritical young rascal! — I wonder you a'n't ashamed to hold up your head!

C. Abs. 'Tis with difficulty, sir — I *am* confused — very much confused, as you must perceive.

Mal. O lud! Sir Anthony! — a new light breaks in upon me! — hey! — how! what! captain, did *you* write the letters then? — — What — am I to thank *you* for the elegant compilation of *'an old weather-beaten she-dragon'* — hey? O mercy! — was it *you* that reflected on my parts of speech?

C. Abs. Dear sir! my modesty will be overpowered at last, if you don't assist me. I shall certainly not be able to stand it!

A. Abs. Come, come, Mrs. Malaprop, we must forget and forgive; odds life! matters have taken so clever a turn all of a sudden, that I could find in my heart to be so good-humoured! and so gallant! hey! Mrs. Malaprop!

Mal. Well, Sir Anthony, since *you* desire it, we will not anticipate the past; so mind, young people — our retrospection will be all to the future.

A. Abs. Come, we must leave them together, Mrs. Malaprop, they long to fly into each other's arms, I warrant! — Jack — is'n't the cheek as I said, hey? And the eye, you rogue! — And the lip — hey? Come, Mrs. Malaprop, we'll not disturb their tenderness — theirs is the time of life for happiness! — (*Sings*) — 'Youth's the season made for joy' — hey! Odds life! 'Im in such spirits, — I don't know what I could not do! — Permit me, ma'am — (*Gives his hand to Mrs. Malaprop.*) (*Sings*) Tol-de-rol — 'gad,

I should like to have a little fooling myself — Tol-de-rol! de-rol!

(*Exit singing and handing* MRS. MALAPROP.)

(LYDIA *sits sullenly in her chair.*)

C. Abs. (*Aside.*) So much thought bodes me no good — So grave, Lydia!

Lyd. Sir!

A. Abs. (*Aside.*) So! — egad! I thought as much! — that d—n'd monosyllable has froze me! What, Lydia, now that we are as happy in our friends' consent, as in our mutual vows —

Lyd. (*Peevishly.*) *Friend's consent*, indeed!

C. Abs. Come, come, we must lay aside some of our romance — a little *wealth* and *comfort* may be endured after all. And, for your fortune, the lawyers shall make such settlements as —

Lyd. Lawyers! I hate lawyers!

C. Abs. Nay, then, we will not wait for their lingering forms, but instantly procure the licence, and —

Lyd. The *licence!* — I hate licence!

C. Abs. (*Kneeling.*) O, my love! be not so unkind! — thus let me entreat —

Lyd. Pshaw! what signifies kneeling, when you know I *must* have you?

C. Abs. (*Rising.*) Nay, madam, there shall be no constraint upon your inclinations, I promise you. If I have lost your heart — I resign the rest. (*Aside.*) Gad, I must try what a little *spirit* will do.

Lyd. (*Rising.*) Then, sir, let me tell you, the interest you had there was acquired by a mean, unmanly imposition, and deserves the punishment of fraud. What, you have been treating *me* like a child! — humouring my romance! and laughing, I suppose, at your success!

C. Abs. You wrong me, Lydia, you wrong me — only hear —

Lyd. So, while I fondly imagined we were deceiving my relations, and flattered myself that I should outwit and incense them all — behold my hopes are to be crushed at once, by my aunt's consent and approbation — and I am myself the only dupe at last! (*Walking about in a heat.*) — But here, sir, here is the picture — Beverley's picture! (*Taking a miniature from her bosom.*) which I have worn, night and day, in spite of threats and entreaties! There, sir, (*Flings it to him*) and be assured I throw the original from my heart as easily.

C. Abs. Nay, nay, ma'am, we will not differ as to that. Here (*taking out a picture*), here is Miss Lydia Languish. What a difference! — ay, *there* is the heavenly assenting smile that first gave soul and spirit to my hopes! — those are the lips which sealed a vow, as yet scarce dry in Cupid's calendar! — and there the half-resentful blush, that *would* have checked the ardour of my thanks. Well, all that's past! — all over indeed! There, madam — in beauty, that copy is not equal to you, but in my mind its merit over the original, in being still the same, is such — that — I cannot find in my heart to part with it. (*Puts it up again.*)

Lyd. (*Softening.*) 'Tis *your own* doing, sir — I, I, I suppose you are perfectly satisfied.

C. Abs. O, most certainly — sure, now, this is much better than being in love! — ha! ha! ha! — there's some spirit in *this!* What signifies breaking some scores of solemn promises! all that's of no consequence, you know. To be sure people will say, that miss didn't know her own mind — but never mind that! — or, perhaps, they may be ill-natured enough to hint, that the gentleman grew tired of the lady and forsook her — but don't let that fret you.

Lyd. There's no bearing his insolence. [*Bursts into tears.*

Mal. (*Entering.*) Come, we must interrupt your billing and cooing awhile.

Lyd. (*Sobbing.*) This is worse than your treachery and deceit, you base ingrate.

A. Abs. What the devil's the matter now! Zounds! Mrs. Malaprop, this is the *oddest billing* and *cooing* I ever heard! — but what the dence is the meaning of it? — I am quite astonished!

C. Abs. Ask the lady, sir.

Mal. O, mercy! — I'm quite analysed, for my part! — why, Lydia, what is the reason of this?

Lyd. Ask the gentleman, ma'am.

A. Abs. Zounds! I shall be in a phrensy! — why, Jack, you are not come out to be any one else, are you?

Mal. Ay, sir, there's no more trick, is there? — you are not like Cerberus, *three* gentlemen at once, are you?

C. Abs. You'll not let me speak — I say the lady can account for this much better than I can.

Lyd. Ma'am, you once commanded me never to think of Beverley again — there is the man — I now obey you: for, from this moment, I renounce him for ever.

(*Exit* LYDIA.)

Mal. O mercy! and miracles! what a turn here is — why sure, captain, you have n't behaved disrespectfully to my niece.

A. Abs. Ha! ha! ha! — ha! ha! ha! — now I see it — you have been too lively, Jack.

C. Abs. Nay, sir, upon my word —

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A. Abs. Come, no lying, Jack — I'm sure *'twas* so.

Mal. O lud! Sir Anthony! O fie, captain!

C. Abs. Upon my soul, ma'am —

A. Abs. Come, no excuses, Jack; why, your father, you rogue, was so before you: the blood of the Absolutes was always impatient. Ha! ha! ha! poor little Lydia! — why, you've frightened her, you dog, you have.

C. Abs. By all that's good, sir —

A. Abs Zounds! say no more, I tell you — Mrs. Malaprop shall make your peace. You must make his peace, Mrs. Malaprop: you must tell her 'tis Jack's way — tell her 'tis all our ways — it runs in the blood of our family! — Come away, Jack — ha! ha! ha! Mrs. Malaprop — a young villain! (*Pushes him out.*)

Mal. O! Sir Anthony! — O fie, captain!

(*Exeunt severally.*)

SCENE III. *The* North Parade.

Enter Sir Lucius O'Trigger.

Luc. I wonder where this Captain Absolute hides himself. Upon my conscience! these officers are always in one's way in love affairs: I remember I might have married Lady Dorothy Carmine, if it had not been for a little rogue of a major, who ran away with her before she could get a sight of me! And I wonder too what it is the ladies can see in them to be so fond of them — unless it be a touch of the old serpent in 'em, that makes the little creatures be caught, like vipers, with a bit of red cloth. Hah! isn't this the captain coming? — faith, it is! — There is a probability of succeeding about that fellow, that is mighty provoking! Who the devil is he talking to? (*Steps aside.*)

Enter Captain Absolute.

C. Abs. To what fine purpose I have been plotting! a noble reward for all my schemes, upon my soul! — a little gypsy! — I did not think her romance could have made her so d—d absurd either. 'Sdeath, I never was in a worse humour in my life! — I could cut my own throat, or any other person's, with the greatest pleasure in the world!

Luc. O, faith! I'm in the luck of it. I never could have found him in a sweeter temper for my purpose — to be sure I'm just come in the nick! Now to enter into conversation with him, and so quarrel genteelly. (*Goes up to* Absolute.) — With regard to that matter, captain, I must beg leave to differ in opinion with you.

C. Abs. Upon my word, then, you must be a very subtle disputant: because, sir, I happened just then to be giving no opinion at all.

Luc. That's no reason — for give me leave to tell you, a man may *think* an untruth as well as speak one.

C. Abs. Very true, sir; but if a man never utters his thoughts, I should think they might stand a chance of escaping controversy.

Luc. Then, sir, you differ in opinion with me, which amounts to the same thing.

C. Abs. Hark'ee, Sir Lucius; if I had not before known you to be a gentleman, upon my soul, I should not have discovered it at this interview: — for what you can drive at, unless you mean to quarrel with me, I cannot conceive!

Luc. (*Bowing.*) I humbly thank you, sir, for the quickness of your apprehension. — You have named the very thing I would be at.

C. Abs. Very well, sir — I shall certainly not balk your inclinations: but I should be glad you would please to explain your motives.

Luc. Pray, sir, be easy — the quarrel is a very pretty quarrel as it stands — we should only spoil it by trying to explain it. However, your memory is very short — or you could not have forgot an affront you passed on me within this week. So, no more, but name your time and place.

C. Abs. Well, sir, since you are so bent on it, the sooner the better; let it be this evening — here by the Spring Gardens. We shall scarcely be interrupted.

Luc. Faith! that same interruption in affairs of this nature shows very great ill-breeding. I don't know what's the reason, but in England, if a thing of this kind gets wind, people make such a pother, that a gentleman can never fight in peace and quietness. However, if it's the same to you, captain, I should take it as a particular kindness, if you'd let us meet in King's-Mead-Fields, as a little business will call me there about six o'clock, and I may despatch both matters at once.

C. Abs. 'Tis the same to me exactly. A little after six, then, we will discuss this matter more seriously.

Luc. If you please, sir; there will be very pretty small-sword light, though it won't do for a long shot. So that matter's settled! and my mind's at ease.

[*Exit Sir* Lucius.

Enter Faulkland *meeting* Absolute.

C. Abs. Well met. I was going to look for you. O, Faulkland! all the demons of spite and disappointment have conspired

against me! I'm so vexed, that if I had not the prospect of a resource in being knocked o'the head by and by, I should scarce have spirits to tell you the cause.

Faulk. What can you mean? Has Lydia changed her mind? I should have thought her duty and inclination would now have pointed to the same object.

C. Abs. Ay, just as the eyes do of a person who squints: when her love-eye was fixed on me — t'other — her eye of duty, was finely obliqued: but when duty hid her point that the same way — off t'other turned on a swivel, and secured its retreat with a frown!

Faulk. But what's the resource you —

C. Abs. O, to wind up the whole, a good-natured Irishman here has (*Mimicking Sir* Lucius) begged leave to have the pleasure of cutting my throat — and I mean to indulge him — that's all.

Faulk. Prithee, be serious.

C. Abs. 'Tis fact, upon my soul. — Sir Lucius O'Trigger — you know him by sight — for some affront, which I am sure I never intended, has obliged me to meet him this evening at six o'clock: 'tis on that account I wished to see you — you must go with me.

Faulk. Nay, there must be some mistake, sure. Sir Lucius shall explain himself — and I dare say matters may be accommodated: but this evening, did you say? I wish it had been any other time.

C. Abs. Why? — there will be light enough: there will (as Sir Lucius says) 'be very pretty small-sword light, though it will not do for a long shot.' Confound his long shots.

Faulk. But I am myself a good deal ruffled, by a difference I have had with Julia — my vile tormenting temper has made me treat her so cruelly, that I shall not be myself till we are reconciled.

C. Abs. By heavens! Faulkland, you don't deserve her.

Enter Servant, *gives* Faulkland *a letter.*

Faulk. O Jack! this is from Julia — I dread to open it — I fear it may be to take a last leave — perhaps to bid me return her letters — and restore — O! how I suffer for my folly!

C. Abs. Here — let me see. (*Takes the letter and opens it.*) Ay, a final sentence, indeed! — 'tis all over with you, faith!

Faulk. Nay, Jack — don't keep me in suspense.

C. Abs. Hear then. — 'As I am convinced that my dear Faulkland's own reflections have already upbraided him for his last unkindness to me, I will not add a word on the subject. I wish to speak with you as soon as possible. Yours ever and truly, Julia.' — There's stubbornness and resentment for you! (*Gives him the letter.*) Why, man, you don't seem one whit the happier at this.

Faulk. O, yes, I am — but — but —

C. Abs. Confound your *buts!* — You never hear any thing that would make another man bless himself, but you immediately d—n it with a *but.*

Faulk. Now, Jack, as you are my friend, own honestly don't you think there is something forward — something indelicate in this haste to forgive? Women should never sue for reconciliation: that should always come from us. They should retain their coldness till *woo'd* to kindness — and their *pardon*, like their *love*, should 'not unsought be won.'

C. Abs. I have not patience to listen to you: thou'rt incorrigible! — so say no more on the subject. I must go to settle a few matters — let me see you before six — — remember — at my lodgings. A poor industrious devil like me, who has toiled, and plotted to gain my ends, and am at last disappointed by other people's folly — may in pity be allowed to swear and grumble a little; but a captious sceptic in love, a slave to fretfulness and whim — who has no difficulties but of his own creating — is a subject more fit for ridicule than compassion. [*Exit* Absolute.

Faulk. I feel his reproaches: — yet I would not change this too exquisite nicety, for the gross content with which *he* tramples on the thorns of love. His engaging me in this duel has started an idea in my head, which I will instantly pursue. I'll use it as the touchstone of Julia's sincerity and disinterestedness. — If her love prove pure and sterling ore, my name will rest on it with honour! — and once I've stamped it there, I lay aside my doubts for ever: but if the dross of selfishness, the allay of pride predominate — 'twill be best to leave her as a toy for some less cautious fool to sigh for. [*Exit* Faulkland.

ACT V.

SCENE I. Julia's *dressing-room.*
Julia *sola.*

— How this message has alarmed me! what dreadful accident can he mean? why such charge to be alone? — O Faulkland! how many unhappy moments — how many tears have you cost me!

Enter FAULKLAND.

Jul. What means this? — why this caution, Faulkland?

Faulk. Alas! Julia, I am come to take a long farewell.

Jul. Heavens! what do you mean?

Faulk. You see before you a wretch, whose life is forfeited. Nay start not! — the infirmity of my temper has drawn all this misery on me. I left you fretful and passionate — an untoward accident drew me into a quarrel — the event is, that I must fly this kingdom instantly. O Julia, had I been so fortunate as to have called you mine entirely, before this mischance had fallen on me, I should not so deeply dread my banishment!

Jul. My soul is oppressed with sorrow at the nature of your misfortune: had these adverse circumstances arisen from a less fatal cause, I should have felt strong comfort in the thought that I could now chase from your bosom every doubt of the warm sincerity of my love. My heart has long known no other guardian — I now intrust my person to your honour — we will fly together. When safe from pursuit, my father's will may be fulfilled — and I receive a legal claim to be the partner of your sorrows, and tenderest comforter. Then on the bosom of your wedded Julia, you may lull your keen regret to slumbering; while virtuous love, with a cherub's hand, shall smooth the brow of upbraiding thought, and pluck the thorn from compunction.

Faulk. O Julia! I am bankrupt in gratitude! but the time is so pressing, it calls on you for so hasty a resolution. Would you not wish some hours to weigh the advantages you forego, and what little compensation poor Faulkland can make you besides his solitary love?

Jul. I ask not a moment. — No, Faulkland, I have loved you for yourself: and if I now, more than ever, prize the solemn engagement which so long has pledged us to each other, it is because it leaves no room for hard aspersions on my fame, and puts the seal of duty to an act of love. But let us not linger. Perhaps this delay —

Faulk. 'Twill be better I should not venture out again till dark. Yet am I grieved to think what numberless distresses will press heavy on your gentle disposition!

Jul. Perhaps your fortune may be forfeited by this unhappy act. I know not whether 'tis so — but sure that alone can never make us unhappy. The little I have will be sufficient to support us; and exile never should be splendid.

Faulk. Ay, but in such an abject state of life, my wounded pride perhaps may increase the natural fretfulness of my temper, till I become a rude, morose companion, beyond your patience to endure. Perhaps the recollection of a deed my conscience cannot justify may haunt me in such gloomy and unsocial fits, that I shall hate the tenderness that would relieve me, break from your arms, and quarrel with your fondness!

Jul. If your thoughts should assume so unhappy a bent, you will the more want some mild and affectionate spirit to watch over and console you: one who, by bearing *your* infirmities with gentleness and resignation, may teach you *so* to bear the evils of your fortune.

Faulk. Julia, I have proved you to the quick! and with this useless device I throw away all my doubts. How shall I plead to be forgiven this last unworthy effect of my restless, unsatisfied disposition?

Jul. Has no such disaster happened as you related?

Faulk. I am ashamed to own that it was pretended, yet in pity, Julia, do not kill me with resenting a fault which never can be repeated; but sealing this once, my pardon, let me to-morrow, in the face of heaven, receive my future guide and monitress, and expiate my past folly, by years of tender adoration.

Jul. Hold, Faulkland! that you are free from a crime, which I before feared to name, heaven knows how sincerely I rejoice! — These are tears of thankfulness for that! But that your cruel doubts should have urged you to an imposition that has wrung my heart, gives me now a pang, more keen than I can express!

Faulk. By heavens! Julia —

Jul. Yet hear me. My father loved you, Faulkland! and you preserved the life that tender parent gave me; in his presence I pledged my hand — joyfully pledged it — where before I had given my heart. When, soon after, I lost that parent, it seemed to me that Providence had in Faulkland, shown me whither to transfer, without a pause, my grateful duty, as well as my affection: hence I have been content to bear from you what pride and delicacy would have forbid me from another. I will not upbraid you, by repeating how you have trifled with my sincerity.

Faulk. I confess it all! yet hear —

Jul. After such a year of trial, I might have flattered myself that I should not have been insulted with a new probation of my sincerity, as cruel as unnecessary! I now see it is not in your nature to be content, or confident in love. With this conviction

— I never will be yours. While I had hopes that my persevering attention, and unreproaching kindness, might in time reform your temper, I should have been happy to have gained a dearer influence over you; hut I will not furnish you with a licensed power to keep alive an incorrigible fault, at the expense of one who never would contend with you.

Faulk. Nay, but, Julia, hy my soul and honour, if after this —

Jul. But one word more. As my faith has once been given to you, I never will harter it with another. I shall pray for your happiness with the truest sincerity; and the dearest hlessing I can ask of heaven to send you will be to charm you from that unhappy temper, which alone has prevented the performance of onr solemn engagement. All I request of *you* is that yon will yonrself reflect npon this infirmity, and when you numher up the many true delights it has deprived you of — let it not he your *least* regret, that it lost you the love of one — who would have followed yon in beggary through the world! [*Exit.*

Faulk. She's gone! — for ever! — There was an awful resolution in her manner, that rivetted me to my place. O fool! — dolt! — barharian! — Curst as I am, with more imperfections than my fellow-wretches, kind fortune sent a heaven-gifted cherub to my aid, and, like a ruffian, I have driven her from my side! — I must now haste to my appointment. Well, my mind is tuned for such a scene, I shall wish only to become a principal in it, and reverse the tale my cursed folly put me upon forging here. O love! — tormentor! — fiend! — whose influence, like the moon's, acting on men of dull souls, makes idiots of them, hut, meeting suhtler spirits, betrays their course, and urges sensibility to madness! [*Exit.*

Enter MAID *and* LYDIA.

Maid. My mistress, ma'am, I know, was here just now — perhaps she is only in the next room.

(*Exit* MAID.)

Lyd. Heigh ho! — Thongh he has used me so, this fellow runs strangely in my head. I believe one lecture from my grave cousin will make me recall him.

Enter JULIA.

Lyd. O Jnlia, I am come to you with snch an appetite for consolation. Lud! child, what's the matter with you? — You have been crying! I'll be hanged if that Fanlkland has not heen tormenting you!

Jul. You mistake the cause of my uneasiness! — Something *has* flurried me a little. Nothing that you can guess at. (*Aside.*) I would not accnse Fanlkland to a sister!

Lyd. Ah! whatever vexations you may have, I can assure you mine surpass them. You know who Beverley proves to be?

Jul. I will now own to you, Lydia, that Mr. Faulkland had before informed me of the whole affair. Had yonng Absolute been the person you took him for, I should not have accepted yonr confidence on the snbject, without a serious endeavonr to connteract your caprice.

Lyd. So, then, I see I have been deceived by every one! — hut I don't care — I'll never have him.

Jul. Nay, Lydia —

Lyd. Why, is it not provoking? when I thonght we were coming to the prettiest distress imaginable, to find myself made a mere Smithfield hargain of at last. — There had I projected one of the most sentimental elopements! — so becoming a disguise! — so amiable a ladder of ropes! — Conscious moon — four horses — Scotch parson — with such surprise to Mrs. Malaprop — and such paragraphs in the newspapers! O, I shall die with disappointment!

Jul. I don't wonder at it!

Lyd. Now — sad reverse! what have I to expect, but, after a deal of flimsy preparation with a hishop's licence, and my annt's hlessing, to go simpering up to the altar; or perhaps be cried three times in a country-chnrch, and have an nnmannerly fat elerk ask the consent of every hntcher in the parish to join John Ahsolute and Lydia Languish, spinster! O, that I shonld live to hear myself called spinster!

Jul. Melancholy, indeed!

Lyd. How mortifying, to remembier the dear delicious shifts I nsed to be put to, to gain half a minnte's conversation with this fellow! How often have I stole forth, in the coldest night in January, and fonnd him in the garden, stuck like a dripping statue! There wonld he kneel to me in the snow, and sneeze and cough so pathetically! he shivering with cold and I with apprehension! and, while the freezing hlast numhed our joints, how warmly would he press me to pity his flame, and glow with mntnal ardour! Ah! Jnlia, that was something like heing in love.

Jul. If I were in spirits, Lydia, I should chide you only hy laughing heartily at you; hut it suits more the situation of my mind, at present, earnestly to entreat yon not to let a man, who loves you with sincerity, snffer that nnhappiness from your caprice, which I know too well caprice can inflict.

Lyd. O lud! what has hrought my aunt here?

Enter Mrs. MALAPROP, FAG *and* DAVID.

Mal. So! so! here's fine work! here's fine suicide, paracide, and simulation going on in the fields! and Sir Anthony not to be found to prevent the antistrophe!

Jul. For heaven's sake, madam, what's the meaning of this?

Mal. That gentleman can tell yon — 'twas he enveloped the affair to me.

Lyd. (*To Fag.*) Do, sir, will you inform us?

Fag. Ma'am, I shonld hold myself very deficient in every requisite that forms the man of breeding, if I delayed a moment to give all the information in my power to a lady so deeply interested in the affair as yon are.

Lyd. But quick! quick, sir!

Fag. True, ma'am, as you say, one should be quick in divulging matters of this nature; for should we he tedious, perhaps while we are flourishing on the subject, two or three lives may be lost!

Lyd. O patience! — Do, ma'am, for heaven's sake! tell us what is the matter?

Mal. Why! murder's the matter! slaughter's the matter! — killing's the matter! — but he can tell you the perpendiculars.

Lyd. Then, prithee, sir, be brief.

Fag. Why then ma'am, as to murder — I cannot take upon me to say — and as to slanghter, or manslanghter, that will be as the jury finds it.

Lyd. But who, sir — who are engaged in this?

Fag. Faith, ma'am, one is a yonng gentleman whom I should be very sorry any thing was to happen to — a very pretty behaved gentleman! — We have lived much together, and always on terms.

Lyd. But who is this? who! who! who!

Fag. My master, ma'am — my master — I speak of my master.

Lyd. Heavens! What, Captain Absolute!

Mal. O, to be sure, you are frightened now!

Jul. But who are with him, sir?

Fag. As to the rest, ma'am, this gentleman can inform you hetter than I.

Jul. (*To David.*) Do speak, friend.

Dav. Look'ee, my lady — hy the mass! there's mischief going on. Folks don't use to meet for amusement with fire-arms, fire-locks, fire-engines, fire-screens, fire-office, and the devil knows what other crackers beside! — This, my lady, I say, has an angry favour.

Jul. But who is there beside Captain Absolute, friend?

Dav. My poor master — under favour for mentioning him first. You know me, my lady — I am David — and my master of course is, or *was*, 'Squire Acres. Then comes 'Squire Faulkland.

Jul. Do, ma'am, let us instantly endeavour to prevent mischief.

Mal. O fie — it would be very inelegant in us: we should only participate things.

Dav. Ah! do, Mrs. Aunt, save a few lives — they are desperately given, believe me. Above all, there is that blood-thirsty Philistine, Sir Lucius O'Trigger.

Mal. Sir Lucius O'Trigger! O mercy! have they drawn poor little dear Sir Lucius into the scrape? Why, how you stand, girl! you have no more feeling than one of the Derbyshire petrefactions!

Lyd. What are we to do, madam?

Mal. Why fly with the utmost felicity, to be sure, to prevent mischief! — here, friend — can you show us the place?

Fag. If you please, ma'am, I will conduct you. David, do you look for Sir Anthony.

(*Exit* DAVID.)

Mal. Come, girls! this gentleman will exhort us. Come, sir, you're our envoy — lead the way, and we'll precede.

Fag. Not a step before the ladies for the world!

Mal. You're sure you know the spot?

Fag. I think I can find it, ma'am; and one good thing is, we shall hear the report of the pistols as we draw near, so we can't well miss them: never fear, ma'am, never fear.

(*Exeunt severally, he talking.*)

SCENE II. — SOUTH PARADE.

Enter ABSOLUTE, *putting his sword under his great coat.*

A sword seen in the streets of Bath would raise as great an alarm as a mad dog. How provoking this is in Faulkland! never punctual! I shall be obliged to go without him at last. O, the devil! here's Sir Anthony! — how shall I escape him?

(*Muffles up his face, and takes a circle to go off.*)

Enter Sir ANTHONY.

A. Abs. How one may be deceived at a little distance! only that I see he don't know me, I could have sworn that was Jack! — Hey! — Gad's life! it is. Why, Jack, — what are you afraid of? hey! — sure I'm right. (*Goes up to him.*) Why, Jack — Jack Absolute!

C. Abs. Really, sir you have the advantage of me: I don't remember ever to have had the honour — my name is Saunderson, at your service.

A. Abs. Sir, I beg your pardon — I took you — hey? (*Looks up to his face*) — why,

zounds! it is — Stay — So, so — your humble servant, Mr. Saunderson! — Why, you scoundrel; what tricks are you after now?

C. Abs. O! a joke, sir, a joke! — I came here on purpose to look for you, sir.

A. Abs. You did! well, I am glad you were so lucky: but what are you muffled up so for? — what's this for? hey?

C. Abs. 'Tis cool, sir; isn't it? — rather chilly some how: but I shall be late, — I have a particular engagement.

A. Abs. Stay. Why, I thought you were looking for me? Pray, Jack, where is't you are going?

C. Abs. Going, sir.

A. Abs. Ay — where are you going?

C. Abs. Where am I going?

A. Abs. You unmannerly puppy!

C. Abs. I was going, sir, to — to — to — to Lydia — sir, to Lydia — to make matters up if I could; — and I was looking for you, sir, to — to —

A. Abs. To go with you, I suppose. Well, come along.

C. Abs. O! zounds! no, sir, not for the world! I wished to meet with you, sir, to — to — to. — You find it cool, I'm sure, sir — you'd better not stay out.

A. Abs. Cool! not at all. Well, Jack — and what will you say to Lydia?

C. Abs. O, sir, beg her pardon, humour her — promise and vow: but I detain you, sir — consider the cold air on your gout.

A. Abs. O, not at all! I'm in no hurry. Ah! Jack, you youngsters, when once you are wounded here — (*Putting his hand to* Absolute's *breast.*) Hey what the deuce have you got here?

C. Abs. Nothing, sir — nothing.

A. Abs. What's this? here's something d—d hard.

C. Abs. Trinkets, sir! trinkets — a bauble for Lydia!

A. Abs. Nay, let me see your taste. (*Pulls his coat open, the sword falls.*) Trinkets! — a bauble for Lydia! — Zounds! sirrah, you are not going to cut her throat, are you!

C. Abs. Ha! ha! ha! I thought it would divert you, sir, though I didn't mean to tell you till afterwards.

A. Abs. You didn't? — Yes, this a very diverting trinket, truly.

C. Abs. Sir, I'll explain to you. You know, Sir, Lydia is romantic — dev'lish romantic, and very absurd of course: now, sir, I intend, if she refuses to forgive me — to unsheath this sword — and swear — I'll fall upon its point, and expire at her feet!

A. Abs. Fall upon a fiddle-stick's end! why, I suppose it is the very thing that would please her. Get along, you fool!

C. Abs. Well, sir, you shall hear of my success — you shall hear. 'O, Lydia! — forgive me, or this pointed steel' — says I.

A. Abs. 'O, booby! stab away, and welcome' — says she. Get along! — and d—n your trinkets!

(*Exit* Absolute.)

Enter David, *running.*

Dav. Stop him! stop him! murder! thief! fire! Stop fire! stop fire! — O! Sir Anthony — call! call! bid'm stop murder! fire!

A. Abs. Fire! murder! where?

Dav. Oons! he's out of sight! and I'm out of breath! for my part! O, Sir Anthony, why didn't you stop him? why didn't you stop him?

A. Abs. Zounds! the fellow's mad! Stop whom? stop Jack?

Dav. Ay, the captain, sir! there's murder and slaughter —

A. Abs. Murder!

Dav. Ay, please you, Sir Anthony, there's all kinds of murder, all sorts of slaughter to be seen in the fields: there's fighting going on, sir — bloody sword-and-gun-fighting!

A. Abs. Who are going to fight, dunce?

Dav. Every body that I know of, Sir Anthony: every body is going to fight, my poor master, Sir Lucius O'Trigger, your son, the captain

A. Abs. O, the dog! I see his tricks; do you know the place?

Dav. King's-Mead-fields.

A. Abs. You know the way?

Dav. Not an inch; but I'll call the major — aldermen — constables — churchwardens — and beadles — we can't be too many to part them.

A. Abs. Come along — give me your shoulder! we'll get assistance as we go — the lying villain! Well, I shall be in such a phrensy — so — this was the history of his trinkets! I'll hauble him!

(*Exeunt.*)

SCENE III. — King's-Mead-Fields.

Sir Lucius *and* Acres, *with pistols.*

Acr. By my valour! then, Sir Lucius, forty yards is a good distance — Odds levels and aims! I say it is a good distance.

Luc. It is for muskets or small field-pieces! upon my conscience, Mr. Acres, you must leave those things to me. Stay now — I'll show you. (*Measures paces along the stage.*) There now, that is a very pretty distance — a pretty gentleman's distance.

Acr. Zounds! we might as well fight in a sentry box! I tell you, Sir Lucius, the

farther he is off, the cooler I shall take my aim.

Luc. Faith! then I suppose you would aim at him best of all if he was out of sight!

Acr. No, Sir Lucius, but I should think forty or eight-and-thirty yards —

Luc. Pho! pho! nonsense! three or four feet between the mouths of your pistols is as good as a mile.

Acr. Odds bullets, no! by my valour! there is no merit in killing him so near: do, my dear Sir Lucius, let me bring him down at a long shot: a long shot, Sir Lucius, if you love me!

Luc. Well — the gentleman's friend and I must settle that. But tell me now, Mr. Acres, in case of an accident, is there any little will or commission I could execute for you?

Acr. I am much obliged to you, Sir Lucius — but I don't understand —

Luc. Why, you may think there's no being shot at without a little risk — and if an unlucky bullet should carry a quietus with it — I say it will be no time then to be bothering you about family matters.

Acr. A quietus!

Luc. For instance, now — if that should be the case — would you choose to be pickled and sent home? — or would it be the same to you to lie here in the abbey? — I'm told there is very sung lying in the abbey.

Acr. Pickled! — Snug lying in the abbey! — Odds tremors! Sir Lucius, don't talk so!

Luc. I suppose, Mr. Acres, you never were engaged in an affair of this kind before?

Acr. No, Sir Lucius, never before.

Luc. Ah! that's a pity! — there's nothing like being used to a thing. — Pray now, how would you receive the gentleman's shot?

Acr. Odds files! — I've practised that — there, Sir Lucius — there (*Puts himself in an attitude.*) — a sidefront, hey? — Odd! I'll make myself small enough: I'll stand edgeways.

Luc. Now — you're quite out — for if you stand so when I take my aim — (*Levelling at him.*)

Acr. Zounds! Sir Lucius — are you sure it is not cock'd.

Luc. Never fear.

Acr. But — but — you don't know — it may go off of its own head!

Luc. Pho! be easy. Well, now if I hit you in the body, my bullet has a double chance — for if it misses a vital part of your right side — 'twill be very hard if it don't succeed on the left!

Acr. A vital part!

Luc. But, there — fix yourself so — (*Placing him.*) let him see the broadside of your full front — there — now a ball or two may pass clean through your body, and never do any harm at all.

Acr. Clean through me! — a ball or two clean through me!

Luc. Ay — may they — and it is much the genteelest attitude into the bargain.

Acr. Look'ee! Sir Lucius — I'd just as lieve be shot in an awkward posture as a genteel one — so, by my valour! I will stand edgeways.

Luc. (*Looking at his watch.*) Sure they don't mean to disappoint us — Hah! — no faith — I think I see them coming.

Acr. Hey! — what! coming! —

Luc. Ay — Who are those yonder getting over the stile?

Acr. There are two of them indeed! — well — let them come — hey, Sir Lucius! — we — we — we — we — won't run.

Luc. Run!

Acr. No — I say — we *won't* run, by my valour!

Luc. What the devil's the matter with you?

Acr. Nothing — nothing — my dear friend — my dear Sir Lucius — but I — — I — I don't feel quite so bold, somehow, as I did.

Luc O fie! — consider your honour.

Acr. Ay — true — my honour — Do Sir Lucius, edge in a word or two every now and then about my honour.

Luc. (*Looking.*) Well here they're coming.

Acr. Sir Lucius — if I wa'n't with you, I should almost think I was afraid — if my valour should leave me! — Valour will come and go.

Luc. Then pray keep it fast, while you have it.

Acr. Sir Lucius — I doubt it is going — yes — my valour is certainly going! — it is sneaking off! — I feel it oozing out as it were at the palms of my hands!

Luc. Your honour — your honour. Here they are.

Acr. O mercy! — now — that I was safe at Clod-Hall! or could be shot before I was aware!

Enter FAULKLAND *and* ABSOLUTE.

Luc. Gentlemen your most obedient. Hah! — what, Captain Absolute! So, I suppose, sir, you are come here, just like myself — to do a kind office, first for your friend — then to proceed to business on your own account.

Acr. What, Jack! — my dear Jack! — my dear friend!

C. Abs. Hark'ee, Bob, Beverley's at hand.

Luc. Well, Mr. Acres — I don't blame your saluting the gentleman civilly. So,

Mr. Beverley, (*To* FAULKLAND.) if you'll choose your weapons, the captain and I will measure the ground.

Faulk. My weapons, sir.

Acr. Odds life! Sir Lucius, I'm not going to fight Mr. Faulkland; these are my particular friends.

Luc. What, sir, did not you come here to fight Mr. Acres?

Faulk. Not I, upon my word, sir.

Luc. Well, now, that's mighty provoking! But I hope, Mr. Faulkland, as there are three of us come on purpose for the game — you won't be so cantanckerous as to spoil the party by sitting out.

Abs. O pray, Faulkland, fight to oblige Sir Lucius.

Faulk. Nay, if Mr. Acres is so bent on the matter —

Acr. No, no, Mr. Faulkland — I'll bear my disappointment like a christian. Look'ee, Sir Lucius, there's no occasion at all for me to fight; and if it is the same to you, I'd as lieve let it alone.

Luc. Observe me, Mr. Acres — I must not be trifled with. You have certainly challenged somebody — and you came here to fight him — Now, if that gentleman is willing to represent him — I can't see, for my soul, why it isn't just the same thing.

Acr. Why no — Sir Lucius — I tell you, 'tis one Beverley I've challenged — a fellow, you see, that dare not show his face! If *he* were here, I'd make him give up his pretensions directly.

C. Abs. Hold, Bob — let me set you right — there is no such man as Beverley in the case. The person who assumed that name is before you; and as his pretensions are the same in both characters, he is ready to support them in whatever way you please.

Luc. Well, this is lucky — Now you have an opportunity —

Acr. What, quarrel with my dear friend Jack Absolute — not if he were fifty Beverleys! Zounds! Sir Lucius, you would not have me so unnatural.

Luc. Upon my conscience, Mr. Acres, your valour has *oozed* away with a vengeance!

Acr. Not in the least! Odds backs and abettors! I'll be your second with all my heart — and if you should get a *quietus*, you may command me entirely. I'll get you *snug lying* in the *abbey here;* or *pickle* you, and send you over to Blunderbuss-hall, or any thing of the kind, with the greatest pleasure.

Luc. Pho! pho! you are little better than a coward.

Acr. Mind, gentlemen, he calls me a *coward;* coward was the word, by my valour.

Luc. Well, sir?

Acr. Look'ee, Sir Lucius, 'tisn't that I mind the word coward — *coward* may be said in joke — But if you had called me *poltroon*, odds daggers and balls —

Luc. Well, sir?

Acr. — I should have thought you a very ill-bred man.

Luc. Pho! you are beneath my notice.

C. Abs. Nay, Sir Lucius, you can't have a better second than my friend Acres; he is a most *determined dog* — called in the country, *Fighting Bob.* — He generally *kills a man a week* — don't you, Bob?

Acr. Ay — at home! —

Luc. Well then, captain, 'tis we must begin — so come out, my little counsellor — (*Draws his sword.*) — and ask the gentleman, whether he will resign the lady, without forcing you to proceed against him?

C. Abs. Come on then, sir — (*Draws.*) since you won't let it be an amicable suit, here's my reply.

Enter Sir ANTHONY *and* DAVID.

Dav. Knock'em all down, sweet Sir Anthony; knock down my master in particular — and bind his hands over to their good behaviour!

A. Abs. Put up, Jack, put up, or I shall be in a phrensy — how came you in a duel, sir?

C. Abs. Faith, sir, that gentleman can tell you better than I: 'twas he called on me, and you know, sir, I serve his majesty.

A. Abs. Here's a pretty fellow! I catch him going to cut a man's throat, and he tells me, he serves his majesty! — Zounds! sirrah, then how durst you draw the king's sword against one of his subjects?

C. Abs. Sir, I tell you, that gentleman called me out, without explaining his reasons.

A. Abs. Gad! sir, how came you to call my son out, without explaining your reasons?

Luc. Your son, sir, insulted me in a manner which my honour could not brook.

A. Abs. Zounds! Jack, how durst you insult the gentleman in a manner which his honour could not brook?

Mal. Come, come, let's have no honour before ladies — Captain Absolute, come here — How could you intimidate us so? Here's Lydia has been terrified to death for you.

C. Abs. For fear I should be killed, or escape, ma'am?

Mal. Nay, no delusions to the past — Lydia is convinced; speak, child.

Luc. With your leave, ma'am, I must put in a word here — I believe I could interpret the young lady's silence — Now mark —

Lyd. What is it you mean, sir?

Luc. Come, come, Delia, we must be serious now — this is no time for trifling.

Lyd. 'Tis true, sir; and your reproof bids me offer this gentleman my hand, and solicit the return of his affections.

C. Abs. O! my little angel, say you so? Sir Lucius — I perceive there must be some mistake here, with regard to the affront which you affirm I have given you: I can only say, that it could not have been intentional. And as you must be convinced that I should not fear to support a real injury — you shall now see that I am not ashamed to atone for an inadvertency — I ask your pardon. But for this lady, while honoured with her approbation, I will support my claim against any man whatever.

A. Abs. Well said, Jack, and I'll stand by you, my boy.

Acr. Mind, I give up all my claim — I make no pretensions to any thing in the world — and if I can't get a wife, without fighting for her, by my valour! I'll live a bachelor.

Luc. Captain give me your hand — an affront handsomely acknowledged becomes an obligation — and as for the lady — if she chooses to deny her own hand-writing, here — (*Takes out letters.*)

Mal. (*Aside.*) O, he will dissolve my mystery! — Sir Lucius, perhaps there's some mistake — perhaps I can illuminate —

Luc. Pray, old gentlewoman, don't interfere where you have no business. Miss Languish, are you my Delia, or not?

Lyd. Indeed, Sir Lucius, I am not.

(Lydia *and* Absolute *walk aside.*)

Mal. Sir Lucius O'Trigger — ungrateful as you are — I own the soft impeachment — Pardon my blushes, I am Delia.

Luc. You Delia — pho! pho! be easy.

Mal. Why, thou barbarous Vandyke — those letters are mine — When you are more sensible of my benignity — perhaps I may be brought to encourage your addresses.

Luc. Mrs. Malaprop, I am extremely sensible of your condescension, and whether you or Lucy have put this trick upon me, I am equally beholden to you. And, to show you I am not ungrateful, Captain Absolute, since you have taken that lady from me, I'll give you my Delia into the bargain.

C. Abs. I am much obliged to you, Sir Lucius; but here's my friend, fighting Bob, unprovided for.

Luc. Hah! little Valour — here, will you make your fortune?

Acr. Odds wrinkles! No. But give me your hand, Sir Lucius, forget and forgive; but if ever I give you a chance of *pickling* me again, say Bob Acres is a dunce, that's all.

A. Abs. Come, Mrs. Malaprop, don't be cast down — you are in your bloom yet.

Mal. O Sir Anthony! Men are all barbarians.

(*All retire but* Julia *and* Faulkland.)

Jul. (*Aside.*) He seems dejected and unhappy — not sullen — there was some foundation, however, for the tale he told me. O woman! how true should be your judgment, when your resolution is so weak!

Faulk. Julia! how can I sue for what I so little deserve? I dare not presume — yet Hope is the child of Penitence.

Jul. O! Faulkland, you have not been more faulty in your unkind treatment of me, than I am now in wanting inclination to resent it. As my heart honestly bids me place my weakness to the account of love, I should be ungenerous not to admit the same plea for yours.

Faulk. Now I shall be blest indeed!

(Sir Anthony *comes forward.*)

A. Abs. What's going on here? — So, you have been quarrelling too, I warrant. Come, Julia, I never interfered before; but let me have a hand in the matter at last. All the faults I have ever seen in my friend Faulkland seemed to proceed from what he calls the *delicacy* and *warmth* of his affections for you. There, marry him directly, Julia; you'll find he'll mend surprisingly!

(*The rest come forward*)

Luc. Come now, I hope there is no dissatisfied person, but what is content; for as I have been disappointed myself, it will be very hard if I have not the satisfaction of seeing other people succeed better —

Acr. You are right, Sir Lucius. So, Jack, I wish you joy — Mr. Faulkland the same. Ladies, — come now, to show you I'm neither vexed nor angry, odds tabors and pipes! I'll order the fiddles in half an hour to the New Rooms — and I insist on your all meeting me there.

A. Abs. 'Gad! sir, I like your spirit; and at night we single lads will drink a health to the young couples, and a husband to Mrs. Malaprop.

Faulk. Our partners are stolen from us, Jack — I hope to be congratulated by each other — *yours* for having checked in time the errors of an ill-directed imagination, which might have betrayed an innocent heart; and *mine*, for having, by her gentleness and candour, reformed the unhappy temper of one, who by it made wretched whom he loved most, and tortured the heart he ought to have adored.

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C. Abs. Well, Jack, we have both tasted the bitters, as well as the sweets, of love — with this difference only, that *you* always prepared the bitter cup for yourself, while *I* —

Lyd. Was always obliged to *me* for it, hey! Mr. Modesty? But come, no more of that — our happiness is now as unalloyed as general.

Jul. Then let us study to preserve it so: and while hope pictures to us a flattering scene of future bliss, let us deny its pencil those colours which are too bright to be lasting. When hearts deserving happiness would unite their fortunes, virtue would crown them with an unfading garland of modest hurtless flowers; but ill-judging passion will force the gaudier rose into the wreath, whose thorns offend them, when its leaves are dropt!

FIFTH PERIOD.

MODERN LITERATURE.

FROM 1780 TILL THE PRESENT TIME.

I. ENGLISH POETS.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

James Montgomery was born at Irvine in Ayrshire in 1771, and filled between the years 1792 and 1825 the post of Editor of a newspaper in Sheffield during which time he was twice imprisoned for printing political articles of an offending nature; in one of these confinements, 1794 he wrote his 'Prison Amusements'. His first publication in 1806 consisted of a volume of poetry entitled 'The Wanderer in Switzerland and other Poems'. His other works appeared in the following order: 'The West Indies'. 'The World before the Flood', 'Greenland' and 'The Pelican Island' besides which he has written many other smaller poems. The style of his poetry is elevated and of a high religious tone, and his power of description as shown in several of his poems, for instance 'The Pelican Island' and 'Greenland', is of a brilliant nature.

A FIELD FLOWER.

There is a flower, a little flower,
With silver crest and golden eye,
That welcomes every changing hour,
And weathers every sky.

The prouder beauties of the field
In gay but quick succession shine,
Race after race their honours yield,
They flourish and decline.

But this small flower, to Nature dear,
While moons and stars their courses run,
Wreathes the whole circle of the year,
Companion of the sun.

It smiles upon the lap of May,
To sultry August spreads its charms,
Lights pale October on his way,
And twines December's arms.

The purple heath and golden broom,
On moory mountains catch the gale,
O'er lawns the lily sheds perfume,
The violet in the vale.

But this bold floweret climbs the hill,
Hides in the forest, haunts the glen,
Plays on the margin of the rill,
Peeps round the fox's den.

Within the garden's cultured round
It shares the sweet carnation's bed;
And blooms on consecrated ground
In honour of the dead.

The lambkin crops its crimson gem,
The wild-bee murmurs on its breast,
The blue-fly bends its pensile stem,
Light o'er the sky-lark's nest.

'Tis *Flora*'s page: — — in every place
In every season fresh and fair,
It opens with perennial grace,
And blossoms every where.

On waste and woodland, rock and plain,
Its humble buds unheeded rise;
The Rose has but a summer-reign,
The DAISY never dies.

THE GRAVE.

There is a calm for those who weep,
A rest for weary Pilgrims found,
They softly lie and sweetly sleep
Low in the ground.

The storm that wrecks the winter-sky
No more disturbs their deep repose
Than summer-evening's latest sigh
That shuts the rose.

I long to lay this painful head
And aching heart beneath the soil,
To slumber in that dreamless bed
From all my toil.

For Misery stole me at my birth,
And cast me helpless on the wild:
I perish; — O my mother Earth!
Take home thy Child!

On thy dear lap these limbs reclined,
Shall gently moulder into thee;
Nor leave one wretched trace behind
Resembling me.

Hark! — a strange sound affrights mine ear,
My pulse, — my brain runs wild, — I rave;
— Ah! who art thou whose voice I hear?
— — 'I am THE GRAVE!'

FRIENDS.

Friend after friend departs;
Who hath not lost a friend?
There is no union here of hearts,
That finds not here an end:
Were this frail world our only rest,
Living or dying, none were blest.

Beyond the flight of time,
Beyond this vale of death, —
There surely is some blessed clime,
Where life is not a breath;
Nor life's affections transient fire,
Whose sparks fly upward to expire.

There is a world above,
Where parting is unknown, —
A whole eternity of love,
Form'd for the good alone;
And faith beholds the dying here
Translated to that happier sphere.

Thus star by star declines,
Till all are pass'd away,
As morning high and higher shines
To pure and perfect day;
Nor sink those stars in empty night, —
They hide themselves in heaven's own light.

NIGHT.

Night is the time for rest,
How sweet! when labours close,
To gather round an aching breast
The curtain of repose;
Stretch the tired limbs and lay the head
Upon our own delightful bed!

Night is the time for dreams,
The gay romance of life,
When truth that is, and truth that seems,
Blend in fantastic strife.
Ah! visions less beguiling far
Than waking dreams by day-light are.

Night is the time for toil,
To plough the classic field,
Intent to find the buried spoil,
Its wealthy furrows yield,
Till all is ours that sages taught,
That poets sung, or heroes wrought.

Night is the time to weep,
To wet with unseen tears
Those graves of memory where sleep
The joys of other years;
Hopes that were angels in their birth,
But perished young, like things of earth.

Night is the time for care
Brooding on hours misspent;
To see the spectre of despair
Come to our lonely tent;
Like Brutus, midst his slumbering host,
Startled by Cæsar's stalwart ghost.

Night is the time to pray;
Our Saviour oft withdrew
To desert mountains far away,
So will his followers do;
Steal from the throng to haunts untrod,
And hold communion there with God.

Night is the time for death,
When all around is peace,
Calmly to yield the weary breath,
From sin and suffering cease;
Think of heaven's bliss — and give the sign
To parting friends; such death be mine!

HOME.

There is a land, of every land the pride,
Beloved by Heaven o'er all the world beside;

Where brighter suns dispense serener light,
And milder moons emparadise the night;
A land of beauty, virtue, valour, truth,
Time-tutor'd age, and love-exalted youth;
The wandering mariner, whose eye explores
The wealthiest isles, the most enchanting shores,
Views not a realm so bountiful and fair,
Nor breathes the spirit of a purer air;
In every clime the magnet of his soul,
Touch'd by remembrance, trembles to that pole;
For in this land of Heaven's peculiar grace,
The heritage of nature's noblest race,
There is a spot of earth supremely blest,
A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest,
Where man, creation's tyrant, casts aside
His sword and sceptre, pageantry and pride,
While in his soften'd looks benignly blend
The sire, the son, the husband, brother, friend;
Here woman reigns: the mother, daughter, wife,
Strew with fresh flowers the narrow way of life!
In the clear heaven of her delightful eye,
An angel-guard of loves and graces lie;
Around her knees domestic duties meet,
And fireside pleasures gambol at her feet.
Where shall that land, that spot of earth be found?
Art thou a man? — a patriot? — look around;
O, thou shalt find, howe'er thy footsteps roam,
That land *thy* country, and that spot *thy* Home.

TWILIGHT.

I love thee, twilight! as thy shadows roll,
The calm of evening steals upon my soul,
Sublimely tender, solemnly serene,
Still as the hour, enchanting as the scene.
I love thee, twilight! for thy gleams impart
Their dear, their dying influence to my heart,
When o'er the harp of thought thy passing wind
Awakens all the music of the mind,
And joy and sorrow, as the spirit burns,
And hope and memory sweep the chords by turns,
While contemplation, on seraphic wings,
Mounts with the flame of sacrifice, and sings.
Twilight! I love thee; let thy glooms increase,
Till every feeling, every pulse, is peace.
Slow from the sky the light of day declines,
Clearer within, the dawn of glory shines,
Revealing, in the hour of nature's rest,
A world of wonders in the poet's breast;
Deeper, O twilight! then thy shadows roll, —
An awful vision opens on my soul.

JOHN WOLCOT.

(PETER PINDAR.)

Dr John Wolcot, who published his poems under the name of Peter Pindar, was born in Devonshire in 1738, and educated for a physician, in which capacity he accompanied Sir William Trelawney to Jamaica. He there became a clergyman. Upon the death of his patron he returned to England, established himself as a physician, and soon began to occupy himself in writing satire rather freely in the periodicals of the time, especially upon the king, whose peculiarities furnished a fertile subject for his wit. In 1785 Wolcot produced twenty three odes; and between the years 1778 and 1808 appeared sixty of his poetical pamphlets. Of his more extensive works, the best are: 'The Lousiad, a Heroi-comic Poem', 'Peter's Pension', 'Peter's Prophecy', 'Epistle to a Fallen Minister', 'Odes to Kien Long, Emperor of China' &c. He possessed a sharp wit, and a quick sense of the ridiculous. He died on the 14th of January 1819.

THE KNIGHT AND THE RATS.

A knight lived in the west not long ago,
Like knights in general, not o'erwise, I trow —
This knight's great barn was visited by rats,
In spite of poison, gins, and owls, and cats:

Like millers taking toll of the sweet corn,
Caroused they happily from night to morn.
Lo, waxing wrath, that neither gins nor cats,
Nor owls, nor poison, could destroy the rats;
'I'll nab them by a scheme, by Heavens,' quoth he;
So of his neighbourhood he roused the mob,
Farmers and farmer boys, to do this job;
His servants too of high and low degree;
And eke the tribes of dog, by sound of horn,
To kill the rats that dared to taste the corn.
This done, the knight, resolved with godlike ire,
Ran to his kitchen for a stick of fire,
From whence intrepid to the barn he ran,
Much like the Macedonian and fair punk,
Who, at Persepolis so very drunk,
Did with their links the mighty ruin plan.

Now, 'midst the dwelling flew the blazing stick:
Soon from the flames rushed forth the rats so thick;
Men, dogs, and bats, in furious war unite —
The conquered rats lie sprawling on the ground;
The knight, with eyes triumphant, stares around,
Surveys the carnage, and enjoys the fight.

Not e'en Achilles saw, so blest, his blade
Dismiss whole legions to th' infernal shade!
But, lo! at length by this rat-driving flame,
Burnt was the corn — the walls down thundering came;
The meaning of it was not far to learn —
When turning up those billiard-balls, his eyes,
That held a pretty portion of surprise,
'Zounds! what a blockhead; I have burnt the barn!'

A MORAL AFTER-THOUGHT.

Dear Innocence, where'er thou deign'st to dwell,
The Pleasures sport around thy simple cell;
The song of Nature melts from grove to grove,
Perpetual sunshine sits upon thy vale;
Content and ruddy Health thy hamlet hail
And Echo waits upon the voice of Love.
But where — but where is scowling Guilt's abode?
The spectred heath, and Danger's caverned road;
The shuffling monster treads with panting breath —
The cloud-wrapped storm insulting roars around,
Fear pales him at the thunder's awful sound,
He stares with horror on the flash of death.

He calls on Darkness with affright
And bids her pour her deepest night;
Her clouds impenetrable bring,
And hide him with her raven wing.

Are these the pictures? Then I need not muse,
Nor gape, nor ponder, which to choose:
O Innocence, this instant I'm thy slave —
What but the greatest fool would be a knave?

TO A FLY, TAKEN OUT OF A BOWL OF PUNCH.

Ah! poor intoxicated little knave,
Now senseless, floating on the fragrant wave;
Why not content the cakes alone to munch?
Dearly thou pay'st for buzzing round the bowl:
Lost to the world, thou busy, sweet-lipped soul — with punch.
Thus Death, as well as Pleasure, dwells

Now let me take thee out, and moralize. —
Thus 'tis with mortals, as it is with flies,
For ever hankering after Pleasure's cup
Though Fate, with all his legions, be at hand,
The beasts the draught of Circe can't withstand,
But in goes every nose — they must, will sup.

Mad are the passions, as a colt untamed!
When Prudence mounts their backs to ride them mild,
They fling, they snort, they foam, they rise inflamed,
Insisting on their own sole will so wild.
Gadshud! my sprawling friend, thou art not dead;
The fates, so kind, have not yet snipped thy thread;
By Heavens, thou mov'st a leg, and now its brother,
And kicking, lo, again, thou mov'st another!

And now thy little drunken eyes unclose,
And now thou feelest for thy little nose,
And, finding it, thou rubbest thy two hands,
Much as to say, 'I'm glad I'm here again.'
And well mayest thou rejoice — 'tis very plain,
That near wert thou to Death's unsocial lands.

And now thou rollest on thy back about,
Happy to find thyself alive, no doubt —
Now turnest — on the table making rings;
Now crawling, forming a wet track,
Now shaking the rich liquor from thy back,
Now fluttering nectar from thy silken wings:

Now standing on thy head, thy strength to find,
And poking out thy small, long legs behind;
And now thy pinions dost thou briskly ply;
Preparing now to leave me — farewell, fly!

Go, join thy brothers on yon sunny board,
And rapture to thy family afford —
There wilt thou meet a mistress or a wife,
That saw thee drunk, drop senseless in the stream;
Who gave, perhaps, the wide-resounding scream,
And now sits groaning for thy precious life.

Yes, go and carry comfort to thy friends,
And wisely tell them thy imprudence ends.
Let buns and sugar for the future charm;
These will delight, and feed, and work no harm —
Whilst Punch, the grinning, merry imp of sin,
Invites the unwary wanderer to a kiss,
Smiles in his face, as though he meant him bliss,
Then, like an alligator, drags him in.

JOHN LEYDEN.

This inveterate searcher after oriental curiosities was born at Roxborough in 1773. In the wish to educate him for the church his parents placed him 1791 in Edinburgh College, where he acquired a knowledge of the Latin, Greek, French, and Italian languages with astonishing rapidity, and studied Hebrew, Arabic and Persian; he distinguished himself also in mathematics and several other sciences. On leaving college, Leyden became a private tutor; and whilst in this position, published 1799 his 'Discovaries and Settlaments of the Europeans in Northern and Western Africa.' In 1800 he was ordained, but still continued his literary pursuits, and issued a new edition of a poem written about 1548 called 'The complaint of Scotland'. In 1802 Leyden left England for Madras with a fleet of Indiamen, in the capacity of assistant surgeon, for which office he had qualified himself in the space of six months He was appointed a professor in the Bengal college, but left this post to occupy that of a Judge in Calcutta. During all this time he pursued with unceasing attention the study of the oriental languages; and indeed his eagerness in search of information was the cause of his death, the circumstances of which are the following. He heard that an old library which had been closed for a long period and had not been at all ventilated, contained some interesting old oriental manuscripts. He hurried to the place and entered the rooms full of the sickly air peculiar to Batavia, caught a fever and died three days afterwards, August 28th 1811. His longest poem is 'The Scenes of Infancy', written with a great deal of talent.

THE MERMAID.

On Jura's heath how sweetly swell
The murmurs of the mountain bee!
How softly mourns the writhed shell
Of Jura's shore, its parent sea!

But softer floating o'er the deep,
The Mermaid's sweet sea-soothing lay,
That charmed the dancing waves to sleep,
Before the bark of Colonsay.

Aloft the purple pennons wave,
As, parting gay from Crinan's shore,
From Morven's wars, the seamen brave
Their gallant chieftain homeward bore.

In youth's gay bloom, the brave Macphail
Still blamed the lingering bark's delay:
For her he chid the flagging sail,
The lovely maid of Colonsay.

'And raise,' he cried, 'the song of love,
The maiden sung with tearful smile,
When first, o'er Jura's hills to rove,
We left afar the lonely isle!

'When on this ring of ruby red
Shall die,' she said, 'the crimson hue,
Know that thy favourite fair is dead,
Or proves to thee and love untrue.'

Now, lightly poised, the rising oar
Disperses wide the foamy spray,
And echoing far o'er Crinan's shore,
Resounds the song of Colonsay.

'Softly blow, thou western breeze,
Softly rustle through the sail!
Soothe to rest the furrowy seas,
Before my love, sweet western gale!

Where the wave is tinged with red,
And the russet sea-leaves grow,
Mariners, with prudent dread,
Shun the shelving reefs below.

As you pass through Jura's sound,
Bend your course by Scarba's shore;
Shun, O shun, the gulf profound,
Where Corrievreckin's surges roar!

If from that unbottomed deep,
With wrinkled form and wreathed train,
O'er the verge of Scarba's steep,
The sea-snake heave his snowy mane,

Unwarp, unwind his oozy coils,
Sea-green sisters of the main,
And in the gulf where ocean boils,
The unwieldy wallowing monster chain.

Softly blow, thou western breeze,
Softly rustle through the sail!
Soothe to rest the furrowed seas,
Before my love, sweet western gale!'

Thus all to soothe the chieftain's wo,
Far from the maid he loved so dear,
The song arose, so soft and slow,
He seemed her parting sigh to hear.

The lonely deck he paces o'er,
Impatient for the rising day,
And still from Crinan's moonlight shore,
He turns his eyes to Colonsay.

The moonbeams crisp the curling surge,
That streaks with foam the ocean green;
While forward still the rowers urge
Their course, a female form was seen.

That sea-maid's form of pearly light,
Was whiter than the downy spray,
And round her bosom, heaving bright,
Her glossy yellow ringlets play.

Borne on a foamy crested wave,
She reached amain the bounding prow,
Then clasping fast the chieftain brave,
She, plunging, sought the deep below.

Ah! long beside thy feigned bier,
The monks the prayer of death shall say,
And long for thee the fruitless tear,
Shall weep the maid of Colonsay!

But downward like a powerless corse,
The eddying waves the chieftain bear;
He only heard the moaning hoarse
Of waters murmuring in his ear.

The murmurs sink by slow degrees,
No more the waters round him rave;
Lulled by the music of the seas,
He lies within a coral cave.

In dreamy mood reclines he long,
Nor dares his tranced eyes unclose,
Till, warbling wild, the sea-maid's song
Far in the crystal cavern rose.

Soft as that harp's unseen control,
In morning dreams which lovers hear,
Whose strains steal sweetly o'er the soul,
But never reach the waking ear.

As sunbeams through the tepid air,
When clouds dissolve the dews unseen,
Smile on the flowers that bloom more fair,
And fields that glow with livelier green —

So melting soft the music fell;
It seemed to soothe the fluttering spray —
'Say, heard'st thou not these wild notes swell?
Ah! 'tis the song of Colonsay.'

Like one that from a fearful dream
Awakes, the morning light to view,
And joys to see the purple beam,
Yet fears to find the vision true,

He heard that strain, so wildly sweet,
Which bade his torpid languor fly;
He feared some spell had bound his feet,
And hardly dared his limbs to try.

'This yellow sand, this sparry cave,
Shall bend thy soul to beauty's sway;
Can'st thou the maiden of the wave
Compare to her of Colonsay?'

Roused by that voice of silver sound,
From the paved floor he lightly sprung,
And glancing wild his eyes around
Where the fair nymph her tresses wrung,

No form he saw of mortal mould;
It shone like ocean's snowy foam;
Her ringlets waved in living gold,
Her mirror crystal, pearl the comb.

Her pearly comb the siren took,
And careless bound her tresses wild;
Still o'er the mirror stole her look,
As on the wondering youth she smiled

Like music from the greenwood tree,
Again she raised the melting lay;
'Fair warrior, wilt thou dwell with me,
And leave the maid of Colonsay!

Fair is the crystal hall for me
With rubies and with emeralds set;
And sweet the music of the sea
Shall sing, when we for love are met.

How sweet to dance with gliding feet
Along the level tide so green,
Responsive to the cadence sweet
That breathes along the moonlight scene!

And soft the music of the main
Rings from the motley tortoise-shell,
While moonbeams o'er the watery plain
Seem trembling in its fitful swell.

How sweet, when billows heave their head,
And shake their snowy crests on high,
Serene in Ocean's sapphire-bed
Beneath the tumbling surge to lie;

To trace, with tranquil step, the deep,
Where pearly drops of frozen dew
In concave shells unconscious sleep,
Or shine with lustre, silvery blue!

Then all the summer sun, from far,
Pour through the wave a softer ray;
While diamonds in a bower of spar,
At eve shall shed a brighter day.

Nor stormy winds, nor wintry gale,
That o'er the angry ocean sweep,
Shall e'er our coral groves assail,
Calm in the bosom of the deep.

Through the green meads beneath the sea,
Enamoured we shall fondly stray —
Then, gentle warrior, dwell with me,
And leave the maid of Colonsay!'

'Though bright thy locks of glistering gold,
Fair maiden of the foamy main!
Thy life-blood is the water cold,
While mine beats high in every vein:

If I, beneath thy sparry cave,
Should in thy snowy arms recline,
Inconstant as the restless wave,
My heart would grow as cold as thine.'

As cygnet down, proud swelled her breast,
Her eye confessed the pearly tear:
His hand she to her bosom pressed,
'Is there no heart for rapture here?

These limbs, sprung from the lucid sea,
Does no warm blood their currents fill,
No heart-pulse riot, wild and free,
To joy, to love's delicious thrill?'

'Though all the splendour of the sea
Around thy faultless beauty shine,
That heart, that riots wild and free,
Can hold no sympathy with mine.

These sparkling eyes, so wild and gay,
They swim not in the light of love;
The beauteous maid of Colonsay,
Her eyes are milder than the dove!

Even now, within the lonely isle,
Her eyes are dim with tears for me;
And canst thou think that siren smile
Can lure my soul to dwell with thee?'

An oozy film her limbs o'erspread,
Unfolds in length her scaly train;
She tossed in proud disdain her head,
And lashed with webbed fin the main.

'Dwell here alone!' the Mermaid cried,
'And view far off the sea-nymphs play;
The prison-wall, the azure tide,
Shall bar thy steps from Colonsay.

Whene'er, like ocean's scaly brood,
I cleave with rapid fin the wave,
Far from the daughter of the flood,
Conceal thee in this coral cave.

I feel my former soul return,
It kindles at thy cold disdain;
And has a mortal dared to spurn
A daughter of the foamy main!'

She fled, around the crystal cave
The rolling waves resume their road;
On the broad portal idly rave,
But enter not the nymph's abode.

And many a weary night went by,
As in the lonely cave he lay;
And many a sun rolled through the sky,
And poured its beams on Colonsay.

And oft beneath the silver moon,
He heard afar the Mermaid sing;
And oft to many a meting tune,
The shell-formed lyres of ocean ring.

And when the moon went down the sky,
Still rose, in dreams, his native plain,
And oft he thought his love was by,
And charmed him with some tender strain.

And heart-sick, oft he waked to weep,
When ceased that voice of silver sound,
And thought to plunge him in the deep
That walled his crystal cavern round.

But still the ring, of ruby red,
Retained its vivid crimson hue,
And each despairing accent fled,
To find his gentle love so true.

When seven long lonely months were gone,
The Mermaid to his cavern came,
No more misshapen from the zone,
But like a maid of mortal frame.

'O give to me that ruby ring,
That on thy finger glances gay,
And thou shalt hear the Mermaid sing
The song thou lov'st of Colonsay.'

'This ruby ring, of crimson grain,
Shall on thy finger glitter gay,
If thou wilt bear me through the main
Again to visit Colonsay.'

'Except thou quit thy former love,
Content to dwell for aye with me,
Thy scorn my finny frame might move
To tear thy limbs amid the sea.'

'Then bear me swift along the main,
The lonely isle again to see,
And when I here return again,
I plight my faith to dwell with thee.'

An oozy film her limbs o'erspread,
While slow unfolds her scaly train;
With gluey fangs her hands were clad;
She lashed with webbed fin the main.

He grasps the Mermaid's scaly sides,
As with broad fin she oars her way;
Beneath the silent moon she glides,
That sweetly sleeps on Colonsay.

Proud swells her heart! she deems at last
To lure him with her silver tongue,
And, as the shelving rocks she passed,
She raised her voice, and sweetly sung.

In softer, sweeter strains she sung,
Slow gliding o'er the moonlight bay,
When light to land the chieftain sprung,
To hail the maid of Colonsay.

O sad the Mermaid's gay notes fell,
And sadly sink remote at sea!
So sadly mourns the writhed shell
Of Jura's shore, its parent sea.

And ever as the year returns,
The charm-bound sailors know the day;
For sadly still the Mermaid mourns
The lovely chief of Colonsay.

THE EVENING STAR

How sweet thy modest light to view,
Fair star! to love and lovers dear;
While trembling on the falling dew,
Like beauty shining through the tear.

Or hanging o'er that mirror-stream
To mark each image trembling there,
Thou seem'st to smile with softer gleam
To see thy lovely face so fair.

Though, blazing o'er the arch of night,
The moon thy timid beams outshine
As far as thine each starry light —
Her rays can never vie with thine.

Thine are the soft enchanting hours
When twilight lingers on the plain,
And whispers to the closing flow'rs,
That soon the sun will rise again.

Thine is the breeze that, murmuring bland
As music, wafts the lover's sigh;
And bids the yielding heart expand
In love's delicious ecstasy.

Fair star! though I be doom'd to prove
That rapture's tears are mix'd with pain;
Ah! still I feel 'tis sweet to love, —
But sweeter to be lov'd again.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

Sir Walter Scott, born in Edinburgh 1771, was the son of a writer to the signet. In his earliest years he acquired that taste of chivalry and chivalrous literature which he developed to such a high degree in after life. In 1779 he entered the High School in Edinburgh and 1783 passed to the University where, however, he did not distinguish himself particularly in his studies. In 1792 he became a lawyer, in which profession, although not brilliant, he still made no mean figure. But this employment not suiting his fancy, he turned his attention to authorship. His first attempt at literary production was in the form of translations from the German amongst which is Goethe's 'Goetz von Berlichingen', and his second a series of old Scotch ballads and romances, under the title of, 'The Minstrelsy of the Scottish border'. In 1797, Scott married a young lady named Carpenter with whom he led a domestic and quiet life and commenced those works which have rendered his name almost as famous as that of Shakspeare. In 1805 appeared his first great poetical work: 'The Lay of the last Minstrel', a tale of chivalry of the Middle Ages, which is supposed to be related by a wandering minstrel, the last of this once honoured class of bards. The versification of this poem and of the majority of Scott's poetry is the rhymed octosyllabic couplet. In 1808 appeared 'Marmion' a somewhat similar poem to the Lay of the last Minstrel and in which the Battle of Flodden Field is described in glowing colours. Two years later the Lady of the Lake, perhaps Scott's finest poem, was published. The scenes pictured in this work refer chiefly to the adventures of king James and take place principally in the country lying around Loch Katrine. After publishing several other poems, Scott saw that in poetry he would be surpassed by Byron, who was becoming the universal favourite. On this account he turned his genius to prose writing, and published in quick succession the Waverley novels so called from 'Waverley', the first which appeared. These treat of all subjects, but principally historical, in a most masterly style, and it has been said that Scott's prose is even more poetical than his poetry. In the midst of his career he had the misfortune to sink from a state of ease and comfort (as regards his pecuniary affairs) to one of great poverty, and some idea may be formed of his losses when we state that his liabilities were upwards of *L.* 117,000. When Scott was made aware of the state of his affairs he abandoned his former manner of living, conceived the idea of paying this enormous debt by means of his talents and therefore retired into a small lodging in Edinburgh where he wrote till he had paid (in 6 years) almost the whole sum. But the task he had undertaken was too great, it shattered his mental and bodily constitution, and in the year 1832 he died in delirium.

THE LADY OF THE LAKE.

Invocation.

Harp of the North! that mouldering long hast hung
On the witch-elm that shades Saint Fillan's spring,
And down the fitful breeze thy numbers flung,
Till envious ivy did around thee cling,
Muffling with verdant ringlet every string, —
O Minstrel Harp, still must thine accents sleep?
Mid rustling leaves and fountains murmuring,
Still must thy sweeter sounds their silence keep,
Nor bid a warrior smile, nor teach a maid to weep?
Not thus, in ancient days of Caledon,
Was thy voice mute amid the festal crowd,
When lay of hopeless love, or glory won,
Aroused the fearful, or subdued the proud.
At each according pause, was heard aloud
Thine ardent symphony sublime and high!
Fair dames and crested chiefs attention bow'd;
For still the burthen of thy minstrelsy
Was Knighthood's dauntless deed, and Beauty's matchless eye.

O wake once more! how rude soe'er the hand
That ventures o'er thy magic maze to stray;
O wake once more! though scarce my skill command
Some feeble echoing of thine earlier lay:
Though harsh and faint, and soon to die away,
And all unworthy of thy nobler strain,
Yet if one heart throb higher at its sway,
The wizard note has not been touch'd in vain.
Then silent be no more! Enchantress, wake again!

The Chase.

The stag at eve had drunk his fill,
Where danced the moon on Monan's rill,
And deep his midnight lair had made
In lone Glenartney's hazel-shade;
But, when the sun his beacon red
Had kindled on Benvoirlich's head,
The deep-mouth'd blood-hound's heavy bay
Resounded up the rocky way,
And faint, from farther distance borne,
Were heard the clanging hoof and horn.

As Chief, who hears his warder call,
'To arms! the foemen storm the wall,'
The antler'd monarch of the waste
Sprung from his heathery couch in haste.
But, ere his fleet career he took,
The dew-drops from his flanks he shook;
Like crested leader proud and high,
Tossed his beam'd frontlet to the sky;
A moment gazed adown the dale,
A moment snuff'd the tainted gale,
A moment listen'd to the cry,
That thicken'd as the chase drew nigh;

Then, as the headmost foes appear'd,
With one brave bound the copse he clear'd
And, stretching forward free and far,
Sought the wild heaths of Uam-Var.

Yelled on the view the opening pack,
Rock, glen, and cavern paid them back;
To many a mingled sound at once
The awaken'd mountain gave response;
An hundred dogs bayed deep and strong.
Clatter'd an hundred steeds along,
Their peal the merry horns rung out,
An hundred voices join'd the shout;
With hark and whoop and wild halloo,
No rest Benvoirlich's echoes knew.
Far from the tumult fled the roe,
Close in her covert cower'd the doe,
The falcon, from her cairn on high,
Cast on the rout a wondering eye,
Till far beyond her piercing ken
The hurricane had swept the glen.
Faint, and more faint, its failing din
Returned from cavern, cliff, and linn,
And silence settled, wide and still,
On the lone wood and mighty hill.

Less loud the sounds of sylvan war
Disturbed the heights of Uam-Var,
And roused the cavern, where 'tis told
A giant made his den of old;
For ere that steep ascent was won,
High in his path-way hung the sun,
And many a gallant, stay'd per-force,
Was fain to breathe his faultering horse;
And of the trackers of the deer
Scarce half the lessening pack was near;
So shrewdly, on the mountain-side,
Had the bold hurst their mettle tried

The noble Stag was pausing now
Upon the mountain's southern brow,
Where broad extended, far beneath,
The varied realms of fair Menteith.
With anxious eye he wander'd o'er
Mountain and meadow, moss and moor,
And pondered refuge from his toil,
By far Lochard or Aberfoyle.
But nearer was the copse-wood gray
That waved and wept on Loch-Achray,
And mingled with the pine-trees blue
On the bold cliffs of Ben-venue.
Fresh vigour with the hope return'd,
With flying foot the heath he spurn'd,
Held westward with unwearied race,
And left behind the panting chase.

'Twere long to tell what steeds gave o'er,
As swept the hunt through Cambus-more;
What reins were tightened in despair,
When rose Benledi's ridge in air:
Who flagg'd upon Bochastle's heath,
Who shunned to stem the flooded Teith, —
For twice, that day, from shore to shore,
The gallant stag swam stoutly o'er.
Few were the stragglers, following far,
That reach'd the lake of Vennachar;
And when the Brigg of Turk was won,
The headmost horseman rode alone.

Alone, but with unhated zeal,
That horseman plied the scourge and steel;
For, jaded now, and spent with toil,
Embossed with foam, and dark with soil,
While every gasp with sobs he drew,
The laboring Stag strain'd full in view.
Two dogs of black Saint Hubert's breed,
Unmatch'd for courage, breath, and speed,
Fast on his flying traces came,
And all but won that desperate game;
For, scarce a spear's length from his haunch,
Vindictive toil'd the blood-hounds staunch,
Nor nearer might the dogs attain,
Nor farther might the quarry strain.
Thus up the margin of the lake,
Between the precipice and brake,
O'er stock and rock their race they take.

The Hunter mark'd that mountain high,
The lone lake's western boundary,
And deem'd the Stag must turn to bay,
Where that huge rampart barr'd the way;
Already glorying in the prize,
Measured his antlers with his eyes;
For the death-wound, and death-halloo,
Muster'd his breath, his whinyard drew;
But thundering as he came prepared,
With ready arm and weapon bared,
The wily quarry shunn'd the shock,
And turn'd him from the opposing rock;
Then, dashing down a darksome glen,
Soon lost to hound and hunter's ken,
In the deep Trosach's wildest nook
His solitary refuge took.
There while, close couch'd, the thicket shed
Cold dews and wild flowers on his head,
He heard the baffled dogs in vain
Rave through the hollow pass amain,
Chiding the rocks that yell'd again.

Close on the hounds the hunter came,
To cheer them on the vanish'd game;
But, stumbling in the rugged dell,
The gallant horse exhausted fell.
The impatient rider strove in vain
To rouse him with the spur and rein,
For the good steed, his labours o'er,
Stretch'd his stiff limbs to rise no more;
Then, touch'd with pity and remorse,
He sorrow'd o'er the expiring horse.
'I little thought, when first thy rein
I slack'd upon the banks of Seine,
That Highland eagle e'er should feed
On thy fleet limbs, my matchless steed!

Woe worth the chase, woe worth the day,
That costs thy life, my gallant gray!' —

Then through the dell his horn resounds,
From vain pursuit to call the hounds.
Back limped, with slow and crippled pace,
The sulky leaders of the chase;
Close to their master's side they pressed,
With drooping tail and hnmbled crest;
But still the dingle's hollow throat
Prolonged the swelling hngle-note.
The owlets started from their dream,
The eagles answered with their scream,
Round and around the sounds were cast,
Till echo seemed an answering blast;
And on the hunter hied his way,
To join some comrades of the day;
Yet often paused, so strange the road,
So wondrous were the scenes it show'd.

The western waves of ebbing day
Rolled o'er the glen their level way;
Each purple peak, each flinty spire
Was bathed in floods of living fire.
But not a setting beam could glow
Within the dark ravines below,
Where twined the path, in shadow hid,
Round many a rocky pyramid,
Shooting abruptly from the dell
Its thunder-splinter'd pinnacle;
Round many an insulated mass,
The native bulwarks of the pass,
Huge as the tower which builders vain
Presumptuous piled on Shinar's plain.
The rocky summits, split and rent,
Form'd turret, dome, or battlement,
Or seem'd fantastically set
With cupola or minaret,
Wild crests as pagod ever deck'd,
Or mosque of eastern architect.
Nor were these earth-born castles bare,
Nor lack'd they many a banner fair;
For, from their shiver'd brows display'd,
Far o'er the unfathomable glade,
All twinkling with the dew-drops sheen,
The briar-rose fell in streamers green,
And creeping shrubs, of thousand dyes,
Waved in the west-wind's summer-sighs.

Boon nature scattered, free and wild,
Each plant or flower, the mountain's child.
Here eglantine embalm'd the air,
Hawthorn and hazel mingled there;
The primrose pale, and violet flower,
Found in each cliff a narrow bower:
Fox-glove and nightshade, side by side,
Emblems of punishment and pride,
Group'd their dark hues with every stain
The weather beaten crags retain.
With boughs that quaked at every breath,
Gray birch and aspen wept beneath.
Aloft, the ash and warrior oak
Cast anchor in the rifted rock;
And, higher yet, the pine-tree hung
His shatter'd trunk, and frequent flung,
Where seemed the cliffs to meet on high,
His boughs athwart the narrow'd sky.
Highest of all, where white peaks glanced,
Where glist'ning streamers waved and danced,
The wanderer's eye could barely view
The summer-heaven's delicious blue;
So wondrous wild, the whole might seem
The scenery of a fairy dream.

Onward, amid the copse 'gan peep
A narrow inlet, still and deep,
Affording scarce such breadth of brim,
As served the wild-duck's brood to swim;
Lost for a space, through thickets veering,
But broader when again appearing,
Tall rocks and tufted knolls their face
Could on the dark blue mirror trace;
And farther as the hunter stray'd,
Still broader sweep its channels made.
The shaggy mounds no longer stood,
Emerging from entangled wood,
But, wave-encircled, seem'd to float,
Like castle girdled with its moat;
Yet broader floods extending still,
Divide them from their parent-hill,
Till each, retiring, claims to be
An islet in an inland-sea.

And now, to issue from the glen,
No pathway meets the wanderer's ken,
Unless he climb, with toiling nice,
A far projecting precipice.
The broom's tough roots his ladder made,
The hazel-saplings lent their aid;
And thus an airy point he won,
Where, gleaming with the setting sun,
One burnish'd sheet of living gold,
Loch-Katrine lay beneath him rolled;
In all her length far winding lay,
With promontory, creek, and bay,
And islands that, empurpled bright,
Floated amid the livelier light;
And mountains, that like giants stand,
To sentinel enchanted land.
High on the south, huge Ben-venue
Down on the lake in masses threw
Crags, knolls, and mounds, confusedly hurl'd,
The fragments of an earlier world;
A wildering forest feathered o'er
His ruined sides and summit hoar,
While on the north, through middle air,
Ben-an heaved high his forehead bare.

From the steep promontory gazed
The Stranger, raptured and amazed.
And, 'What a scene were here,' he cried,
'For princely pomp or churchman's pride!

On this bold brow, a lordly tower;
In that soft vale, a lady's bower;
On yonder meadow, far away,
The turrets of a cloister gray.
How blithely might the bugle-horn
Chide, on the lake, the lingering morn!
How sweet, at eve, the lover's lute
Chime, when the groves were still and mute!
And, when the midnight-moon should lave
Her forehead in the silver wave,
How solemn on the ear would come
The holy matins' distant hum!
While the deep peal's commanding tone
Should wake, in yonder islet lone,
A sainted hermit from his cell,
To drop a bead with every knell —
And bugle, lute, and bell, and all,
Should each bewildered stranger call
To friendly feast and lighted hall.

'Blithe were it then to wander here!
But now, — beshrew yon nimble deer, —
Like that same hermit's, thin and spare,
The copse must give my evening-fare,
Some mossy bank my couch must be,
Some rustling oak my canopy.
Yet pass we that; — the war and chase
Give little choice of resting-place; —
A summer-night, in green-wood spent,
Were but to-morrow's merriment;
But hosts may in these wilds abound,
Such as are better miss'd than found;
To meet with Highland-plunderers here
Were worse than loss of steed or deer. —
I am alone; — my bugle strain
May call some straggler of the train;
Or, fall the worst that may betide,
Ere now this faulchion has been tried.' —

But scarce again his horn he wound,
When lo! forth starting at the sound,
From underneath an aged oak,
That slanted from the islet-rock,
A Damsel guider of its way,
A little skiff shot to the bay,
That round the promontory steep
Led its deep line in graceful sweep,
Eddying, in almost viewless wave,
The weeping willow-twig to lave,
And kiss, with whispering sound and slow,
The beach of pebbles bright as snow.
The boat had touch'd this silver strand,
Just as the Hunter left his stand,
And stood concealed amid the brake,
To view this Lady of the Lake.
The maiden paused, as if again
She thought to catch the distant strain.
With head up-raised, and look intent,
And eye and ear attentive bent,
And locks flung back, and lips apart,
Like monument of Grecian art,
In listening mood, she seemed to stand
The guardian Naiad of the strand.

And ne'er did Grecian chisel trace
A Nymph, a Naiad, or a Grace,
Of finer form, or lovelier face!
What though the sun, with ardent frown,
Had slightly tinged her cheek with brown, —
The sportive toil, which, short and light,
Had dyed her glowing hue so bright,
Served too in hastier swell to show
Short glimpses of a breast of snow:
What though no rule of courtly grace
To measured mood had train'd her pace —
A foot more light, a step more true,
Ne'er from the heath-flower dashed the dew;
E'en the slight hare-bell raised its head,
Elastic from her airy tread:
What though upon her speech there hung
The accents of the mountain tongue, —
Those silver sounds, so soft, so dear,
The list'ner held his breath to hear.

A Chieftain's daughter seem'd the maid;
Her satin snood, her silken plaid,
Her golden brooch, such birth betray'd,
And seldom was a snood amid
Such wild luxuriant ringlets hid,
Whose glassy black to shame might bring
The plumage of the raven's wing;
And seldom o'er a breast so fair,
Mantled a plaid with modest care,
And never brooch the fold combined
Above a heart more good and kind.
Her kindness and her worth to spy,
You need but gaze on Ellen's eye;
Not Katrine, in her mirror blue,
Gives back the shaggy banks more true,
Than every free-born glance confess'd
The guileless movements of her breast;
Whether joy danced in her dark eye,
Or woe or pity claim'd a sigh,
Or filial love was glowing there,
Or meek devotion pour'd a prayer,
Or tale of injury call'd forth
The indignant spirit of the North.
One only passion, unreveal'd,
With maiden-pride the maid conceal'd,
Yet not less purely felt the flame; —
O need I tell that passion's name!

Impatient of the silent horn,
Now on the gale her voice was borne: —
'Father,' she cried, the rocks around
Loved to prolong the gentle sound.
A while she paused, no answer came, —
'Malcolm, was thine the blast?' the name
Less resolutely utter'd fell,
The echoes could not catch the swell.
'A stranger I,' the Huntsman said,
Advancing from the hazel-shade,

The maid, alarmed, with hasty oar
Pushed her light shallop from the shore,
And when a space was gain'd between,
Closer she drew her bosom's screen;
(So forth the startled swan would swing,
So turn to prune his ruffled wing,)
Then safe, though fluttered and amazed,
She paused, and on the stranger gazed.
Not his the form, nor his the eye,
That youthful maidens wont to fly.

On his bold visage middle age
Had slightly pressed its signet sage,
Yet had not quenched the open truth,
And fiery vehemence of youth;
Forward and frolic glee was there,
The will to do, the soul to dare,
The sparkling glance, soon blown to fire,
Of hasty love, or headlong ire.
His limbs were cast in manly mould,
For hardy sports, or contest hold;
And though in peaceful garb arrayed
And weaponless, except his blade,
His stately mien as well implied
A high-born heart, a martial pride,
As if a baron's crest he wore,
And sheathed in armour trod the shore.
Slighting the petty need he showed,
He told of his benighted road;
His ready speech flowed fair and free,
In phrase of gentlest courtesy;
Yet seemed that tone, and gesture bland,
Less used to sue than to command.

A while the maid the Stranger eyed,
And, reassured, at length replied,
That Highland halls were open still
To wildered wanderers of the hill.
'Nor think you unexpected come
To yon lone isle, our desert home;
Before the heath had lost the dew,
This morn, a couch was pull'd for you;
On yonder mountain's purple head
Have ptarmigan and heath-cock bled,
And our broad nets have swept the mere
To furnish forth your evening cheer.' —
'Now, by the rood my lovely maid,
Your courtesy has err'd,' he said;
'No right have I to claim, misplaced,
The welcome of expected guest.
A wanderer, here by fortune tost,
My way, my friends, my courser lost,
I ne'er before, believe me, fair,
Have ever drawn your mountain air,
Till on this lake's romantic strand,
I found a fay in fairy-land.' —

'I well believe,' the maid replied,
As her light skiff approached the side, —
'I well believe, that ne'er before
Your foot has trod Loch-Katrine's shore;
But yet, as far as yesternight,
Old Allan-bane foretold your plight, —
A grey-hair'd sire, whose eye intent
Was on the vision'd future bent.
He saw your steed, a dappled gray,
Lie dead beneath the birchen way;
Painted exact your form and mien,
Your hunting-suit of Lincoln green,
That tassell'd horn so gaily gilt,
That falchion's crooked blade and hilt,
That cap with heron-plumage trim,
And yon two hounds so dark and grim.
He bade that all should ready be,
To grace a guest of fair degree;
But light I held his prophecy,
And deemed it was my father's horn,
Whose echoes o'er the lake were borne.' —

The stranger smiled: — 'Since to your home
A destined errant knight I come,
Announced by prophet sooth and old,
Doomed, doubtless, for achievement bold,
I'll lightly front each high emprize,
For one kind glance of those bright eyes.
Permit me, first, the task to guide
Your fairy-frigate o'er the tide.'
The maid, with smile suppressed and sly,
The toil unwonted saw him try;
For seldom, sure, if e'er before,
His noble hand had grasped an oar:
Yet with main strength his strokes he drew,
And o'er the lake the shallop flew:
With heads erect, and whimpering cry,
The hounds behind their passage ply,
Nor frequent does the bright oar break
The darkening mirror of the lake,
Until the rocky isle they reach,
And moor their shallop on the beach.

The stranger viewed the shore around;
'Twas all so close with copse-wood bound
Nor track nor path-way might declare
That human foot frequented there,
Until the mountain-maiden showed
A clambering unsuspected road,
That winded through the tangled screen,
And open'd on a narrow green,
Where weeping birch and willow round
With their long fibres swept the ground.
Here, for retreat in dangerous hour,
Some chief had framed a rustic bower.

It was a lodge of ample size,
But strange of structure and device;
Of such materials, as around
The workman's hand had readiest found.
Lopp'd of their boughs, their hoar trunks bared,
And by the hatchet rudely squared,
To give the walls their destined height,
The sturdy oak and ash unite;
While moss and clay and leaves combined
To fence each crevice from the wind.

The lighter pine-trees, over head,
Their slender length for rafters spread,
And withered heath and rushes dry
Supplied a russet canopy.
Due westward, fronting to the green,
A rural portico was seen,
Aloft on native pillars borne,
Of mountain fir with bark unshorn,
Where Ellen's hand had taught to twine
The ivy and Idaean vine,
The clematis, the favoured flower
Which boasts the name of virgin-bower,
And every hardy plant could bear
Loch-Katrine's keen and searching air.
An instant in this porch she staid,
And gaily to the Stranger said,
'On heaven and on thy lady call,
And enter the enchanted hall!' —

'My hope, my heaven, my trust must be,
My gentle guide, in following thee.' —
He crossed the threshold — and a clang
Of angry steel that instant rang.
To his bold brow his spirit rushed,
But soon for vain alarm he blushed,
When on the floor he saw displayed,
Cause of the din, a naked blade
Dropped from the sheath, that careless flung
Upon a stag's huge antlers swung;
For all around, the walls to grace,
Hung trophies of the fight or chase;
A target there, a bugle here,
A battle-axe, a hunting spear,
And broad-swords, bows, and arrows store,
With the tusk'd trophies of the boar.
Here grins the wolf as when he died,
And there the wild-cat's brindled hide
The frontlet of the elk adorns,
Or mantles o'er the bison's horns;
Pennons and flags defaced and stain'd,
That blackening streaks of blood retain'd,
And deer-skins, dappled, dun, and white,
With otter's fur and seal's unite,
In rude and unconth tapestry all,
To garnish forth the sylvan hall.

The wondering Stranger round him gazed,
And next the fallen weapon raised: —
Few were the arms whose sinewy strength
Sufficed to stretch it forth at length.
And as the brand he poised and swayed,
'I never knew but one', he said,
'Whose stalwart arm might brook to wield
A blade like this in battle-field,' —
She sigh'd, then smiled and took the word;
'Yon see the guardian champion's sword:
As light it trembles in his hand,
As in my grasp a hazel wand;
My sire's tall form might grace the part
Of Ferragus, or Ascabart;
But in the absent giant's hold
Are women now, and menials old.' —

The mistress of the mansion came,
Mature of age, a graceful dame;
Whose easy step and stately port
Had well become a princely court,
To whom, though more than kindred knew,
Young Ellen gave a mother's due.
Meet welcome to her guest she made,
And every courteous rite was paid,
That hospitality could claim,
Though all unask'd his birth and name.
Such then the reverence to a guest,
That fellest foe might join the feast,
And from his deadliest foeman's door
Unquestion'd turn, the banquet o'er.
At length his rank the Stranger names,
'The knight of Snowdoun, James Fitz-James;
Lord of a barren heritage,
Which his brave sires, from age to age,
By their good swords had held with toil;
His sire had fallen in such turmoil,
And he, God wot, was forced to stand
Oft for his right with blade in hand.
This morning with Lord Moray's train
He chased a stalwart stag in vain,
Out-stripped his comrades, missed the deer,
Lost his good steed, and wandered here.' —

Fain would the Knight in turn require
The name and state of Ellen's sire;
Well shew'd the elder lady's mien,
That courts and cities she had seen;
Ellen, though more her looks display'd
The simple grace of sylvan maid,
In speech and gesture, form and face,
Shew'd she was come of gentle race;
'Twere strange in ruder rank to find
Such looks, such manners, and such mind.
Each hint the Knight of Snowdoun gave,
Dame Margaret heard with silence grave;
Or Ellen, innocently gay,
Turn'd all inquiry light away: —
'Weierd women we: by dale and down
We dwell, afar from tower and town.
We stem the flood, we ride the blast,
On wandering knights our spell we cast;
While viewless minstrels touch the string,
'Tis thus our charmed rhymes we sing.' —
She sung, and still a harp unseen
Filled up the symphony between.

Song.

'Soldier, rest! thy warfare o'er,
Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking;
Dream of battled fields no more,
Days of danger, nights of waking.
In our isle's enchanted hall,
Hands unseen thy couch are strewing,
Fairy strains of music fall,
Every sense in slumber dewing.

Soldier, rest! thy warfare o'er,
Dream of fighting fields no more;
Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking,
Morn of toil, nor night of waking.
No rude sound shall reach thine ear,
Armour's clang, or war-steed champing,
Trump nor pibroch summon here
Mustering clan, or squadron tramping.
Yet the lark's shrill fife may come
At the day-break from the fallow,
And the bittern sound his drum,
Booming from the sedgy shallow.
Ruder sounds shall none be near,
Guards nor warders challenge here,
Here's no war-steed's neigh and champing,
Shouting clans or squadrons stamping.' —

She paused — then, blushing, led the lay
To grace the stranger of the day.
Her mellow notes awhile prolong
The cadence of the flowing song,
Till to her lips in measured frame
The minstrel-verse spontaneous came.

Song continued.

'Huntsman, rest! thy chase is done,
While our slumbrous spells assail ye,
Dream not, with the rising sun,
Bugles here shall sound reveillie.
Sleep! the deer is in his den;
Sleep! thy hounds are by thee lying;
Sleep! nor dream in yonder glen,
How thy gallant steed lay dying.
Huntsman, rest; thy chase is done,
Think not of the rising sun,
For at dawning to assail ye,
Here no bugles sound reveillie.' —

The hall was clear'd — the Stranger's bed
Was there of mountain heather spread,
Where oft an hundred guests had lain,
And dream'd their forest-sports again.
But vainly did the heath-flower shed
Its moorland-fragrance round his head;
Not Ellen's spell had lull'd to rest
The fever of his troubled breast.
In broken dreams the image rose
Of varied perils, pains, and woes;
His steed now flounders in the brake,
Now sinks his barge upon the lake;
Now leader of a broken host,
His standard falls, his honour's lost.
Then, — from my couch may heavenly might
Chase that worst phantom of the night! —
Again returned the scenes of youth,
Of confident undoubting truth;
Again his soul he interchanged [estranged,
With friends whose hearts were long
They come, in dim procession led,
The cold, the faithless, and the dead;
As warm each hand, each brow as gay,
As if they parted yesterday.
And doubt distracts him at the view,
O were his senses false or true!
Dreamed he of death; or broken vow,
Or is it all a vision now!

At length, with Ellen in a grove
He seemed to walk, and speak of love;
She listened with a blush and sigh,
His suit was warm, his hopes were high.
He sought her yielded hand to clasp,
And a cold gauntlet met his grasp:
The phantom's sex was changed and gone,
Upon its head a helmet shone;
Slowly enlarged to giant size,
With darkened cheek and threatening eyes,
The grisly visage, stern and hoar,
To Ellen still a likeness bore. —
He woke, and, panting with affright,
Recalled the vision of the night.
The hearth's decaying brands were red,
And deep and dusky lustre shed,
Half shewing, half concealing, all
The uncouth trophies of the hall.
Mid those the Stranger fix'd his eye,
Where that huge faulchion hung on high,
And thoughts on thoughts, a countless throng,
Rushed, chasing countless thoughts along,
Until, the giddy whirl to cure,
He rose, and sought the moon-shine pure.

The wild rose, eglantine, and broom,
Wasted around their rich perfume;
The birch-trees wept in fragrant balm,
The aspens slept beneath the calm,
The silver light, with quivering glance,
Played on the water's still expanse, —
Wild were the heart whose passions' sway
Could rage beneath the sober ray!
He felt its calm, that warrior-guest,
While thus he communed with his breast:
'Why is it at each turn I trace
Some memory of that exiled race?
Can I not mountain-maiden spy,
But she must bear the Douglas eye?
Can I not view a Highland-brand,
But it must match the Douglas-hand?
Can I not frame a fever'd dream,
But still the Douglas is the theme? —
I'll dream no more — by manly mind
Not even in sleep is will resign'd.
My midnight orisons said o'er,
I'll turn to rest, and dream no more.' —
His midnight orisons he told,
A prayer with every bead of gold,
Consign'd to heaven his cares and woes,
And sunk in undisturb'd repose;
Until the heath-cock shrilly crew,
And morning dawn'd on Benvenue.

The Combat.

Fair as the earliest beam of eastern light,
When first, by the bewildered pilgrim spied,
It smiles upon the dreary brow of night,
And silvers o'er the torrent's foaming tide,
And lights the fearful path on mountain side; —
Fair as that beam, although the fairest,
Giving to horror grace, to danger pride,
Shine martial Faith, and Courtesy's bright star,
Through all the wreckful storms that cloud the brow of War.

That early beam, so fair and sheen,
Was twinkling through the hazel-screen,
When, rousing at its glimmer red,
The warriors left their lowly bed,
Look'd out upon the dappled sky,
Mutter'd their soldier-matins by,
And then awaked their fire, to steal,
As short and rude, their soldier meal.
That o'er, the Gael[1] around him threw
His graceful plaid of varied hue,
And, true to promise, led the way,
By thicket green and mountain gray.
A wildering path! — they winded now
Along the precipice's brow,
Commanding the rich scenes beneath;
The windings of the Forth and Teith,
And all the vales between that lie,
Till Stirling's turrets melt in sky;
Then, sunk in copse, their farthest glance
Gain'd not the length of horseman's lance.
'Twas oft so steep, the foot was fain
Assistance from the hand to gain;
So tangled oft, that, bursting through,
Each hawthorn shed her showers of dew, —
That diamond dew, so pure and clear,
It rivals all but Beauty's tear!

At length they came where, stern and steep,
The hill sinks down upon the deep.
Here Vennachar in silver flows,
There, ridge on ridge, Benledi rose;
Ever the hollow path twined on,
Beneath steep bank and threatening stone;
An hundred men might hold the post
With hardihood against an host.
The rugged mountain's scanty cloak
Was dwarfish shrubs of birch and oak,
With shingles bare, and cliffs between,
And patches bright of bracken green,
And heather black, that waved so high,
It held the copse in rivalry.
But where the lake slept deep and still,
Dank osiers fringed the swamp and hill;
And oft both path and hill were torn,
Where wintry torrent down had borne,
And heaped upon the cumber'd land
Its wreck of gravel, rocks, and sand.
So toilsome was the road to trace,
The guide, abating of his pace,
Led slowly through the pass's jaws,
And ask'd Fitz-James, by what strange cause
He sought these wilds? traversed by few,
Without a pass from Roderick Dhu.

'Brave Gael, my pass, in danger tried,
Hangs in my belt, and by my side;
Yet, sooth to tell,' the Saxon said,
'I dreamed not now to claim its aid,
When here, but three days since, I came,
Bewildered in pursuit of game,
All seemed as peaceful and as still,
As the mist slumbering on yon hill;
Thy dangerous Chief was then afar,
Nor soon expected back from war.
Thus said, at least, my mountain-guide,
Though deep, perchance, the villain lied.' —
'Yet why a second venture try?' —
'A warrior thou, and ask me why! —
Moves our free course by such fixed cause,
As gives the poor mechanic laws?
Enough, I sought to drive away
The lazy hours of peaceful day;
Slight cause will then suffice to guide
A Knight's free footsteps far and wide, —
A falcon flown, a greyhound strayed,
The merry glance of mountain-maid;
Or, if a path be dangerous known,
The danger's self is lure alone.' —

'Thy secret keep, I urge thee not; —
Yet, ere again ye sought this spot,
Say, heard ye nought of Lowland war,
Against Clan-Alpine raised by Mar?' —
'— No, by my word; — of bands prepared
To guard King James's sports I heard;
Nor doubt I aught, but, when they hear
This muster of the mountaineer,
Their pennons will abroad be flung,
Which else in Doune had peaceful hung.' —
'Free be they flung! for we were loth
Their silken folds should feast the moth.
Free be they flung! — as free shall wave
Clan-Alpine's pine in banner brave.
But, Stranger, peaceful since you came,
Bewilder'd in the mountain game,
Whence the bold boast by which you show
Vich-Alpine's vowed and mortal foe?' —
'Warrior, but yester-morn, I knew
Nought of thy Chieftain, Roderick Dhu,
Save as an outlawed desperate man,
The chief of a rebellious clan,
Who, in the Regent's court and sight,
With ruffian dagger stabb'd a knight;
Yet this alone might from his part
Sever each true and loyal heart.' —

[1] The Scottish Highlander calls himself *Gael*, or Gaul, and terms the Lowlanders, *Sassenach*, or Saxons.

Wrothful at such arraignment foul,
Dark lowered the clans-man's sable scowl,
A space he paused, then sternly said, —
'And heard'st thou why he drew his blade?
Heardst thou that shameful word and blow
Brought Roderick's vengeance on his foe?
What recked the Chieftain if he stood
On Highland heath, or Holy-Rood?
He rights such wrong where it is given,
If it were in the court of Heaven.' —
'Still was it outrage; — yes, 'tis true,
Not then claimed sovereignty his due;
While Albany, with feeble hand,
Held borrowed truncheon of command,
The young King, mewed in Stirling tower,
Was stranger to respect and power.
But then, thy Chieftain's robber life! —
Winning mean prey by causeless strife,
Wrenching from ruined lowland swain
His herds and harvest reared in vain, —
Methinks a soul, like thine, should scorn
The spoils from such foul foray borne.' —

The Gael beheld him grim the while,
And answered with disdainful smile, —
'Saxon, from yonder mountain high,
I marked thee send delighted eye,
Far to the south and east, where lay,
Extended in succession gay,
Deep waving fields and pastures green,
With gentle slopes and groves between: —
These fertile plains, that soften'd vale,
Were once the birth-right of the Gael;
The stranger came with iron hand,
And from our fathers reft the land.
Where dwell we now! See, rudely swell
Crag over crag, and fell o'er fell.
Ask we this savage hill we tread,
For fattened steer or household-bread;
Ask we for flocks these shingles dry,
And well the mountain might reply, —
'To you, as to your sires of yore,
Belong the target and claymore!
I give you shelter in my breast,
Your own good blades must win the rest.' —
Pent in this fortress of the North,
Think'st thou we will not sally forth,
To spoil the spoiler as we may,
And from the robber rend the prey?
Aye, by my soul! — While on yon plain
The Saxon rears one shock of grain;
While, of ten thousand herds, there strays
But one along yon river's maze, —
The Gael, of plain and river heir,
Shall, with strong hand, redeem his share.
Where live the mountain-Chiefs who hold,
That plundering Lowland field and fold
Is aught but retribution true?
Seek other cause 'gainst Roderick Dhu.' —

Answered Fitz-James, — 'And if I sought,
Think'st thou no other could be brought?
What deem ye of my path way-laid?
My life given o'er to ambuscade? —'
'As of a meed to rashness due:
Hadst thou sent warning fair and true, —
I seek my hound, or falcon strayed,
I seek, good faith, a Highland maid, —
Free hadst thou been to come and go,
But secret path marks secret foe.
Nor yet, for this, even as a spy,
Hadst thou, unheard, been doomed to die,
Save to fulfil an augury.' —
'Well, let it pass; nor will I now
Fresh cause of enmity avow,
To chafe thy mood and cloud thy brow.
Enough, I am by promise tied
To match me with this man of pride:
Twice have I sought Clan-Alpine's glen
In peace; but when I come again,
I come with banner, brand and bow,
As leader seeks his mortal foe.
For love-lorn swain, in lady's-bower,
Ne'er panted for the appointed hour,
As I, until before me stand
This rebel Chieftain and his band.'

'Have, then, thy wish!' — he whistled shrill,
And he was answered from the hill;
Wild as the scream of the curlieu,
From crag to crag the signal flew.
Instant, through copse and heath, arose
Bonnets and spears and bended bows;
On right, on left, above, below,
Sprung up at once the lurking foe;
From shingles grey their lances start,
The bracken bush sends forth the dart,
The rushes and the willow-wand
Are bristling into axe and brand,
And every tuft of broom gives life
To plaided warrior arm'd for strife.
That whistle garrison'd the glen
At once with full five hundred men,
As if the yawning hill to heaven
A subterranean host had given.
Watching their leader's beck and will,
All silent there they stood and still,
Like the loose crags whose threatening mass
Lay tottering o'er the hollow pass,
As if an infant's touch could urge
Their headlong passage down the verge,
With step and weapon forward flung,
Upon the mountain-side they hung.
The Mountaineer cast glance of pride
Along Benledi's living side,
Then fix'd his eye and sable brow
Full on Fitz-James — 'How say'st thou now?
These are Clan-Alpine's warriors true;
And, Saxon, — I am Roderick Dhu!' —

Fitz-James was brave: — though to his heart
The life blood thrilled with sudden start,

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He mann'd himself with dauntless air,
Return'd the Chief his haughty stare,
His hack against a rock he hore,
And firmly placed his foot before: —
'Come one, come all! this rock shall fly
From its firm hase as soon as I.' —
Sir Roderick mark'd — and in his eyes
Respect was mingled with surprise,
And the stern joy which warriors feel
In foemen worthy of their steel.
Short space he stood — then waved his hand:
Down sunk the disappearing hand;
Each warrior vanished where he stood,
In hroom or bracken, heath or wood;
Sunk hrand and spear and hended bow,
In osiers pale and copses low;
It seem'd as if their mother Earth
Had swallow'd up her warlike hirth.
The wind's last breath had toss'd in air,
Pennon, and plaid, and plumage fair, —
The next hut swept a lone hill-side
Where heath and fern were waving wide;
The sun's last glance was glinted hack
From spear and glaive, from targe and jack,
The next, all unreflected, shone
On hracken green, and cold gray stone.
Fitz-James look'd round — yet scarce believed
The witness that his sight received;
Such apparition well might seem
Delusion of a dreadful dream.
Sir Roderick in suspense he eyed,
And to his look the Chief replied:
'Fear nought, — nay, that I need not say —
But — douht not aught from mine array.
Thou art my guest; — I pledged my word
As far as Coilantogle ford:
Nor would I call a clansman's brand
For aid against one valiant hand,
Though on our strife lay every vale
Rent hy the Saxon from the Gael.
So move we on; — I only meant
To show the reed on which you leant,
Deeming this path you might pursue
Without a pass from Roderick Dhu.' —
They moved. — I said Fitz-James was brave,
As ever knight that belted glaive;
Yet dare not say, that now his hlood
Kept on its wont and temper'd flood,
As, following Roderick's stride, he drew
That seeming lonesome path-way through,
Which yet, by fearful proof, was rife
With lances, that to take his life
Waited but signal from a guide,
So late dishonoured and defied.
Ever, hy stealth, his eye sought round
The vanished guardians of the ground,
And still from copse and heather deep,
Fancy saw spear and hroad-sword peep,
And in the plover's shrilly strain,
The signal whistle heard again.
Nor hreathed he free till far hehind
The pass was left; for then they wind
Along a wide and level green,
Where neither tree nor tuft was seen,
Nor rush, nor hush of hroom was near,
To hide a bonnet or a spear.

The Chief in silence strode before,
And reach'd that torrent's sounding shore,
Which, daughter of three mighty lakes,
From Vennachar in silver hreaks,
Sweeps through the plain, and ceaseless mines
On Bochastle the mouldering lines,
Where Rome, the Empress of the world,
Of yore her eagle wings unfurled.
And here his course the Chieftain staid,
Threw down his target and his plaid
And to the Lowland warrior said: —
'Bold Saxon! to his promise just,
Vich-Alpine has discharged his trust.
This murderous Chief, this ruthless man,
This head of a rebellious clan,
Hath led thee safe, through watch and ward,
Far past Clan-Alpine's outmost guard.
Now, man to man, and steel to steel,
A Chieftain's vengeance thou shalt feel.
See, here, all vantageless I stand,
Armed like thyself, with single hrand;
For this is Coilantogle ford,
And thou must keep thee with thy sword.' —

The Saxon paused: — 'I ne'er delay'd,
When foeman bade me draw my blade;
Nay more, brave Chief, I vow'd thy death:
Yet sure thy fair and generous faith,
And my deep debt for life preserved,
A hetter meed have well deserved: —
Can nought but blood our feud atone?
Are there no means?' — 'No, Stranger, none!
And hear — to fire thy flagging zeal, —
The Saxon cause rests on thy steel;
For thus spoke Fate hy prophet hred
Between the living and the dead;
'Who spills the foremost foeman's life,
His party conquers in the strife.' —
'Then, hy my word,' the Saxon said,
'The riddle is already read.
Seek yonder brake heneath the cliff, —
There lies Red Murdoch, stark and stiff.
Thus Fate has solved her prophecy,
Then yield to Fate, and not to me.
To James, at Stirling, let us go,
When, if thou wilt be still his foe,
Or if the King shall not agree
To grant thee grace and favour free,
I plight mine honour, oath, and word,
That, to thy native strengths restored,
With each advantage shalt thou stand,
That aids thee now to guard thy land.' —

Dark lightning flashed from Roderick's eye —
'Soars thy presumption then so high,
Because a wretched kern ye slew,
Homage to name to Roderick Dhu?
He yields not, he, to man nor Fate!
Thou add'st but fuel to my hate: —
My clansman's blood demands revenge. —
Not yet prepared? — By heaven, I change
My thought, and hold thy valour light
As that of some vain carpet-knight,
Who ill deserved my courteous care,
And whose best boast is but to wear
A braid of his fair lady's hair.' —
— 'I thank thee, Roderick, for the word!
It nerves my heart, it steels my sword;
For I have sworn this braid to stain
In the best blood that warms thy vein.
Now, truce, farewell! and ruth, begone! —
Yet think not that by thee alone,
Proud Chief! can courtesy be shewn;
Though not from copse, or heath, or cairn,
Start at my whistle clansmen stern,
Of this small horn one feeble blast
Would fearful odds against thee cast.
But fear not — doubt not — which thou wilt —
We try this quarrel hilt to hilt.' —
Then each at once his falchion drew,
Each on the ground his scabbard threw,
Each look'd to sun, and stream, and plain,
As what they ne'er might see again:
Then foot, and point, and eye opposed,
In dubious strife they darkly closed.

Ill fared it then with Roderick Dhu,
That on the field his targe he threw,
Whose brazen studs and tough bull-hide
Had death so often dash'd aside;
For, train'd abroad his arms to wield,
Fitz-James's blade was sword and shield.
He practised every pass and ward,
To thrust, to strike, to feint, to guard;
While less expert, though stronger far,
The Gael maintained unequal war.
Three times in closing strife they stood,
And thrice the Saxon blade drank blood;
No stinted draught, no scanty tide,
The gushing flood the tartans dyed.
Fierce Roderick felt the fatal drain,
And shower'd his blows like wintry rain;
And, as firm rock, or castle roof,
Against the winter shower is proof,
The foe invulnerable still
Foiled his wild rage by steady skill;
Till, at advantage ta'en, his brand,
Forced Roderick's weapon from his hand,
And, backwards borne upon the lea,
Brought the proud Chieftain to his knee.

'Now, yield thee, or, by Him who made
The world, thy heart's blood dyes my blade!'
'Thy threats, thy mercy, I defy!
Let recreant yield, who fears to die.' —
Like adder darting from his coil,
Like wolf that dashes through the toil,
Like mountain-cat who guards her young,
Full at Fitz-James's throat he sprung;
Received, but reck'd not of a wound,
And lock'd his arms his foeman round. —
Now, gallant Saxon, hold thine own!
No maiden's hand is round thee thrown!
That desperate grasp thy frame might feel,
Through bars of brass and triple steel! —
They tug, they strain! — down, down they go,
The Gael above, Fitz-James below.
The Chieftain's gripe his throat compressed,
His knee was planted in his breast:
His clotted locks he backward threw,
Across his brow his hand he drew,
From blood and mist to clear his sight,
Then gleam'd aloft his dagger bright! —
— But hate and fury ill supplied
The stream of life's exhausted tide,
And all too late the advantage came,
To turn the odds of deadly game;
For, while the dagger gleamed on high,
Reel'd soul and sense, reel'd brain and eye.
Down came the blow! but in the heath
The erring blade found bloodless sheath.
The struggling foe may now unclasp
The fainting Chief's relaxing grasp;
Unwounded from the dreadful close,
But breathless all, Fitz-James arose.

He faltered thanks to heaven for life,
Redeem'd, unhoped, from desperate strife;
Next on his foe his look he cast,
Whose every gasp appeared his last;
In Roderick's gore he dipped the braid, —
'Poor Blanche! thy wrongs are dearly paid:
Yet with thy foe must die, or live,
The praise that Faith and Valour give.'
With that he blew a hugle-note,
Undid the collar from his throat,
Unbonnetted, and by the wave
Sate down his brow and hands to lave.
Then faint afar are heard the feet
Of rushing steeds in gallop fleet;
The sounds increase, and now are seen
Four mounted squires in Lincoln green;
Two who bear lance, and two who lead,
By loosened rein, a saddled steed;
Each onward held his headlong course,
And by Fitz-James rein'd up his horse, —
With wonder view'd the bloody spot —
— 'Exclaim not, gallants! question not. —
You, Herbert and Luffness, alight,
And bind the wounds of yonder knight;

Let the grey palfrey bear his weight,
We destined for a fairer freight,
And bring him on to Stirling straight;
I will before at better speed,
To seek fresh horse and fitting weed.
The sun rides high; — I must be boune
To see the archer-game at noon;
But lightly Bayard clears the lea. —
De Vaux and Herries, follow me.
'Stand, Bayard, stand!' — the steed obey'd,
With arching neck and bended head,
And glancing eye, and quivering ear,
As if he loved his lord to hear.
No foot Fitz-James in stirrup staid,
No grasp upon the saddle laid,
But wreathed his left hand in the mane,
And lightly bounded from the plain,
Turn'd on the horse his armed heel,
And stirr'd his courage with the steel.
Bounded the fiery steed in air,
The rider sate erect and fair,
Then, like a bolt from steel cross-bow
Forth he launch'd, along the plain they go.
They dash'd that rapid torrent through,
And up Carhonie's hill they flew;
Still at the gallop prick'd the Knight,
His merry-men follow'd as they might.
Along thy banks, swift Teith! they ride,
And in the race they mock thy tide;
Torry and Lendrick now are past,
And Deanstown lies behind them cast;
They rise, the banner'd towers of Doune,
They sink in distant woodland soon;
Blair-Drummond sees the hoofs strike fire,
They sweep like breeze through Ochtertyre;
They mark just glance and disappear
The lofty brow of ancient Kier;
They hathe their coursers' sweltering sides,
Dark Forth! amid thy sluggish tides,
And on the opposing shore take ground,
With plash, with scramble, and with bound.
Right-hand they leave thy cliffs, Craig-Forth!
And soon the bulwark of the North,
Gray Stirling, with her towers and town,
Upon their fleet career look'd down.

As up the flinty path they strain'd,
Sudden his steed the leader rein'd;
A signal to the squire he flung,
Who instant to his stirrup sprung: —
'Seest thou, De Vaux, yon woodsman gray,
Who town-ward holds the rocky way,
Of stature tall and poor array?
Mark'st thou the firm, yet active stride,
With which he scales the mountain side?
Know'st thou from whence he comes, or whom?'
'No, by my word; — a burly groom
He seems, who in the field or chase
A Baron's train would nobly grace.' —
'Out, out, De Vaux! can fear supply,
And jealousy, no sharper eye?
Afar, ere to the hill he drew,
That stately form and step I knew;
Like form in Scotland is not seen,
Treads not such step on Scottish green.
'Tis James of Douglas, by Saint Serle!
The uncle of the banish'd Earl.
Away, away, to court, to show
The near approach of dreaded foe:
The King must stand upon his guard;
Douglas and he must meet prepared.' —
Then right-hand wheel'd their steeds, and strait
They won the castle's postern gate.

The Douglas, who had bent his way
From Cambus-Kenneth's abbey gray,
Now, as he climb'd the rocky shelf,
Held sad communion with himself: —
'Yes! all is true my fears could frame:
A prisoner lies the noble Graeme,
And fiery Roderick soon will feel
The vengeance of the royal steel.
I, only I, can ward their fate, —
God grant the ransom came not late!
The Abbess hath her promise given,
My child shall be the bride of Heaven; —
— Be pardon'd one repining tear!
For He, who gave her, knows how dear,
How excellent — but that is by,
And now my business is — to die.

Ye towers! within whose circuit dread
A Douglas by his sovereign bled,
And thou, O sad and fatal mound!
That oft hast heard the death-axe sound,
As on the noblest of the land
Fell the stern headsman's bloody hand, —
The dungeon, block, and nameless tomb
Prepare, — for Douglas seeks his doom!
— But hark! what blithe and jolly peal
Makes the Franciscan steeple reel?
And see! upon the crowded street,
In motley groups what masquers meet!
Banner and pageant, pipe and drum,
And merry morrice-dancers come.
I guess, by all this quaint array,
The burghers hold their sports to-day.
James will be there; — he loves such show,
Where the good yeoman bends his bow,
And the tough wrestler foils his foe,
As well as where, in proud career,
The high-born tilter shivers spear.
I'll follow to the Castle-park,
And play my prize: — King James shall mark,
If age has tamed these sinews stark,
Whose force so oft, in happier days,
His boyish wonder loved to praise.' —

The castle gates were open flung,
The quivering draw-bridge rocked and rung,
And echo'd loud the flinty street
Beneath the conrsers' clattering feet,
As slowly down the steep descent
Fair Scotland's King and nohles went,
While all along the crowded way
Was jnhilee and loud huzza.
And ever James was bending low,
To his white jennet's saddle-bow,
Doffing his cap to city-dame,
Who smiled and blush'd for pride and shame.
And well the simperer might be vain, —
He chose the fairest of the train.
Gravely he greets each city sire,
Comments each pageant's quaint attire,
Gives to the dancers thanks aloud,
And smiles and nods upon the crowd,
Who rend the heavens with their acclaims,
'Long live the Commons' King, King James!'
Behind the King throng'd peer and knight,
And noble dame and damsel hright,
Whose fiery steeds ill-brook'd the stay
Of the steep street and crowded way.
— But in the train you might discern
Dark lowering hrow and visage stern;
There nohles mourned their pride restrain'd,
And the mean hurgher's joys disdain'd;
And chiefs, who hostage for their clan,
Were each from home a banish'd man,
There thought upon their own gray tower,
Their waving woods, their feudal power,
And deem'd themselves a shameful part
Of pageant which they cursed in heart.

Now, in the Castle-park, drew out
Their chequer'd hands the joyous route.
There morricers, with bell at heel,
And blade in hand, their mazes wheel;
But chief, heside the hutts, there stand
Bold Robin Hood and all his hand, —
Friar Tuck with quarter-staff and cowl,
Old Scathelocke with his surly scowl,
Maid Marion, fair as ivory hone,
Scarlet, and Mutch, and Little John;
Their hngles challenge all that will,
In archery to prove their skill.
The Douglas hent a bow of might, —
His first shaft center'd in the white,
And when in turn he shot again,
His second split the first in twain.
From the King's hand must Douglas take
A silver dart, the archer's stake;
Fondly he watched, with watery eye,
Some answering glance of sympathy, —
No kind emotion made reply!
Indifferent as to archer wight,
The Monarch gavo the arrow hright.

Now, clear tho Ring! for, hand to hand,
The manly wrestlers take their stand.
Two o'er the rest auperior rose,
And proud demanded mightier foes,
Nor called in vain; for Douglas came.
— For life is Hugh of Larbert lame,
Scarce hetter John of Alloa's fare,
Whom senseless home his comrades bear,
Prize of the wrestling match, the King
To Douglas gave a golden ring,
While coldly glanced his eye of hlne,
As frozen drop of wintry dew.
Douglas would speak, but in his hreast
His atruggling soul his words suppressed;
Indignant then he turned him where
Their arms the brawny yeomen bare,
To hurl the massivo har in air.
When each his ntmost strength had shewn,
The Donglas rent an earth-fast stone
From its deep bed, then heaved it high,
And sent the fragment through the sky,
A rood heyond the farthest mark; —
And still in Stirling's royal park,
The gray-hair'd sires, who know the past,
To strangers point the Douglas-cast,
And moralize on the decay
Of Scottish strength in modern day.

The vale with lond applanses rang,
The Ladies' Rock sent hack the clang;
The King, with look unmoved, bestow'd
A purse well fill'd with pieces broad.
Indignant smiled the Douglas proud,
And threw the gold among the crowd,
Who now, with anxious wonder, scan,
And sharper glance, the dark gray man;
Till whispers roso among the throng,
That heart so free, and hand so strong,
Must to the Douglas blood helong:
The old men mark'd, and shook the head,
To see his hair with silver spread,
And winked aside, and told each son
Of feats npon the English done,
Ere Douglas of the stalwart hand
Was exiled from his native land.
The women praised his stately form,
Though wreck'd by many a winter's storm;
The yonth with awe and wonder saw
His atrength surpassing Nature's law.
Thus judged, as is their wont, the crowd,
Till mnrmur rose to clamours loud.
Bnt not a glance from that prond ring
Of peers who circled round the King,
With Douglas held commnnion kind,
Or called the banished man to mind;
No, not from those who, at the chase
Once held his side tho honour'd place,
Begirt his hoard, and, in the field
Found safety underneath his shield;
For he, whom royal eyes disown
When was his form to courtiers known!

The Monarch saw the gamhols flag,
And bade let loose a gallant stag,

ıose pride, the holiday to crown,
ro favourite gray-honnds should pull down,
at venison free, and Bourdeaux wine,
ght serve the archery to dine.
ıt Lufra, — whom from Donglas' side
or bribe nor threat could e'er divide,
ıe fleetest hound in all the North,
·ave Lufra saw, and darted forth
ıe left the royal honnds mid-way,
ıd, dashing on the antler'd prey,
unk her sharp muzzle in his flank,
nd deep the flowing life-blood drank.
'he King's stout huntsman saw the sport
y strange intruder hroken short,
'ame up, and, with his leash unhound,
n anger struck the nohle hound.
— The Douglas had endured, that morn,
The King's cold look, the nobles' scorn,
\nd last, and worst to spirit proud,
Had borne the pity of the crowd;
But Lufra had been fondly bred,
To share his board, to watch his bed;
And oft wonld Ellen Lufra's neck,
In maiden glee, with garlands deck;
They were such play-mates, that with name
Of Lufra, Ellen's image came.
His stifled wrath is hrimming high,
In darkened brow and flashing eye; —
As waves before the hark divide,
The crowd gave way hefore his stride;
Needs bnt a hnffet and no more,
The groom lies senseless in his gore.
Such hlow no other hand could deal,
Though gauntletted in glove of steel.

Then clamonr'd loud the royal train,
And brandish'd swords and staves amain.
But stern the Baron's warning — 'Back!
Back, on your lives, ye menial pack!
Beware the Douglas. — Yes! hehold!
King James, the Douglas, doom'd of old,
And vainly seught for near and far,
A victim to atone the war,
A willing victim, now attends,
Nor craves thy grace but for his friends.' —
— 'Thus is my clemency repaid?
Presumptuous Lord!' the Monarch said;
'Of thy mis-proud ambitions clan,
Thou, James of Bothwell, wert the man,
The only man, in whom a foe
My woman-mercy would not know:
But shall a Monarch's presence hrook
Injurious blew, and haughty look? —
What ho! the Captain of our Gnard!
Give the effender fitting ward. —
Break off the sports!' — for tumult rose,
And yeomen 'gan to bend their bows, —
'Break off the sports! — he said, and frown'd,
And bid our horsemen clear the ground.' —

Then uproar wild and misarray
Marr'd the fair form of festal day.

The horsemen prick'd among the crowd,
Repell'd hy threats and insult lond;
To earth are borne the old and weak,
The timorous fly, the women shriek;
With flint, with shaft, with staff, with bar,
The hardier nrge tnmultnous war.
At once round Donglas darkly sweep
The royal spears in circle deep,
And slowly scale the path-way steep;
While on the rear in thunder pour
The rahble with disordered roar.
With grief the nohle Douglas saw
The commons rise against the law,
And to the leading soldier said, —
'Sir John of Hyndford! 'twas my blade
That knighthood on thy shoulder laid;
For that good deed, permit me then
A word with these misguided men. —

'Hear, gentle friends! ere yet, for me,
Ye hreak the bands of fealty.
My life, my honour, and my cause,
I tender free to Scotland's laws,
Are these so weak as must require
The aid of your misguided ire?
Or, if I suffer causeless wrong,
Is then my selfish rage so strong,
My sense of pnhlic weal so low,
That, for mean vengeance on a foe,
Those chords of love I shonld unbind,
Which knit my country and my kind?
Oh no! Believe, in yonder tower
It will not sooth my captive hour,
To know those spears our foes should dread,
For me in kindred gore are red;
To know, in fruitless brawl begun,
For me, that mother wails her son;
For me that widow's mate expires,
For me, that orphans weep their sires,
That patriots mourn insnlted laws,
And eurse the Douglas for the cause.
O let your patience ward such ill,
And keep yonr right to love me still!'

The crowd's wild fury sunk again
In tears, as tempests melt in rain.
With lifted hands and eyes they pray'd
For blessings on his generous head,
Who for his country felt alone,
And prized her hlood heyond his own.
Old men, upon the verge of life,
Bless'd him who stay'd the civil strife;
And mothers held their habes on high,
The self-devoted Chief to spy,
Triumphant over wrong and ire,
To whom the prattlers owed a sire:
Even the rough soldier's heart was moved
As if hehind some bier beloved,
With trailing arms and drooping head,
The Douglas up the hill he led,
And at the Castle's battled verge,
With sighs, resign'd his honour'd charge.

The offended Monarch rode apart,
With bitter thought and swelling heart,
And would not now vouchsafe again
Through Stirling streets to lead his train.
'O Lennox, who would wish to rule
This changeling crowd, this common fool?
Hear'st thou,' he said, 'the loud acclaim,
With which they shout the Douglas name?
With like acclaim, the vulgar throat
Strain'd for King James their morning note;
With like acclaim they hail'd the day
When first I broke the Douglas' sway;
And like acclaim would Douglas greet,
If he could hurl me from my seat.
Who o'er the herd would wish to reign,
Fantastic, fickle, fierce, and vain!
Vain as the leaf upon the stream,
And fickle as a changeful dream;
Fantastic as a woman's mood,
And fierce as Frenzy's fevered blood.
Thou many-headed monster-thing,
O who would wish to be thy king! —

'But soft! what messenger of speed
Spurs hitherward his panting steed?
I guess his cognizance afar —
What from our cousin, John of Mar?' —
'He prays, my liege, your sports keep bound
Within the safe and guarded ground:
For some foul purpose yet unknown, —
Most sure for evil to the throne, —
The outlawed Chieftain, Roderick Dhu,
Has summon'd his rebellious crew;
'Tis said, in James of Bothwell's aid
These loose banditti stand array'd.
The Earl of Mar, this morn, from Doune,
To break their muster march'd, and soon
Your grace will hear of battle fought;
But earnestly the Earl besought,
Till for such danger he provide,
With scanty train you will not ride.' —

'Thou warn'st me I have done amiss, —
I should have earlier look'd to this:
I lost it in this bustling day.
— Retrace with speed thy former way;
Spare not for spoiling of thy steed,
The best of mine shall be thy meed.
Say to our faithful Lord of Mar,
We do forbid the intended war;
Roderick this morn, in single fight,
Was made our prisoner by a knight,
And Douglas hath himself and cause
Submitted to our kingdom's laws.
The tidings of their leaders lost
Will soon dissolve the mountain host,
Nor would we that the vulgar feel,
For their Chief's crimes, avenging steel.
Bear Mar our message, Braco, fly.' —
He turn'd his steed, — 'My liege, I hie,
Yet, ere I cross this lily lawn,
I fear the broad-swords will be drawn.' —
The turf the flying courser spurn'd,
And to his towers the King return'd.

Ill with King James's mood that day
Suited gay feast and minstrel lay;
Soon were dismissed the courtly throng,
And soon cut short the festal song.
Nor less upon the sadden'd town
The evening sunk in sorrow down.
The burghers spoke of civil jar,
Of rumoured feuds and mountain war,
Of Moray, Mar, and Roderick Dhu,
All up in arms: — the Douglas too,
They mourned him pent within the hold,
'Where stout Earl William was of old,' —
And there his word the speaker staid.
And finger on his lip he laid,
Or pointed to his dagger-blade.
But jaded horsemen, from the west,
At evening to the Castle press'd;
And busy talkers said they bore
Tidings of fight on Katrine's shore;
At noon the deadly fray begun,
And lasted till the set of sun.
Thus giddy rumour shook the town,
Till closed the Night her pennons brown.

The Guard-Room.

The sun, awakening through the smoky air
Of the dark city casts a sullen glance,
Rousing each caitiff to his task of care,
Of sinful man the sad inheritance;
Summoning revellers from the lagging dance,
Scaring the prowling robber to his den;
Gilding on battled tower the warder's lance,
And warning student pale to leave his pen,
And yield his drowsy eyes to the kind nurse of men.

What various scenes, and, O! what scenes of woe,
Are witnessed by that red and struggling beam!
The fever'd patient, from his pallet low,
Through crowded hospital beholds its stream;
The ruin'd maiden trembles at its gleam,
The debtor wakes to thought of gyve and jail,
The love-lorn wretch starts from tormenting dream;
The wakeful mother, by the glimmering pale,
Trims her sick infant's couch, and sooths his feeble wail.

At dawn the towers of Stirling rang
With soldier-step and weapon-clang,
While drums, with rolling note, foretell
Relief to weary sentinel.
Through narrow loop and casement barr'd,
The sunbeams sought the Court of Guard,
And struggling with the smoky air,
Deaden'd the torches' yellow glare.

In comfortless alliance shone
The lights through arch of blackened stone,
And show'd wild shapes in garb of war,
Faces deform'd with beard and scar,
All haggard from the midnight-watch
And fever'd with the stern debauch;
For the oak table's massive board,
Flooded with wine, with fragments stored,
And beakers drained, and cups o'erthrown,
Show'd in what sport the night had flown.
Some, weary, snored on floor and bench;
Some labour'd still their thirst to quench;
Some, chill'd with watching, spread their hands
O'er the huge chimney's dying brands,
While round them or beside them flung,
At every step their harness rung.

These drew not for their fields the sword,
Like tenants of a feudal lord,
Nor own'd the patriarchal claim
Of Chieftain in their leader's name;
Adventurers they, from far who roved,
To live by battle which they loved.
There the Italian's clouded face,
The swarthy Spaniard's there you trace;
The mountain-loving Switzer there
More freely breathed in mountain-air;
The Fleming there despised the soil,
That paid so ill the labourer's toil;
Their rolls shew'd French and German name;
And merry England's exiles came,
To share, with ill-conceal'd disdain,
Of Scotland's pay the scanty gain.
All brave in arms, well train'd to wield
The heavy halbert, brand, and shield;
In camps licentious, wild, and bold;
In pillage, fierce and uncontroul'd;
And now, by holytide and feast,
From rules of discipline released.

They held debate of bloody fray,
Fought 'twixt Loch-Katrine and Achray.
Fierce was their speech, and, 'mid their words,
Their hands oft grappled to their swords;
Nor sunk their tone to spare the ear
Of wounded comrades groaning near,
Whose mangled limbs, and bodies gored,
Bore token of the mountain sword,
Though, neighbouring to the Court of Guard,
Their prayers and feverish wails were heard;
Sad burden to the ruffian joke,
And savage oath by fury spoke! —
At length up started John of Brent,
A yeoman from the banks of Trent,
A stranger to respect or fear,
In peace a chaser of the deer,
In host a bardy mutineer,
But still the boldest of the crew,
When deed of danger was to do.
He grieved, that day their games cut short,
And marr'd the dicer's brawling sport,
And shouted loud, 'Renew the bowl!
And, while a merry catch I troll,
Let each the buxom chorus bear,
Like brethren of the brand and spear.' —

Soldier's Song.

Our vicar still preaches that Peter and Poule
Laid a swinging long curse on the bonny brown bowl,
That there's wrath and despair in the jolly black jack,
And the seven deadly sins in a flagon of sack;
Yet whoop, Barnaby! off with thy liquor,
Drink upsees out, and a fig for the vicar!
Our vicar he calls it damnation to sip
The ripe ruddy dew of a woman's dear lip,
Says, that Belzebub lurks in her kerchief so sly,
And Apollyon shoots darts from her merry black eye;
Yet whoop, Jack! kiss Gillian the quicker,
Till she bloom like a rose, and a fig for the vicar!
Our vicar thus preaches — and why should he not?
For the dues of his cure are the plucket and pot;
And 'tis right of his office poor laymen to lurch,
Who infringe the domains of our good Mother Church.
Yet whoop, bully-boys! off with your liquor,
Sweet Marjorie's the word, and a fig for the vicar!

The warder's challenge, heard without,
Staid in mid-roar the merry shout.
A soldier to the portal went, —
'Here is old Bertram, sirs, of Ghent;
And, beat for jubilee the drum!
A maid and minstrel with him come.' —
Bertram, a Fleming, grey and scarr'd
Was entering now the Court of Guard,
A harper with him, and, in plaid
All muffled close, a mountain maid,
Who backward shrunk to 'scape the view
Of the loose scene and boisterous crew.
'What news?' they roar'd: — 'I only know,
From noon till eve we fought with foe,
As wild and as untameable,
As the rude mountains where they dwell,
On both sides store of blood is lost,
Nor much success can either boast.' —
'But whence thy captives, friend? such spoil
As theirs must needs reward thy toil.
Old dost thou wax, and wars grow sharp;
Thou now hast glee-maiden and harp,
Get thee an ape, and trudge the land,
The leader of a juggler-band.' —

'No, comrade; — no such fortune mine.
After the fight, these sought our line,

That aged harper and the girl,
And, having audience of the Earl,
Mar bade I should pnrvey them steed,
And bring them hitherward with speed,
Forhear your mirth and rude alarm,
For none shall do them shame or harm.'—
'Hear ye his hoast!' cried John of Brent,
Ever to strife and jangling bent,
'Shall he atrike doc beside our lodge,
And yet the jealous niggard grudge
To pay the forester his fee!
I'll have my share howe'er it be,
Despite of Moray, Mar, or thee.' —
Bertram his forward step withstood;
And, bnrning in his vengeful mood,
Old Allan, though unfit for strife,
Laid hand npon his dagger-knife;
But Ellen boldly stepp'd between,
And dropp'd at once the tartan acreen; —
So, from his morning cloud, appears
The sun of May, throngh summer tears.
The savage soldiery, amazed,
As on dcacended angel gazed;
Even hardy Brent, ahash'd and tamed,
Stood half admiring, half ashamed.

Boldly she spoke, — 'Soldiers, attend!
My father was the soldier's friend:
Cheer'd him in camps, in marches led,
And with him in the hattle bled.
Not from the valiant, or the strong,
Should exile's daughter suffer wrong.' —
Answered De Brent, most forward still
In every feat or good or ill, —
'I shame me of the part I play'd:
And thou an outlaw'a child, poor maid!
An outlaw I by forest-laws,
And merry Needwood knows the cause.
Poor Rose, — if Rose be living now,' —
He wiped his iron eye and hrow,
'Mnst bear such age, I think, as thou. —
Hear ye, my mates; I go to call
The Captain of our watch to hall:
There lies my halbert on the floor;
And he that steps my halbert o'er,
To do the maid injurious part,
My shaft shall quiver in his heart! —
Beware loose speech, or jesting rough:
Ye all know John de Brent. Enough.' —

Their Captain came, a gallant young, —
(Of Tullibardine's house he sprung,)
Nor wore he yet the spurs of knight:
Gay was his mien, his hnmonr light,
And, though by courtesy controul'd,
Forward his specch, his bearing bold.
The high-horn maiden ill conld brook
The scanning of his curious look
And danntlesa eye; — and yet, in sooth,
Young Lewis was a generons yonth;
But Ellen's lovely face and mien,
Ill suited to the garb and acene,
Might lightly bear construction strange,
And give loose fancy scope to range.
'Welcome to Stirling towers, fair maid!
Come ye to seek a champion's aid,
On palfrey white, with harper hoar,
Like errant damosel of yore?
Does thy high qnest a knight require,
Or may the ventnre suit a squire?' —
Her dark eye flash'd; — she paused and sigh'd,
'O what have I to do with pride! —
— Through scenes of sorrow, shame, and strife,
A suppliant for a father's life,
I crave an audience of the King.
Behold, to back my suit, a ring,
The royal pledge of grateful claims,
Given by the Monarch to Fitz-James.'

The signet ring young Lewis took,
With deep respect and alter'd look;
And said, — 'This ring our duties own:
And, pardon, if to worth unknown,
In semblance mean obscnrely veil'd,
Lady, in aught my folly failed.
Soon as the day flings wide his gates,
The King shall know what suitor waits.
Please you, meanwhile, in fitting bower
Repose you till his waking hour;
Female attendance shall obey
Your heat, for service or array.
Permit I marshall you the way,' —
But, ere she fŏllow'd, with the grace
And open bounty of her race,
She hade her slender purse he shared
Among the soldiers of the guard.
The rest with thanks their guerdon took;
But Brent, with shy and awkward look,
On the reluctant maiden's hold
Forced hluntly back the proffer'd gold; —
'Forgive a haughty English heart,
And oh forget its ruder part!
The vacant purse shall be my share,
Which in my barret cap I'll hear,
Perchance in jeopardy of war,
Where gayer crests may keep afar.' —
With thanks, — 'twas all she could, — the maid
His rugged conrtesy repaid.

When Ellen forth with Lewis went,
Allan made suit to John of Brent: —
'My lady safe, O let your grace
Give me to see my master's face!
His minstrel I, — to share his doom
Bound from the cradle to the tomb.
Tenth in descent, since first my aires
Waked for his noble house their lyres,
Nor one of all the race was known
Bnt prized its weal above their own.
With the Chief's hirth hegins our care;
Our harp must sooth the infant heir,

Teach the youth tales of fight, and grace
His earliest feat of field or chase;
In peace, in war, our rank we keep,
We cheer his board, we soothe his sleep,
Nor leave him till we pour our verse,
A doleful tribute! o'er his hearse.
Then let me share his captive lot;
It is my right — deny it not!' —
'Little we reck,' said John of Brent,
'We Southern men, of long descent;
Nor wot we how a name — a word —
Makes clansmen vassals to a lord:
Yet kind my noble landlord's part, —
God bless the house of Beandesert!
And, but I loved to drive the deer,
More than to guide the laboring steer,
I had not dwelt an outcast here.
Come, good old Minstrel, follow me;
Thy Lord and Chieftain shalt thou see.' —

Then, from a rusted iron hook,
A bunch of ponderous keys he took,
Lighted a torch, and Allan led
Through grated arch and passage dread.
Portals they pass'd, where deep within,
Spoke prisoner's moan, and fetters' din;
Through rugged vaults, where, loosely stored,
Lay wheel, and axe, and headman's sword,
And many an hideous engine grim,
For wrenching joint, and crushing limb,
By artists form'd who deem'd it shame
And sin to give their work a name.
They halted at a low-brow'd porch,
And Brent to Allan gave the torch,
While bolt and chain he backward rolled,
And made the bar unhasp its hold.
They entered: — 'twas a prison-room
Of stern security and gloom,
Yet not a dungeon; for the day
Through lofty gratings found its way,
And rude and antique garniture
Decked the sad walls and oaken floor;
Such as the rugged days of old
Deem'd fit for captive noble's hold.
'Here,' said De Brent, 'thou may'st remain
Till the Leech visit him again.
Strict is his charge, the warders tell,
To tend the noble prisoner well.' —
Retiring then the bolt he drew,
And the lock's murmurs growl'd anew.
Roused at the sound, from lowly bed
A captive feebly raised his head;
The wondering Minstrel looked, and knew
Not his dear lord, but Roderick Dhu!
For, come from where Clan-Alpine fought,
They, erring, deem'd the Chief he sought.
As the tall ship, whose lofty prore
Shall never stem the billows more,
Deserted by her gallant band,
Amid the breakers lies astrand, —
So, on his couch, lay Roderick Dhu!
And oft his fevered limbs he threw
In toss abrupt, as when her sides
Lie rocking in the advancing tides,
That shake her frame with ceaseless beat,
Yet cannot heave her from her seat; —
O! how unlike her course at sea!
Or his free step on hill and lea! —
Soon as the Minstrel he could scan,
— 'What of thy lady? — of my clan? —
My mother? — Douglas? — tell me all!
Have they been ruined in my fall?
Ah, yes! or wherefore art thou here!
Yet speak, — speak boldly, — do not fear.' —
(For Allan, who his mood well knew,
Was choked with grief and terror too). —
'Who fought — who fled? — Old man, be brief; —
Some might — for they had lost their Chief.
Who basely live? — who bravely died?' —
'O, calm thee, Chief!' the Minstrel cried,
'Ellen is safe;' — 'For that, thank Heaven!'
'And hopes are for the Douglas given! —
The Lady Margaret too is well,
And, for thy clan, — on field or fell,
Has never harp of minstrel told
Of combat fought so true and bold.
Thy stately Pine is yet unbent,
Though many a goodly bough is rent.' —

The Chieftain reared his form on high,
And fever's fire was in his eye;
But ghastly, pale, and livid streaks
Chequer'd his swarthy brow and cheeks.
— 'Hark, Minstrel! I have heard thee play,
With measure bold on festal day,
In yon lone isle, . . . again where ne'er
Shall harper play, or warrior hear! . . .
That stirring air that peals on high,
O'er Dermid's race our victory.
Strike it! — and then, (for well thou canst,)
Free from thy minstrel-spirit glanced,
Fling me the picture of the fight,
When met my clan the Saxon might.
I'll listen, till my fancy bears
The clang of swords, the crash of spears!
These grates, these walls, shall vanish then
For the fair field of fighting men,
And my free spirit burst away,
As if it soared from battle-fray.' —
The trembling Bard with awe obey'd, —
Slow on the harp his hand he laid;
But soon remembrance of the sight
He witness'd from the mountain's height,
With what old Bertram told at night,
Awaken'd the full power of song,
And bore him in career along;
As shallop launch'd on river's tide,
That slow and fearful leaves the side,

But, when it feels the middle stream,
Drives downward swift as lightning's beam.

Battle of Beal' an Duine.

'The Minstrel came once more to view
The eastern ridge of Ben-venue,
For, ere he parted, he would say
Farewell to lovely Loch-Achray —
Where shall he find, in foreign land,
So lone a lake, so sweet a strand! —
There is no breeze upon the fern,
No ripple on the lake,
Upon her eyrie nods the erne,
The deer has sought the brake;
The small birds will not sing aloud,
The springing trout lies still,
So darkly glooms yon thunder-cloud,
That swathes, as with a purple shrond,
Benledi's distant hill.
Is it the thunder's solemn sound
That mutters deep and dread,
Or echoes from the groaning ground
The warrior's measured tread?
Is it the lightning's quivering glance
That on the thicket streams,
Or do they flash on spear and lance
The sun's retiring beams?
— I see the dagger-crest of Mar,
I see the Moray's silver star,
Wave o'er the cloud of Saxon war,
That up the lake comes winding far!
To hero bonne for battle-strife,
Or bard of martial lay,
'Twere worth ten years of peaceful life,
One glance at their array!

'Their light-arm'd archers far and near
Survey'd the tangled ground,
Their centre ranks, with pike and spear,
A twilight forest frown'd.
Their barded horsemen, in the rear,
The stern battalia crowned.
No cymbal clash'd, no clarion rang,
Still were the pipe and drum;
Save heavy tread, and armour's clang,
The sullen march was dumb.
There breathed no wind their crests to shake
Or wave their flags abroad;
Scarce the frail aspen seem'd to quake,
That shadow'd o'er their road.
Their vaward scouts no tidings bring,
Can rouse no lurking foe;
Nor spy a trace of living thing,
Save when they stirred the roe;
The host moves, like a deep-seawave,
Where rise no rocks its pride to brave,
High-swelling, dark, and slow.
The lake is passed, and now they gain
A narrow and a broken plain,
Before the Trosach's rugged jaws;
And here the horse and spear-men pause,
While to explore the dangerous glen,
Dive through the pass the archer-men.

'At once there rose so wild a yell
Within that dark and narrow dell,
As all the fiends, from heaven that fell,
Had peal'd the banner-cry of hell!
Forth from the pass in tumult driven,
Like chaff before the wind of heaven,
The archery appear:
For life! for life! their flight they ply —
And shriek, and shout, and battle cry,
And plaids and bonnets waving high,
And broad-swords flashing to the sky,
Are maddening in the rear.
Onward they drive, in dreadful race,
Pursuers and pursued;
Before that tide of flight and chase,
How shall it keep its rooted place,
The spearmen's twilight-wood?
— 'Down, down,' cried Mar, 'your lances down!
Bear back both friend and foe!'
Like reeds before the tempest's frown,
That serried grove of lances brown
At once lay levell'd low;
And closely shouldering side to side,
The bristling ranks the onset bide. —
— 'We'll quell the savage mountaineer,
As their Tinchel cows the game!
They come as fleet as forest deer,
We'll drive them back as tame.' —

'Bearing before them, in their course,
The relics of the archer-force,
Like wave with crest of sparkling foam,
Right onward did Clan-Alpine come.
Above the tide, each broad-sword bright
Was brandishing like beam of light,
Each targe was dark below;
And with the ocean's mighty swing,
When heaving to the tempest's wing,
They hurl'd them on the foe.
I heard the lance's shivering crash,
As when the whirlwind rends the ash;
I heard the broad-sword's deadly clang,
As if an hundred anvils rang.'
But Moray wheel'd his rear-ward rank
Of horsemen on Clan Alpine's flank, —
— 'My banner-man advance!
I see, he cried, 'their column shake. —
Now, gallants! for your ladies' sake,
Upon them with the lance!' —
The horsemen dash'd among the route,
As deer break through the broom;
Their steeds are stout, their swords are out,
They soon make lightsome room.
Clan-Alpine's best are backward borne —
Where, where, was Roderick then!
One blast upon his bugle-horn
Were worth a thousand men.

And refluent through the pass of fear
The battle's tide was poured;
Vanish'd the Saxon's struggling spear,
Vanish'd the mountain sword.
As Bracklinn's chasm, so black and steep,
Receives her roaring linn,
As the dark caverns of the deep
Suck the wild whirlpool in,
So did the deep and darksome pass
Devour the battle's mingled mass;
None linger now upon the plain,
Save those who ne'er shall fight again.

'Now westward rolls the battle's din,
That deep and doubling pass within.
— Minstrel, away! the work of fate
Is bearing on: its issue wait,
Where the rude Trosach's dread defile
Opens on Katrine's lake and isle. —
Grey Ben-venue I soon repassed,
Loch-Katrine lay beneath me cast.
The sun is set; — the clouds are met,
The lowering scowl of heaven
An inky hue of livid blue
To the deep lake has given;
Strange gusts of wind from mountain glen,
Swept o'er the lake, then sunk agen.
I heeded not the eddying surge,
Mine eye but saw the Trosach's gorge,
Mine ear but heard that sullen sound,
Which like an earthquake shook the ground,
And spoke the stern and desperate strife
That parts not but with parting life,
Seeming, to minstrel-ear, to toll
The dirge of many a passing soul.

'Nearer it comes — the dim-wood glen
The martial flood disgorged agen,
But not in mingled tide;
The plaided warriors of the North
High on the mountain thunder forth,
And overhang its side;
While by the lake below appears
The dark'ning cloud of Saxon spears.
At weary bay each shatter'd band,
Eyeing their foemen, sternly stand;
Their banners stream like tatter'd sail,
That flings its fragments to the gale,
And broken arms and disarray
Mark'd the fell havock of the day.

'Viewing the mountain's ridge askance,
The Saxons stood in sullen trance,
Till Moray pointed with his lance,
And cried — 'Behold yon isle! —
See! none are left to guard its strand,
But women weak, that wring the hand.
'Tis there of yore the robber band
Their booty wont to pile; —
My purse, with bonnet-pieces store,
To him will swim a bow-shot o'er,
And loose a shallop from the shore.
Lightly we'll tame the war-wolf then,
Lords of his mate, and brood, and den.' —
Forth from the ranks a spearman sprung,
On earth his casque and corslet rung,
He plunged him in the wave: —
All saw the deed — the purpose knew,
And to their clamours Ben-venue
A mingled echo gave;
The Saxons shout, their mate to cheer,
The helpless females scream for fear,
And yells for rage the mountaineer.
'Twas then, as by the outcry riven,
Pour'd down at once the lowering heaven;
A whirlwind swept Loch-Katrine's breast,
Her billows rear'd their snowy crest.
Well for the swimmer swell'd they high,
To mar the Highland-marksman's eye;
For round him shower'd, 'mid rain and hail,
The vengeful arrows of the Gael. —
In vain. — He nears the isle — and lo!
His hand is on a shallop's bow.
— Just then a flash of lightning came,
It tinged the waves and strand with flame; —
I mark'd Duncraggan's widow'd dame,
Behind an oak I saw her stand,
A naked dirk gleam'd in her hand: —
It darken'd, — but amid the moan
Of waves I heard a dying groan; —
Another flash! — the spearman floats
A weltering corse beside the boats,
And the stern Matron o'er him stood,
Her hand and dagger streaming blood.

'Revenge! revenge!' the Saxons cried,
The Gaels' exulting shout replied.
Despite the elemental rage,
Again they hurried to engage;
But, ere they closed in desperate fight,
Bloody with spurring came a knight,
Sprung from his horse, and, from a crag,
Waved 'twixt the hosts a milk-white flag.
Clarion and trumpet by his side
Rung forth a truce-note high and wide,
While, in the monarch's name, afar
An herald's voice forbade the war,
For Bothwell's lord, and Roderick bold,
Were both, he said, in captive hold.'

— But there the lay made sudden stand,
The harp escaped the Minstrel's hand!
Oft had he stolen a glance, to spy
How Roderick brooked his minstrelsy:
At first, the Chieftain, to the chime,
With lifted hand, kept feeble time;
That motion ceased, — yet feeling strong
Varied his look as changed the song;
At length, no more his deafen'd ear
The minstrel melody can hear;
His face grows sharp, — his hands are clench'd,
As if some pang his heart-strings wrench'd;

Set are his teeth, his fading eye
Is sternly fixed on vacancy; —
Thus, motionless, and moanless, drew
His parting breath, stout Roderick Dhu! —
Old Allan-bane look'd on aghast,
While grim and still his spirit pass'd:
But when he saw that life was fled,
He pour'd his wailing o'er the dead.

Lament.

'And art thou cold, and lowly laid,
Thy foeman's dread, thy people's aid,
Breadalbane's boast, Clan-Alpine's shade!
For thee shall none a requiem say?
— For thee, — who loved the minstrel's lay,
For thee, of Bothwell's house the stay,
The shelter of her exiled line,
E'en in this prison-house of thine,
I'll wail for Alpine's honour'd pine!

'What groans shall yonder vallies fill!
What shrieks of grief shall rend yon hill!
What tears of burning rage shall thrill,
When mourns thy tribe thy battles done,
Thy fall before the race was won,
Thy sword ungirt ere set of sun!
There breathes not clansman of thy line,
But would have given his life for thine. —
O woe for Alpine's honour'd pine!
Sad was thy lot on mortal stage! —
The captive thrush may brook the cage,
The prison'd eagle dies for rage.
Brave spirit, do not scorn my strain!
And, when its notes awake again,
Even she, so long beloved in vain,
Shall with my harp her voice combine,
And mix her woe and tears with mine,
To wail Clan-Alpine's honour'd pine.' —

Ellen, the while, with bursting heart,
Remained in lordly bower apart,
Where play'd, with many-colour'd gleams,
Through storied pane the rising beams.
In vain on gilded roof they fall,
And lighten'd up a tapestried wall,
And for her use a menial train
A rich collation spread in vain.
The banquet proud, the chamber gay,
Scarce drew one curious glance astray;
Or, if she look'd, 'twas but to say,
With better omen dawn'd the day
In that lone isle, where waved on high
The dun deer's hide for canopy;
Where oft her noble father shared
The simple meal her care prepared,
While Lufra, crouching by her side,
Her station claim'd with jealous pride,
And Douglas, bent on woodland game,
Spoke of the chase to Malcolm Graeme,
Whose answer, oft at random made,
The wandering of his thoughts betray'd. —
Those who such simple joys have known
Are taught to prize them when they're gone.
But sudden, see, she lifts her head!
The window seeks with cautious tread.
What distant music has the power
To win her in this woeful hour!
'Twas from a turret that o'erhung
Her latticed bower, the strain was sung.

Lay of the imprisoned Huntsman.

'My hawk is tired of perch and hood,
My idle grey-hound loathes his food,
My horse is weary of his stall,
And I am sick of captive thrall.
I wish I were as I have been,
Hunting the hart in forest green,
With bended bow and blood-hound free,
For that's the life is meet for me.

'I hate to learn the ebb of time,
From yon dull steeple's drowsy chime,
Or mark it as the sun-beams crawl,
Inch after inch, along the wall.
The lark was wont my matins ring,
The sable rook my vespers sing;
These towers, although a king's they be,
Have not a hall of joy for me.

'No more at dawning morn I rise,
And sun myself in Ellen's eyes,
Drive the fleet deer the forest through,
And homeward wend with evening dew;
A blithesome welcome blithely meet,
And lay my trophies at her feet,
While fled the eve on wing of glee, —
That life is lost to love and me!' —

The heart-sick lay was hardly said,
The list'ner had not turn'd her head;
It trickled still, the starting tear,
When light a footstep, struck her ear,
And Snowdoun's graceful Knight was near.
She turn'd the hastier, lest again
The prisoner should renew his strain.
'O welcome, brave Fitz-James!' she said;
'How may an almost orphan maid
Pay the deep debt' — 'O say not so!
To me no gratitude you owe.
Not mine, alas! the boon to give,
And bid thy noble father live;
I can but be thy guide, sweet maid,
With Scotland's King thy suit to aid.
No tyrant he, though ire and pride
May lead his better mood aside.
Come, Ellen, come! — 'tis more than time,
He holds his court at morning-prime.' —
With beating heart, and bosom wrung,
As to a brother's arm she clung.
Gently he dried the falling tear,
And gently whispered hope and cheer;
Her faultering steps half led, half staid,
Through gallery fair and high arcade,

Till, at his touch, its wings of pride
A portal arch unfolded wide.

Within 'twas brilliant all and light,
A thronging scene of figures bright;
It glow'd on Ellen's dazzled sight,
As when the setting sun has given
Ten thousand hues to summer-even,
And, from their tissue, fancy frames
Aerial knights and fairy dames.
Still by Fitz-James her footing staid:
A few faint steps she forward made,
Then slow her drooping head she raised,
And fearful round the presence gazed;
For him she sought, who own'd this state,
The dreaded Prince whose will was fate! —
She gazed on many a princely port,
Might well have ruled a royal court;
On many a splendid garb she gazed, —
Then turn'd bewilder'd and amazed,
For all stood bare; and, in the room,
Fitz-James alone wore cap and plume.
To him each lady's look was lent;
On him each courtier's eye was bent,
Midst furs and silks and jewels sheen,
He stood, in simple Lincoln green,
The centre of the glittering ring, —
And Snowdoun's Knight is Scotland's King!

As wreath of snow, on mountain breast,
Slides from the rock that gave it rest,
Poor Ellen glided from her stay,
And at the Monarch's feet she lay;
No word her choking voice commands, —
She shew'd the ring — she clasp'd her hands.
O! not a moment could he brook,
The generous Prince, that suppliant look!
Gently he raised her, — and, the while,
Check'd with a glance the circle's smile:
Graceful, but grave, her brow he kiss'd,
And bade her terrors be dismiss'd: —
'Yes, Fair; the wandering poor Fitz-James
The fealty of Scotland claims.
To him thy woes, thy wishes, bring,
He will redeem his signet-ring.
Ask nought for Douglas; — yester even,
His prince and he have much forgiven:
Wrong hath he had from slanderous tongue,
I, from his rebel kinsmen, wrong.
We would not to the vulgar crowd
Yield what they craved with clamour loud;
Calmly we heard and judged his cause,
Our council aided, and our laws.
I stanch'd thy father's death-feud stern,
With stout De Vaux and grey Glencairn;
And Bothwell's Lord henceforth we own
The friend and bulwark of our Throne. —
But, lovely infidel, how now?
What clouds thy misbelieving brow?
Lord James of Douglas, lend thine aid;
Thou must confirm this doubting maid.' —

Then forth the noble Douglas sprung,
And on his neck his daughter hung.
The Monarch drank, that happy hour,
The sweetest, holiest draught of Power, —
When it can say, with godlike voice,
Arise, sad Virtue, and rejoice!
Yet would not James the general eye
On nature's raptures long should pry;
He stepp'd between — 'Nay, Douglas, nay,
Steal not my proselyte away!
The riddle 'tis my right to read,
That brought this happy chance to speed. —
Yes, Ellen, when disguised I stray
In life's more low but happier way,
'Tis under name which veils my power,
Nor falsely veils — for Stirling's tower
Of yore the name of Snowdoun claims,
And Normans call me James Fitz-James.
Thus watch I o'er insulted laws,
Thus learn to right the injured cause.' —
Then, in a tone apart and low,
— 'Ah, little traitress! none must know
What idle dream, what lighter thought,
What vanity full dearly bought,
Join'd to thine eye's dark witchcraft, drew
My spell-bound steps to Ben-venue,
In dangerous hour, and all but gave
Thy Monarch's life to mountain-glaive!' —
Aloud he spoke — 'Thou still dost hold
That little talisman of gold,
Pledge of my faith, Fitz-James's ring —
What seeks fair Ellen of the King?' —

Full well the conscious maiden guessed,
He probed the weakness of her breast;
But, with that consciousness, there came
A lightning of her fears for Graeme,
And more she deem'd the monarch's ire
Kindled 'gainst him, who, for her sire,
Rebellious broad-sword boldly drew;
And, to her generous feeling true,
She craved the grace of Roderick Dhu. —
'Forbear thy suit: — the King of Kings
Alone can stay life's parting wings.
I know his heart, I knew his hand,
Have shared his cheer, and proved his brand; —
My fairest earldom would I give
To bid Clan-Alpine's Chieftain live! —
Hast thou no other boon to crave?
No other captive friend to save?' —
Blushing, she turn'd her from the King,
And to the Douglas gave the ring,
As if she wish'd her sire to speak
The suit that stain'd her glowing cheek. —
'Nay, then, my pledge has lost its force,
And stubborn justice holds her course.
Malcolm, come forth!' — And, at the word,
Down kneel'd the Graeme to Scotland's Lord.
'For thee, rash youth, no suppliant sues,
From thee may Vengeance claim her dues,

Who, nurtured underneath our smile,
Hast paid our care by treacherous wile,
And sought, amid thy faithful clan,
A refuge for an outlaw'd man,
Dishonouring thus thy loyal name. —
Fetters and warder for the Graeme! — —
His chain of gold the King unstrung,
The links o'er Malcolm's neck he flung,
Then gently drew the glittering band,
And laid the clasp on Ellen's hand.

Harp of the North, farewell! The hills grow dark,
On purple peaks a deeper shade descending;
In twilight copse the glow-worm lights her spark,
The deer, half-seen, are to the covert wending.
Resume thy wizard-elm! the fountain lending,
And the wild breeze, thy wilder minstrelsy;
Thy numbers sweet with Nature's vespers blending,
With distant echo from the fold and lea,
And herd-boy's evening pipe, and hum of housing bee.

Yet, once again, farewell, thou Minstrel-Harp!
Yet, once again, forgive my feeble sway,
And little reck I of the censure sharp
May idly cavil at an idle lay.
Much have I owed thy strains on life's long way
Through secret woes the world has never known,
When on the weary night dawn'd wearier day,
And bitterer was the grief devour'd alone.
That I o'erlive such woes, Enchantress! is thine own.

Hark! as my lingering footsteps slow retire,
Some Spirit of the Air has waked thy string!
'Tis now a Seraph bold, with touch of fire,
'Tis now the brush of Fairy's frolic wing.
Receding now, the dying numbers ring
Fainter and fainter down the rugged dell,
And now the mountain-breezes scarcely bring
A wandering witch-note of the distant spell —
And now, 'tis silent all! — Enchantress, fare thee well!

HENRY KIRKE WHITE.

Henry Kirke White, the son of a butcher, was born at Nottingham in 1785. In his fourteenth year he was apprenticed to a stocking weaver, but not wishing to stay there, was placed under an attorney, and studied the law for the space of two years, during which period he also improved his education by studying Latin, Greek, Italian, and several of the sciences; he gained at this period two prizes, awarded for the best English composition by the Monthly Preceptor, a London Magazine. In 1803, he published a volume of poems, which was severely criticised by the Monthly Review; this had a great effect upon the young poet, but an encouraging letter from Mr. Southey helped to take away this disagreeable impression. He was assisted with funds to enable him to enter college, which he did at Cambridge, where however he studied so hard, that it shattered his constitution beyond recovery, and he died in 1806, aged twenty one. This poet owes his renown to Mr. Southey who published a book entitled 'The Remains of Henry Kirke White' in which ample justice is done to the memory of the young poet. He was more distinguished for the amiability of his disposition and purity of his sentiments than for his poetry; but he died too young to enable us to judge fairly of the latter.

A HYMN FOR FAMILY WORSHIP.

O Lord! another day is flown,
And we, a lonely band,
Are met once more before thy throne,
To bless thy fost'ring hand.

And wilt thou bend a listening ear,
To praises low as ours?
Thou wilt! for thou dost love to hear
The song which meekness pours.

And, Jesus, thou thy smiles wilt deign,
As we before thee pray;
For thou didst bless the infant train,
And we are less than they.

Oh, let thy grace perform its part,
And let contention cease;
And shed abroad in every heart
Thine everlasting peace!

Thus chasten'd, cleans'd, entirely thine,
A flock by Jesus led;
The Sun of holiness shall shine
In glory on our head.

And thou wilt turn our wandering feet,
And thou wilt bless our way?
Till worlds shall fade, and faith shall greet
The dawn of lasting day.

THE CHRISTIAN'S PROGRESS.

Through sorrow's night, and danger's path,
Amid the deepening gloom,
We, soldiers of an injured king,
Are marching to the tomb.

There, when the turmoil is no more,
And all our powers decay,
Our cold remains in solitude
Shall sleep the years away.

Our labours done, securely laid
In this our last retreat,
Unheeded, o'er our silent dust
The storms of life shall beat.

Yet not thus lifeless, thus inane,
The vital spark shall lie,
For o'er life's wreck that spark shall rise
To see its kindred sky.

These ashes too, this little dust,
Our Father's care shall keep,
Till the last angel rise, and break
The long and dreary sleep.

Then love's soft dew o'er every eye
Shall shed its mildest rays,
And the long silent dust shall burst
With shouts of endless praise.

TO AN EARLY PRIMROSE.

Mild offspring of a dark and sullen sire!
Whose modest form, so delicately fine,
Was nursed in whirling storms,
And cradled in the winds —

Thee, when young Spring first questioned Winter's sway,
And dared the sturdy blusterer to the fight,
Thee on this bank he threw
To mark his victory.

In this low vale, the promise of the year,
Serene thou openest to the nipping gale,
Unnoticed and alone,
Thy tender elegance.

So virtue blooms, brought forth amid the storms
Of chill adversity, — in some lone walk
Of life she rears her head,
Obscure and unobserved;

While every bleaching breeze that on her blows,
Chastens her spotless purity of breast,
And hardens her to bear
Serene the ills of life.

THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM.

When, marshall'd on the nightly plain,
The glittering host bestud the sky,
One star alone, of all the train,
Can fix the sinner's wandering eye.

Hark! hark! to God the chorus breaks,
From every host, from every gem;
But one alone the Saviour speaks,
It is the star of Bethlehem.

Once on the raging seas I rode,
The storm was loud, — the night was dark, —
The ocean yawn'd and rudely blow'd
The wind that toss'd my foundering bark.

Deep horror, then, my vitals froze,
Death-struck, I ceased the tide to stem;
When suddenly a star arose, —
It was the Star of Bethlehem.

It was my guide, my light, my all,
It bade my dark forebodings cease;
And through the storm and danger's thrall,
It led me to the port of peace.

Now safely moor'd — my perils o'er,
I'll sing, first in night's diadem,
For ever, and for evermore,
The Star! — The Star of Bethlehem!

A HYMN.

O, Lord, my God, in mercy turn,
In mercy hear a sinner mourn!
To thee I call, to thee I cry,
O, leave me, leave me not to die!

I strove against thee, Lord, I know,
I spurn'd thy grace, I mock'd thy law;
The hour is past — the day's gone by,
And I am left alone to die.

O, pleasures past, what are ye now,
But thorns about my bleeding brow!
Spectres that hover round my brain,
And aggravate and mock my pain.

For pleasure I have given my soul;
Now, Justice, let thy thunders roll!
Now, Vengeance, smile — and with a blow
Lay the rebellious ingrate low.

Yet, Jesus, Jesus! there I'll cling
I'll crowd beneath his sheltering wing,
I'll clasp the cross, and holding there,
Even me, oh bliss! — his wrath may spare.

THE SAVOYARD'S RETURN.

Oh! yonder is the well-known spot,
My dear, my long-lost native home,
Oh! welcome is yon little cot,
Where I shall rest, no more to roam!
Oh! I have travelled far and wide,
O'er many a distant foreign land!
Each place, each province I have tried,
And sung and danced my sarabande.
But all their charms could not prevail,
To steal my heart from yonder vale.

Of distant climes the false report
It lured me from my native land;
It bade me rove — my sole support
My cymbals and my sarabande.
The woody dell, the hanging rock,
The chamois skipping o'er the heights,
The plain adorned with many a flock,
And, oh! a thousand more delights,
That grace yon dear beloved retreat,
Have backward won my weary feet.

Now safe return'd with wandering tired,
No more my little home I'll leave;
And many a tale of what I've seen
Shall wile away the winter's eve.
Oh! I have wander'd far and wide,
O'er many a distant foreign land!
Each place, each province I have tried,
And sung and danced my saraband;
But all their charms could not prevail,
To steal my heart from yonder vale.

THE WANDERING BOY.

When the winter wind whistles along the wild moor,
And the cottager shuts on the beggar his door,
When the chilling tear stands in my comfortless eye,
Oh, how hard is the lot of the Wandering Boy.

The winter is cold, and I have no vest,
And my heart it is cold as it beats in my breast;
No father, no mother, no kindred have I,
For I am a parentless Wandering Boy.

Yet I had a home, and I once had a sire,
A mother who granted each infant desire,
Our cottage it stood in a wood embower'd vale,
Where the ring-dove would warble its sorrowful tale.

But my father and mother were summon'd away,
And they left me to hard-hearted strangers a prey;
I fled from their rigour with many a sigh,
And now I'm a poor little Wandering Boy.

The wind it is keen, and the snow loads the gale,
And no one will list to my innocent tale;
I'll go to the grave where my parents both lie,
And death shall befriend the poor Wandering Boy.

TO THE HERB ROSEMARY.

Sweet-scented flower! who art wont to bloom
On January's frost severe,
And o'er the wintry desert drear
To waft thy waste perfume!
Come, thou shalt form my nosegay now,
And I will bind thee round my brow,
And as I twine the mournful wreath,
I'll weave a melancholy song;
And sweet the strain shall be and long,
The melody of death.

Come, funeral flower! who lovest to dwell
With the pale corse in lonely tomb,
And throw across the desert gloom
A sweet decaying smell.
Come, press my lips, and lie with me
Beneath the lowly alder-tree,
And we will sleep a pleasant sleep,
And not a care shall dare intrude,
To break the marble solitude,
So peaceful and so deep.

And hark! the wind-god, as he flies,
Moans hollow in the forest trees,
And sailing on the gusty breeze,
Mysterious music dies.
Sweet flower! that requiem wild is mine,
It warns me to the lonely shrine,
The cold turf altar of the dead;
My grave shall be in yon lone spot,
Where as I lie, by all forgot,
A dying fragrance thou wilt o'er my ashes shed.

JOHN KEATS.

John Keats, born in London 1796, was at the age of fifteen apprentice to a surgeon; however he paid more attention to literary pursuits then to medicine and made a literal translation of Virgil's Æneid. In 1818 he published his 'Endymion', a Poetical Romance; the work was severely criticised; which circumstance made such an impression upon the young author, that it brought on a consumption, which eventually terminated his career. Nevertheless he continued his works and in 1820 wrote his 'Lamia', 'Isabella', the 'Eve of St. Agnes' and other Poems, which were well received by the public, and by the critics, but the fatal disease was making such progress that he determined to go to Italy, in order by that means, if possible, to recover his health; it was of little use to him, for he died there a short time after in 1820 and thus his second volume proved his last. His style although juvenile, shows a considerable amount of poetical genius, and had he attained a more advanced age, he would in all probability have been a renowned poet.

ODE TO A NIGHTINGALE.

My heart aches, and a drowsy numbness pains
My sense, as though of hemlock I had drunk,
Or emptied some dull opiate to the drains
One minute past, and Lethe-wards had sunk:

'Tis not through envy of thy happy lot
But being too happy in thy happiness,
That thou, light-winged Dryad of the trees,
In some melodious plot
Of beechen green, and shadows numberless,
Singest of summer in full-throated ease.

O for a draught of vintage, that hath been
Cooled a long age in the deep-delved earth,
Tasting of Flora and the country green,
Dance and Provencal song and sun-burnt mirth!
O for a beaker full of the warm south,
Full of the true, the blushful Hippocrene,
With beaded bubbles winking at the brim,
And purple-stained mouth;
That I might drink and leave the world unseen,
And with thee fade away into the forest dim:

Fade far away, dissolve, and quite forget
What thou among the leaves hast never known,
The weariness, the fever, and the fret
Here, where men sit and hear each other groan;
Where palsy shakes a few, sad, last gray hairs,
Where youth grows pale, and spectre-thin, and dies;
Where but to think is to be full of sorrow
And leaden-eyed despairs;
Where Beauty cannot keep her lustrous eyes,
Or new Love pine at them beyond to-morrow.

Away! away! for I will fly to thee
Not charioted by Bacchus and his pards,
But on the viewless wings of Poesy,
Though the dull brain perplexes and retards:
Already with thee! tender is the night,
And haply the queen-moon is on her throne
Clustered around by all her starry fays;
But here there is no light,
Save what from heaven is with the breezes blown
Through verdurous blooms and winding mossy ways.

I cannot see what flowers are at my feet,
Nor what soft incense hangs upon the boughs,
But, in embalmed darkness, guess each sweet
Wherewith the seasonable month endows
The grass, the thicket, and the fruit-tree wild;
White hawthorn, and the pastoral eglantine;
Fast-fading violets covered up in leaves;
And mid-May's eldest child,
The coming musk-rose, full of dewy wine,
The murmurous haunt of flies on summer eves.

Darkling I listen; and for many a time
I have been half in love with easeful Death,
Called him soft names in many a mused rhyme,
To take into the air my quiet breath;
Now more than ever seems it rich to die,
To cease upon the midnight with no pain,
While thou art pouring forth thy soul abroad
In such an ecstacy!
Still wouldst thou sing, and I have ears in vain —
To thy high requiem become a sod.

Thou wast not born for death, immortal bird!
No hungry generations tread thee down;
The voice I hear this passing night was heard
In ancient days by emperor and clown:
Perhaps the self-same song that found a path
Through the sad heart of Ruth, when, sick for home,
She stood in tears amid the alien corn;
The same that ofttimes hath
Charmed magic casements, opening on the foam
Of perilous seas, in fairy lands forlorn.

Forlorn! the very word is like a bell
To toll me back from thee to my sole self!
Adieu! the fancy cannot cheat so well
As she is famed to do, deceiving elf.
Adieu! adieu! thy plaintive anthem fades
Past the near meadows, over the still stream,
Up the hill-side; and now 'tis buried deep
In the next valley's glades:
Was it a vision or a waking dream?
Fled is that music: —do I wake or sleep?

TO AUTUMN.

Season of mists and mellow fruitfulness!
Close bosom-friend of the maturing sun:
Conspiring with him how to load and bless
With fruit the vines that round the thatch-eaves run;
To bend with apples the mossed cottage trees,
And fill all fruit with ripeness to the core;
To swell the gourd and plump the hazel shells
With a sweet kernel; to set budding more,
And still more, later flowers for the bees,
Until they think warm days will never cease,
For summer has o'er-brimmed their clammy cells.

Who hath not seen thee oft amid thy store?
Sometimes, whoever seeks abroad may find
Thee sitting careless on a granary floor,
Thy hair soft-lifted by the winnowing wind;
Or on a half-reaped furrow sound asleep,
Drowsed with the fume of poppies, while thy hook
Spares the next swath and all its twined flowers;
And sometimes like a gleaner thou dost keep

Steady thy laden head across a brook;
Or by a cider-press with patient look,
Thou watchest the last oozings, hours by hours.

Where are the songs of spring? Ay, where are they?
Think not of them, thou hast thy music too,
While barred clouds bloom the soft dying day,
And touch the stubble-plains with rosy hue;
Then in a wailful choir the small gnats mourn
Among the river sallows, borne aloft
Or sinking as the light wind lives or dies;
And full-grown lambs loud bleat from hilly bourn;
Hedge-crickets sing; and now with tremble soft
The redbreast whistles from a garden croft,
And gathering swallows twitter from the skies.

MOONLIGHT.

Eterne Apollo! that thy sister fair
Is of all these the gentlier-mightiest.
When thy gold breath is misting in the west,
She unobserved steals unto her throne,
And there she sits most meek and most alone;
As if she had not pomp subservient;
As if thine eye, high Poet! was not bent
Towards her with the muses in thine heart;
As if the ministering stars kept not apart,
Waiting for silver-footed messages.
O Moon! the oldest shades 'mong oldest trees
Feel palpitations when thou lookest in:
O Moon! old boughs lisp forth a holier din
The while they feel thine airy fellowship.
Thou dost bless everywhere, with silver lip
Kissing dead things to life. The sleeping kine,
Couched in thy brightness, dream of fields divine:
Innumerable mountains rise, and rise,
Ambitious for the hallowing of thine eyes;
And yet thy benediction passeth not
One obscure hiding-place, one little spot
Where pleasure may be sent: the nested wren
Has thy fair face within its tranquil ken,
And from beneath a sheltering ivy leaf
Takes glimpses of thee; thou art a relief
To the poor patient oyster, where it sleeps
Within its pearly house. — The mighty deeps,
The monstrous sea is thine — the myriad sea!
O Moon! for spooming Ocean bows to thee,
And Tellus feels her forehead's cumbrous load.

ROBERT BLOOMFIELD.

Robert Bloomfield, one of the class of self-taught poets, was born at Havnington in Suffolk in 1768. He was the youngest of six children whose father died, when Robert was but twelve months old. He received his first education in his mother's infant school, and after an additional three months' instruction in writing he discontinued his studies at the early age of seven, and had no other means of obtaining knowledge, than by his own exertions. He was apprenticed to a shoemaker, but his delicate constitution would not permit him to follow this line of business. He pursued his education alone, and in a short time was able to understand the speeches of Burke and Fox. His first literary productions were some poems published in 'The London Review', but after reading 'Thomson's Seasons' he was inspired with a wish to write descriptive poetry; therefore he composed his 'Farmer's Boy', the publication of which made him at once universally celebrated in England. His fame was increased by the appearance of 'Rural Tales', 'Ballads and Songs', 'Wild Flowers' &c., for which he was rewarded by the encouragement and protection of several noblemen, from whom he also received pensions. He died in extreme poverty at Shefford, August 19th 1823 at the age of fifty seven.

THE BLIND CHILD.

Where's the blind child, so admirably fair,
With guileless dimples, and with flaxen hair
That waves in ev'ry breeze? He's often seen
Beside yon cottage wall, or on the green,
With others match'd in spirit and in size,
Health on their cheeks, and rapture in their eyes.
That full expanse of voice to childhood dear,
Soul of their sports, is duly cherish'd here:
And, hark, that laugh is his, that jovial cry; —
He hears the ball and trundling hoop brush by,
And runs the giddy course with all his might,
A very child in every thing but sight;
With circumscribed, but not abated powers,
Play, the great object of his infant hours.
In many a game he takes a noisy part,
And shows the native gladness of his heart;
But soon he hears, on pleasure all intent,
The new suggestion and the quick assent;
The grove invites, delight fills every breast —
To leap the ditch, and seek the downy nest,
Away they start; leave balls and hoops behind,
And one companion leave — the boy is blind!
His fancy paints their distant paths so gay,
That childish fortitude awhile gives way:
He feels his dreadful loss; — yet short the pain
Soon he resumes his cheerfulness again,

Pondering how best his moments to employ,
He sings his little songs of nameless joy;
Creeps on the warm green turf for many an hour,
And plucks by chance the white and yellow flower;
Smoothing their stems, while resting on his knees,
He binds a nosegay which he never sees;
Along the homeward path then feels his way,
Lifting his brow against the shining day,
And, with a playful rapture round his eyes,
Presents a sighing parent with the prize.

THE FAKENHAM GHOST.

The lawns were dry in Euston-park;
(Here truth inspire my tale) —
The lonely footpath, still and dark,
Led over hill and dale.

Benighted was an ancient dame,
And fearful haste she made,
To gain the vale of Fakenham,
And hail its willow shade.

Her footsteps knew no idle stops,
But followed faster still;
And echoed to the darksome copse
That whispered on the hill;

Where clamorous rooks, yet scarcely hushed,
Bespoke a peopled shade:
And many a wing the foliage brushed,
And hovering circuits made.

The dappled herd of grazing deer,
That sought the shades by day,
Now started from her path with fear,
And gave the stranger way.

Darker it grew; and darker fears
Came o'er her troubled mind;
When now a short quick step she hears
Come patting close behind.

She turned; it stopped! — nought could she see
Upon the gloomy plain!
But, as she strove the sprite to flee,
She heard the same again.

Now terror seized her quaking frame;
For, where the path was bare,
The trotting ghost kept on the same;
She muttered many a prayer.

Yet once again, amidst her fright,
She tried what sight could do;
When through the cheating glooms of night,
A monster stood in view.

Regardless of whate'er she felt,
It followed down the plain;
She owned her sins, and down she knelt,
And said her prayers again.

Then on she sped; and hope grew strong,
The white park-gate in view;
Which pushing hard, so long it swung
That ghost and all passed through.

Loud fell the gate against the post!
Her heart-strings like to crack;
For much she feared the grisly ghost,
Would leap upon her back.

Still on, pat, pat, the goblin went,
As it had done before;
Her strength and resolution spent,
She fainted at the door.

Out came her husband, much surprised;
Out came her daughter dear:
Good-natured souls! all unadvised
Of what they had to fear.

The candle's gleam pierced through the night,
Some short space o'er the green;
And there the little trotting sprite
Distinctly might be seen.

An ass's foal had lost its dam,
Within the spacious park;
And simple as the playful lamb,
Had followed in the dark.

No goblin he; no imp of sin;
No crimes had ever known;
They took the shaggy stranger in,
And reared him as their own.

His little hoofs would rattle round,
Upon the cottage floor;
The matron learned to love the sound
That frightened her before.

A favourite the ghost became;
And 'twas his fate to thrive;
And long he lived, and spread his fame,
And kept the joke alive.

For many a laugh went through the vale;
And some conviction too: —
Each thought some other goblin tale
Perhaps was just as true.

SOLITUDE.

Welcome silence! welcome peace!
O most welcome, holy shade!
Thus I prove, as years increase,
My heart and soul for quiet made.
Thus I fix my firm belief,
While rapture's gushing tears descend,
That every flower and every leaf
Is moral truth's unerring friend.

I would not, for a world of gold,
That nature's lovely face should tire;
Fountain of blessings yet untold;
Pure source of intellectual fire!

Fancy's fair buds, the germs of song,
 Unquickened 'midst the world's rude strife,
Shall sweet retirement render strong,
 And morning silence bring to life.

Then tell me not that I shall grow
 Forlorn, that fields and woods will cloy;
From nature and her changes flow,
 An everlasting tide of joy.
I grant that summer heats will burn,
 That keen will come the frosty night;
But both shall please; and each in turn
 Yield reason's most supreme delight.

Build me a shrine, and I could kneel
 To rural gods, or prostrate fall;
Did I not see, did I not feel,
 That one Great Spirit governs all.
O heaven permit that I may lie,
 Where o'er my corpse green branches wave;
And those who from life's tumults fly,
 With kindred feelings press my grave.

ANNA LETITIA BARBAULD.

Anne Letitia Barbauld, daughter of Dr. John Aiken, was born in Leicestershire in 1743. She received a good education and early imbibed a knowledge of classical literature. In 1758 she removed with her parents to Warrington where she enjoyed much intellectual society. She early distinguished herself by her uncommon ripeness of judgment and in 1773 published her first work, 'Miscellaneous poems', four editions of which were called for in one year and a 'Collection of prose-pieces', some of which were written by her brother. In 1774 she married a dissenting minister who kept a school near Diss in Suffolk and participated with him in the task of instruction. In 1775 she produced a volume of devotional pieces compiled from the Psalms, her celebrated 'Early Lessons' and 'Hymns in Prose for children'. After a tour to the continent with her husband she employed herself with writing upon the topics of the day, taking the part of the Whigs. She assisted her father in his 'Evenings at Home for children' and edited in 1804, 'Correspondence of Richardson' to which she wrote her elegant life of the novelist. Mrs. B. also wrote many introductions to works published by the most celebrated authors of her time. In 1808 she had the misfortune to lose her husband and has expressed her deep sorrow in her poem 'Eighteen hundred and eleven' and in a dirge to his memory. In order to divert her mind from this melancholy event she employed herself in making a collection of the British novelists edited in 1810. Her compositions are characterised by their deep feeling, high moral principles, tenderness and elevation of thought. Her prose-writings are distinguished by their elegance of expression, taste, judgment, and imagination which seems to have exerted an undiminished sway over her. She died in 1825.

TO SPRING.

Sweet daughter of a rough and stormy sire,
Hoar winter's blooming child, delightful spring!
 Whose unshorn locks with leaves
 And swelling buds are crowned;

From the green islands of eternal youth
(Crowned with fresh blooms, and ever-springing shade)
 Turn, hither turn thy step,
 O thou, whose pow'rful voice,

More sweet than softest touch of Doric reed,
Or Lydian flute, can soothe the madd'ning winds
 And through the stormy deep
 Breathe thy own tender calm.

Thee, best beloved! the virgin train await,
With songs, and festal rites, and joy to rove
 Thy blooming wilds among,
 And vales and downy lawns

With untired feet; and cull thy earliest sweets
To weave fresh garlands for the glowing brow
 Of him, the favoured youth,
 That prompts their whispered sigh.

Unlock thy copious stores; those tender showers
That droop their sweetness on the infant buds,
 And silent dews that swell
 The milky ear's green stem;

And feed the flow'ring osier's early shoots,
And call those winds, which through the whisp'ring boughs
 With warm and pleasant breath
 Salute the blowing flowers.

Now let me sit beneath the whiteing thorn,
And mark the spreading tints steal o'er the dale:
 And watch with patient eye
 Thy fair unfolding charms.

O nymph! approach, while yet the temp'rate sun,
With bashful forehead, through the cool moist air
 Throws his young maiden beams,
 And with chaste kisses woos

The earth's fair bosom; while the streaming veil
Of lucid clouds with kind and frequent shade
 Protects thy modest blooms
 From his severer blaze.

Sweet is thy reign, but short: the red dog-star
Shall scorch thy tresses; and the mower's scythe

Thy greens, thy flowrets all,
Remorseless shall destroy.

Reluctant shall I bid thee then farewell;
For, oh! not all that autumn's lap contains,
Nor summer's ruddiest fruits,
Can aught for thee atone.

Fair spring! whose simplest promise more delights, [the heart
Than all their largest wealth, and through
Each joy and new-born hope
With softest influence breathes.

PRAISE IS DUE TO THE CREATOR.

Praise to God, immortal praise,
For the love that crowns our days;
Bounteous source of ev'ry joy,
Let thy praise our tongues employ:

For the blessings of the field,
For the stores the gardens yield,
For the vine's exalted juice,
For the gen'rous olive's use.

Flocks that whiten all the plain;
Yellow sheaves of ripen'd grain;
Clouds that drop their fatt'ning dews;
Suns that temp'rate warmth diffuse;

All that spring, with bounteous hand,
Scatters o'er the smiling land;
All that lib'ral autumn pours,
From her rich o'erflowing stores:

These to thee, my God, we owe,
Source from whence all blessings flow;
And for these my soul shall raise
Grateful vows, and solemn praise.

Yet, should rising whirlwinds tear
From its stem the rip'ning ear;
Should the fig-tree's blasted shoot
Drop her green, untimely fruit;

Should the vine put forth no more,
Nor the olive yield her store;
Though the sick'ning flocks should fall,
And the herds desert the stall;

Should thine alter'd hand restrain
The early and the latter rain;
Blast each op'ning bud of joy,
And the rising year destroy:

Yet, to thee my soul shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise;
And, when ev'ry blessing's flown,
Love thee — for thyself alone.

BENEVOLENCE AND COMPASSION.

Behold, where breathing love divine,
Our dying master stands!
His weeping followers, gathering round,
Receive his last commands.

From that mild teacher's parting lips,
What tender accents fell!
The gentle precepts which he gave,
Became its author well.

'Blest is the man whose soft'ning heart
Feels all another's pain;
To whom the supplicating eye
Was never rais'd in vain.

Whose breast expands with gen'rous warmth
A stranger's woes to feel,
And bleeds in pity o'er the wound,
He wants the power to heal.

He spreads his kind supporting arms
To every child of grief;
His secret bounty largely flows,
And brings unask'd relief.

To gentle offices of love
His feet are never slow,
He views through mercy's melting eye
A brother in a foe.

Peace from the bosom of his God,
My peace to him I give;
And when he kneels before his throne,
His trembling soul shall live.

To him protection shall be shown,
And mercy from above
Descend on those who thus fulfil
The perfect law of love.'

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LORD BYRON.

Lord Byron (George Noel Gordon) was born in London on the 22nd of Jan. 1788. At the early age of eleven he came into possession of the title and lands of one of the oldest English aristocratic families, and his prospects in life being thus improved, he entered Harrow School, and afterwards Trinity College, Cambridge. Byron appeared first before the public in 1807, when he published his 'Hours of Idleness', a work which was severely and even coarsely criticised by the Edinburgh Reviewers; this criticism was the cause of that magnificent satire of Byron 'English Bards and Scotch Reviewers'. Almost immediately after writing the latter, the poet travelled for two years, and upon his return he published the first and second cantos of 'Childe Harold', which appeared 1812, at once placed him above all criticism, and procured for him the first rank among the English Poets. This production was followed in rapid succession by 'The Giaour', 'The Bride of Abydos', 'The Corsair', and 'Lara' in which Byron opens another source of interest, and forms a new era in literature, in bringing before us scenes from the east, and particularly modern Greece. Byron contracted about this time a marriage with Miss Milbanke which proved very unfortunate, for after the birth of a daughter, Lady Byron left her husband without assigning any sufficient cause, on which occasion Byron expressed his feelings in those beautiful lines 'Fare thee well &c.' in which he so affectingly took leave of his wife. He left England almost immediately after, but before his departure he gave to the world 'The siege of Corinth' and 'Parisina'. He now travelled through Belgium and Switzerland, and resided several years in various parts of Italy and especially in Venice, where he lived in a manner too profligate to be excused, even the loose manners of the period and of the country taken into consideration. At about this time (1817), Byron made his first attempt in the drama and published 'Manfred', which is rather a series of grand and majestic soliloquies, than a play; and indeed Byron has repeatedly insisted that it was not written with the view of being represented on the stage. This work was followed by the 'Lament of Tasso', and the fourth and last canto of 'Childe Harold.' He has written several tragedies of which the most famous are 'Cain', 'Heaven and earth', 'The Deformed Transformed', 'Marino Faliero', 'Sardanapalus', 'Werner', and 'The Two Foscari'. In 'Don Juan' Byron has pictured almost all the features of modern society and in many parts most satirically criticised what he considered the weak points in that of his own country. The chief feature in all Byron's poetry is the melancholy grandeur with which the whole is clothed, and the exceeding boldness of all his ideas. He excels in the conception and portraying of character, and in the expression of dark and terrible sentiments, but his principal heroes are almost all repetitions of one another, and have always their blackest qualities brought forward and strongly depicted. The religious principle of all his later works is bad, yet in spite of this, his high poetical feeling shows itself everywhere, and his works are now and will ever be read with great delight and fascination. Towards the end of his life Byron interested himself in the Greek war of independence; and after employing large sums of money in behalf of the Country, he went himself Jan. 1824 into Greece where he died April 19th in the same year, in the midst of his exertions, which event was lamented by the Greeks as a national calamity. His remains were refused admission into Westminster Abbey on account of his religious opinions; therefore he was buried at Newstead.

SONNET ON CHILLON.

Eternal spirit of the chainless mind!
Brightest in dungeons, Liberty! thou art,
For there thy habitation is the heart —
The heart which love of thee alone can bind;

And when thy sons to fetters are consign'd —
To fetters, and the damp vault's dayless gloom,
Their country conquers with their martyrdom,
And Freedom's fame finds wings on every wind.

Chillon! thy prison is a holy place,
And thy sad floor an altar — for 'twas trod,
Until his very steps have left a trace

Worn, as if thy cold pavement were a sod,
By Bonnivard! — May none those marks efface!
For they appeal from Tyranny to God.

THE PRISONER OF CHILLON.

My hair is gray, but not with years,
Nor grew it white
In a single night,
As men's have grown from sudden fears;
My limbs are bow'd, though not with toil,
But rusted with a vile repose,
For they have been a dungeon's spoil,
And mine has been the fate of those
To whom the goodly earth and air
Are bann'd, and barr'd — forbidden fare:
But this was for my father's faith,
I suffer'd chains and courted death.
That father perish'd at the stake
For tenets he would not forsake:
And for the same his lineal race
In darkness found a dwelling-place.
We were seven — who now are one;
Six in youth, and one in age,
Finish'd as they had begun,
Proud of Persecution's rage;
One in fire, and two in field,
Their belief with blood have seal'd,
Dying as their father died,
For the God their foes denied;
Three were in a dungeon cast,
Of whom this wreck is left the last.

There are seven pillars of Gothic mould,
In Chillon's dungeons deep and old;
There are seven columns, massy and gray,
Dim with a dull imprison'd ray,
A sunbeam which hath lost its way,
And through the crevice and the cleft
Of the thick wall is fallen and left,
Creeping o'er the floor so damp,
Like a marsh's meteor-lamp:

And in each pillar there is a ring,
And in each ring there is a chain;
That iron is a cankering thing,
For in these limbs its teeth remain,
With marks that will not wear away,
Till I have done with this new day,
Which now is painful to these eyes,
Which have not seen the sun so rise
For years — I cannot count them o'er,
I lost their long and heavy score
When my last brother droop'd and died,
And I lay living by his side.

They chain'd us each to a column stone,
And we were three — yet, each alone;
We could not move a single pace,
We could not see each other's face,
But with that pale and livid light
That made us strangers in our sight:
And thus together — yet apart,
Fetter'd in hand, but pined in heart,
'T was still some solace in the dearth
Of the pure elements of earth,
To hearken to each other's speech,
And each turn comforter to each
With some new hope, or legend old,
Or song heroically bold;
But even these at length grew cold:
Our voices took a dreary tone,
An echo of the dungeon stone,
A grating sound — not full and free
As they of yore were wont to be:
It might be fancy — but to me
They never sounded like our own.

I was the eldest of the three,
And to uphold and cheer the rest
I ought to do — and did my best —
And each did well in his degree.
The youngest, whom my father loved,
Because our mother's brow was given
To him — with eyes as blue as heaven,
For him my soul was sorely moved;
And truly might it be distress'd
To see such bird in such a nest.
For he was beautiful as day —
(When day was beautiful to me
As to young eagles, being free) —
A polar day, which will not see
A sunset till its summer's gone,
Its sleepless summer of long light,
The snow-clad offspring of the sun!
And thus he was as pure and bright,
And in his natural spirit gay,
With tears for nought but others' ills,
And then they flow'd like mountain rills,
Unless he could assuage the woe
Which he abhorr'd to view below.

The other was as pure of mind,
But form'd to combat with his kind;
Strong in his frame, and of a mood
Which 'gainst the world in war had stood,
And perish'd in the foremost rank
With joy: — but not in chains to pine
His spirit wither'd with their clank,
I saw it silently decline —
And so perchance in sooth did mine;
But yet I forced it on to cheer
Those relics of a home so dear.
He was a hunter of the hills,
Had follow'd there the deer and wolf;
To him this dungeon was a gulf,
And fetter'd feet the worst of ills.

Lake Leman lies by Chillon's walls:
A thousand feet in depth below
Its massy waters meet and flow;
Thus much the fathom-line was sent
From Chillon's snow-white battlement,
Which round about the wave inthrals:
A double dungeon wall and wave
Have made — and like a living grave.
Below the surface of the lake
The dark vault lies wherein we lay;
We heard it ripple night and day;
Sounding o'er our heads it knock'd;
And I have felt the winter's spray
Wash through the bars when winds were high
And wanton in the happy sky;
And then the very rock hath rock'd,
And I have felt it shake, unshock'd,
Because I could have smiled to see
The death that would have set me free.

I said my nearer brother pined,
I said his mighty heart declined,
He loathed and put away his food.
It was not that 't was coarse and rude;
For we were used to hunter's fare,
And for the like had little care:
The milk drawn from the mountain goat
Was changed for water from the moat,
Our bread was such as captive's tears
Have moisten'd many a thousand years,
Since man first pent his fellow men
Like brutes within an iron den:
But what were these to us or him?
These wasted not his heart or limb:
My brother's-soul was of that mould
Which in a palace had grown cold,
Had his free breathing been denied
The range of the steep mountain's side;
But why delay the truth? — he died.
I saw, and could not hold his head
Nor reach his dying hand — nor dead, —
Though hard I strove, but strove in vain
To rend and gnash my bonds in twain.
He died — and they unlock'd his chain,
And scoop'd for him a shallow grave
Even from the cold earth of our cave.
I begg'd them, as a boon, to lay
His corse in dust whereon the day

Might shine — it was a foolish thought,
But then within my brain it wrought,
That even in death his freeborn breast
In such a dungeon could not rest.
I might have spared my idle prayer —
They coldly laugh'd — and laid him there:
The flat and turfless earth above
The being we so much did love;
His empty chain above it leant,
Such murder's fitting monument!
But he, the favourite and the flower,
Most cherish'd since his natal hour,
His mother's image in fair face,
The infant love of all his race,
His martyr'd father's dearest thought,
My latest care, for whom I sought
To hoard my life, that his might be
Less wretched now, and one day free;
He, too, who yet had held untired
A spirit natural or inspired —
He, too, was struck, and day by day
Was wither'd on the stalk away.
Oh God! it is a fearful thing
To see the human soul take wing
In any shape, in any mood: —
I 've seen it rushing forth in blood,
I 've seen it on the breaking ocean
Strive with a swoln convulsive motion,
I 've seen the sick and ghastly bed
Of Sin delirious with its dread:
But these were horrors — this was woe
Unmix'd with such — but sure and slow.
He faded, and so calm and meek,
So softly worn, so sweetly weak,
So tearless, yet so tender — kind,
And grieved for those he left behind;
With all the while a cheek whose bloom
Was as a mockery of the tomb,
Whose tints as gently sunk away
As a departing rainbow's ray —
An eye of most transparent light,
That almost made the dungeon bright;
And not a word of murmur — not
A groan o'er his untimely lot, —
A little talk of better days,
A little hope my own to raise,
For I was sunk in silence — lost
In this last loss, of all the most.
And then the sighs he would suppress
Of fainting nature's feebleness,
More slowly drawn, grew less and less:
I listen'd, but I could not hear —
I call'd, for I was wild with fear;
I knew 't was hopeless, but my dread
Would not be thus admonished;
I call'd, and thought I heard a sound —
I burst my chain with one strong bound,
And rush'd to him: — I found him not,
I only stirr'd in this black spot,
I only lived — *I* only drew
The accursed breath of dungeon-dew;

The last — the sole — the dearest link
Between me and the eternal brink,
Which bound me to my failing race,
Was broken in this fatal place.
One on the earth, and one beneath —
My brothers — both had ceased to breathe.
I took that hand which lay so still,
Alas! my own was full as chill;
I had not strength to stir, or strive,
But felt that I was still alive —
A frantic feeling, when we know
That what we love shall ne'er be so.
I know not why
I could not die;
I had no earthly hope but faith,
And that forbade a selfish death.

What next befell me then and there
I know not well — I never knew —
First came the loss of light, and air,
And then of darkness too:
I had no thought, no feeling — none —
Among the stones I stood a stone,
And was, scarce conscious what I wist,
As shrubless crags within the mist;
For all was blank, and bleak, and gray, —
It was not night — it was not day,
It was not even the dungeon-light,
So hateful to my heavy sight,
But vacancy absorbing space,
And fixedness — without a place;
There were no stars — no earth — no time —
No check — no change — no good — no crime —
But silence, and a stirless breath
Which neither was of life nor death;
A sea of stagnant idleness,
Blind, boundless, mute, and motionless!

A light broke in upon my brain, —
It was the carol of a bird;
It ceased, and then it came again,
The sweetest song ear ever heard,
And mine was thankful till my eyes
Ran over with the glad surprise,
And they that moment could not see
I was the mate of misery;
But then by dull degrees came back
My senses to their wonted track:
I saw the dungeon walls and floor
Close slowly round me as before,
I saw the glimmer of the sun
Creeping as it before had done;
But through the crevice where it came
That bird was perch'd, as fond and tame,
And tamer than upon the tree;
A lovely bird, with azure wings,
And song that said a thousand things,
And seem'd to say them all for me!
I never saw its like before,
I ne'er shall see its likeness more:

It seem'd like me to want a mate,
But was not half so desolate;
And it was come to love me when
None lived to love me so again,
And cheering from my dungeon's brink
Had brought me back to feel and think.
I know not if it late were free,
Or broke its cage to perch on mine,
But knowing well captivity,
Sweet bird! I could not wish for thine!
Or if it were, in winged guise,
A visitant from Paradise;
For — Heaven forgive that thought! the while
Which made me both to weep and smile —
I sometimes deem'd that it might be
My brother's soul come down to me;
But then at last away it flew,
And then 't was mortal — well I knew,
For he would never thus have flown,
And left me twice so doubly lone, —
Lone — as the corse within its shroud,
Lone — as a solitary cloud,
A single cloud on a sunny day,
While all the rest of heaven is clear,
A frown upon the atmosphere,
That hath no business to appear
When skies are blue, and earth is gay.

A kind of change came in my fate;
My keepers grew compassionate.
I know not what had made them so;
They were inured to sights of woe:
But so it was: — my broken chain
With links unfasten'd did remain,
And it was liberty to stride
Along my cell from side to side,
And up and down, and then athwart,
And tread it over every part;
And round the pillars one by one,
Returning where my walk begun,
Avoiding only, as I trod,
My brothers' graves without a sod;
For if I thought with heedless tread
My step profaned their lowly bed.
My breath came gaspingly and thick,
And my crush'd heart fell blind and sick.

I made a footing in the wall, —
It was not therefrom to escape,
For I had buried one and all
Who loved me in a human shape;
And the whole earth would henceforth be
A wider prison unto me:
No child — no sire — no kin had I,
No partner in my misery;
I thought of this, and I was glad,
For thought of them had made me mad; —
But I was curious to ascend
To my barr'd windows, and to bend
Once more, upon the mountains high,
The quiet of a loving eye.

I saw them — and they were the same,
They were not changed like me in frame;
I saw their thousand years of snow
On high — their wide long lake below,
And the blue Rhone in fullest flow;
I heard the torrents leap and gush
O'er channell'd rock and broken bush;
I saw the white-wall'd distant town,
And whiter sails go skimming down;
And then there was a little isle,
Which in my very face did smile,
The only one in view;
A small green isle, it seem'd no more,
Scarce broader than my dungeon-floor,
But in it there were three tall trees,
And o'er it blew the mountain breeze,
And by it there were waters flowing,
And on it there were young flowers growing,
Of gentle breath and hue.
The fish swam by the castle-wall,
And they seem'd joyous each and all;
The eagle rode the rising blast,
Methought he never flew so fast
As then to me he seem'd to fly —
And then new tears came in my eye,
And I felt troubled — and would fain
I had not left my recent chain;
And when I did descend again,
The darkness of my dim abode
Fell on me as a heavy load;
It was as is a new-dug grave,
Closing o'er one we sought to save, —
And yet my glance, too much oppress'd,
Had almost need of such a rest.
It might be months, or years, or days,
I kept no count — I took no note,
I had no hope my eyes to raise,
And clear them of their dreary mote;
At last men came to set me free,
I ask'd not why, and reck'd not where,
It was at length the same to me,
Fetter'd or fetterless to be:
I learn'd to love despair.
And thus when they appear'd at last,
And all my bonds aside were cast,
These heavy walls to me had grown
A hermitage — and all my own!
And half I felt as they were come
To tear me from a second home:
With spiders I had friendship made,
And watch'd them in their sullen trade,
Had seen the mice by moonlight play,
And why should I feel less than they?
We were all inmates of one place,
And I, the monarch of each race,
Had power to kill — yet, strange, to tell
In quiet we had learn'd to dwell —
My very chains and I grew friends,
So much a long communion tends
To make us what we are: — even I
Regain'd my freedom with a sigh.

GREECE.

(From the 'Giaour.')

Clime of the unforgotten brave!
Whose land from plain to mountain-cave
Was Freedom's home or Glory's grave;
Shrine of the mighty! can it be,
That this is all remains of thee?
Approach thou craven crouching slave:
Say, is not this Thermopilae?
These waters blue that round you lave,
Oh servile offspring of the free —
Pronounce what sea, what shore is this?
The gulf, the rock of Salamis!
These scenes, their story not unknown,
Arise, and make again your own;
Snatch from the ashes of your sires
The embers of their former fires;
And be who in the strife expires
Will add to theirs a name of fear
That Tyranny shall quake to hear,
And leave his sons a hope, a fame,
They too will rather die than shame:
For Freedom's battle once begun,
Bequeathed by bleeding Sire to Son,
Though baffled oft is ever won.
Bear witness, Greece, thy living page,
Attest it many a deathless age!
While kings, in dusty darkness hid,
Have left a nameless pyramid,
Thy heroes, though the general doom
Hath swept the column from their tomb,
A mightier monument command,
The mountains of their native land!
There points thy Muse to stranger's eye
The graves of those that cannot die!
'Twere long to tell, and sad to trace,
Each step from splendour to disgrace;
Enough — no foreign foe could quell
Thy soul, till from itself it fell;
Yes! Self-abasement pav'd the way
To villain-bonds and despot-sway.

WORTH OF WARLIKE FAME.

From 'Childe Harold's Pilgrimage.'

(I. XXXVIII.)

Hark! heard you not those hoofs of dreadful note?
Sounds not the clang of conflict on the heath?
Saw ye not whom the reeking sabre smote;
Nor saved your brethren ere they sank beneath
Tyrants and tyrants' slaves? — the fires of death,
The bale-fires flash on high: — from rock to rock
Each volley tells that thousands cease to breathe;
Death rides upon the sulphury Siroc,
Red Battle stamps his foot, and nations feel the shock.

Lo! where the Giant on the mountain stands,
His blood-red tresses deep'ning in the sun,
With death-shot glowing in his fiery hands,
And eye that scorcheth all it glares upon;
Restless it rolls, now fix'd, and now anon
Flashing afar, — and at his iron feet
Destruction cowers, to mark what deeds are done;
For on this morn three potent nations meet,
To shed before his shrine the blood he deems most sweet.

By Heaven! it is a splendid sight to see
(For one who hath no friend, no brother there)
Their rival scarfs of mixed embroidery,
Their various arms that glitter in the air!
What gallant war-hounds rouse them from their lair,
And gnash their fangs, loud yelling for the prey!
All join the chase, but few the triumph share;
The Grave shall bear the chiefest prize away,
And Havoc scarce for joy can number their array.

Three hosts combine to offer sacrifice;
Three tongues prefer strange orisons on high;
Three gaudy standards float the pale blue skies;
The shouts are France, Spain, Albion, Victory!
The foe, the victim, and the fond ally
That fights for all, but ever fights in vain,
Are met — as if at home they could not die —
To feed the crow on Talavera's plain,
And fertilize the field that each pretends to gain.

There shall they rot — Ambitions honoured fools!
Yes, Honour decks the turf that wraps their clay!
Vain sophistry! in these behold the tools,
The broken tools, that tyrants cast away
By myriads, when they dare to pave their way
With human hearts — to what? a dream alone.
Can despots compass aught that hails their sway,
Or call with truth one span of earth their own,
Save that wherein at last they crumble bone by bone?

THE EVE OF WATERLOO.

(I. XXI.)

There was a sound of revelry by night,
And Belgium's capital had gather'd then
Her beauty and her chivalry, and bright
The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men,

A thousand hearts beat happily; and, when
Music arose with its voluptuous swell,
Soft eyes look'd love to eyes which spake again,
And all went merry as a marriage bell;
But hush! hark! a deep sound strikes like a rising knell!

Did ye not hear it? — no; 'twas but the wind,
Or the car rattling o'er the stony street;
On with the dance! let joy be unconfined;
No sleep till morn, when youth and pleasure meet
To chase the glowing hours with flying feet —
But, hark! — that heavy sound breaks in once more,
As if the clouds its echo would repeat;
And nearer, clearer, deadlier than before!
Arm! arm! it is — it is — the cannon's opening roar!

Within a window'd niche of that high hall
Sate Brunswick's fated chieftain; he did hear
That sound the first amid the festival,
And caught its tone with death's prophetic ear;
And when they smil'd because he deem'd it near,
His heart more truly knew that peal too well
Which stretch'd his father on a bloody bier,
And roused the vengeance blood alone could quell:
He rush'd into the field, and foremost, fighting, fell.

Ah! then and there was hurrying to and fro,
And gathering tears, and tremblings of distress,
And cheeks all pale, which, but an hour ago,
Blush'd at the praise of their own loveliness;
And there were sudden partings; such as press
The life from out young hearts, and choking sighs
Which ne'er might be repeated; who could guess
If ever more should meet those mutual eyes
Since upon night so sweet such awful morn could rise?

And there was mounting in hot haste: the steed,
The mustering squadron, and the clattering car,
Went pouring forward with impetuous speed,
And swiftly forming in the ranks of war:
And the deep thunder peal on peal afar;
And near, the beat of the alarming drum,
Roused up the soldier ere the morning star;
While thronged the citizens, with terror dumb,
Or whispering, with white lips — 'The foe! They come! they come!

And wild and high the 'Cameron's Gathering' rose!
The war-note of Lochiel, which Albyn's hills
Have heard; and heard, too, have her Saxon foes: —
How in the noon of night that pibroch thrills,
Savage and shrill! But, with the breath that fills
Their mountain-pipe, so fill the mountaineers
With the fierce native daring which instils
The stirring memory of a thousand years,
And Evan's, Donald's fame rings in each clansman's ears!

And Ardennes waves above them her green leaves,
Dewy with Nature's tear-drops, as they pass,
Grieving, if aught inanimate e'er grieves,
Over the unreturning brave, — alas!
Ere evening to be trodden like the grass,
Which, now beneath them, but above shall grow
In its next verdure, when this fiery mass
Of living valour, rolling on the foe,
And burning with high hope, shall moulder cold and low.

Last noon — beheld them full of lusty life,
Last eve — in beauty's circle proudly gay,
The midnight — brought the signal-sound of strife,
The morn — the marshalling in arms, — the day —
Battle's magnificently-stern array!
The thunder-clouds close o'er it, which when rent,
The earth is cover'd thick with other clay,
Which her own clay shall cover, heap'd and pent,
Rider and horse — friend, foe — in one red burial blent!

NAPOLEON.

(III. XXVI.)

There sunk the greatest, nor the worst of men,
Whose spirit antithetically mixt
One moment of the mightiest, and again
On little objects with like firmness fixt;
Extreme in all things! hadst thou been betwixt,
Thy throne had still been thine, or never been;
For daring made thy rise as fall: thou seek'st
Even now to reassume the imperial mien,
And shake again the world, the Thunderer of the Scene!

Conqueror and captive of the earth art thou!
She trembles at thee still, and thy wild name
Was ne'er more bruited in men's minds than now
That thou art nothing, save the jest of Fame,
Who woo'd thee once, thy vassal, and became
The flatterer of thy fierceness, till thou wert
A god unto thyself; nor less the same
To the astounded kingdoms all inert,
Who deem'd thee for a time whate'er thou didst assert.

Oh, more or less than man — in high or low,
Battling with nations, flying from the field;
Now making monarchs' necks thy footstool, now
More than thy meanest soldier taught to yield;
An empire thou couldst crush, command, rebuild,
But govern not thy pettiest passion, nor,
However deeply in men's spirits skill'd
Look through thine own, nor curb the lust of war,
Nor learn that tempted Fate will leave the loftiest star.

Yet well thy soul hath brook'd the turning tide
With that untaught, innate philosophy,
Which, be it wisdom, coldness, or deep pride,
Is gall and wormwood to an enemy.
When the whole host of hatred stood hard by
To watch and mock thee shrinking, thou hast smiled
With a sedate and all-enduring eye; —
When fortune fled her spoil'd and favourite child,
He stood unbow'd beneath the ills upon him piled.

Sager than in thy fortunes; for in them
Ambition steel'd thee on too far to show
That just habitual scorn which could contemn
Men and their thoughts; 'twas wise to feel, not so
To wear it ever on thy lip and brow,
And spurn the instruments thou wert to use
Till they were turn'd into thine overthrow:
'Tis but a worthless world to win or lose;
So hath it proved to thee, and all such lot who choose.

THE LAKE OF GENEVA.

(III. LXXXV.)

Clear, placid Leman! thy contrasted lake,
With the wild world I dwelt in, is a thing
Which warns me, with its stillness, to forsake
Earth's troubled waters for a purer spring.
This quiet sail is as a noiseless wing
To waft me from distraction; once I loved
Torn ocean's roar, but thy soft murmuring
Sounds sweet as if a sister's voice reproved,
That I with stern delights should e'er have been so moved.

It is the hush of night, and all between
Thy margin and the mountains, dusk, yet clear,
Mellow'd and mingling, yet distinctly seen,
Save darkened Jura, whose capt heights appear
Precipitously steep; and drawing near,
There breathes a living fragrance from the shore,
Of flowers yet fresh with childhood; on the ear
Drops the light drip of the suspended oar,
Or chirps the grasshopper one good-night carol more;

He is an evening reveller, who makes
His life an infancy, and sings his fill;
At intervals, some bird from out the brakes
Starts into voice a moment, then is still.
There seems a floating whisper on the hill,
But that is fancy, for the starlight dews
All silently their tears of love instil,
Weeping themselves away, till they infuse
Deep into nature's breast the spirit of her hues.

Ye stars! which are the poetry of heaven!
If in your bright leaves we would read the fate
Of men and empires, — 'tis to be forgiven,
That in our aspirations to be great,
Our destinies o'erleap their mortal state,
And claim a kindred with you; for ye are
A beauty and a mystery, and create
In us such love and reverence from afar,
That fortune, fame, power, life, have named themselves a star.

All heaven and earth are still — though not in sleep,
But breathless, as we grow when feeling most;
And silent, as we stand in thoughts too deep: —
All heaven and earth are still: From the high host
Of stars, to the lull'd lake and mountain coast,
All is concenter'd in a life intense,
Where not a beam, nor air, nor leaf is lost,
But hath a part of being, and a sense
Of that which is of all Creator and defence.

* * * *

The sky is changed! — and such a change! Oh night,
And storm, and darkness, ye are wondrous strong,

Yet lovely in your strength, as is the light
Of a dark eye in woman! Far along,
From peak to peak, the rattling crags among,
Leaps the live thunder! not from one lone cloud,
But every mountain now hath found a tongue,
And Jura answers, through her misty shroud,
Back to the joyous Alps, who call to her aloud!

And this is in the night! — Most glorious night:
Thou wert not sent for slumber! let me be
A sharer in thy fierce and far delight, —
A portion of the tempest and of thee!
How the lit lake shines, a phosphoric sea,
And the big rain comes dancing to the earth! And now again 'tis black, — and now the glee
Of the loud hills shakes with its mountain-mirth,
As if they did rejoice o'er a young earthquake's birth.

THE SHIPWRECK.

From 'Don Juan.'

'Twas twilight, and the sunless day went down
Over the waste of waters; like a veil
Which, if withdrawn, would not disclose the frown
Of one whose hate is masked but to assail.
Thus to their hopeless eyes the night was shown,
And grimly darkled o'er the faces pale,
And the dim desolate deep: twelve days had Fear
Been their familiar, and now Death was here.

* * *

Then rose from sea to sky the wild farewell —
Then shrieked the timid, and stood still the brave —
Then some leaped overboard with dreadful yell,
As eager to anticipate their grave;
And the sea yawned around her like a hell,
And down she sucked with her the whirling wave,
Like one who grapples with his enemy,
And strives to strangle him before he die.

And first one universal shriek there rushed,
Louder than the loud ocean, like a crash
Of echoing thunder; and then all was hushed,
Save the wild wind and the remorseless dash
Of billows; but at intervals there gushed,
Accompanied with a convulsive splash,
A solitary shriek, the bubbling cry
Of some strong swimmer in his agony.

* * * *

There were two fathers in this ghastly crew,
And with them their two sons, of whom the one
Was more robust and hardy to the view;
But he died early; and when he was gone,
His nearest messmate told his sire, who threw
One glance on him, and said, 'Heaven's will be done!
I can do nothing;' and he saw him thrown
Into the deep without a tear or groan.

The other father had a weaklier child,
Of a soft cheek, and aspect delicate;
But the boy bore up long, and with a mild
And patient spirit held aloof his fate;
Little he said, and now and then he smiled,
As if to win a part from off the weight
He saw increasing on his father's heart,
With the deep deadly thought that they must part.

And o'er him bent his sire, and never raised
His eyes from off his face, but wiped the foam
From his pale lips, and ever on him gazed:
And when the wished-for shower at length was come,
And the boy's eyes, which the dull film half glazed,
Brightened, and for a moment seemed to roam,
He squeezed from out a rag some drops of rain
Into his dying child's mouth; but in vain!

The boy expired — the father held the clay,
And looked upon it long; and when at last
Death left no doubt, and the dead burthen lay
Stiff on his heart, and pulse and hope were past,
He watched it wistfully, until away
'Twas borne by the rude wave wherein 'twas cast;
Then he himself sunk down all dumb and shivering,
And gave no sign of life, save his limbs quivering.

THE DOGE'S SPEECH BEFORE HIS EXECUTION.

ACT V. SCENE III.

From 'Marino Faliero'.

Doge. I speak to Time and to Eternity,
Of which I grow a portion, not to man.
Ye elements! in which to be resolved

I hasten, let my voice be as a spirit
Upon you! Ye blue waves! which bore my banner,
Ye winds! which fluttered o'er as if you loved it,
And filled my swelling sails as they were
To many a triumph! Thou, my native earth,
Which I have bled for, and thou foreign earth,
Which drank this willing blood from many a wound!
Ye stones in which my gore will not sink, but
Reek up to heaven! Ye skies which will
Thou sun! which shinest on these things, and Thou!
Who kindlest and who quenchest suns! —
I am not innocent — but are *these* guiltless?
I perish, but unavenged; far ages
Float up from the abyss of time to be,
And show these eyes, before they close, the doom
Of this proud city, and I leave my curse
On her and hers for ever! — Yes, the hours
Are silently engendering of the day,
When she, who built 'gainst Attila a bulwark,
Shall yield, and bloodlessly and basely yield
Unto a bastard Attila, without
Shedding so much blood in her last defence
As these old veins, oft drained in shielding her,
Shall pour in sacrifice. — She shall be bought
And sold, and be an appanage to those
Who shall despise her! — She shall stoop to be
A province for an empire, — petty town
In lieu of capital, with slaves for senates,
Beggars for nobles, panders for a people!
Then when the Hebrew's in thy palaces,
The Hun in thy high places, and the Greek
Walks o'er thy mart, and smiles on it for his!
When thy Patricians beg their bitter bread
In narrow streets, and in their shameful need
Make their nobility a plea for pity! —
Then, when the few who still retain a wreck
Of their great fathers' heritage shall fawn
Round a barbarian Vice of Kings' — Vicegerent,
Even in the palace where they sway'd as sovereigns,
Even in the palace where they slew their sovereign; —
* * * * When
Thy sons are in the lowest state of being,
Slaves turn'd o'er to the vanquished by the victors,
Despised by cowards for greater cowardice,
And scorn'd even by the vicious for such vices
As in the monstrous grasp of their conception
Defy all codes to image or to name them;
* * * *
When all the ills of conquered states shall cling thee,
* * * * *
When these and more are heavy on thee, when
Smiles without mirth, and pastimes without pleasure,
Youth without honour, age without respect,
Meanness and weakness, and a sense of woe
'Gainst which thou wilt not strive, and dar'st not murmur,
Have made thee last and worst of peopled deserts,
Then in the last gasp of thine agony,
Amidst thy many murders, think of *mine!*
Thou den of drunkards with the blood of princes!
Gehenna of the waters! thou sea Sodom!
Thus I devote thee to the infernal gods!
Thee and thy serpent seed!

[*Here the Doge turns, and addresses the Executioner.*]

Slave, do thine office!
Strike as I struck the foe! strike, as I would
Have struck those tyrants! strike, deep as my curse!
Strike — and but once!

HEBREW MELODIES.

I.

She walks in beauty, like the night
 Of cloudless climes and starry skies;
And all that's best of dark and bright
 Meet in her aspect and her eyes:
Thus mellow'd to that tender light
 Which heaven to gaudy day denies.

One shade the more, one ray the less,
 Had half impair'd the nameless grace
Which waves in every raven tress,
 Or softly lightens o'er her face;
Where thoughts serenely sweet express
 How pure, how dear their dwelling-place.

And on that cheek, and o'er that brow,
 So soft, so calm, yet eloquent,
The smiles that win, the tints that glow,
 But tell of days in goodness spent,
A mind at peace with all below,
A heart whose love is innocent!

II.

If that high world, which lies beyond
Our own, surviving love endears;
If there the cherish'd heart be found,
The eye the same, except in tears —
How welcome those untrodden spheres!
How sweet this very hour to die!
To soar from earth, and find all fears
Lost in thy light — Eternity!

It must be so: 'tis not for self
That we so tremble on the brink;
And striving to o'erleap the gulph,
Yet cling to being's severing link.
O! in that future let us think
To hold each heart the heart that shares,
With them the immortal waters drink,
And soul in soul grow deathless theirs!

III.

The wild Gazelle on Judah's hills
Exulting yet may bound,
And drink from all the living rills
That gush on holy ground;
Its airy step and glorious eye
May glance in tameless transport by: —

A step as fleet, an eye more bright,
Hath Judah witness'd there;
And o'er her scenes of lost delight
Inhabitants more fair.
The cedars wave on Lebanon,
But Judah's statelier maids are gone!

More blest each palm that shades those plains
Than Israel's scatter'd race;
For, taking root, it there remains
In solitary grace:
It cannot quit its place of birth,
It will not live in other earth.

But we must wander witheringly,
In other lands to die;
And where our fathers' ashes be,
Our own may never lie:
Our temple hath not left a stone,
And Mockery sits on Salem's throne.

IV.

Oh! weep for those that wept by Babel's stream,
Whose shrines are desolate, whose land a dream:
Weep for the harp of Judah's broken shell;
Mourn — where their God hath dwelt the godless dwell!
And where shall Israel lave her bleeding feet?
And when shall Sion's songs again seem sweet?
And Judah's melody once more rejoice
The hearts that leap'd before its heavenly voice?
Tribes of the wandering foot and weary breast,
How shall ye flee away and be at rest!
The wild dove hath her nest, the fox his cave,
Mankind their country — Israel but the grave!

V.

Jephtha's Daughter.

Since our country, our God — Oh, my Sire!
Demand that thy Daughter expire;
Since thy triumph was bought by thy vow —
Strike the bosom that's bared for thee now!

And the voice of my mourning is o'er,
And the mountains behold me no more:
If the hand that I love lay me low,
There cannot be pain in the blow!

And of this, oh, my Father! be sure —
That the blood of thy child is as pure
As the blessing I beg ere it flow,
And the last thought that soothes me below.

Though the virgins of Salem lament,
Be the judge and the hero unbent!
I have won the great battle for thee,
And my Father and Country are free!

When this blood of thy giving hath gush'd,
When the voice that thou lovest is hush'd,
Let my memory still be thy pride,
And forget not I smiled as I died!

VI.

My soul is dark. — Oh! quickly string
The harp I yet can brook to hear;
And let thy gentle fingers fling
Its melting murmurs o'er mine ear.
If in this heart a hope be dear,
That sound shall charm it forth again;
If in these eyes there lurk a tear,
'Twill flow, and cease to burn my brain.

But bid the strain be wild and deep,
Nor let thy notes of joy be first:
I tell thee, Minstrel, I must weep,
Or else this heavy heart will burst;
For it hath been by sorrow nurst,
And ached in sleepless silence long;
And now 'tis doom'd to know the worst,
And break at once — or yield to song.

VII.

I saw thee weep — the big bright tear
Came o'er that eye of blue;
And then methought it did appear
A violet dropping dew:
I saw thee smile — the sapphire's blaze
Beside thee ceased to shine;
It could not match the living rays
That fill'd that glance of thine.

As clouds from yonder sun receive
A deep and mellow die,
Which scarce the shade of coming eve
Can banish from the sky,
Those smiles unto the moodiest mind
Their own pure joy impart;
Their sunshine leaves a glow behind
That lightens o'er the heart.

VIII.

Thy days are done, thy fame begun;
Thy country's strains record
The triumphs of her chosen son,
The slaughters of his sword!
The deeds he did, the fields he won,
The freedom he restored!

Though thou art fall'n, while we are free
Thou shalt not taste of death!
The generous blood that flow'd from thee
Disdain'd to sink beneath:
Within our veins its currents be,
Thy spirit on our breath!

Thy name, our charging hosts along,
Shall be the battle-word!
Thy fall, the theme of choral song
From virgin-voices pour'd!
To weep would do thy glory wrong!
Thou shalt not be deplored.

IX.

Saul.

Thou, whose spell can raise the dead,
Bid the prophet's form appear.
'Samuel, raise thy buried head!
King, behold the phantom-seer!'
Earth yawn'd; he stood the centre of a cloud:
Light changed its hue, retiring from his shroud;
Death stood all glassy in his fixed eye;
His hand was wither'd and his veins were dry;
His foot, in bony whiteness, glitter'd there,
Shrunken and sinewless, and ghastly bare:
From lips that moved not and unbreathing frame,
Like cavern'd winds, the hollow accents came.
Saul saw, and fell to earth, as falls the oak,
At once, and blasted by the thunder-stroke.

'Why is my sleep disquieted?
Who is he that calls the dead?
Is it thou, oh King? Behold,
Bloodless are these limbs, and cold:
Such are mine; and such shall be
Thine, to-morrow, when with me:
Ere the coming day is done,
Such shalt thou be, such thy son.
Fare thee well, but for a day;
Then we mix our mouldering clay.
Thou, thy race, lie pale and low,
Pierced by shafts of many a bow:
And the falchion by thy side
To thy heart thy hand shall guide:
Crownless, breathless, headless fall,
Son and sire, the house of Saul!

X.

'All is vanity, saith the Preacher.'

Fame, wisdom, love, and power were mine,
And health and youth possess'd me;
My goblets blush'd from every vine,
And lovely forms caress'd me;
I sunn'd my heart in beauty's eyes,
And felt my soul grow tender;
All earth can give, or mortal prize,
Was mine of regal splendour.

I strive to number o'er what days
Remembrance can discover,
Which all that life or earth displays
Would lure me to live over.
There rose no day, there roll'd no hour
Of pleasure unembitter'd;
And not a trapping deck'd my power
That gall'd not while it glitter'd.

The serpent of the field, by art
And spells, is won from harming;
But that which coils around the heart,
Oh! who hath power of charming?
It will not list to wisdom's lore,
Nor music's voice can lure it;
But there it stings for evermore
The soul that must endure it.

XI.

When coldness wraps this suffering clay,
Ah, whither strays the immortal mind?
It cannot die, it cannot stay,
But leaves its darken'd dust behind.
Then, unembodied, doth it trace
By steps each planet's heavenly way?
Or fill at once the realms of space,
A thing of eyes, that all survey?

Eternal, boundless, undecay'd,
A thought unseen, but seeing all,
All, all in earth, or skies display'd,
Shall it survey, shall it recall:
Each fainter trace that memory holds,
So darkly of departed years,
In one broad glance the soul beholds,
And all, that was, at once appears.

Before Creation peopled earth,
Its eye shall roll through chaos back;
And where the furthest heaven had birth,
The spirit trace its rising track.
And where the future mars or makes,
Its glance dilate o'er all to be,

While sun is quench'd or system breaks,
Fix'd in its own eternity.

Above or love, hope, hate, or fear,
It lives all passionless and pure:
An age shall fleet like earthly year;
Its years as moments shall endure.
Away, away, without a wing,
O'er all, through all, its thought shall fly;
A nameless and eternal thing,
Forgetting what it was to die.

XII.

Vision of Belshazzar.

The King was on his throne,
The Satraps throng'd the hall;
A thousand bright lamps shone
O'er that high festival.
A thousand cups of gold,
In Judah deem'd divine —
Jehovah's vessels hold
The godless heathen's wine!

In that same hour and hall,
The fingers of a hand
Came forth against the wall,
And wrote as if on sand:
The fingers of a man; —
A solitary hand
Along the letters ran,
And traced them like a wand.

The monarch saw, and shook,
And bade no more rejoice;
All bloodless wax'd his look
And tremulous his voice.
'Let the men of lore appear,
The wisest of the earth,
And expound the words of fear,
Which mar our royal mirth.'

Chaldea's seers are good,
But here they have no skill:
And the unknown letters stood
Untold and awful still.
And Babel's men of age
Are wise and deep in lore;
But now they were not sage,
They saw — but knew no more.

A captive in the land,
A stranger and a youth,
He heard the king's command,
He saw that writing's truth.
The lamps around were bright,
The prophecy in view;
He read it on that night, —
The morrow proved it true.

'Belshazzar's grave is made,
His kingdom pass'd away,
He, in the balance weigh'd,
Is light and worthless clay.
The shroud, his robe of state,
His canopy, the stone;
The Mede is at his gate!
The Persian on his throne!'

XIII.

Herod's lament for Mariamne.

Oh, Mariamne! now for thee
The heart for which thou bledst is bleeding;
Revenge is lost in agony,
And wild remorse to rage succeeding.
Oh, Mariamne! where art thou!
Thou canst not hear my bitter pleading:
Ah, couldst thou — thou wouldst pardon now,
Though Heaven were to my prayer unheeding.

And is she dead? — and did they dare
Obey my phrensy's jealous raving?
My wrath but doom'd my own despair:
The sword that smote her 's o'er me waving. —
But thou art cold, my murder'd love!
And this dark heart is vainly craving
For her who soars alone above,
And leaves my soul unworthy saving.

She's gone, who shared my diadem;
She sunk, with her my joys entombing;
I swept that flower from Judah's stem,
Whose leaves for me alone were blooming;
And mine's the guilt, and mine the hell,
This bosom's desolation dooming:
And I have earn'd those tortures well,
Which unconsumed are still consuming!

XIV.

We sat down and wept by the waters
Of Babel, and thought of the day
When our foe, in the hue of his slaughters,
Made Salem's high places his prey;
And ye, oh her desolate daughters!
We scatter'd all weeping away.

While sadly we gazed on the river
Which roll'd on in freedom below,
They demanded the song; but, oh never
That triumph the stranger shall know!
May this right hand be wither'd for ever,
Ere it string our high harp for the foe!

On the willow that harp is suspended,
Oh Salem! its sound should be free;
And the hour when thy glories were ended,
But left me that token of thee:
And ne'er shall its soft tones be blended
With the voice of the spoiler by me!

XV.

The destruction of Senna-Cherib.

The Assyrian came down like the wolf on the fold,
And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold;
And the sheen of their spears was like stars on the sea,
When the blue wave rolls nightly on deep Galilee.

Like the leaves of the forest when Summer is green,
That host with their banners at sunset were seen:
Like the leaves of the forest when Autumn hath blown,
That host on the morrow lay wither'd and strown.

For the Angel of Death spread his wings on the blast,
And breathed in the face of the foe as he pass'd;
And the eyes of the sleepers wax'd deadly and chill,
And their hearts but once heaved, and for ever grew still!

And there lay the steed with his nostril all wide,
But through it there roll'd not the breath of his pride:
And the foam of his gasping lay white on the turf,
And cold as the spray of the rock-beating surf.

And there lay the rider distorted and pale,
With the dew on his brow and the rust on his mail;
And the tents were all silent, the banners alone,
The lances unlifted, the trumpet unblown.

And the widows of Ashur are loud in their wail,
And the idols are broke in the temple of Baal;
And the might of the Gentile, unsmote by the sword,
Hath melted like snow in the glance of the Lord!

FARE THEE WELL.

Fare thee well! and if for ever,
Still for ever, fare *thee well:*
Even though unforgiving, never
'Gainst thee shall my heart rebel.
Would that breast were bared before thee
Where thy head so oft hath lain,
While that placid sleep came o'er thee
Which thou ne'er canst know again:
Would that breast, by thee glanced over,
Every inmost thought could show!
Then thou wouldst at last discover
'Twas not well to spurn it so.
Though the world for this commend thee —
Though it smile upon the blow,
Even its praises must offend thee,
Founded on another's woe —
Though my many faults defaced me,
Could no other arm be found
Than the one which once embraced me,
To inflict a cureless wound?
Yet, oh yet, thyself deceive not;
Love may sink by slow decay,
But by sudden wrench, believe not
Hearts can thus be torn away:
Still thine own its life retaineth —
Still must mine, though bleeding, beat;
And the undying thought which paineth
Is — that we no more may meet.
These are words of deeper sorrow
Than the wail above the dead;
Both shall live, but every morrow
Wake us from a widow'd bed.
And when thou wouldst solace gather,
When our child's first accents flow,
Wilt thou teach her to say 'Father!'
Though his care she must forego?
When her little hands shall press thee,
When her lip to thine is prest,
Think of him whose prayer shall bless thee,
Think of him thy love had bless'd?
Should her lineaments resemble
Those thou never more mayst see,
Then thy heart will softly tremble
With a pulse yet true to me.
All my faults perchance thou knowest,
All my madness none can know;
All my hopes, where'er thou goest,
Wither — yet with *thee* they go.
Every feeling hath been shaken;
Pride, which not a world could bow,
Bows to thee — by thee forsaken,
Even my soul forsakes me now;
But 'tis done — all words are idle —
Words from me are vainer still;
But the thoughts we cannot bridle
Force their way without the will. —
Fare thee well! — thus disunited,
Torn from every nearer tie,
Scar'd in heart, and lone, and blighted —
More than this I scarce can die.

ABEL'S PRAYER.

Oh God!
Who made us, and who breathed the breath of life
Within our nostrils, who hath blessed us,
And spared, despite our father's sin, to make
His children all lost, as they might have been.
Had not thy justice been so temper'd with
The mercy which is thy delight, as to
Accord a pardon like a paradise,
Compared with our great crimes: — Sole Lord of light!
Of good, and glory, and eternity;

Without whom all were evil and with whom
Nothing can err, except to some good
Of thine omnipotent benevolence —
Inscrutable, but still to be fulfill'd — [end
Accept from out thy humble first of shep-herd's
First of the first-born flocks — an offering,
In itself nothing — as what offering can be
Aught unto thee? — but yet accept it for
The thanksgiving of him who spreads it in
The face of thy high heaven, bowing his own
Even to the dust, of which he is, in honour
Of thee, and of thy name, for evermore!

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

Percy Bysshe Shelley, born at Essex in 1792, was educated at Eton where he suffered the oppressions common to a scholar in an English public school, which made a great impression on the sensitive mind of this poet. At Oxford his religious opinions developed themselves, he became an adherent to the doctrines of Atheism, and was in consequence expelled from the university. An early marriage, against the wishes of his family, proved unhappy: he therefore lived separated from his wife and travelled on the continent. The latter committed suicide, a short time after, and Shelley married a second time, again went abroad with his wife after having published in England, 'The Revolt of Islam' and passed the remainder of his life in Switzerland and Italy, during which time he produced the greater number of his works. He was accidentally drowned in the gulf of Spezzia near Pisa, July 7th. 1822; his remains were burnt and their ashes preserved in an urn. In Italy he wrote 'Prometheus Unbound' a play in which many of his religious and political opinions are fully expounded; its style is grand but sometimes too elaborate. Then followed 'The Cenci', a most horrible tragedy: it is, however, held in great estimation, as being one of the finest modern specimens in this department. 'Hellas' and 'Rosalind or Helen' were the next in succession; in the latter the poet endeavours to prove that marriage is an evil, and ought not to be allowed in the present state of society. 'Adonias' is a beautiful lament for the death of Keats whose early decease was sincerely deplored by Shelley. Of his remaining works the following may still be mentioned: 'Queen Mab' written when the author was eighteen years old, 'The Witch of Atlas', 'Epipsychidion', 'The Masque of Anarchy', 'Alastor, or the Spirit of Solitude', 'Julian and Maddalo' &c.

TO A SKYLARK.

Hail to thee, blithe spirit!
Bird thou never wert,
That from heaven, or near it,
Pourest thy full heart
In profuse strains of unpremeditated art.

Higher still and higher,
From the earth thou springest
Like a cloud of fire;
The blue deep thou wingest,
And singing still dost soar, and soaring ever, singest

In the golden lightning
Of the sunken sun,
O'er which clouds are bright'ning,
Thou dost float and run, [begun.
Like an unbodied joy whose race is just

The pale purple even
Melts around thy flight;
Like a star of heaven,
In the broad day-light [delight.
Thou art unseen, but yet I hear thy shrill

Keen are the arrows
Of that silver sphere,
Whose intense lamp narrows
In the white dawn clear.
Until we hardly see, we feel that it is there.

All the earth and air
With thy voice is loud,
As, when night is bare,
From one lonely cloud
The moon rains out her beams, and heaven is overflowed.

What thou art we know not;
What is most like thee?
From rainbow clouds there flow not
Drops so bright to see, [melody.
As from thy presence showers a rain of

Like a poet hidden
In the light of thought,
Singing hymns unbidden,
Till the world is wrought [ed not.
To sympathy with hopes and fears it heed-

Like a high-born maiden
In a palace tower,
Soothing her love-laden
Soul in secret hour, [her bower.
With music sweet as love, which overflows

Like a glow-worm golden
In a dell of dew,
Scattering unbeholden
Its aërial hue
Among the flowers and grass, which screen it from the view.

Like a rose embower'd
In its own green leaves,

By warm winds deflower'd,
Till the scent it gives
Makes faint with too much sweet these heavy-winged thieves.

Sound of vernal showers
On the twinkling grass,
Rain-awnkened flowers,
All that ever was [surpass:
Joyous, and clear, and fresh, thy musie doth

Teach us, sprite or bird,
What sweet thoughts are thine;
I have never heard,
Praise of love or wine [divine.
That panted forth n flood of rapture so

Chorus hymenæal,
Or triumphal chaunt,
Matched with thine would be all
But an empty vaunt, —
A thing wherein we feel there is some hidden want.

What objects are the fountains
Of thy happy strain?
What fields, or waves, or mountains?
What shapes of sky or plain?
What love of thine own kind? what ignorance of pain?

With thy clear keen joyance
Langour cannot be:
Shadow of annoyance
Never came near thee: [satiety.
Thou lovest; but ne'er knew love's sad

Waking or asleep,
Thou of death must deem
Things more true and deep
Than we mortals dream, [stream?
Or how could thy notes flow in such a crystal

We look before and after,
And pine for what is not:
Our sincerest laughter
With some pain is fraught:
Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought.

Yet if we could scorn
Hate, and pride, and fear;
If we were things born
Not to shed a tear, [come near.
I know not how thy joy we ever could

Better than all measures
Of delight and sound,
Better than all treasures
That in books are found, [ground!
Thy skill to poet were, thou scorner of the

Teach me half the gladness
That thy brain must know,
Such harmonious madness
From my lips would flow,
Tho world should listen then, as I am listening now.

TIME.

Unfathomable Sea! whose waves are years,
Ocean of Time, whose waters of deep woe
Are brackish with the salt of human tears!
Thou shoreless flood, which in thy ebb and flow
Claspest the limits of mortality!
And sick of prey, yet howling on for more,
Vomitest thy wrecks on its inhospitable shore.
Trencherons in calm, and terrible in storm,
Who shall put forth on thee,
Unfathomable Sea?

THE ISLE.

There was a little lawny islet
By anemone and violet,
Like mosaic, paven:
And its roof was flowers and leaves
Which the summer's breath enweaves,
Where nor sun, nor showers, nor breeze,
Pierce the pines and tallest trees,
Each a gem engraven.
Girt by many an azure wave
With which the clouds and mountains pave
A lake's blue chasm.

NATURAL APPEARANCES OF RETURNING SPRING.

Ah, woe is me! Winter is come and gone,
But grief returns with the revolving year;
The airs and streams renew their joyous tone;
The ants, the bees, the swallows, re-appear;
Fresh leaves and flowers deck the dead seasons' bier.
The loving birds now pair in every brake,
And build their mossy homes in field and brere;
And the green lizard, and the golden snake,
Like unimprisoned flames, out of their trance awake.

Through wood and stream and field and hill and ocean,
A quickening life from the earth's heart has burst, [motion,
As it has ever done, with change and

From the great morning of the world when first
God dawned on chaos; in its stream immersed,
The lamps of heaven flash with a softer light;
All baser things pant with life's sacred thirst,
Diffuse themselves; and spend in love's delight
The beauty and the joy of their renewed might.

THE OPENING.

Orphan hours, the year is dead,
Come and sigh, come and weep,
Merry hours smile instead,
For the year is but asleep!
See, it smiles as it is sleeping,
Mocking your untimely weeping.

As an earthquake rocks a corse,
In its coffin in the clay,
So White Winter that rough nurse,
Rocks the dead-cold year to-day;
Solemn hours! wail aloud,
For your mother in her shroud.

As the wild air stirs and sways
The tree-swung cradle of a child,
So the breath of these rude days
Rocks the year: — be calm and mild,
Trembling hours; she will arise
With new love within her eyes.

January gray is here,
Like a sexton by her grave;
February bears the bier,
March with grief doth howl and rave;
And April weeps — but, O ye hours!
Follow with May's fairest flowers.

GEORGE CRABBE.

George Crabbe was the son of a collector of the duties on salt at Aldborough in Suffolk and was born in 1754. He received as good an education as the extremely limited means of his parents would permit, after which he followed the profession of a surgeon, and upon his failure went to London 1780 in the determination to procure a subsistence by his pen. The first work he published was 'The Candidate', a poem which met with considerable approbation, but as the editor failed soon after its appearance, Crabbe gained nothing by his work. After having spent all his money, he applied for support to Lord North, Lord Shelbourne and Lord Thurlow who took no notice of his applications; when reduced to the utmost distress, he laid his case before Burke, who took him under his patronage and caused two of his poems 'The Library' and 'The Village' to be published, the former in 1781, the latter in 1783. 'The Library' was favourably received, and from this moment began Crabbe's literary career. In 1781 after having taken orders he obtained a curacy in his native village, and in 1782 became chaplain to the Duke of Rutland. 'The Village' raised him to the rank of one of the most original poets of the day. In 1784 he received a small living in Dorsetshire and in the following year 'The Newspaper' a similar poem to the 'Library', was composed; from this time till 1807 he did not come before the public although he was not idle, for at his death twenty two volumes of his prose and poetry were published which are supposed to have been his work during this interval. In 1807 he appeared again in the literary world as the author of the poem 'The Parish Register' and in 1810 published the 'Borough', which helped largely to increase his reputation; in 1812 his 'Tales in Verse' were brought forward: they contain some of the finest passages in all his works. In 1813 Crabbe lost his wife; this proved a severe blow which so impaired his health, that fears were entertained for his life. His latest work was 'The Tales of the Hall' published in 1819. He spent the last eighteen years of his existence on the valuable living of Trowbridge which he received from the Duke of Rutland. He died 1832.

STORY OF A BETROTHED PAIR IN HUMBLE LIFE.

Yes, there are real mourners; I have seen
A fair sad girl, mild, suffering, and serene;
Attention through the day her duties claimed,
And to be useful as resigned she aimed;
Neatly she dressed, nor vainly seemed to expect
Pity for grief, or pardon for neglect;
But when her wearied parents sunk to sleep,
She sought her place to meditate and weep:
Then to her mind was all the past displayed,
That faithful memory brings to sorrow's aid;
For then she thought on one regretted youth,
Her tender trust, and his unquestioned truth;
In every place she wandered where they'd been,
And sadly-sacred held the parting scene
Where last for sea he took his leave — that place
With double interest would she nightly trace;
For long the courtship was, and he would say
Each time he sailed, 'This once, and then the day;'
Yet prudence tarried, but when last he went,
He drew from pitying love a full consent.
Happy he sailed, and great the care she took
That he should softly sleep, and smartly look;
White was his better linen, and his check
Was made more trim than any on the deck;
And every comfort men at sea can know,
Was hers to buy, to make, and to bestow;
For he to Greenland sailed, and much she told
How he should guard against the climate's cold,
Yet saw no danger, dangers he'd withstood,
Nor could she trace the fever in his blood.
His messmates smiled at flushings in his cheek,
And he, too, smiled, but seldom would he speak;

For now he found the danger, felt the pain,
With grievous symptoms he could not explain.
He called his friend, and prefaced with a sigh
A lover's message — 'Thomas, I must die;
Would I could see my Sally, and could rest
My throbbing temples on her faithful breast,
And gazing go! if not, this trifle take,
And say, till death I wore it for her sake.
Yes, I must die — blow on, sweet breeze, blow on!
Give me one look before my life be gone;
Oh, give me that! and let me not despair —
One last fond look — and now repeat the prayer.'
He had his wish, and more. I will not paint
The lovers' meeting: she beheld him faint —
With tender fears she took a nearer view,
Her terrors doubling as her hopes withdrew;
He tried to smile, and half-succeeding, said,
'Yes, I must die' — and hope for ever fled.
Still long she nursed him; tender thoughts meantime
Were interchanged, and hopes and views sublime.
To her he came to die, and every day
She took some portion of the dread away;
With him she prayed, to him his Bible read,
Soothed the faint heart, and held the aching head;
She came with smiles the hour of pain to cheer,
Apart she sighed, alone she shed the tear;
Then, as if breaking from a cloud, she gave
Fresh light, and gilt the prospect of the grave.
One day he lighter seemed, and they forgot
The care, the dread, the anguish of their lot;
They spoke with cheerfulness, and seemed to think,
Yet said not so — 'Perhaps he will not sink.'
A sudden brightness in his look appeared,
A sudden vigour in his voice was heard;
She had been reading in the Book of Prayer,
And led him forth, and placed him in his chair;
Lively he seemed, and spoke of all he knew,
The friendly many, and the favourite few;
Nor one that day did he to mind recall,
But she has treasured, and she loves them all.
When in her way she meets them, they appear
Peculiar people — death has made them dear.
He named his friend, but then his hand she pressed,
And fondly whispered, 'Thou must go to rest.'
'I go,' he said, but as he spoke she found
His hand more cold, and fluttering was the sound;
Then gazed affrightened, but she caught a last,
A dying look of love, and all was past.

She placed a decent stone his grave above,
Neatly engraved, an offering of her love:
For that she wrought, for that forsook her bed,
Awake alike to duty and the dead.
She would have grieved that they presumed to spare
The least assistance — 'twas her proper care.
Here will she come, and on the grave will sit,
Folding her arms, in long abstracted fit;
But if observer pass, will take her round,
And careless seem, for she would not be found;
Then go again, and thus her hour employ,
While visions please her, and while woes destroy.

AN ENGLISH PEASANT.

To pomp and pageantry in nought allied,
A noble peasant, Isaac Ashford, died.
Noble he was, contemning all things mean,
His truth unquestioned, and his soul serene:
Of no man's presence Isaac felt afraid,
At no man's question Isaac looked dismayed:
Shame knew him not, he dreaded no disgrace;
Truth, simple truth, was written in his face;
Yet while the serious thought his soul approved,
Cheerful he seemed, and gentleness he loved:
To bliss domestic he his heart resigned,
And, with the firmest, had the fondest mind:
Were others joyful, he looked smiling on,
And gave allowance where he needed none:
Good he refused with future ill to buy,
Nor knew a joy that caused reflection's sigh;
A friend to virtue, his unclouded breast
No envy stung, no jealousy distressed;
(Bane of the poor! it wounds their weaker mind,
To miss one favour which their neighbours find:)
Yet far was he from stoic pride removed;
He felt humanely, and he warmly loved:
I marked his action when his infant died,
And his old neighbour for offence was tried;
The still tears, stealing down that furrowed cheek,
Spoke pity plainer than the tongue can speak.
If pride were his, 'twas not their vulgar pride,
Who, in their base contempt, the great deride;
Nor pride in learning, though my clerk agreed,
If fate should call him, Ashford might succeed;
Nor pride in rustic skill, although we knew
None his superior, and his equals few:
But if that spirit in his soul had place,
It was the jealous pride that shuns disgrace;
A pride in honest fame, by virtue gained,
In sturdy boys to virtuous labours trained;

Pride in the power that guards his country's coast,
And all that Englishmen enjoy and boast;
Pride, in a life that slander's tongue defied,
In fact, a noble passion, misnamed pride.
I feel his absence in the hours of prayer,
And view his seat, and sigh for Isaac there;
I see no more those white locks thinly spread
Round the bald polish of that honoured head;
Nor more that awful glance on playful wight,
Compelled to kneel, and tremble at the sight,
To fold his fingers all in dread the while,
Till Master Ashford softened to a smile;
No more that meek and suppliant look in prayer,
Nor the pure faith, (to give it force,) are there
But he is blessed, and I lament no more,
A wise good man, contented to be poor.

AUTUMNAL SKETCH.

It was a fair and mild autumnal sky,
And earth's ripe treasures met the admiring eye,
As a rich beauty when her bloom is lost,
Appears with more magnificence and cost:
The wet and heavy grass, where feet had strayed,
Not yet erect, the wanderer's way betrayed;
Showers of the night had swelled the deepening rill,
The morning breeze had urged the quickening mill;
Assembled rooks had winged their seaward flight,
By the same passage to return at night,
While proudly o'er them hung the steady kite,
Then turned them back, and left the noisy throng,
Nor deigned to know them as he sailed along.
Long yellow leaves, from osiers, strewed around,
Choked the dull stream, and hushed its feeble sound,
While the dead foliage dropt from loftier trees,
Our squire beheld not with his wonted ease;
But to his own reflections made reply,
And said aloud, 'Yes; doubtless we must die.'
'We must,' said Richard; 'and we would not live
To feel what dotage and decay will give;
But we yet taste whatever we behold;
The morn is lovely, though the air is cold:
There is delicious quiet in this scene,
At once so rich, so varied, so serene;
Sounds, too, delight us — each discordant tone alone;
Thus mingled, please, that fail to please
This hollow wind, this rustling of the brook,
The farm-yard noise, the woodman at yon oak —
See, the axe falls! — now listen to the stroke:
That gun itself, that murders all this peace,
Adds to the charm, because it soon must cease.'

SAMUEL ROGERS.

Samuel Rogers was born near London in 1762 and after a careful education was introduced into his father's banking establishment in which he became a partner. He had intended to be a poet from his ninth year upon the perusal of 'Beattie's Minstrel'. In 1786 Mr. Rogers appeared as the author of an 'Ode to Superstition' and other poems; in 1792 he produced the 'Pleasures of Memory', in 1812 the 'Voyage of Columbus' and in 1814 'Jacqueline' a tale; in 1819 'Human Life' and in 1822 'Italy' a poem in blank verse. A great classic beauty prevails in all his works, which are finished with the most scrupulous nicety, but not much originality or energy. He excels in descriptive poems and in his 'Italy' we find some very fine scenes, and meet with delightful glimpses of life in that country. He died in 1856.

MY NATIVE VALE.

Dear is my little native vale,
The ring-dove builds and murmurs there;
Close to my cot she tells her tale,
To ev'ry passing villager.
The squirrel leaps from tree to tree,
And shells his nuts at liberty.

In orange groves and myrtle bowers,
That breathe a gale of fragrance round,
I charm the fairy-footed hours,
With my loved lute's romantic sound;
Or crowns of living laurel weave,
For those that win the race at eve.

The shepherd's horn at break of day,
The ballet danced in twilight glade,
The canzonet and roundelay
Sung in the silent green-wood shade;
These simple joys, that never fail,
Shall bind me to my native vale.

HIGHLANDS OF SCOTLAND.

Blue was the loch, the clouds were gone,
Ben-Lomond in his glory shone,
When, Luss, I left thee; when the breeze
Bore me from thy silver sands,
Thy kirkyard wall among the trees,
Where, gray with age, the dial stands;
That dial so well known to me!
Though many a shadow it hath shed,
Beloved sister, since with thee
The legend on the stone was read.

The fairy isles fled far away;
That with its woods and uplands green,
Where shepherd-huts are dimly seen,
And songs are heard at close of day;
That, too, the deer's wild covert fled,
And that, the asylum of the dead:
While, as the boat went merrily,
Much of Rob Roy the boatman told;
His arm that fell below his knee,
His cattle ford and mountain hold.

Tarbat, thy shore I climbed at last;
And, thy shady region passed,
Upon another shore I stood,
And looked upon another flood,
Great Ocean's self! ('tis he who fills
That vast and awful depth of hills;)
Where many an elf was playing round,
Who treads unshod his classic ground;
And speaks, his native rocks among,
As Fingal spoke, and Ossian sung.

Night fell, and dark and darker grew
That narrow sea, that narrow sky,
As o'er the glimmering waves we flew,
The sea-bird rustling, wailing by,
And now the grampus, half descried,
Black and huge above the tide;
The cliffs and promontories there,
Front to front, and broad and bare;
Each beyond each, with giant feet
Advancing as in haste to meet;
The shattered fortress, whence the Dane
Blew his shrill blast, nor rushed in vain,
Tyrant of the drear domain;
All into midnight shadow sweep,
When day springs upward from the deep!
Kindling the waters in its flight,
The prow wakes splendour, and the oar,
That rose and fell unseen before,
Flashes in a sea of light;
Glad sign and sure, for now we hail
Thy flowers, Glenfinnart, in the gale;
And bright indeed the path should be,
That leads to friendship and to thee!

O blest retreat, and sacred too!
Sacred as when the bell of prayer
Tolled duly on the desert air,
And crosses decked thy summits blue.
Oft like some loved romantic tale,
Oft shall my weary mind recall,
Amid the hum and stir of men,
Thy beechen grove and waterfall,
Thy ferry with its gliding sail,
And her — the Lady of the Glen!

HUMAN LIFE.

The lark has sung his carol in the sky;
The bees have hummed their noon-tide lullaby;
Still in the vale the village-bells ring round,
Still in Llewellyn-hall the jests resound;
For now the caudle-cup is circling there,
Now, glad at heart, the gossips breathe their prayer,
And, crowding, stop the cradle to admire
The babe, the sleeping image of his sire.

A few short years — and then these sounds shall hail
The day again, and gladness fill the vale;
So soon the child a youth, the youth a man,
Eager to run the race his fathers ran.
Then the huge ox shall yield the broad sirloin;
The ale, now brewed, in floods of amber shine:
And, basking in the chimney's ample blaze,
'Mid many a tale told of his boyish days,
The nurse shall cry, of all her ills beguiled,
'Twas on these knees he sate so oft and smiled.'

And soon again shall music swell the breeze!
Soon, issuing forth, shall glitter through the trees
Vestures of nuptial white; and hymns be sung,
And violets scattered round; and old and young,
In every cottage-porch with garlands green,
Stand still to gaze, and, gazing, bless the scene;
While, her dark eyes declining, by his side
Moves in her virgin-veil the gentle bride.

And once, alas! nor in a distant hour,
Another voice shall come from yonder tower;
When in dim chambers long black weeds are seen,
And weepings heard where only joy has been;
When by his children borne, and from his door
Slowly departing to return no more,
He rests in holy earth with them that went before.

And such is Human Life; — so gliding on,
It glimmers like a meteor, and is gone!
Yet is the tale, brief though it be, as strange,
As full methinks of wild and wondrous change,
As any that the wandering tribes require,
Stretched in the desert round their evening fire;
As any sung of old in hall or bower
To minstrel-harps at midnight's witching hour!

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

Thomas Campbell, born in Glasgow 1777, was the youngest son of a family of ten. He attended the university in his native city for six years and gained much distinction for his knowledge of the Greek language and literature, which he extended by attentive study in Germany under Prof. Heyne. Campbell wrote his poem entitled 'Love and Madness' in Argyleshire, where he resided a year upon leaving the university. In 1799 he published his 'Pleasures of Hope' which went through four editions in one year. After this, he spent some time on the Continent and whilst in Bavaria he was an eye-witness to the Battle of Hohenlinden which he has described in the poem bearing that name. He was prevented by the existing hostilities from continuing his route as far as he had intended, and was obliged to return from Vienna. In Hamburgh 1801 he wrote his 'Exile of Erin' and 'The mariners of England'; he published Lochiel's Warning a year after his arrival in Edinburgh. In 1803 Campbell resolved to devote himself to literature as a profession, and for that purpose took up his residence in London: soon after his arrival there, he brought forward his 'Annals of Great Britain from the Accession of George III. to the Peace of Amiens.' In 1809 he published his 'Gertrude of Wyoming'. In 1820 he wrote his splendid poems 'O'Connor's Child' and 'Theodoric' and between 1820 and 1830 many of his most beautiful poetical pieces made their appearance in 'The New Monthly Magazine': of these we may mention 'The Last Man', which is considered one of his finest productions. In 1842 'The Pilgrim of Glencoe' and other pieces appeared. Beside his poems, Campbell published in 1837 the 'Life of Mrs. Siddons' the 'Life of Petrach' and 'Letters from the South' in which he has described a visit to Algiers. He died at Boulogne in 1844 and was buried in Westminster-Abbey.

HOPE TRIUMPHANT IN DEATH.

Unfading Hope! when life's last embers burn —
When soul to soul, and dust to dust return,
Heaven to thy charge resigns the awful hour!
Oh! then thy kingdom comes, Immortal Power!
What though each spark of earth-born rapture fly
The quivering lip, pale cheek and closing eye!
Bright to the soul thy seraph hands convey
The morning dream of life's eternal day —
Then, then, the triumph and the trance begin,
And all the Phœnix spirit burns within!

Oh, deep enchanting prelude to repose,
The dawn of bliss, the twilight of our woes!
Yet half I hear the parting spirit sigh,
It is a dread and awful thing to die!
Mysterious worlds, untravelled by the sun!
Where time's far-wandering tide has never run,
From your unfathomed shades, and viewless spheres,
A warning comes, unheard by other ears.
'Tis Heaven's commanding trumpet, long and loud,
Like Sinai's thunder, pealing from the cloud!
While Nature hears, with terror-mingled trust,
The shock that hurls her fabric to the dust;
With mortal terrors clouds immortal bliss,
And shrieks and hovers o'er the dark abyss!

Daughter of Faith, awake, arise, illume
The dread unknown, the chaos of the tomb!
Melt and dispel, ye spectre-doubts, that roll
Cimmerian darkness on the parting soul!
Fly, like the moon-eyed herald of Dismay,
Chased, on his night-steed, by the star of day!
The strife is o'er — the pangs of Nature close,
And life's last rapture triumphs o'er her woes.
Hark! as the spirit eyes, with eagle gaze,
The noon of Heaven, undazzled by the blaze,
On heavenly winds, that waft her to the sky,
Float the sweet tones of star-born melody;
Wild as that hallowed anthem, sent to hail
Bethlehem's shepherds in the lonely vale,
When Jordan hushed his waves, and midnight still
Watched on the holy towers of Zion hill!

Soul of the just! companion of the dead!
Where is thy home, and whither art thou fled?
Back to its heavenly source thy being goes,
Swift as the comet wheels to whence he rose;
Doomed on his airy path awhile to burn,
And doomed, like thee, to travel and return. —
Hark! from the world's exploding centre driven,
With sounds, that shook the firmament of heaven,
Careers the fiery giant, fast and far,
On bickering wheels, and adamantine car;
From planet whirled to planet more remote,
He visits realms, beyond the reach of thought;
But, wheeling homeward, when his course is run,
Curbs the red yoke, and mingles with the sun!
So hath the traveller of earth unfurled
Her trembling wings, emerging from the world;
And, o'er the path, by mortal never trod,
Sprung to her source, the bosom of her God!

MATERNAL HOPE.

Lo! at the couch where infant beauty sleeps,
Her silent watch the mournful mother keeps:
She, while the lovely babe unconscious lies,
Smiles on her slumb'ring child with pensive eyes,
And weaves a song of melancholy joy: —
'Sleep, image of thy father! — sleep, my boy!
No ling'ring hour of sorrow shall be thine;
No sigh that rends thy father's heart and mine,
Bright, as his manly sire, the son shall be,
In form and soul; but, ah! more blest than he!
Thy fame, thy worth, thy filial love, at last,
Shall soothe his aching heart for all the past;
With many a smile my solitude repay,
And chase the world's ungenerous scorn away.

'And say, when, summoned from the world and thee,
I lay my head beneath the willow-tree,
Wilt thou, sweet mourner! at my stone appear,
And soothe my parted spirit ling'ring near?
Oh! wilt thou come at ev'ning hour, to shed
The tears of mem'ry o'er my narrow bed;
With aching temples on thy hand reclined,
Muse on the last 'farewell!' I leave behind,
Breathe a deep sigh to winds that murmur low,
And think on all my love, and all my woe?'

So speaks affection, ere the infant eye
Can look regard, or brighten in reply;
But, when the cherub lip hath learned to claim
A mother's ear by that endearing name, —
Soon as the playful innocent can prove
A tear of pity, or a smile of love,
Or cons his murmuring task beneath her care,
Or lisps, with holy look, his evening prayer,
Or gazing, mutely pensive, sits to hear
The mournful ballad warbled in his ear, —
How fondly looks admiring hope the while,
At every artless tear, and every smile!
How glows the joyous parent, to descry
A guileless bosom, true to sympathy!

YE MARINERS OF ENGLAND.

Ye Mariners of England!
That guard our native seas;
Whose flag has braved a thousand years
The battle and the breeze,
Your glorious standard launch again
To match another foe!
And sweep through the deep,
While the stormy winds do blow;
While the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy winds do blow.

The spirits of your fathers
Shall start from every wave!
For the deck it was their field of fame,
And ocean was their grave;
Where Blake and mighty Nelson fell,
Your manly hearts shall glow,
As ye sweep through the deep,
While the stormy winds do blow;
While the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy winds do blow.

Britannia needs no bulwark,
No towers along the steep;
Her march is o'er the mountain waves,
Her home is on the deep.
With thunders from her native oak,
She quells the floods below,
As they roar on the shore,
When the stormy winds do blow;
When the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy winds do blow.

The meteor-flag of England
Shall yet terrific burn;
Till danger's troubled night depart,
And the star of peace return.
Then, then, ye ocean warriors!
Our song and feast shall flow
To the fame of your name,
When the storm has ceased to blow;
When the fiery fight is heard no more,
And the storm has ceased to blow.

BATTLE OF THE BALTIC.

Of Nelson and the North,
Sing the glorious day's renown,
When to battle fierce came forth
All the might of Denmark's crown,
And her arms along the deep proudly shone;
By each gun the lighted brand,
In a bold determined hand,
And the Prince of all the land
Led them on.

Like leviathans afloat,
Lay their bulwarks on the brine;
While the sign of battle flew
On the lofty British line:
It was ten of April morn by the chime:
As they drifted on their path,
There was silence deep as death;
And the boldest held his breath,
For a time.

But the might of England flushed
To anticipate the scene;
And her van the fleeter rushed
O'er the deadly space between. [each gun
'Hearts of oak!' our captains cried; when

From its adamantine lips
Spread a death-shade round the ships,
Like the hurricane eclipse
Of the sun.

Again! again! again!
And the havoc did not slack,
Till a feeble cheer, the Dane,
To our cheering, sent us back: —
Their shots along the deep slowly boom: —
Then ceased — and all is wail,
As they strike the shattered sail;
Or, in conflagration pale,
Light the gloom.

Out spoke the victor then,
As he hailed them o'er the wave;
'Ye are brothers! ye are men!
And we conquer but to save; —
So peace instead of death let us bring;
But yield, proud foe, thy fleet,
With the crews, at England's feet,
And make submission meet
To our king.'

Then Denmark blessed our chief,
That he gave her wounds repose;
And the sounds of joy and grief
From her people wildly rose,
As death withdrew his shades from the days.
While the sun looked smiling bright,
O'er a wide and woful sight,
Where the fires of funeral light
Died away.

Now joy, old England, raise!
For the tidings of thy might,
By the festal cities' blaze,
While the wine-cup shines in light;
And yet amidst that joy and uproar,
Let us think of them that sleep,
Full many a fathom deep,
By thy wild and stormy steep,
Elsinore!

Brave hearts! to Britain's pride
Once so faithful and so true,
On the deck of fame that died; —
With the gallant good Riou!
Soft sigh the winds of heaven o'er their grave!
While the billow mournful rolls,
And the mermaid's song condoles,
Singing glory to the souls
Of the brave!

THOMAS MOORE.

Thomas Moore, the author of 'Irish Melodies', was born in Dublin in 1780 of Roman catholic parents. He studied at the Dublin university, where he translated into English verse the Odes of Anacreon, in the publication of which he appeared under the name of Thomas Little. In 1803 he received a post at Bermuda where he remained 12 months. Afterwards he travelled in France and Italy, but got himself into difficulties in money concerns by the conduct of the person who acted as his deputy at Bermuda. While in France and Italy he formed a great friendship for Byron with whom he lived some time. He was however industrious during his absence, for in that time his 'Odes and Epistles' were written. Upon his return he wrote political satires in which he excelled by the elegance of his style, and the severity with which he treated his opponents. Amongst his comical writings the 'Fudge Family' and the 'Twopenny Post Bag' are considered the best; the latter consists in a selection of letters of eminent persons, pretended to have been intercepted. In 1813 Moore began his 'Irish Melodies' by which his name has been rendered illustrious and which of all his productions will probably remain the longest, and establish for him the widest reputation. In 1817 he published 'Lalla Rookh', an oriental romance, consisting of four poems, united by a story in prose, written in the manner of Chaucer's 'Canterbury Tales'. In all these poems he has taken oriental life for his subject and has worked them up in a highly-coloured manner. Moore wrote also another Oriental poem entitled 'The Loves of the Angels' which he composed in Paris. He also appeared as a prose writer, and published the lives of Byron and Sheridan, the Memoirs of Lord Edward Fitzgerald and the polemical work, 'Travels in search of religion'. His last publication was a work in prose, entitled 'The Epicurean'. It is a story of the early Christians, the scene of which is in Egypt; this production is written in the style of Lalla Rookh. All his compositions are distinguished throughout by a delicacy of feeling, elegance and humour, and the delightful command of the language which the author seems to be able, in almost any manner, to use to his advantage. Moore resided in a small cottage in Wiltshire during the last years of his life preferring quiet country comfort to the gay society in which he might always have shone. He published his poetical works in ten volumes which were hailed with great satisfaction by the public. He died in 1852.

PARADISE AND THE PERI.

One morn a Peri at the gate
Of Eden stood, disconsolate;
And as she listen'd to the Springs
Of Life within, like music flowing,
And caught the light upon her wings
Through the half-open portal glowing,
She wept to think her recreant race
Should e'er have lost that glorious place!

'How happy,' exclaim'd this child of air,
'Are the holy Spirits who wander there,
Mid flowers that never shall fade or fall;
Though mine are the gardens of earth and sea,
And the stars themselves have flowers for me,
One blossom of Heaven out-blooms them all!
Though sunny the Lake of cool Cashmere,

With its plane-tree Isle reflected clear,
And sweetly the fonnts of that Valley fall;
Though hright are the waters of Sing-su-hay,
And the golden floods that thitherward stray,
Yet — oh! 'tis only the Blest can say
How the waters of Heaven outshine them all!'

'Go, wing thy flight from star to star,
From world to luminous world, as far
As the universe spreads its flaming wall:
Take all the pleasures of all the spheres,
And multiply each through endless years,
One minnte of Heaven is worth them all!'
The glorious Angel, who was keeping
The gates of Light, beheld her weeping;
And, as he nearer drew and listen'd
To her sad song, a tear-drop glisten'd
Within his eyelids, like the spray
From Eden's fountain, when it lies
On the hlue flow'r, which — Bramins say —
Blooms nowhere bnt in Paradise!
'Nymph of a fair hut erring line!'
Gently he said — 'One hope is thine.
'Tis written in the Book of Fate,
The Peri yet may be forgiven
Who brings to this Eternal gate
The Gift that is most dear to Heaven!
Go seek it, and redeem thy sin —
'Tis sweet to let the Pardon'd in!'

Rapidly as comets run
To th' embraces of the Snn: —
Fleeter than the starry hrands,
Flung at night from angel hands
At those dark and daring sprites,
Who would climb th' empyrial heights,
Down the hlue vault the Peri flies,
And, lighted earthward hy a glance
That just then hroke from morning's eyes,
Hung hovering o'er onr world's expanse.

But whither shall the Spirit go
To find this gift for heav'n? — 'I know
The wealth,' she cries, 'of every urn,
In which unnumher'd ruhies hurn,
Beneath the pillars of Chilminar; —
I know where the Isles of Perfume are
Many a fathom down in the sea,
To the south of sun-hright Araby;
I know too where the Genii hid
The jewel'd cup of their King Jamshid,
With Life's elixir sparkling high —
Bnt gifts like these are not for the sky.
Where was there ever a gem that shone
Like the steps of Alla's wonderful Throne?
And the Drops of Life — oh! what would they be
In the houndless Deep of Eternity?'
While thus she mus'd, her pinions fann'd
The air of that sweet Indian land,
Whose air is balm; whose ocean spreads
O'er coral rocks and amher beds,
Whose mountains, pregnant by the beam
Of the warm sun, with diamonds teem;
Whose rivulets are like rich brides,
Lovely, with gold beneath their tides;
Whose sandal groves and bowers of spice
Might be a Peri's Paradise!
But crimson now her rivers ran
With human hlood — the smell of death
Came reeking from those spicy howers,
And man, the sacrifice of man,
Mingled his taint with every hreath
Upwafted from the innocent flowers!
Land of the Sun! what foot invades
Thy Pagods and thy pillar'd shades —
Thy cavern shrines, and Idol stones,
Thy Monarchs and their thousand Thrones?
'Tis He of Gazna — fierce in wrath
He comes, and India's diadems
Lie scatter'd in his ruinous path. —
His blood-hounds he adorns with gems,
Torn from the violated necks
Of many a yonng and lov'd Sultana; —
Maidens, within their pure Zenana,
Priests in the very fane he slanghters,
And choaks up with the glittering wrecks
Of golden shrines the sacred waters!
Downward the Peri turns her gaze,
And, through the war-field's bloody haze
Beholds a youthful warrior stand,
Alone, beside his native river, —
The red blade hroken in his hand
And the last arrow in his quiver.
'Live,' said the Conqueror, 'live to share
The trophies and the crowns I bear!'
Silent that youthful warrior stood —
Silent he pointed to the flood
All crimson with his country's blood,
Then sent his last remaining dart,
For answer, to the Invader's heart.
False flew the shaft, though pointed well;
The Tyrant liv'd, the Hero fell!
Yet mark'd the Peri where he lay,
And, when the rush of war was past,
Swiftly descending on a ray
Of morning light, she caught the last —
Last glorious drop his heart had shed,
Before its free-born spirit fled!

'Be this,' she cried, as she wing'd her flight,
'My welcome gift at the Gates of Light.
Though foul are the drops that oft distil
On the field of warfare, hlood like this,
For Liherty shed, so holy is,
It would not stain the purest rill,
That sparkles among the Bowers of Bliss!
Oh! if there he, on this earthly sphere,
A boon, an offering Heaven holds dear,
'Tis the last lihation Liherty draws

From the heart that bleeds and breaks in her cause!'

'Sweet,' said the Angel, as she gave
The gift into his radiant hand,
'Sweet is our welcome of the Brave
Who die thus for their native Land. —
But see — alas! — the crystal bar
Of Eden moves not — holier far
Than ev'n this drop the boon must be,
That opes the Gates of Heav'n for thee!'

Her first fond hope of Eden blighted,
Now among Afric's Lunar Mountains,
Far to the South, the Peri lighted;
And sleek'd her plumage at the fonntains
Of that Egyptian tide, — whose birth
Is hidden from the sons of earth,
Deep in those solitary woods,
Where oft the Genii of the Floods
Dance round the cradle of their Nile,
And hail the new-born Giant's smile!
Thence, over Egypt's palmy groves,
Her grots, and sepulchres of Kings
The exil'd Spirit sighing roves;
And now hangs listening to the doves
In warm Rosetta's vale — now loves
To watch the moonlight on the wings
Of the white pelicans that break
The azure calm of Moeris' Lake.
'Twas a fair scene — a Land more bright
Never did mortal eye behold!
Who could have thought, that saw this night
Those valleys and their fruits of gold
Basking in heav'n's serenest light; —
Those groups of lovely date-trees bending
Languidly their leaf-crown'd heads,
Like youthful maids, when sleep descending
Warns them to their silken beds; —
Those virgin lilies, all the night
Bathing their beauties in the lake,
That they may rise more fresh and bright,
When their beloved Sun's awake; —
Those ruin'd shrines and towers that seem
The relics of a splendid dream;
Amid whose fairy loneliness
Nought but the lap-wing's cry is heard,
Nought seen but (when the shadows, flitting
Fast from the moon, unsheath its gleam)
Some purple-wing'd Sultana sitting
Upon a column, motionless
And glittering, like an Idol bird! —
Who could have thonght, that there, ev'n there,
Amid those scenes so still and fair,
The Demon of the Plague hath cast
From his hot wing a deadlier blast,
More mortal far than ever came
From the red Desert's sands of flame!
So quick, that every living thing
Of human shape, touch'd by his wing,
Like plants, where the Simoom hath past,
At once falls black and withering!

The sun went down on many a brow,
Which, full of bloom and freshness then,
Is rankling in the pest-house now,
And ne'er will feel that sun again!
And oh! to see the unburied heaps
On which the lonely moonlight sleeps —
The very vultures turn away,
And sicken at so foul a prey!
Only the fierce hyaena stalks
Throughout the city's desolate walks
At midnight, and his carnage plies —
Woe to the half-dead wretch, who meets
The glaring of those large blue eyes
Amid the darkness of the streets!

'Poor race of Men!' said the pitying Spirit,
'Dearly ye pay for your primal Fall —
Some flow'rets of Eden ye still inherit,
But the trail of the Serpent is over them all!'

She wept — the air grew pure and clear
Aronnd her, as the bright drops ran;
For there's a magic in each tear,
Such kindly Spirits weep for man!
Just then beneath some orange trees,
Whose fruit and blossoms in the breeze
Were wantoning together, free,
Like age at play with infancy —
Beneath that fresh and springing bower,
Close by the Lake, she heard the moan
Of one who, at this silent hour,
Had thither stol'n to die alone.

One who in life, where'er he mov'd,
Drew after him the hearts of many;
Yet now, as though he ne'er were lov'd
Dies here, unseen, nnwept by any!
None to watch near him — none to slake
The fire that in his bosom lies,
With ev'n a sprinkle from that lake,
Which shines so cool before his eyes.
No voice, well-known throngh many a day,
To speak the last, the parting word,
Which, when all other sounds decay,
Is still like distant music heard.
That tender farewell on the shore
Of this rude world, when all is o'er,
Which cheers the spirit, ere its bark
Puts off into the nnknown Dark.
Deserted youth! one thonght alone
Shed joy around his soul in death —
That she, whom he for years had known,
And lov'd, and might have call'd his own,
Was safe from this foul midnight's breath; —
Safe in her father's princely halls,
Where the cool airs from fountain falls,
Freshly perfum'd by many a brand
Of the sweet wood from India's land,

Were pure as she whose brow they fann'd.
But see, — who yonder comes by stealth,
This melancholy bower to seek,
Like a young envoy, sent by Health,
With rosy gifts upon her cheek?
'Tis she — far off, through moonlight dim,
He knew his own betrothed bride,
She, who would rather die with him,
Than live to gain the world beside! —
Her arms are round her lover now,
His livid cheek to hers she presses,
And dips, to hind his burning brow,
In the cool lake her loosen'd tresses.
Ah! once, how little did he think
An hour would come, when he should shrink
With horror from that dear embrace,
Those gentle arms, that were to him
Holy as is the cradling place
Of Eden's infant cherubim!
And now he yields — now turns away,
Shuddering as if the venom lay
All in those proffer'd lips alone —
Those lips that, then so fearless grown,
Never until that instant came
Near his unask'd or without shame.
'Oh! let me only breathe the air,
The blessed air, that's breath'd by thee,
And, whether on its wings it bear
Healing or death, 'tis sweet to me!
There, — drink my tears, while yet they fall, —
Would that my bosom's blood were balm,
And, well thou know'st, I'd shed it all,
To give thy brow one minute's calm.
Nay, turn not from me that dear face —
Am I not thine — thy own lov'd bride —
The one, the chosen one, whose place
In life or death is by thy side!
Thinkst thou that she, whose only light,
In this dim world, from thee hath shone,
Could bear the long, the cheerless night,
That must be hers, when thou art gone?'

'That I can live, and let thee go,
Who art my life itself? — No, no —
When the stem dies, the leaf that grew
Out of its heart must perish too!
Then turn to me, my own love, turn,
Before like thee I fade and burn;
Cling to these yet cool lips, and share
The last pure life that lingers there!'
She fails — she sinks — as dies the lamp
In charnel airs or cavern-damp,
So quickly do his baleful sighs
Quench all the sweet light of her eyes!
One struggle — and his pain is past —
Her lover is no longer living!
One kiss the maiden gives, one last,
Long kiss, which she expires in giving!

'Sleep,' said the Peri, as softly she stole
The farewell sigh of that vanishing soul,
As true as e'er warm'd a woman's breast—
'Sleep on, in visions of odour rest,
In balmier airs than ever yet stirr'd
The enchanted pile of that lonely bird,
Who sings at the last his own death lay,
And in music and perfume dies away!'
Thus saying, from her lips she spread
Unearthly breathings through the place,
And shook her sparkling wreath and shed
Such lustre o'er each paly face,
That like two lovely saints they seem'd
Upon the eve of doomsday taken
From their dim graves, in odour sleeping; —
While that benevolent Peri beam'd
Like their good angel, calmly keeping
Watch o'er them, till their souls would waken!
But morn is blushing in the sky;
Again the Peri soars above,
Bearing to Heav'n that precious sigh
Of pure, self-sacrificing love.
High throbb'd her heart, with hope elate,
The Elysian palm she soon shall win,
For the bright Spirit at the gate
Smil'd as she gave that offering in,
And she already hears the trees
Of Eden, with their crystal bells
Ringing in that ambrosial breeze
That from the Throne of Alla swells;
And she can see the starry bowls
That lie around that lucid lake,
Upon whose banks admitted Souls
Their first sweet draught of glory take!

But ah! even Peris' hopes are vain —
Again the Fates forbade, again
The immortal barrier clos'd — 'not yet,'
The Angel said as, with regret,
He shut from her that glimpse of glory —
'True was the maiden; and her story,
Written in light o'er Alla's head,
By seraph eyes shall long be read.
But, Peri, see — the crystal bar
Of Eden moves not — holier far
Than ev'n this sigh the boon must be
That opes the Gates of Heav'n for thee.'
Now, upon Syria's land of roses
Softly the light of Eve reposes,
And, like a glory, the broad sun
Hangs over sainted Lebanon;
Whose head in wintry grandeur towers,
And whitens with eternal sleet,
While summer, in a vale of flowers,
Is sleeping rosy at his feet.
To one, who look'd from upper air
O'er all the enchanted regions there,
How beauteous must have been the glow,
The life, the sparkling from below!

Fair gardens, shining streams, with ranks
Of golden melons on their banks,
More golden where the sun-light falls; —
Gay lizards, glittering on the walls
Of ruin'd shrines, busy and bright
As they were all alive with light; —
And, yet more splendid, numerous flocks
Of pigeons, settling on the rocks,
With their rich restless wings, that gleam
Variously in the crimson beam
Of the warm west, — as if inlaid
With brilliants from the mine, or made
Of tearless rainbows, such as span
The unclouded skies of Peristan!
And then, the mingling sounds that come,
Of shepherd's ancient reed with hum
Of the wild bees of Palestine,
Banquetting through the flowery vales; —
And, Jordan, those sweet banks of thine,
And woods, so full of nightingales!

But nought can charm the luckless Peri;
Her soul is sad — her wings are weary —
Joyless she sees the sun look down
On that great Temple, once his own,
Whose lonely columns stand sublime,
Flinging their shadows from on high,
Like dials, which the wizard, Time,
Had rais'd to count his ages by!
Yet haply there may lie conceal'd
Beneath those Chambers of the Sun,
Some amulet of gems, anneal'd
In upper fires, some tablet seal'd
With the great name of Solomon,
Which, spell'd by her illumin'd eyes
May teach her where, beneath the moon,
In earth or ocean lies the boon,
The charm, that can restore so soon,
An erring Spirit to the skies!

Cheer'd by this hope she bends her thither; —
Still laughs the radiant eye of Heaven,
Nor have the golden bowers of Even
In the rich West begun to wither; —
When, o'er the vale of BALBEC winging
Slowly, she sees a child at play,
Among the rosy wild-flowers singing,
As rosy and as wild as they;
Chasing, with eager hands and eyes,
The beautiful blue damsel-flies,
That flutter'd round the jasmine stems,
Like winged flowers or flying gems: —
And, near the boy, who tir'd with play
Now nestling 'mid the roses lay,
She saw a wearied man dismount
From his hot steed, and on the brink
Of a small imaret's rustic fount
Impatient fling him down to drink.
Then swift his haggard brow he turn'd
To the fair child, who fearless sat,
Though never yet hath day-beam burn'd
Upon a brow more fierce than that, —
Sullenly fierce — a mixture dire,
Like thunder-clouds, of gloom and fire!
In which the Peri's eye could read
Dark tales of many a ruthless deed;
The ruin'd maid — the shrine profan'd —
Oaths broken — and the threshold stain'd
With blood of guests! — *there* written, all,
Black as the damning drops that fall
From the denouncing Angel's pen,
Ere Mercy weeps them out again!

Yet tranquil now that man of crime,
(As if the balmy evening time
Soften'd his spirit,) look'd and lay,
Watching the rosy infant's play: —
Though still, whene'er his eye by chance
Fell on the boy's, its lurid glance
Met that unclouded, joyous gaze,
As torches, that have burnt all night
Through some impure and godless rite,
Encounter morning's glorious rays.

But hark! the vesper call to prayer,
As slow the orb of day-light sets,
Is rising sweetly on the air,
From Syria's thousand minarets!
The boy has started from the bed
Of flowers, where he had laid his head,
And down upon the fragrant sod
Kneels, with his forehead to the south,
Lisping the eternal name of God
From purity's own cherub mouth,
And looking, while his hands and eyes
Are lifted to the glowing skies,
Like a stray babe of Paradise,
Just lighted on that flowery plain,
And seeking for its home again!
Oh 'twas a sight — that Heav'n — that
Child —
A scene, which might have well beguil'd
Ev'n haughty Eblis of a sigh
For glories lost and peace gone by!

And how felt *he*, the wretched Man
Reclining there — while memory ran
O'er many a year of guilt and strife,
Flew o'er the dark flood of his life,
Nor found one sunny resting-place,
Nor brought him back one branch of grace!
'There *was* a time,' he said in mild,
Heart-humbled tones — 'thou blessed child!
When young and haply pure as thou,
I look'd and pray'd like thee — but now —'
He hung his head — each nobler aim
And hope and feeling, which had slept
From boyhood's hour, that instant came
Fresh o'er him, and he wept — he wept!

Blest tears of soul-felt penitence!
In whose benign, redeeming flow
Is felt the first, the only sense
Of guiltless joy that guilt can know,

'There's a drop,' said the Peri, 'that down from the moon
Falls through the withering airs of June
Upon Egypt's land, of so healing a power,
So balmy a virtue, that ev'n in the hour
That drop descends, contagion dies,
And health reanimates earth and skies! —
Oh, is it not thus, thou man of sin,
The precious tears of repentance fall?
Though foul thy fiery plagues within,
One heavenly drop hath dispell'd them all!'

And now — behold him kneeling there
By the child's side, in humble prayer,
While the same sun-beam shines upon
The guilty and the guiltless one,
And hymns of joy proclaim through Heaven
The Triumph of a soul Forgiven!

'Twas when the golden orb had set,
While on their knees they linger'd yet,
There fell a light, more lovely far
Than ever came from sun or star,
Upon the tear that, warm and meek,
Dew'd that repentant sinner's cheek:
To mortal eye this light might seem
A northern flash or meteor beam —
But well the enraptur'd Peri knew
'Twas a bright smile the Angel threw
From Heaven's gate, to hail that tear
Her harbinger of glory near!

'Joy, joy for ever! my task is done —
The Gates are pass'd, and Heaven is won!
Oh! am I not happy? I am, I am —
To thee, sweet Eden! how dark and sad
Are the diamond turrets of Shadukiam,
And the fragrant bowers of Amberabad!

Farewell, ye odours of Earth, that die,
Passing away like a lover's sigh;
My feast is now of the Tooba Tree,
Whose scent is the breath of Eternity!

Farewell ye vanishing flowers, that shone
In my fairy wreath, so bright and brief, —
Oh! what are the brightest that e'er have blown,
To the lote-tree, springing by Alla's Throne,
Whose flowers have a soul in every leaf!

Joy, joy for ever! — my task is done —
The Gates are pass'd, and Heav'n is won!

LETTER I.

From Miss BIDDY FUDGE *to* Miss DOROTHY — — *of Clonskilty, in Ireland.*

Amiens.

DEAR DOLL, while the tails of our horses are plaiting,
The trunks tying on, and Papa, at the door,
Into very bad French is, as usual, translating
His English resolve not to give a *sou* more,
I sit down to write you a line — only think! —
A letter from France, with French pens and French ink,
How delightful! though, would you believe it, my dear?
I have seen nothing yet *very* wonderful here;
No adventure, no sentiment, far as we've come,
But the corn-fields and trees quite as dull as at home;
And *but* for the post-boy, his hoots and his quene,
I might *just* as well be at Clonskilty with you!
In vain, at DESSEIN'S, did I take from my trunk
That divine fellow, STERNE, and fall reading 'The Monk';
In vain did I think of his charming Dead Ass,
And remember the crust and the wallet — alas!
No monks can be had now for love or for money,
(All owing, Pa says, to that infidel BONEY;)
And, though *one* little Neddy we saw in our drive
Out of classical Nampont, the beast was alive!
By the by, though, at Calais, Papa had a touch
Of romance on the pier, which affected me much.
At the sight of that spot, where our darling DIXHUIT
Set the first of his own dear legitimate feet,
(Modell'd out so exactly, and — God bless the mark! [*Monarque*)
'Tis a foot, Dolly, worthy so *Grand a*
He exclaimed 'Oh mon roi!' and, with tear-dropping eye,
Stood to gaze on the spot — while some Jacobin, nigh,
Mutter'd out with a shrug (what an insolent thing!)
'Ma foi, he be right — 'tis de Englishman's King;
And dat *gros pied de cochon* — hegar, me vil say
Dat de foot look mosh better, if turn'd toder way.'
There's the pillar, too — Lord! I had nearly forgot —
What a charming idea! — rais'd close to the spot;
The mode being now (as you've heard, I suppose,)
To build tombs over legs, and raise pillars to toes.
This is all that's occurr'd sentimental as yet;
Except, indeed, some little flow'r-nymphs we've met,
Who disturb one's romance with pecuniary views,
Flinging flow'rs in your path, and then — bawling for *sous!*
And some picturesque beggars, whose multitudes seem
To recall the good days of the *ancien régime*,

All as ragged and brisk, you'll be happy to learn, [STERNE.
And as thin as they were in the time of dear

Our party consist, in a neat Calais job,
Of Papa and myself, Mr. CONNOR and BOB.
You remember how sheepish BOB look'd at Kilrandy,
But, Lord! he's quite alter'd — they've made him a Dandy;
A thing, you know, whisker'd, great-coated, and lac'd, [waist:
Like an hour-glass, exceedingly small in the
Quite a new sort of creatures, unknown yet to scholars, [collars,
With heads, so immoveably stuck in shirt-
That seats like our music-stools soon must be found them,
To twirl, when the creatures may wish to look round them!
In short; dear, 'a Dandy' describes what I mean,
And BOB's far the best of the *genus* I've seen:
An improving young man, fond of learning, ambitious,
And goes now to Paris to study French dishes,
Whose names — think, how quick! — he already knows pat,
A la braise, petits pâtés, and — what d'ye call that
They inflict on potatoes? — oh *maître d'hôtel* —
I assure you, dear DOLLY, he knows them as well
As if nothing but these all his life he had eat,
Though a bit of them BOBBY has never touch'd yet;
But just knows the names of French dishes and cooks, [books.
As dear Pa knows the titles of authors and
As to Pa, what d'ye think? — mind, it's all *entre nous*,
But you know, love, I never keep secrets from you —
Why, he's writing a book — what! a tale? a romance?
No, ye Gods, would it were! — but his Travels in France;
At the special desire (he let out t'other day)
Of his friend and his patron, my Lord C — STL-R-GH,
Who said, 'My dear FUDGE — — 'I forget th' exact words,
And, it's strange, no one ever remembers my Lord's; [allow
But 'twas something to say that, as all must
A good orthodox work is much wanting just now, [gummie — science,
To expound to the world the new — thin-
Found out by the — what's-its-name — Holy Alliance,
And prove to mankind that their rights are but folly, [know, DOLLY)
Their freedom a joke (which it *is*, you
'There's none,' said his Lordship, 'if *I* may be judge, [FUDGE!'
Half so fit for this great undertaking as
The matter's soon settled — Pa flies to *the Row*,
(The *first* stage your tourists now usually go)
Settles all for his quarto — advertisements, praises —
Starts post from the door, with his tablets — French phrases —
'SCOTT's Visit,' of course — in short, ev'ry thing *he* has [ideas: —
An author can want, except words and
And, lo! the first thing, in the spring of the year, [my dear!
Is PHIL. FUDGE at the front of a Quarto,
But, bless me, my paper's near out, so I'd better [letter
Draw fast to a close: — this exceeding long
You owe to a *déjeûner à la fourchette*,
Which BOBBY *would* have, and is hard at it yet. — [party,
What's next? oh, the tutor, the last of the
Young CONNOR: — they say he's so like BONAPARTE, [dreads,
His nose and his chin, — which Papa rather
As the Bourbons, you know, are suppressing all heads
That resemble old NAP's, and who knows but their honours
May think, in their fright, of suppressing poor CONNOR's?
Au reste, (as we say) the young lad's well enough, [and stuff;
Only talks much of Athens, Rome, virtue,
A third cousin of ours, by the way — poor as Job, [Mamma)
(Though of royal descent by the side of
And for charity made private tutor to BOB —
Entre nous, too, a Papist — how lib'ral of Pa! [off thus!
This is all, dear, — forgive me for breaking
But BOB's *déjeûner's* done, and Papa's in a fuss. B. F.

P. S.

How provoking of Pa! he will not let me stop . [shop;
Just to run in and rummage some milliner's
And my *début* in Paris, I blush to think on it,
Must now, DOLL, be made in a hideous low bonnet. joy,
But Paris, dear Paris! — oh, *there* will be
And romance, and high bonnets, and Madame LE ROI!

II.

WHAT a time since I wrote! — I am a sad, naughty girl —
Though, like a tee-totum, I'm all in a twirl,

Yet ev'n (as you wittily say) a tee-totum
Between all its twirls gives a *letter* to note 'em,
But, Lord, such a place! and then, DOLLY, my dresses, s[expresses,'
My gowns, so divine! — there's no language
Except just the *two* words 'superbe,' 'magnifique,' [last week!
The trimmings of that which I had home
It is call'd — I forget — *à la* — something which sounded
Like *alicampane* — but, in truth, I'm confounded [some boy's
And bother'd, my dear, 'twixt that trouble-(BOB'S) cookery language, and Madame LE ROI'S: [veal,
What with fillets of roses, and fillets of
Things *garni* with lace, and things *garni* with eel,
One's hair and one's entlets both *en papillote*,
And a thousand more things I shall ne'er have by rote, [phrase,
I can scarce tell the diff'rence, at least as to
Between beef *à la Psyche* and curls *à la braise*. — [la Française,
But, in short, dear, I'm trick'd out quite à
With my bonnet — so beautiful! — high up and poking,
Like things that are put to keep chimnies from smoking. [delights
Where *shall* I begin with the endless
Of this Eden of milliners, monkies, and sights — [transacting
This dear busy place, where there's nothing
But dressing and dinnering, dancing and acting?
Imprimis, the Opera — mercy, my ears!
Brother BOBBY'S remark, t'other night, was a true one; —
'This *must* be the music,' said he, 'of the *spears*, [through one!'
For I'm curst if each note of it doesn't run
Pa says (and you know, love, his Book's to make out [about)
'Twas the Jacobins brought every mischief
That this passion for roaring has come in of late, [State. —
Since the rabble all tried for a *voice* in the
What a frightful idea, one's mind to o'erwhelm! [let loose of it.
What a chorus, dear DOLLY, would soon be
If when of age, every man in the realm
Had a voice like old LAÏS, and chose to make use of it!
No — never was known in this riotous sphere
Such a breach of the peace as their singing, my dear. [both arts,
So bad too, you'd swear that the God of
Of Music and Physic, had taken a frolic
For setting a loud fit of asthma in parts,
And composing a fine rumbling base to a cholic!

But, the dancing — *ah parlez-moi*, DOLLY, *de ça* —
There, *indeed*, is a treat that charms all but Papa.
Such beauty — such grace — oh ye sylphs of romance!
Fly, fly to TITANIA, and ask her if *she* has
One light-footed nymph in her train, that can dance [BIAS!
Like divine BIGOTTINI and sweet FANNY
FANNY BIAS in FLORA — dear creature! — you'd swear,
When her delicate feet in the dance twinkle round,
That her steps are of light, that her home is the air,
And she only *par complaisance* touches the ground.
And when BIGOTTINI in PSYCHE dishevels
Her black flowing hair, and by demons is driven, [devils,
Oh! who does not envy those rude little
That hold her and hug her, and keep her from heaven?
Then, the music — so softly its cadences die,
So divinely — oh, DOLLY! between you and I,
It's as well for my peace that there's nobody nigh
To make love to me then — *you've* a soul, and can judge
What a crisis 'twould be for your friend BIDDY FUDGE!
The next place (which BOBBY has near lost his heart in)
They call it the Play-house — I think — of St. Martin;
Quite charming — and *very* religious — what folly
To say that the French are not pious, dear DOLLY,
When here one beholds, so correctly and rightly, [nightly;
The Testament turn'd into melo-drames
And, doubtless, so fond they're of scriptural facts,
They will soon get the Pentateuch up in five acts.
Here DANIEL, in pantomime, bids bold defiance [lions,
To NEBUCHADNEZZAR and all his stuff'd
While pretty young Israelites dance round the Prophet,
In very thin clothing, and *but* little of it.
But in short, dear, 'twould take me a month to recite
All the exquisite places we're at, day and night; [glad
And besides, ere I finish, I think you'll be
Just to hear one delightful adventure I've had.
Last night, at the Beaujon, a place where — I doubt

If I well can describe — there are cars, that set out
From a lighted pavilion, high up in the air,
And rattle you down, DOLL, — you hardly know where. [through
These vehicles, mind me, in which you go
This delightfully dangerous journey, hold *two*.

Some cavalier asks, with humility, whether
You'll venture down with him — you smile — 'tis a match;
In an instant you're seated: and down both together [Scratch!
Go thund'ring, as if you went post to old

Well, it was hnt last night, as I stood and remark'd [embark'd,
On the looks and odd ways of the girls who
The impatience of some for the perilous flight, [and fright, —
The forc'd giggle of others, twixt pleasure
That there came up — imagine, dear DOLL, if you can — [man,
A fine sallow, sublime, sort of Werter-fac'd
With mustachios that gave (what we read of so oft) [half soft,
The dear Corsair expression, half savage,
As Hyaenas in love may be fancied to look, or
A something between ABELARD and old BLUCHER!

Up he came, DOLL, to me, and, uncovering his head, [said,
(Rather hald, but so warlike!) in bad English
'Ah! my dear — if Ma'mselle vil be so very good —
Just for von little course' — though I scarce understood
What he wish'd me to do, I said, thank him, I would.
Off we set — and, though 'faith, dear, I hardly knew whether
My head or my heels were the uppermost then,
For 'twas like heav'n and earth, DOLLY, coming together, —
Yet, spite of the danger, we dar'd it again.
And oh! as I gaz'd on the features and air
Of the man, who for me all this peril defied,
I could fancy almost he and I were a pair
Of unhappy young lovers, who thus, side by side,
Were taking, instead of rope, pistol, or dagger, a
Desperate dash down the Falls of Niagara!
This achiev'd, through the gardens we saunter'd about,
Saw the fire-works, exclaim'd 'magnifique!' at each cracker, [out
And, when 'twas all o'er, the dear man saw us
With the air, I *will* say, of a Prince, to our *fiacre*.

Now, — hear me — this Stranger — it may be mere folly —
But *who* do you think we all think it is, Dolly? [of Prussia,
Why, bless you, no less than the great King
Who's here now incog, — he, who made such a fuss, you
Remember, in London, with BLUCHER and PLATOFF, [cravat off!
When SAL was near kissing old BLUCHER's
Pa says he's come here to look after his money, [BONEY)
(Not taking things now as he us'd under
Which suits with our friend, for BOB saw him, he swore,
Looking sharp to the silver receiv'd at the door. [Queen
Besides, too, they say that his grief for his
(Which was plain in this sweet fellow's face to be seen)
Requires such a stimulant dose at this car is,
Us'd three times a day with young ladies in Paris. [grief
Some Doctor, indeed, has declar'd that such
Should — unless 'twould to utter despairing its folly push —
Fly to the Beaujon, and there seek relief
By rattling, as BOB says, 'like shot through a holly-bush.' [think,
I must now bid adieu — only think, DOLLY,
If this *should* be the King — I have scarce slept a wink [papers,
With imagining how it will sonnd in the
And how all the Misses my good luck will grudge,
When they read that Count RUPPIN, to drive away vapours,
Has gone down the Beaujon with Miss BIDDY FUDGE.
Nota bene. — Papa's almost certain 'tis he —
For he knows the Legitimate cut, and could see, [tower
In the way he went poising and manag'd to
So erect in the car, the true *Balance of Power*.

BEFORE THE BATTLE.

By the hope, within us springing,
Herald of to-morrow's strife;
By that sun, whose light is bringing
Chains or freedom, death or life —
Oh! remember, life can be
No charm for him, who lives not free!
Like the day-star in the wave,
Sinks a hero to his grave,
Midst the dew-fall of a nation's tears!

Happy is he o'er whose decline
The smiles of home may soothing shine,
And light him down the steep of years: —
But oh! how grand they sink to rest,
Who close their eyes on victory's breast!

O'er his watch-fire's fading embers
 Now the foeman's cheek turns white,
When his heart that field remembers,
 Where we dimm'd his glory's light!
Never let him hind again
A chain, like that we hroke from then.
 Hark! the horn of comhat calls —
 Ere the golden evening falls,
May we pledge that horn in triumph round!

 Many a heart, that now beats high,
 In slumber cold at night shall lie,
Nor waken even at vietory's sound: —
 But oh! how hlest that hero's sleep!
 O'er whom a wondering world shall weep!

WEEP ON, WEEP ON.

Weep on, weep on, yonr hour is past;
 Your dreams of pride are o'er;
The fatal chain is round yon cast,
 And you are men no more.
In vain the hero's heart hath hled;
 The sage's tongue hath warn'd in vain; —
Oh, Freedom! once thy flame hath fled,
 It never lights again.

Weep on — perhaps in after days,
 They 'll learn to love your name;
When many a deed may wake in praise
 That long hath slept in blame.
And when they tread the ruin'd isle,
 Where rest, at length, the lord and slave,
They 'll wondering ask, how hands so vile
Could conquer hearts so brave?

'Twas fate,' they 'll say, 'a wayward fate
 Your web of discord wove;
And while yonr tyrants join'd in hate,
 You never join'd in love.
But hearts fell off, that ought to twine,
 And man profan'd what God had given;
Till some were heard to eurse the shrine,
 Where others knelt to heaven!'

TIS THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER.

'Tis the last rose of summer
 Left blooming alone;
All her lovely companions
 Are faded and gone;
No flower of her kindred,
 No rose-hud is nigh,
To reflect hack her blushes,
 Or give sigh for sigh.

I 'll not leave thee, thou lone one!
 To pine on the stem;
Since the lovely are sleeping,
 Go, sleep thou with them.
Thus kindly I scatter
 Thy leaves o'er the bed,
Where thy mates of the garden
 Lie scentless and dead.

So soon may I follow,
 When frieudships decay,
And from Love's shining circle
 The gems drop away!
When true hearts lie wither'd,
 And fond ones are flown,
Oh! who would inhshit
 This bleak world alone?

THE MINSTREL-BOY.

The Minstrel-Boy to the war is gone,
 In the ranks of death you 'll find him;
His father's sword he has girded on,
 And his wild harp slung behind him. —
'Land of song!' said the warrior-hard,
 'Tho' all the world betrays thee,
One sword, at least, thy rights shall guard,
 One faithful harp shall praise thee!'

The Minstrel fell! — but the foeman's chain
 Could not bring his proud soul under;
The harp he lov'd ne'er spoke again,
 For he tore its chords asunder:
And said, 'No chains shall sully thee,
 Thou soul of love and hravery!
Thy songs were made for the pnre and free,
 They shall never sound in slavery.'

WHERE IS THE SLAVE?

Oh, where 's the slave so lowly,
Condemn'd to chains unholy,
 Who, conld he hurst
 His bonds at first,
Would pine beneath them slowly?
What soul, whose wrongs degrade it,
Wonld wait till time decay'd it,
 When thns its wing
 At once may spring
To the throne of Him who made it?

Farewell, Erin, — farewell, all,
Who live to weep our fall!
Less dear the laurel growing,
Alive, untouch'd and blowing,
 Than that, whose hraid
 Is pluck'd to shade
The hrows with vietory glowing.
We tread the land that bore us,
Her green flag glitters o'er us,
 The friends we 've tried
 Are hy our side,
And the foe we hate before us.

Farewell, Erin, — farewell, all,
Who live to weep our fall!

FORGET NOT THE FIELD.

Forget not the field where they perish'd,
 The truest, the last of the brave,

All gone — and the bright hope we cherish'd
Gone with them, and quench'd in their grave!

Oh! could we from death but recover
Those hearts as they bounded before,
In the face of high heav'n to fight over
That combat for freedom once more; —

Could the chain for an instant be riven
Which Tyranny flung round us then,
No 'tis not in Man, nor in Heaven,
To let Tyranny bind it again!

But 'tis past — and, tho' blazon'd in story
The name of our Victor may be,
Accurst is the march of that glory
Which treads o'er the hearts of the free.

Far dearer the grave or the prison,
Illumed by one patriot name,
Than the trophies of all, who have risen
On Liberty's ruins to fame.

SAIL ON, SAIL ON.

Sail on, sail on, thou fearless bark —
Wherever blows the welcome wind,
It cannot lead to scenes more dark,
More sad than those we leave behind.
Each wave that passes seems to say,
'Though death beneath our smile may be,
Less cold we are, less false than they,
Whose smiling wreck'd thy hopes and thee.'

Sail on, sail on, — through endless space —
Through calm — through tempest — stop no more:
The stormiest sea 's a resting place
To him who leaves such hearts on shore.

THEE, THEE, ONLY THEE.

The dawning of morn, the day-light's sinking,
The night's long hours still find me thinking
Of thee, thee, only thee.
When friends are met, and goblets crown'd,
And smiles are near, that once enchanted,
Unreach'd by all that sunshine round,
My soul, like some dark spot, is haunted
By thee, thee, only thee.

Whatever in fame's high path could waken
My spirit once, is now forsaken
For thee, thee, only thee.
Like shores, by which some headlong bark
To the ocean hurries — resting never —
Life's scenes go by me, bright or dark,
I know not, heed not, hastening ever
To thee, thee, only thee.

I have not a joy but of thy bringing,
And pain itself seems sweet when springing
From thee, thee, only thee.
Like spells, that nought on earth can break,
Till lips, that know the charm, have spoken,
This heart, howe'er the world may wake
Its grief, its scorn, can but be broken
By thee, thee, only thee.

THE MOUNTAIN SPRITE.

In yonder valley there dwelt, alone,
A youth, whose life all had calmly flown,
Till spells came o'er him, and, day and night,
He was haunted and watch'd by a Mountain Sprite.

As he, by moonlight, went wandering o'er
The golden sands of that island shore,
A foot-print sparkled before his sight,
'Twas the fairy foot of the Mountain Sprite.

Beside a fountain, one sunny day,
As, looking down on the stream, he lay,
Behind him stole two eyes of light,
And he saw in the clear wave the Mountain Sprite.

He turn'd — but lo, like a startled bird,
The Spirit fled — and he only heard
Sweet music, such as marks the flight
Of a journeying star, from the Mountain Sprite.

One night, pursued by that dazzling look,
The youth, bewilder'd, his pencil took,
And, guided only by memory's light,
Drew the fairy form of the Mountain Sprite.

'Oh thou, who lovest the shadow,' cried
A gentle voice, whispering by his side,
'Now turn and see,' — here the youth's delight
Seal'd the rosy lips of the Mountain Sprite.

'Of all the Spirits of land and sea,'
Exclaim'd he then, 'there is none like thee;
And oft, oh oft, may thy shape alight
In this lonely arbour, sweet Mountain Sprite.'

ALL THAT'S BRIGHT MUST FADE.

All that's bright must fade, —
The brightest still the fleetest;
All that 's sweet was made
But to be lost when sweetest.
Stars that shine and fall; —
The flower that drops in springing; —
These, alas! are types of all
To which our hearts are clinging.
All that 's bright must fade, —
The brightest still the fleetest;
All that 's sweet was made
But to be lost when sweetest!

Who would seek or prize
Delights that end in aching?
Who would trust to ties
That every hour are breaking?
Better far to be
In utter darkness lying,
Than to be bless'd with light and see
That light for ever flying.
All that 's bright must fade,—
The brightest still the fleetest;
All that's sweet was made
But to be lost when sweetest!

THOSE EVENING BELLS.

Those evening bells! those evening bells!
How many a tale their music tells,
Of youth, and home, and that sweet time,
When last I heard their soothing chime.

Those joyous hours are past away,
And many a heart, that then was gay,
Within the tomb now darkly dwells,
And hears no more those evening bells.

And so 't will be when I am gone;
That tuneful peal will still ring on,
While other bards shall walk the dells,
And sing your praise, sweet evening bells!

THOU ART, O GOD.

Thou art, O God, the life and light
Of all this wondrous world we see;
Its glow by day, its smile by night,
Are but reflections caught from Thee.
Where'er we turn, thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are Thine!

When Day, with farewell beam, delays
Among the opening clouds of Even,
And we can almost think we gaze
Through golden vistas into Heaven —
Those hues, that make the Sun's decline
So soft, so radiant, Lord! are Thine.

When Night, with wings of starry gloom,
O'ershadows all the earth and skies,
Like some dark, beauteous bird, whose plume
Is sparkling with unnumber'd eyes —
That sacred gloom, those fires divine,
So grand, so countless, Lord! are Thine.

When youthful Spring around us breathes,
Thy Spirit warms her fragrant sigh;
And every flower the Summer wreathes
Is born beneath that kindling eye.
Where'er we turn, thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are Thine.

JERUSALEM.

Fall'n is thy throne, oh Israel!
Silence is o'er thy plains;
Thy dwellings all lie desolate,
Thy children weep in chains.
Where are the dews that fed thee
On Etham's barren shore?
That fire from Heaven which led thee,
Now lights thy path no more.

Lord! thou didst love Jerusalem —
Once she was all thy own;
Her love thy fairest heritage,
Her power thy glory's throne.
Till evil came, and blighted
Thy long-lov'd olive-tree;
And Salem's shrines were lighted
For other Gods than Thee.

Then sunk the star of Solyma —
Then pass'd her glory's day,
Like heath that, in the wilderness,
The wild wind whirls away.
Silent and waste her bowers,
Where once the mighty trod,
And sunk those guilty towers,
While Baal reign'd as God.

'Go' — said the Lord — 'Ye Conquerors!
Steep in her blood your swords,
And raze to earth her battlements,
For they are not the Lord's.
Till Zion's mournful daughter
O'er kindred bones shall tread,
And Hinnom's vale of slaughter
Shall hide but half her dead!'

OH, TEACH ME TO LOVE THEE.

Oh, teach me to love Thee, to feel what thou art,
Till, fill'd with the one sacred image, my heart
Shall all other passions disown;
Like some pure temple, that shines apart,
Reserved for Thy worship alone.

In joy and in sorrow, through praise and through blame,
Thus still let me, living and dying the same,
In Thy service bloom and decay —
Like some lone altar, whose votive flame
In holiness wasteth away.

Though born in this desert, and doom'd by my birth
To pain and affliction, to darkness and dearth,
On Thee let my spirit rely —
Like some rude dial, that, fix'd on earth,
Still looks for its light from the sky.

LIKE MORNING, WHEN HER EARLY BREEZE.

Like morning, when her early breeze
Breaks up the surface of the seas,
That, in those furrows, dark with night,
Her hand may sow the seeds of light —

Thy Grace can send its breathings o'er
The Spirit, dark and lost before,

And, fresh'ning all its depths, prepare
For Truth divine to enter there.

Till David touch'd his sacred lyre,
In silence lay th' unbreathing wire;
But when he swept its chords along,
Ev'n Angels stoop'd to hear that song.

So sleeps the soul, till Thou, oh Lord,
Shalt deign to touch its lifeless chord —
Till, waked by Thee, its breath shall rise
In music, worthy of the skies!

COME, YE DISCONSOLATE.

Come, ye disconsolate, where'er you languish,
Come, at God's altar fervently kneel;
Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your anguish —
Earth has no sorrow that Heaven cannot heal.

Joy of the desolate, Light of the straying,
Hope, when all others die, fadeless and pure,
Here speaks the Comforter, in God's name saying —
'Earth has no sorrow that Heaven cannot cure.'

Go, ask the infidel, what boon he brings us,
What charm for aching hearts he can reveal,
Sweet as that heavenly promise Hope sings us —
'Earth has no sorrow that God cannot heal.'

AWAKE, ARISE, THY LIGHT IS COME.

Awake, arise, thy light is come;
The nations, that before outshone thee,
Now at thy feet lie dark and dumb —
Tho glory of the Lord is on thee!

Arise — the Gentiles to thy ray,
From ev'ry nook of earth shall cluster;
And kings and princes haste to pay
Their homage to thy rising lustre.

Lift up thine eyes around, and see,
O'er foreign fields, o'er farthest waters,
Thy exiled sons return to thee,
To thee return thy home-sick daughters.

And camels rich, from Midian's tents,
Shall lay their treasures down before thee;
And Saba bring her gold and scents,
To fill thy fair, and sparkle o'er thee.

See, who are these that, like a cloud,
Are gathering from all earth's dominions,
Like doves, long absent, when allow'd
Homeward to shoot their trembling pinions.

Surely the isles shall wait for me,
The ships of Tarshish round will hover,
To bring thy sons across the sea,
And waft their gold and silver over.

And Lebanon thy pomp shall grace —
The fir, the pine, the palm victorious
Shall beautify our Holy Place,
And make the ground I tread on glorious.

No more shall Discord haunt thy ways,
Nor ruin waste thy cheerless nation;
But thou shalt call thy portals, Praise,
And thou shalt name thy walls, Salvation.

The sun no more shall make thee bright,
Nor moon shall lend her lustre to thee;
But God, Himself, shall be thy Light,
And flash eternal glory through thee.

Thy sun shall never more go down;
A ray, from heav'n itself descended,
Shall light thy everlasting crown —
Thy days of mourning all are ended.

My own, elect, and righteous Land!
The Branch, for ever green and vernal,
Which I have planted with this hand —
Live thou shalt in Life Eternal.

HARK! 'TIS THE BREEZE.

Hark! 'tis the breeze of twilight calling
Earth's weary children to repose;
While, round the couch of Nature falling,
Gently the night's soft curtains close.
Soon o'er a world, in sleep reclining,
Nnmberless stars, through yonder dark,
Shall look, like eyes of Cherubs shining
From out the veils that hid the Ark.

Guard us, oh Thou, who never sleepest,
Thou who, in silence throned above,
Throughout all time, unwearied, keepest
Thy watch of Glory, Pow'r, and Love.
Grant that, beneath thine eye, securely,
Our souls, awhile from life withdrawn,
May, in their darkness, stilly, purely,
Like 'sealed fonntains,' rest till dawn.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

William Wordsworth was born at Cockermouth in Cumberland on the 7th of April 1770. He was educated at Cambridge, made a long journey on foot through France, Switzerland and Italy and then fixed his residence on Rydal Lake in Westmoreland, where he led a quiet life devoted exclusively to poetry. He was the originator of what is generally called the Lake School of poetry. [The Lake School was so called, because the poets — Wordsworth, Coleridge and Southey — belonging to it, resided near the lakes of Westmoreland and Cumberland.] His first work, entitled 'An Evening Walk', appeared in 1793, and 'Descriptive Sketches' followed it in the same year. His next publication appeared in conjunction with some poems of Coleridge in 1798, under the title of Lyrical Ballads, which were condemned by all critics; nothing daunted by this, Wordsworth continued to write; his greatest work is certainly 'The Excursion', which was intended by the author to form the third part of a long moral epic poem. This composition, contrary to the poet's earlier style, is written in a highly finished and elaborate manner. The other works of Wordsworth in the same style, are: 'The Egyptian Maid', 'The Romance of the Wales Lily'. His 'Laodamia', composed in 1814, and indeed all his later works are as highly adorned and as elaborately written, as his early productions were remarkable for their simplicity. He died on the 23d of April 1850.

WE ARE SEVEN.

A simple child, dear brother Jim,
That lightly draws its breath,
And feels its life in every limb,
What should it know of death?

I met a little cottage girl:
She was eight years old, she said;
Her hair was thick with many a curl
That clustered round her head.

She had a rustic, woodland air,
And she was wildly clad:
Her eyes were fair, and very fair; —
Her beauty made me glad.

'Sisters and brothers, little Maid,
How many may you be?'
'How many? Seven in all,' she said,
And, wondering, looked at me.

'And where are they? I pray you tell.'
She answered, 'Seven are we;
And two of us at Conway dwell,
And two are gone to sea.

'Two of us in the church-yard lie,
My sister and my brother,
And, in the church-yard cottage, I
Dwell near them, with my mother.'

'You say that two at Conway dwell,
And two are gone to sea,
Yet ye are seven! — I pray you tell,
Sweet Maid, how this may be.'

Then did the little Maid reply,
'Seven boys and girls are we:
Two of us in the church-yard lie,
Beneath the church-yard tree.'

'You run about, my little Maid,
Your limbs they are alive;
If two are in the church-yard laid,
Then ye are only five.'

'Their graves are green, they may be seen,'
The little Maid replied,
'Twelve steps, or more, from mother's door,
And they are side by side.

'My stockings there I often knit,
My kerchief there I hem;
And there upon the ground I sit,
And sing a song to them.

'And often after sun-set, Sir,
When it is light and fair,
I take my little porringer,
And eat my supper there.

'The first that died was sister Jane;
In bed she moaning lay,
Till God released her of her pain;
And then she went away.

'So in the church-yard she was laid;
And when the grass was dry,
Together round her grave we played,
My brother John, and I.

'And when the ground was white with snow,
And I could run and slide,
My brother John was forced to go,
And he lies by her side.'

'How many are you then,' said I,
'If they two are in heaven?'
Quick was the little Maid's reply,
'O, Master! we are seven.'

'But they are dead; those two are dead!
Their spirits are in heaven!'
'Twas throwing words away; for still
The little Maid would have her will,
And said, 'Nay, Master! we are seven!'

BIRDS.

I heard a thousand blended notes,
While in a grove I sate reclined,
In that sweet mood when pleasant thoughts
Bring sad thoughts to the mind.

To her fair works did nature link
The human soul that through me ran;
And much it grieved my heart to think
What man has made of man.

Through primrose tufts, in that sweet bower,
The periwinkle trailed its wreaths;

And 'tis my faith that every flower
Enjoys the air it breathes.

The birds aronnd me hopped and played;
Their thoughts I cannot measure:
Bnt the least motion which they made,
It seemed a thrill of pleasure.

The bndding twigs spread out their fan,
To catch the breezy air;
And I must tbink, do all I can,
That there was pleasure there.

From heaven if this belief he sent,
If such be natnre's holy plan,
Have I not reason to lament
What man has made of man?

TO A SKYLARK.

Ethereal minstrel! pilgrim of the sky!
Dost thou despise the earth, where cares abound?
Or, while the wings aspire, are heart and eye,
Both with thy nest upon the dewy gronnd?
Thy nest which thou canst drop into at will,
Those quivering wings composed, that music still.

To the last point of vision, and beyond
Mount daring warbler! that love-prompted strain
('Twixt thee and thine a never-failing bond)
Thrills not the less the bosom of the plain:
Yet might's thon seem, prond privilege! to sing
All independent of the leafy spring.

Leave to the nightingale her shady wood;
A privacy of glorious light is thine;
Whence thou dost pour npon the world a flood
Of harmony, with instinct more divine;
Type of the wise who soar, but never roam;
True to the kindred points of heaven and home.

THE SOLITARY REAPER.

Behold her single in the field,
Yon solitary Highland lass!
Reaping and singing by herself;
Stop here, or gently pass!
Alone she cuts, and binds the grain,
And sings a melancholy strain;
Oh, listen! for the vale profound
Is overflowing with the sound.

No nightingale did ever chant
More welcome notes to weary bands
Of travellers, in some shady haunt
Among Arabian sands:
Such thrilling voice was never heard
In spring-time from the cuckoo-bird,
Breaking the silence of the seas
Among the farthest Hebrides.

Will no one tell me what she sings!
Perhaps the plaintive numbers flow
For old, nnhappy, far-off things,
And battles long ago:
Or is it some more humble lay,
Familiar matter of to-day?
Some natural sorrow, loss or pain,
That has been, and may be again?

Whate'er the theme the maiden sang,
As if her song could have no ending;
I saw her singing at her work,
And o'er the sickle bending; —
I listened — motionless and still;
And when I mounted up the hill,
The music in my heart I bore,
Long after it was heard no more.

RUTH.

When Ruth was left half desolate,
Her father took another mate;
And Ruth, not seven years old,
A slighted child, at her own will
Went wandering over dale and hill
In thoughtless freedom bold.

And she had made a pipe of straw,
And music from that pipe could draw
Like sounds of winds and floods;
Had built a bower upon the green,
As if she from her birth had been
An infant of the woods.

Beneath her father's roof, alone
She seemed to live; her thoughts her own;
Herself her own delight;
Pleased with herself, nor sad, nor gay,
And, passing thus the live-long day,
She grew to woman's height.

There came a youth from Georgia's shore —
A military casque he wore,
With splendid feathers drest;
He brought them from the Cherokees;
The feathers nodded in the breeze,
And made a gallant crest.

From Indian blood you deem him sprung;
But no! he spake the English tongue,
And bore a soldier's name;
And, when America was free
From battle and from jeopardy,
He 'cross the ocean came.

With hues of genius on his cheek,
In finest tones the youth could speak:
While he was yet a boy,
The moon, the glory of the sun,
And streams that murmur as they run,
Had been his dearest joy.

He was a lovely youth! I guess
The panther in the wilderness
Was not so fair as he;
And, when he chose to sport and play,

No dolphin ever was so gay
Upon the tropic sea.

Among the Indians he had fought,
And with him many tales he brought
Of pleasure and of fear;
Such tales as told to any maid
By such a youth, in the green shade,
Were perilous to hear.

He told of girls — a happy rout!
Who quit their fold with dance and shout,
Their pleasant Indian town,
To gather strawberries all day long;
Returning with a choral song
When daylight is gone down.

He spake of plants that hourly change
Their blossoms, through a boundless range
Of intermingling hues;
With budding, fading, faded flowers,
They stand the wonder of the bowers
From morn to evening dews.

He told of the magnolia, spread
High as a cloud, high overhead!
The cypress and her spire;
Of flowers that with one scarlet gleam
Cover a hundred leagues, and seem
To set the hills on fire.

The youth of green savannahs spake,
And many an endless, endless lake,
With all its fairy crowds
Of islands that together lie
As quietly as spots of sky
Among the evening clouds.

'How pleasant,' then he said, 'it were
A fisher or a hunter there,
In sunshine or through shade
To wander with an easy mind,
And build a household fire, and find
A home in every glade!

What days and what bright years! Ah me!
Our life were life indeed, with thee
So passed in quiet bliss,
And all the while,' said he, 'to know
That we were in a world of woe,
On such an earth as this!'

And then he sometimes interwove
Fond thoughts about a father's love:
'For there,' said he, 'are spun
Around the heart such tender ties,
That our own children to our eyes
Are dearer than the sun.

Sweet Ruth! and could you go with me
My helpmate in the woods to be,
Our shed at night to rear;
Or run, my own adopted bride,
A sylvan huntress at my side,
And drive the flying deer!

Beloved Ruth!' — no more he said.
The wakeful Ruth at midnight shed
A solitary tear:
She thought again — and did agree
With him to sail across the sea,
And drive the flying deer.

'And now, as fitting is and right,
We in the church our faith will plight,
A husband and a wife.'
Even so they did; and I may say
That to sweet Ruth that happy day
Was more than human life.

Through dream and vision did she sink,
Delighted all the while to think
That on those lonesome floods,
And green savannahs, she should share
His board with lawful joy, and bear
His name in the wild woods.

But, as you have before been told,
This stripling, sportive, gay, and bold,
And, with his dancing crest,
So beautiful, through savage lands
Had roamed about, with vagrant bands
Of Indians in the west.

The wind, the tempest roaring high,
The tumult of a tropic sky,
Might well be dangerous food
For him, a youth to whom was given
So much of earth — so much of heaven,
And such impetuous blood.

Whatever in those climes he found
Irregular in sight or sound
Did to his mind impart
A kindred impulse, seemed allied
To his own powers, and justified
The workings of his heart.

Nor less, to feed voluptuous thought,
The beauteous forms of nature wrought,
Fair trees and lovely flowers;
The breezes their own languor lent;
The stars had feelings, which they sent
Into those gorgeous bowers.

Yet, in his worst pursuits, I ween
That sometimes there did intervene
Pure hopes of high intent:
For passions linked to forms so fair
And stately, needs must have their share
Of noble sentiment.

But ill he lived, much evil saw,
With men to whom no better law
Nor better life was known;
Deliberately, and undeceived,
Those wild men's vices he received,
And gave them back his own.

His genius and his moral frame
Were thus impaired, and he became
The slave of low desires:
A man who, without self-control,

Would seek what the degraded soul
Unworthily admires.

And yet he with no feigned delight
Had wooed the maiden, day and night,
Had loved her, night and morn:
What could he less than love a maid
Whose heart with so much nature played?
So kind and so forlorn!

Sometimes, most earnestly, he said,
'O Ruth! I have been worse than dead;
False thoughts, thoughts bold and vain,
Encompassed me on every side
When first, in confidence and pride,
I crossed the Atlantic main.

It was a fresh and glorious world —
A banner bright that shone unfurled
Before me suddenly:
I looked upon those hills and plains,
And seemed as if let loose from chains,
To live at liberty.

But wherefore speak of this? For now,
Dear Ruth! with thee, I know not how,
I feel my spirit burn;
My soul from darkness is released,
Like the whole sky when to the east
The morning doth return.'

Full soon that purer mind was gone;
No hope, no wish remained, not one —
They stirred him now no more;
New objects did new pleasure give,
And once again he wished to live
As lawless as before.

Meanwhile, as thus with him it fared,
They for the voyage were prepared,
And went to the sea-shore;
But, when they thither came, the youth
Deserted his poor bride, and Ruth
Could never find him more.

God help thee, Ruth! — Such pains she had,
That she in a half year was mad,
And in a prison housed;
And there, with many a doleful song
Made of wild words, her cup of wrong
She fearfully caroused.

Yet sometimes milder hours she knew,
Nor wanted sun, nor rain, nor dew,
Nor pastimes of the May;
They all were with her in her cell;
And a clear brook with cheerful knell
Did o'er the pebbles play.

When Ruth three seasons thus had lain,
There came a respite to her pain;
She from her prison fled;
But of the vagrant none took thought;
And where it liked her best, she sought
Her shelter and her bread.

Among the fields she breathed again;
The master-current of her brain
Ran permanent and free;
And coming to the banks of Tone,
There did she rest; and dwell alone
Under the greenwood tree.

The engines of her pain, the tools
That shaped her sorrow, rocks and pools,
And airs that gently stir
The vernal leaves — she loved them still;
Nor ever taxed them with the ill
Which had been done to her.

A barn her winter bed supplies;
But, till the warmth of summer skies
And summer days is gone
(And all do in this tale agree),
She sleeps beneath the greenwood tree,
And other home hath none.

An innocent life, yet far astray!
And Ruth will, long before her day,
Be broken down and old:
Sore aches she needs must have! but less
Of mind than body's wretchedness,
From damp, and rain, and cold.

If she is pressed by want of food,
She from her dwelling in the wood
Repairs to a road-side;
And there she begs at one steep place,
Where up and down with easy pace
The horsemen-travellers ride.

That oaten pipe of hers is mute,
Or thrown away; but with a flute
Her loneliness she cheers:
This flute, made of a hemlock stalk,
At evening in his homeward walk
The Quantock woodman hears.

I, too, have passed her on the hills,
Setting her little water-mills
By spouts and fountains wild —
Such small machinery as she turned
Ere she had wept, ere she had mourned,
A young and happy child!

Farewell! and when thy days are told,
Ill-fated Ruth, in hallowed mould
Thy corse shall buried be;
For thee a funeral bell shall ring,
And all the congregation sing
A Christian psalm for thee.

LINES WRITTEN WHILE SAILING IN A BOAT AT EVENING.

How richly glows the water's breast
Before us, tinged with Evening hues,
While, facing thus the crimson west,
The Boat her silent course pursues!
And see how dark the backward-stream!
A little moment past so smiling!

And still, perhaps, with faithless gleam,
Some other Loiterers beguiling.
Such views the youthful Bard allure;
But, heedless of the following gloom,
He deems their colours shall endure
Till peace go with him to the tomb.
— And let him nurse his fond deceit,
And what if he must die in sorrow!
Who would not cherish dreams so sweet,
Though grief and pain may come to-morrow?

SONNET.

Where lies the Land to which yon Ship must go?
Festively she puts forth in trim array;
As vigorous as a Lark at break of day:
Is she for tropic suns, or polar snow?
What boots the enquiry? — Neither friend nor foe
She cares for; let her travel where she may,
She finds familiar names, a beaten way
Ever before her, and a wind to blow.
Yet still I ask, what Haven is her mark?
And, almost as it was when ships were rare,
(From time to time, like Pilgrims, here and there
Crossing the waters) doubt, and something dark,
Of the old Sea some reverential fear,
Is with me at thy farewell, joyous Bark!

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

Robert Southey was born at Bristol in 1774, and as well as being a poet of great talent, he is one of the first, and most prolific prose writers among the English modern authors. His earliest works are the dramas entitled 'Wat Tyler' and 'Joan of Arc' in which he expresses republican opinions; these were however soon abandoned, and he became a staunch royalist. In 1813 he obtained the office of Poet Laureate, and in this situation his new political opinions became strengthened. His first poetical production of any considerable merit is 'Thalaba' published in 1801; which although written upon an extravagant subject, viz: a series of adventures, met with by an Arabian hero, possesses in many places great beauty of expression. Then appeared 'Madoc', which is founded upon a tradition concerning the discovery of America. This was followed by 'The Curse of Kehama', the most elaborate of Southey's poems but still more extravagant than Thalaba, as the author has chosen the Hindoo mythology for his basis, and although it shows him to possess a considerable amount of learning, it is nevertheless on the whole a monstrosity, valuable more on account of its poetry than of the substance. 'Roderic the Last of the Goths' is the most pleasing of his works; it relates the insurrection of the Spaniards against the Moors and the punishment of the last Gothic king of Spain who sold his country to that people. Southey's prose works are more extensive than his poems and all possess considerable merit. The principal are: 'The Life of Nelson', 'The Book of the church', 'The lives of the British Admirals', 'The Life of Wesley', 'History of Brazil', 'History of the Peninsular War.' He has also written many essays principally critical, all of them bearing witness to the author's extensive learning and sound judgment. Southey died at Keswick (Cumberland) in 1843.

LORD WILLIAM AND EDMUND.

No eye beheld when William plunged
Young Edmund in the stream:
No human ear but William's heard
Young Edmund's drowning scream.

'I bade thee with a father's love
My orphan Edmund guard —
Well, William, hast thou kept thy charge?
Now take thy due reward.'

He started up, each limb convulsed
With agonising fear —
He only heard the storm of night —
'Twas music to his ear!

When lo! the voice of loud alarm
His inmost soul appals —
'What, ho! Lord William, rise in haste!
The water saps thy walls!'

He rose in haste — beneath the walls
He saw the flood appear;
It hemmed him round — 'twas midnight now —
No human aid was near.

He heard the shout of joy! for now
A boat approached the wall;
And eager to the welcome aid
They crowd for safety all.

'My boat is small, the boatman cried,
'Twill bear but one away;
Come in, Lord William, and do ye
In God's protection stay.'

The boatman plied the oar, the boat
Went light along the stream; —
Sudden Lord William heard a cry,
Like Edmund's dying scream!

The boatman paused — 'Methought I heard
A child's distressful cry!'
'Twas but the howling winds of night,'
Lord William made reply.

'Haste — haste — ply swift and strong the oar,
Haste — haste across the stream!'
Again Lord William heard a cry,
Like Edmund's dying scream!

'I heard a child's distressful scream,'
The boatman cried again.
'Nay, hasten on — the night is dark —
And we should search in vain.'

'Oh God! Lord William, dost thou know
How dreadful 'tis to die?
And canst thou, without pity, hear
A child's expiring cry?

'How horrible it is to sink
Beneath the chilly stream:
To stretch the powerless arms in vain!
In vain for help to scream!'

The shriek again was heard: it came
More deep, more piercing loud.
That instant, o'er the flood, the moon
Shone through a broken cloud;

And near them they beheld a child;
Upon a crag he stood,
A little crag, and all around
Was spread the rising flood.

The boatman plied the oar, the boat
Approached his resting place;
The moonbeam shone upon the child,
And showed how pale his face.

'Now reach thy hand,' the boatman cried,
'Lord William, reach and save!'
The child stretched forth his little hands,
To grasp the hand he gave.

Then William shrieked; — the hand he touched
Was cold, and damp, and dead!
He felt young Edmund in his arms,
A heavier weight than lead!

'Help! help! for mercy, help,' he cried,
'The waters round me flow.'
'No — William — to an infant's cries
No mercy didst thou show.'

The boat sunk down — the murderer sunk
Beneath the avenging stream;
He rose — he screamed — no human ear
Heard William's drowning scream.

THE EVENING RAINBOW.

Mild arch of promise! on the ev'ning sky
Thou shinest fair, with many a lovely ray,
Each in the other melting. Much mine eye
Delights to linger on thee; for the day,
Changeful and many-weather'd, seem'd to smile,
Flashing brief splendour through its clouds a while,
That deepen'd dark anon, and fell in rain:
But pleasant it is now to pause, and view
Thy various tints of frail and wat'ry hue,
And think the storm shall not return again.

INDUSTRY.

Train up thy children, England! in the way
Of righteousness, and feed them with the bread
Of wholesome doctrine. Where hast thou
But in their industry? [thy mines
Thy bulwarks where but in their breast?
Thy might but in their arms?
Shall not their numbers therefore be thy wealth,
Thy strength, thy power, thy safety, and [thy pride?
Oh grief then, grief and shame,
If in this flourishing land
There should be dwellings where the new-born babe
Doth bring unto its parent's soul no joy!
Where squalid poverty
Receives it at its birth,
And on her wither'd knees
Gives it the scanty food of discontent!

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

Samuel Taylor Coleridge was born at Ottery St. Mary in Devonshire 1772. After having been educated in Christ Church, he entered Cambridge University in his nineteenth year, but on account of his Socinian opinions on the subject of religion, he was not allowed to take his degree; so he fled to London and enlisted in a regiment of dragoons. He was however recalled by his friends and after leaving Cambridge went to live at the Lakes where also Southey and Wordsworth took up their residence, thus giving origin to the denomination of 'Lakers' and the Lake School. Coleridge brought his compositions forward for the first time in 1796, and soon afterwards published separately his 'Ode to the Departing Year', in 1797, that entitled 'France', 1798, his 'Fears in Solitude': and after having translated Schiller's Wallenstein, he associated as a poet and author with Wordsworth, in an edition of whose works appeared several of his composition. Coleridge has not given us an extensive collection of poetry, but what he has written is of exquisite beauty and high poetical worth: it only lacks quantity to make him the greatest poetical writer of his day: but although he possessed an immense stock of materials, yet he seems to have left everything unfinished. He died in 1834. Of his poetical works we may mention 'The ancient Mariner', 'Christabel', 'Love', 'Foster Mother's Tale', 'Dejection', 'The Nightingale'. His prose works embrace the subjects —, theology, history, politics, the principles of society, literature and its criticism, logic and metaphysics, and of them may be mentioned the following: 'The Friend', 'Lay Sermons', 'Aids to Reflection &c., but they all convey the same idea of incompleteness: Coleridge lived in the future and although his ideas were complete he always seems to have thought, he would have time to give a finishing stroke to them at some future period.

THE ANCIENT MARINER.

I.

It is an ancient Mariner,
And he stoppeth one of three.

'By thy long grey beard and glittering eye,
Now wherefore stopp'st thou me?

'The Bridegroom's doors are opened wide,
And I am next of kin;

The guests are met, the feast is set:
May'st hear the merry din.'

He holds him with his skinny hand,
'There was a ship,' quoth he.
'Hold off! unhand me, grey-beard loon!'
Eftsoons his hand dropt he.

He holds him with his glittering eye —
The wedding-guest stood still,
And listens like a three years' child:
The Mariner hath his will.

The wedding-guest sat on a stone:
He cannot choose but hear;
And thus spake on that ancient man,
The bright-eyed Mariner.

The ship was cheered, the harbour cleared,
Merrily did we drop
Below the kirk, below the hill,
Below the light house top.

The sun came up upon the left,
Out of the sea came he!
And he shone bright, and on the right
Went down into the sea.

Higher and higher every day,
Till over the mast at noon —
The Wedding-Guest here beat his breast,
For he heard the loud bassoon.

The bride hath paced into the hall,
Red as a rose is she;
Nodding their heads before her goes
The merry minstrelsy.

The Wedding-Guest he beat his breast,
Yet he cannot choose but hear;
And thus spake on that ancient man,
The bright-eyed Mariner.

And now the storm-blast came, and he
Was tyrannous and strong:
He struck with his o'ertaking wings,
And chased us south along.

With sloping masts and dipping prow,
As who pursued with yell and blow
Still treads the shadow of his foe,
And forward bends his head,
The ship drove fast, loud roared the blast,
And southward aye we fled.

And now there came both mist and snow,
And it grew wondrous cold:
And ice, mast-high, came floating by,
As green as emerald.

And through the drifts the snowy clifts
Did send a dismal sheen:
Nor shapes of men nor beasts we ken —
The ice was all between.

The ice was here, the ice was there,
The ice was all around:
It cracked and growled, and roared and howled,
Like noises in a swound!

At length did cross an Albatross,
Thorough the fog it came;
As if it had been a Christian soul,
We hailed it in God's name.

It ate the food it ne'er had eat,
And round and round it flew.
The ice did split with a thunder-fit;
The helmsman steered us through!

And a good south wind sprung up behind;
The Albatross did follow,
And every day, for food or play,
Came to the mariner's hollo!

In mist or cloud, on mast or shrond,
It perched for vespers nine;
Whiles all the night, through fog-smoke white,
Glimmered the white moon-shine.

'God save thee, ancient Mariner!
From the fiends, that plague thee thus! —
Why look'st thou so?' — With my cross-bow
I shot the Albatross.

II.

The Sun now rose upon the right:
Out of the sea came he,
Still hid in mist, and on the left
Went down into the sea.

And the good south wind still blew behind,
But no sweet bird did follow,
Nor any day for food or play
Came to the mariners' hollo!

And I had done a hellish thing,
And it would work 'em woe:
For all averred, I had killed the bird
That made the breeze to blow.
Ah wretch! said they, the bird to slay,
That made the breeze to blow!

Nor dim nor red, like God's own head,
The glorious Sun uprist:
Then all averred, I had killed the bird
That brought the fog and mist.
'Twas right, said they, such birds to slay,
That bring the fog and mist.

The fair breeze blew, the white foam flew,
The furrow followed free;
We were the first that ever burst
Into that silent sea.

Down dropt the breeze, the sails dropt down,
'Twas sad as sad could be;
And we did speak only to break
The silence of the sea.

All in a hot and copper sky,
The bloody Sun, at noon,

Right up above the mast did stand,
No bigger than the Moon.

Day after day, day after day,
We stuck, nor breath nor motion;
As idle as a painted ship
Upon a painted ocean.

Water, water, every where,
And all the boards did shrink;
Water, water, every where,
Nor any drop to drink.

The very deep did rot: O Christ!
That ever this should be!
Yea, slimy things did crawl with legs
Upon the slimy sea.

About, about, in reel and rout
The death-fires danced at night;
The water, like a witch's oils,
Burnt green, and blue and white.

And some in dreams assured were
Of the spirit that plagued us so;
Nine fathom deep he had followed us
From the land of mist and snow.

And every tongue, through utter drought,
Was withered at the root;
We could not speak, no more than if
We had been choked with soot.

Ah! well a-day! what evil looks
Had I from old and young!
Instead of the cross, the Albatross
About my neck was hung.

III.

There passed a weary time. Each throat
Was parched, and glazed each eye.
A weary time! a weary time!
How glazed each weary eye,
When looking westward, I beheld
A something in the sky.

At first it seemed a little speck,
And then it seemed a mist;
It moved and moved, and took at last
A certain shape, I wist.

A speck, a mist, a shape, I wist!
And still it neared and neared:
As if it dodged a water-sprite,
It plunged and tacked and veered.

With throats unslaked, with black lips baked,
We could nor laugh nor wail;
Through utter drought all dumb we stood!
I bit my arm, I sucked the blood,
And cried, A sail! a sail!

With throats unslaked, with black lips baked,
Agape they heard me call:
Gramercy! they for joy did grin,
And all at once their breath drew in,
As they were drinking all.

See! see! (I cried) she tacks no more!
Hither to work us weal;
Without a breeze, without a tide,
She steadies with upright keel!

The western wave was all a-flame.
The day was well nigh done!
Almost upon the western wave
Rested the broad bright Sun;
When that strange shape drove suddenly
Betwixt us and the Sun.

And straight the Sun was flecked with bars,
(Heaven's Mother send us grace!)
As if through a dungeon-grate he peered
With broad and burning face.

Alas! (thought I, and my heart beat loud)
How fast she nears and nears!
Are those her sails that glance in the Sun,
Like restless gossameres?

Are those her ribs through which the Sun
Did peer, as through a grate?
And is that Woman all her crew?
Is that a Death? and are there two?
Is Death that woman's mate?

Her lips were red, her looks were free,
Her locks were yellow as gold:
Her skin was as white as leprosy,
The Night-mare Life-in-Death was she,
Who thicks man's blood with cold.

The naked hulk alongside came,
And the twain were casting dice;
'The game is done! I've, I've won!'
Quoth she, and whistles thrice.

The Sun's rim dips; the stars rush out:
At one stride comes the dark;
With far-heard whisper, o'er the sea,
Off shot the spectre-bark.

We listened and looked sideways up!
Fear at my heart, as at a cup,
My life-blood seemed to sip!
The stars were dim, and thick the night,
The steersman's face by his lamp gleamed white;
From the sails the dew did drip —
Till clomb above the eastern bar
The horned Moon, with one bright star
Within the nether tip.

One after one, by the star-dogged Moon,
Too quick for groan or sigh,
Each turned his face with a ghastly pang,
And cursed me with his eye.

Four times fifty living men,
(And I heard nor sigh nor groan)
With heavy thump, a lifeless lump,
They dropped down one by one.

The souls did from their bodies fly, —
They fled to bliss or woe!

And every soul, it passed me by,
Like the whizz of my cross-bow!

IV.

'I FEAR thee, ancient Mariner!
I fear thy skinny hand!
And thou art long, and lank, and brown,
As is the ribbed sea-sand.

I fear thee and thy glittering eye,
And thy skinny hand, so brown.' —
Fear not, fear not, thou wedding-guest!
This body dropt not down.

Alone, alone, all, all alone,
Alone on a wide wide sea!
And never a saint took pity on
My soul in agony.

The many men, so beautiful!
And they all dead did lie:
And a thousand thousand slimy things
Lived on; and so did I.

I looked upon the rotting sea,
And drew my eyes away;
I looked upon the rotting deck,
And there the dead men lay.

I looked to heaven, and tried to pray;
But or ever a prayer had gusht,
A wicked whisper came, and made
My heart as dry as dust.

I closed my lids, and kept them close,
And the balls like pulses beat;
For the sky and the sea, and the sea and the sky
Lay like a load on my weary eye,
And the dead were at my feet.

The cold sweat melted from their limbs,
Nor rot nor reek did they:
The look with which they looked on me
Had never passed away.

An orphan's curse would drag to hell
A spirit from on high;
But oh! more horrible than that
Is the curse in a dead man's eye!
Seven days, seven nights, I saw that curse,
And yet I could not die.

The moving Moon went up the sky,
And no where did abide:
Softly she was going up,
And a star or two beside —

Her beams bemocked the sultry main,
Like April hoar-frost spread;
But where the ship's huge shadow lay
The charmed water burnt alway
A still and awful red.

Beyond the shadow of the ship,
I watched the water-snakes:
They moved in tracks of shining white,
And when they reared, the elfish light
Fell off in hoary flakes.

Within the shadow of the ship
I watched their rich attire:
Blue, glossy green, and velvet black,
They coiled and swam; and every track
Was a flash of golden fire.

O happy living things! no tongue
Their beauty might declare:
A spring of love gushed from my heart,
And I blessed them unaware:
Sure my kind saint took pity on me,
And I blessed them unaware.

The selfsame moment I could pray;
And from my neck so free
The Albatross fell off, and sank
Like lead into the sea.

V.

Oh sleep! it is a gentle thing,
Beloved from pole to pole!
To Mary Queen the praise be given!
She sent the gentle sleep from Heaven,
That slid into my soul.

The silly buckets on the deck,
That had so long remained,
I dreamt that they were filled with dew,
And when I awoke, it rained.

My lips were wet, my throat was cold,
My garments all were dank;
Sure I had drunken in my dreams,
And still my body drank.

I moved, and could not feel my limbs:
I was so light — almost
I thought that I had died in sleep,
And was a blessed ghost.

And soon I heard a roaring wind:
It did not come anear;
But with its sound it shook the sails,
That were so thin and sere.

The upper air burst into life!
And a hundred fire-flags sheen,
To and fro they were hurried about!
And to and fro, and in and out,
The wan stars danced between.

And the coming wind did roar more loud,
And the sails did sigh like sedge;
And the rain poured down from one black cloud;
The Moon was at its edge.

The thick black cloud was cleft, and still
The Moon was at its side:
Like waters shot from some high crag,
The lightning fell with never a jag,
A river steep and wide.

The loud wind never reached the ship,
Yet now the ship moved on!

Beneath the lightning and the moon
The dead men gave a groan.

They groaned, they stirred, they all uprose,
Nor spake, nor moved their eyes;
It had been strange, even in a dream,
To have seen those dead men rise.

The helmsman steered, the ship moved on;
Yet never a breeze up blew;
The mariners all 'gan work the ropes,
Where they were wont to do;
They raised their limbs like lifeless tools —
We were a ghastly crew.

The body of my brother's son
Stood by me, knee to knee:
The body and I pulled at one rope,
But he said nought to me.

'I fear thee, ancient Mariner!'
Be calm, thou Wedding-Guest!
'Twas not those souls that fled in pain,
Which to their corses came again,
But a troop of spirits blest:

For when it dawned — they dropped their arms,
And clustered round the mast; [mouths,
Sweet sounds rose slowly through their
And from their bodies passed.

Around, around, flew each sweet sound,
Then darted to the Sun;
Slowly the sounds came back again,
Now mixed, now one by one.

Sometimes a-dropping from the sky
I heard the sky-lark sing;
Sometimes all little birds that are,
How they seemed to fill the sea and air
With their sweet jargoning!

And now 'twas like all instruments,
Now like a lonely flute;
And now it is an angel's song,
That makes the heavens be mute.

It ceased; yet still the sails made on
A pleasant noise till noon,
A noise like of a hidden brook
In the leafy month of June,
That to the sleeping woods all night
Singeth a quiet tune.

Till noon we quietly sailed on,
Yet never a breeze did breathe:
Slowly and smoothly went the ship,
Moved onward from beneath.

Under the keel nine fathom deep,
From the land of mist and snow,
The spirit slid: and it was he
That made the ship to go.
The sails at noon left off their tune,
And the ship stood still also.

The Sun, right up above the mast,
Had fixed her to the ocean:
But in a minute she 'gan stir,
With a short uneasy motion —
Backwards and forwards half her length
With a short uneasy motion.

Then like a pawing horse let go,
She made a sudden bound:
It flung the blood into my head,
And I fell down in a swound.

How long in that same fit I lay,
I have not to declare;
But ere my living life returned,
I heard, and in my soul discerned
Two voices in the air.

'Is it he?' quoth one, 'Is this the man?
By him who died on cross,
With his cruel bow he laid full low
The harmless Albatross.

'The spirit who biddeth by himself
In the land of mist and snow,
He loved the bird that loved the man
Who shot him with his bow.'

The other was a softer voice,
As soft as honey-dew:
Quoth he, 'The man hath penance done,
And penance more will do.'

VI.

FIRST VOICE.

But tell me, tell me! speak again,
Thy soft response renewing —
What makes that ship drive on so fast?
What is the ocean doing?

SECOND VOICE.

Still as a slave before his lord,
The ocean hath no blast;
His great bright eye most silently
Up to the Moon is cast —
If he may know which way to go;
For she guides him smooth or grim.
See, brother, see! how graciously
She looketh down on him.

FIRST VOICE.

But why drives on that ship so fast,
Without or wave or wind?

SECOND VOICE.

The air is cut away before,
And closes from behind.

Fly, brother, fly! more high, more high!
Or we shall be belated:
For slow and slow that ship will go,
When the Mariner's trance is abated.

I woke, and we were sailing on
As in a gentle weather:
'Twas night, calm night, the moon was high;
The dead men stood together.

All stood together on the deck,
For a charnel-dungeon fitter:
All fixed on me their stony eyes,
That in the Moon did glitter.

The pang, the curse, with which they died,
Had never passed away:
I could not draw my eyes from theirs,
Nor turn them up to pray.

And now this spell was snapt: once more
I viewed the ocean green,
And looked far forth, yet little saw
Of what had else been seen

Like one, that on a lonesome road
Doth walk in fear and dread,
And having once turned round walks on,
And turns no more his head;
Because he knows, a frightful fiend
Doth close behind him tread.

But soon there breathed a wind on me,
Nor sound nor motion made:
Its path was not upon the sea,
In ripple or in shade.

It raised my hair, it fanned my cheek
Like a meadow-gale of spring —
It mingled strangely with my fears
Yet it felt like a welcoming.

Swiftly, swiftly flew the ship,
Yet she sailed softly too:
Sweetly, sweetly blew the breeze —
On me alone it blew.

Oh! dream of joy! is this indeed
The light-house top I see?
Is this the hill? is this the kirk?
Is this mine own countree?

We drifted o'er the harbour-bar,
And I with sobs did pray —
O let me be awake, my God!
Or let me sleep alway.

The harbour-bay was clear as glass,
So smoothly it was strewn!
And on the bay the moonlight lay,
And the shadow of the moon.

The rock shone bright, the kirk no less,
That stands above the rock:
The moonlight steeped in silentness
The steady weathercock.

And the bay was white with silent light,
Till rising from the same,
Full many shapes, that shadows were,
In crimson colours came.

A little distance from the prow
Those crimson shadows were:
I turned my eyes upon the deck —
Oh, Christ! what saw I there!

Each corse lay flat, lifeless and flat,
And, by the holy rood!
A man all light, a seraph-man,
On every corse there stood.

This seraph-band, each waved his hand:
It was a heavenly sight!
They stood as signals to the land,
Each one a lovely light;

This seraph-band, each waved his hand,
No voice did they impart —
No voice; but oh! the silence sank
Like music on my heart.

But soon I heard the dash of oars,
I heard the Pilot's cheer;
My head was turned perforce away,
And I saw a boat appear.

The Pilot and the Pilot's boy,
I heard them coming fast:
Dear Lord in Heaven! it was a joy
The dead men could not blast.

I saw a third — I heard his voice.
It is the Hermit good!
He singeth loud his godly hymns
That he makes in the wood.
He'll shrieve my soul, he'll wash away
The Albatross's blood.

VII.

This Hermit good lives in that wood
Which slopes down to the sea.
How loudly his sweet voice he rears!
He loves to talk with marineres
That come from a far countree.

He kneels at morn, and noon, and eve —
He hath a cushion plump:
It is the moss that wholly hides
The rotted old oak-stump.

The skiff-boat neared: I heard them talk,
'Why, this is strange, I trow!
Where are those lights so many and fair,
That signal made but now?'

'Strange by my faith!' the Hermit said —
'And they answered not our cheer!
The planks looked warped! and see those sails,
How thin they are and sere!
I never saw aught like to them,
Unless perchance it were

'Brown skeletons of leaves that lag
My forest-brook along;
When the ivy-tod is heavy with snow,
And the owlet whoops to the wolf below,
That eats the she-wolf's young.'

'Dear Lord! it hath a fiendish look —
(The Pilot made reply)
I am a-feared' — 'Push on, push on!'
Said the Hermit cheerily.

The boat came closer to the ship,
But I nor spake nor stirred;
The boat came close beneath the ship,
And straight a sound was heard.

Under the water it rumbled on,
Still louder and more dread:
It reached the ship, it split the bay;
The ship went down like lead.

Stunned by that loud and dreadful sound,
Which sky and ocean smote,
Like one that hath been seven days drowned
My body lay afloat;
But swift as dreams, myself I found
Within the Pilot's boat.

Upon the whirl, where sank the ship,
The boat spun round and round;
And all was still, save that the hill
Was telling of the sound.

I moved my lips — the Pilot shrieked
And fell down in a fit;
The holy Hermit raised his eyes,
And prayed where he did sit.

I took the oars: the Pilot's boy,
Who now doth crazy go,
Laughed loud and long, and all the while
His eyes went to and fro.
'Ha! ha!' quoth he, 'full plain I see,
The Devil knows how to row.'

And now, all in my own countree,
I stood on the firm land!
The Hermit stepped forth from the boat,
And scarcely he could stand.

'O shrieve me, shrieve me, holy man!'
The Hermit crossed his brow.
'Say quick,' quoth he, 'I bid thee say —
What manner of man art thou?'

Forthwith this frame of mine was wrenched
With a woful agony,
Which forced me to begin my tale;
And then it left me free.

Since then, at an uncertain hour,
That agony returns:
And till my ghastly tale is told,
This heart within me burns.

I pass, like night, from land to land;
I have strange power of speech;
That moment that his face I see,
I know the man that must hear me:
To him my tale I teach.

What loud uproar bursts from that door!
The wedding-guests are there:
But in the garden-bower the bride
And bride-maids singing are:
And hark the little vesper bell,
Which biddeth me to prayer!

O Wedding-Guest! this soul hath been
Alone on a wide wide sea:
So lonely 'twas, that God himself
Scarce seemed there to be.

O sweeter than the marriage-feast,
'Tis sweeter far to me,
To walk together to the kirk
With a goodly company! —

To walk together to the kirk,
And all together pray,
While each to his great Father bends,
Old men, and babes, and loving friends,
And youths and maidens gay!

Farewell, farewell! but this I tell
To thee, thou Wedding-Guest!
He prayeth well, who loveth well
Both man and bird and beast.

He prayeth best, who loveth best
All things both great and small;
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all.'

The Mariner, whose eye is bright,
Whose beard with age is hoar,
Is gone: and now the Wedding-Guest
Turned from the bridegroom's door.

He went like one that hath been stunned,
And is of sense forlorn:
A sadder and a wiser man,
He rose the morrow morn.

LINES TO A BEAUTIFUL SPRING IN A VILLAGE.

Once more, sweet stream! with slow foot wandering near,
I bless thy milky waters, cold and clear,
Escaped the flashing of the noontide hours;
With one fresh garland of Pierian flowers
(Ere from thy zephyr-haunted brink I turn,)
My languid hand shall wreath thy mossy urn.
For not through pathless grove, with murmur rude,
Thou soothest the sad wood-nymph, solitude;
Nor thine unseen in cavern depths to well,
The hermit-fountain of some dripping cell!
Pride of the vale! thy useful streams supply
The scattered cots and peaceful hamlet nigh.
The elfin tribe, around thy friendly banks,
With infant uproar and soul-soothing pranks,
Released from school, their little hearts at rest,
Launch paper navies on thy waveless breast.
The rustic here at eve, with pensive look,
Whistling lorn ditties, leans upon his crook;
Or starting, pauses with hope-mingled dread,
To list the much-loved maid's accustomed tread:

She, vainly mindful of her dame's command,
Loiters, the long-filled pitcher in her hand.
Unboastful stream! thy fount, with pebbled falls,
The faded form of past delight recalls,
What time the morning sun of hope arose,
And all was joy, save when another's woes,
A transient gloom upon my soul imprest,
Like passing clouds impictur'd on thy breast.
Life's current then ran sparkling to the noon,
Or silvery stole beneath the pensive moon.
Ah! now it works rude brakes and thorns among,
Or o'er the rough rock bursts and foams along.

HYMN BEFORE SUNRISE, IN THE VALE OF CHAMOUNI.

Hast thou a charm to stay the morning-star
In his steep course? So long he seems to pause
On thy bald, awful head, O sovran Blanc!
The Arve and Arveiron at thy base
Rave ceaselessly; but thou, most awful form!
Risest from forth thy silent sea of pines,
How silently! Around thee and above
Deep is the air and dark, substantial, black,
An ebon mass: methinks thou piercest it,
As with a wedge! But when I look again,
It is thine own calm home, thy crystal shrine,
Thy habitation from eternity!
O dread and silent mount! I gazed upon thee,
Till thou, still present to the bodily sense,
Didst vanish from my thought: entranced in prayer,
I worshipp'd the Invisible alone.

Yet, like some sweet beguiling melody,
So sweet we know not we are listening to it,
Thou, the meanwhile, wast blending with my thought,
Yea, with my life and life's own secret joy:
Till the dilating soul, enrapt, transfused
Into the mighty vision passing — there,
As in her natural form, swell'd vast to heaven!
Awake, my soul! not only passive praise
Thou owest! not alone these swelling tears,
Mute thanks and secret ecstasy! Awake,
Voice of sweet song! Awake, my heart, awake!
Green vales and icy cliffs, all join my hymn!

Thou first and chief, sole sovran of the vale!
Oh, struggling with the darkness all the night,
And visited all night by troops of stars,
Or when they climb the sky, or when they sink:
Companion of the morning-star at dawn,
Thyself earth's rosy star, and of the dawn
Co-herald! wake, oh wake, and utter praise!
Who sank thy sunless pillars deep in earth?
Who filled thy countenance with rosy light!
Who made thee parent of perpetual streams?

And you, ye five wild torrents fiercely glad!
Who call'd you forth from night and utter death,
From dark and icy caverns called you forth,
Down those precipitous, black, jagged rocks,
For ever shatter'd, and the same for ever?
Who gave you your invulnerable life,
Your strength, your speed, your fury, and your joy,
Unceasing thunder and eternal foam?
And who commanded (and the silence came),
Here let the billows stiffen, and have rest?

Ye ice-falls! ye that from the mountain's brow
Adown enormous ravines slope amain —
Torrents, methinks, that heard a mighty voice,
And stopp'd at once amid their maddest plunge!
Motionless torrents! silent cataracts!
Who made you glorious as the gates of heaven
Beneath the keen, full moon? Who bade the sun
Clothe you with rainbows? Who, with living flowers
Of loveliest hue, spread garlands at your feet?
God! let the torrents, like a shout of nations,
Answer! and let the ice-plains echo, God!
God! sing, ye meadow-streams, with gladsome voice!
Ye pine-groves, with your soft and soul-like sounds!
And they, too, have a voice, yon piles of snow,
And in their perilous fall shall thunder, God!
Ye living flowers that skirt th' eternal frost!
Ye wild goats sporting round the eagle's nest!
Ye eagles, playmates of the mountain-storm!
Ye lightnings, the dread arrows of the clouds!
Ye signs and wonders of the element!
Utter forth God, and fill the hills with praise!

Thou too, hoar mount! with thy sky-pointing peaks,
Oft from whose feet the avalanche, unheard,
Shoots downward, glittering through the pure serene
Into the depth of clouds, that veil thy breast — thou,
Thou too, again, stupendous mountain!

That, as I raise my head, awhile bow'd low
In adoration, upward from thy base
Slow travelling, with dim eyes suffused with tears,
Solemnly seemest, like a vapoury cloud,
To rise before me, — rise, oh, ever rise,
Rise like a cloud of incense, from the earth!
Thou kingly spirit, throned among the hills,
Thou dread ambassador from earth to heaven,
Great Hierarch! tell thou the silent sky,
And tell the stars, and tell yon rising sun,
Earth, with her thousand voices, praises God.

CHILD'S EVENING PRAYER.

Ere on my bed my limbs I lay,
God grant me grace my prayers to say!
O God, preserve my mother dear
In health and strength for many a year,
And oh! preserve my father too,
And may I pay him reverence due;
And may I my best thoughts employ
To be my parents' hope and joy!
My sisters and my brothers both
From evil guard, and save from sloth,
And may we always love each other,
Our friends, our father, and our mother!
And still, O Lord, to me impart
A contrite, pure, and grateful heart,
That after my last sleep I may
Awake to thy eternal day. Amen.

THOMAS HOOD.

Thomas Hood, a writer of comic poetry, was born in London 1798 and brought up as an engraver, which profession however he forsook for that of an author. A volume of comic poetry entitled 'Whims and Oddities' was his first production which with the 'Comic Annual' met with great success. His books were usually illustrated with peculiar engravings, which greatly added to their effect. He tried his skill in noval writing, but was not successful. His shines in serious poetry as well as in comic, as is seen in the work entitled, the 'Dream of Eugene Aram' in which he shows himself to possess great talent for pourtraying what is dark and fearful, in a mysterious manner. Hood died in 1845 leaving a large number of works, all exhibiting considerable powers of humour.

RUTH.

She stood breast high amid the corn,
Clasp'd by the golden light of morn,
Like the sweetheart of the sun,
Who many a glowing kiss had won.

On her cheek an autumn flush,
Deeply ripened; — such a blush
In the midst of brown was born,
Like red poppies grown with corn.

Round her eyes her tresses fell,
Which were blackest none could tell,
But long lashes veil'd a light,
That had else been all too bright.

And her hat, with shady brim,
Made her tressy forehead dim; —
Thus she stood amid the stocks,
Praising God with sweetest looks: —

Sure, I said, heav'n did not mean,
Where I reap thou shouldst but glean,
Lay thy sheaf adown and come,
Share my harvest and my home.

THE EXILE.

The swallow with summer
Will wing o'er the seas,
The wind that I sigh to
Will visit thy trees,
The ship that it hastens
Thy ports will contain,
But me — I must never
See England again!

There's many that weep there,
But one weeps alone,
For the tears that are falling
So far from her own;
So far from thy own, love,
We know not our pain;
If death is between us,
Or only the main.

When the white cloud reclines
On the verge of the sea,
I fancy the white cliffs,
And dream upon thee;
But the cloud spreads its wings
To the blue heav'n and flies.
We never shall meet, love,
Except in the skies!

THE DREAM OF EUGENE ARAM.

'Twas in the prime of summer time,
An evening calm and cool,
And four-and-twenty happy boys
Come bounding out of school: [leapt,
There were some that ran, and some that
Like troutlets in a pool.

Away they sped with gamesome minds,
And souls untouched by sin,
To a level mead they came, and there
They drave the wickets in:

Pleasantly shone the setting sun
Over the town of Lynn.

Like sportive deer they cours'd about,
And shouted as they ran, —
Turning to mirth all things of earth
As only boyhood can;
But the Usher sat remote from all,
A melancholy man!

His hat was off, his vest apart,
To catch heaven's blessed breeze;
For a burning thought was in his brow,
And his bosom ill at ease:
So he lean'd his head on his hands, and read
The book between his knees!

Leaf after leaf he turn'd it o'er,
Nor ever glanc'd aside,
For the peace of his soul he read that book
In the golden eventide:
Much study had made him very lean,
And pale, and leaden-ey'd.

At last he shut the ponderous tome,
With a fast and fervent grasp
He strained the dusty covers close,
And fix'd the brazen hasp:
'Oh, God! could I so close my mind,
And clasp it with a clasp!'

Then leaping on his feet upright,
Some moody turns he took, —
Now up the mead, then down the mead,
And past a shady nook, —
And, lo! he saw a little boy
That pored upon a book!

'My gentle lad, what is't you read —
Romance or fairy fable?
Or is it some historic page,
Of kings and crowns unstable?'
The young boy gave an upward glance, —
'It is "The Death of Abel".

The Usher took six hasty strides,
As smit with sudden pain, —
Six hasty strides beyond the place,
Then slowly back again:
And down he sat beside the lad,
And talk'd with him of Cain;

And, long since then, of bloody men,
Whose deeds tradition saves;
Of lonely folk cut off unseen,
And hid in sudden graves;
Of horrid stabs, in graves forlorn,
And murders done in caves;

And how the sprites of injured men
Shriek upward from the sod, —
Ay, how the ghostly hand will point,
To shew the burial clod;
And unknown facts of guilty acts
Are seen in dreams from God!

He told how murderers walk the earth
Beneath the curse of Cain, —
With crimson clouds before their eyes,
And flames about their brain:
For blood has left upon their souls
Its everlasting stain!

'And well,' quoth he, 'I know for truth,
Their pangs must be extreme, —
Woe, woe, unutterable woe, —
Who spill life's sacred stream!
For why? Methought, last night, I wrought
A murder, in a dream!

'One that had never done me wrong,
A feeble man and old;
I led him to a lonely field,
The moon shone clear and cold:
Now here, said I, this man shall die,
And I will have his gold!

'Two sudden blows with a rugged stick,
And one with a heavy stone,
One hurried gash with a hasty knife,
And then the deed was done:
There was nothing lying at my foot
But lifeless flesh and bone!

'Nothing but lifeless flesh and bone,
That could not do me ill!
And yet I feared him all the more,
For lying there so still:
There was a manhood in his look
That murder could not kill!

'And lo! the universal air
Seem'd lit with ghastly flame; —
Ten thousand thousand dreadful eyes
Were looking down in blame:
I took the dead man by his hand,
And call'd upon his name.

'Oh God! it made me quake to see
Such sense within the slain!
But when I touch'd the lifeless clay,
The blood gush'd out amain!
For every clot, a burning spot
Was scorching in my brain!

'My head was like an ardent coal,
My heart as solid ice;
My wretched, wretched soul, I knew
Was at the Devil's price;
A dozen times I groan'd; the dead
Had never groan'd but twice!

'And now, from forth the frowning sky,
From the Heaven's topmost height,
I heard a voice — the awful voice
Of the blood-avenging sprite: —
"Thou guilty man! take up thy dead,
And hide it from my sight!"

'I took the dreary body up,
And cast it in a stream, —

A sluggish water, black as ink,
The depth was so extreme: —
My gentle Boy, remember this
Is nothing but a dream!

'Down went the corse with a hollow plunge,
And vanish'd in the pool;
Anon I cleans'd my bloody hands,
And wash'd my forehead cool,
And sat among the urchins young
That evening in the School.

'Oh, Heaven! to think of their white souls,
And mine so black and grim!
I could not share in childish prayer,
Nor join in evening hymn:
Like a Devil of the Pit I seem'd
'Mid holy Cherubim!

'And peace went with them, one and all,
And each calm pillow spread;
But Guilt was my grim Chamberlain
That lighted me to bed;
And drew my midnight curtains round,
With fingers bloody-red!

'All night I lay in agony,
In anguish dark and deep:
My fever'd eyes I dared not close,
But stared aghast at Sleep:
For Sin had render'd unto her
The keys of Hell to keep!

'All night I lay in agony
From weary chime to chime,
With one besetting horrid hint
That rack'd me all the time;
A mighty yearning, like the first
Fierce impulse unto crime!

'One stern tyrannic thought, that made
All other thoughts its slave;
Stronger and stronger every pulse
Did that temptation crave, —
Still urging me to go and see
The Dead Man in his grave!

'Heavily I rose up, as soon
As light was in the sky,
And sought the black accursed pool
With a wild misgiving eye;
And I saw the Dead in the river-bed,
For the faithless stream was dry!

'Merrily rose the lark, and shook
The dew-drop from its wing;
But I never mark'd its morning flight,
I never heard it sing;
For I was stooping once again
Under the horrid thing.

'With breathless speed, like a soul in chace,
I took him up and ran; —
There was no time to dig a grave
Before the day began;
In a lonesome wood, with heaps of leaves,
I hid the murder'd man!

'And all that day I read in school,
But my thought was other-where;
As soon as the mid-day task was done,
In secret I was there;
And a mighty wind had swept the leaves,
And still the corse was bare!

'Then down I cast me on my face,
And first began to weep;
For I knew my secret then was one
That earth refused to keep;
Or land or sea, though he should be
Ten thousand fathoms deep.

'So wills the fierce avenging Sprite,
Till blood for blood atones!
Ay, though he's buried in a cave,
And trodden down with stones,
And years have rotted off his flesh, —
The world shall see his bones!

'Oh, God! that horrid, horrid dream
Besets me now awake!
Again — again, with dizzy brain,
The human life I take;
And my red right hand grows raging hot,
Like Cranmer's at the stake.

'And still no peace for the restless clay,
Will wave or mould allow;
The horrid thing pursues my soul, —
It stands before me now!'
The fearful Boy look'd up, and saw
Huge drops upon his brow.

That very night, while gentle sleep
The urchin eyelids kiss'd,
Two stern-faced men set out from Lynn,
Through the cold and heavy mist;
And Eugene Aram walked between,
With gyves upon his wrist.

FELICIA HEMANS.

Mrs. Hemens (Felicia Dorothea Browne) was born in Liverpool 1793 and passed her childhood in North Wales where she gained that love of nature which is to be found in all her works. She published her first volume at the age of fifteen which although not particularly successful did not prevent her from producing in 1812 another volume entitled 'The Domestic Affections and other Poems'. In this year she married Captain Hemans, but the union proved an unhappy one, and in 1818 her husband left her and went to reside in Italy after which they never met again. She published in 1820 'The Sceptic', and in 1823 her tragedy 'The Vespers of Palermo', was brought out in London, but met with no approval. In 1826 appeared her 'Forest Sanctuary', which is considered her best poem; in 1828 'Records of Woman'; 1830 her 'Songs of the Affections' and 1834 her 'Hymns for Children' came into print. Her songs are generally written in a sorrowful style, but in many of them she has shown loftiness of spirit and heroic feelings. She died at Dublin on the 16th of May 1835.

THE BETTER LAND.

'I hear thee speak of the better land,
Thou call'st its children a happy band;
Mother! O where is that radiant shore,
Shall we not seek it, and weep no more?
Is it where the flower of the orange blows,
And the fire-flies dance through the myrtle boughs?'
'Not there, not there, my child!'

'Is it where the feathery palm-trees rise,
And the date grows ripe under sunny skies?
Or midst the green island on glittering seas,
Where fragrant forests perfume the breeze,
And strange bright birds, on their starry wings,
Bear the rich hues of all glorious things?'
'Not there, not there, my child!'

'Is it far away, in some region old,
Where the rivers wander o'er sands of gold?
Where the burning rays of the ruby shine,
And the diamond lights up the secret mine,
And the pearl gleams forth from the coral strand,
Is it there, sweet mother, that better land?'
'Not there, not there, my child!'

'Eye hath not seen it, my gentle boy!
Ear hath not heard its deep songs of joy!
Dreams cannot picture a world so fair —
Sorrow and death may not enter there:
Time doth not breathe on its fadeless bloom,
For beyond the clouds and beyond the tomb,
It is there, it is there, my child!'

A DOMESTIC SCENE.

'Twas early day — and sunlight streamed
Soft through a quiet room,
That hushed, but not forsaken, seemed —
Still, but with nought but gloom:
For there, secure in happy age,
Whose hope is from above,
A father communed with the page
Of heaven's recorded love.

Pure fell the beam, and meekly bright
On his gray holy hair,
And touched the book with tenderest light,
As if its shrine were there;
But oh! that patriarch's aspect shone
With something lovelier far —
A radiance all the spirits own,
Caught not from sun or star.

Some word of life e'en then had met
His calm benignant eye;
Some ancient promise breathing yet
Of immortality;
Some heart's deep language, where the glow
Of quenchless faith survives;
For every feature said, 'I know
That my Redeemer lives.'

And silent stood his children by,
Hushing their very breath
Before the solemn sanctity
Of thoughts o'ersweeping death;
Silent — yet did not each young breast,
With love and reverence melt?
Oh! blest be those fair girls — and blest
That home where God is felt.

THE HOME OF THE SPIRIT.

Answer me, burning stars of night,
Where is the spirit gone,
That past the reach of human sight,
As a swift breeze hath flown?
And the stars answer'd me: 'we roll
In light and power on high;
But of the never-dying soul
Ask that which cannot die.'

O many-toned and chainless wind,
Thou art a wanderer free;
Tell me if thou its place canst find,
Far over mount and sea?
And the wind murmur'd in reply:
'The blue deep I have cross'd,
And met its barks and billows high,
But not what thou hast lost.'

Ye clouds that gorgeously repose
Around the setting sun,
Answer; have ye a home for those
Whose earthly race is run?
The bright clouds answer'd: 'we depart,
We vanish from the sky;
Ask what is deathless in thy heart,
For that which cannot die.'

Speak, then, thou voice of God within,
Thou of the deep low tone;
Answer me through life's restless din —
Where is the spirit flown?
And the voice answer'd: 'be thou still,
Enough to know is given;
Clouds, winds, and stars *their* part fulfil;
Thine is to trust in heaven.'

THE HOUR OF PRAYER.

Child, amidst the flowers at play,
While the red light fades away;
Mother, with thy earnest eye,
Ever following silently;
Father, by the breeze of eve,
Called thy harvest-work to leave;
Pray! — ere yet the dark hours be,
Lift the heart and bend the knee.

Traveller, in the stranger's land,
Far from thine own household band;
Mourner, haunted by the tone
Of a voice from this world gone;
Captive, in whose narrow cell
Sunshine hath not leave to dwell;
Sailor, on the darkening sea,
Lift the heart and bend the knee.

Warrior, that from battle won,
Breathest now at set of sun;
Woman, o'er the lowly slain,
Weeping on his burial plain!
Ye that triumph, ye that sigh,
Kindred by one holy tie:
Heaven's first star alike ye see —
Lift the heart and bend the knee.

WHERE IS THE SEA?

Where is the sea? — I languish here —
Where is my own blue sea?
With all its barks in fleet career,
And flags, and breezes free.

I miss that voice of waves which first
Awoke my childhood's glee;
The measured chime—the thundering burst —
Where is my own blue sea?

I hear the shepherd's mountain flute —
I hear the whispering tree; —
The echoes of my soul are mute; —
Where is my own blue sea?

Oh! rich your Myrtle's breath may rise,
Soft, soft your winds may be;
Yet my sick heart within me dies —
Where is my own blue sea?

DEATH.

Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the North-wind's breath,
And stars to set — but all, [Death!
Thou hast *all* seasons for thine own, O,

Day is for mortal care, [hearth,
Eve for glad meetings round the joyous
Night for the dreams of sleep, the voice of prayer: [Earth!
But all for thee, thou Mightiest of the

We know when moons shall wane,
When summer-birds from far shall cross the sea,
When autumn's hue shall tinge the golden grain; [thee?
But who shall teach us when to look for

Is it when spring's first gale
Comes forth to whisper where the violets lie?
Is it when roses in our paths grow pale?
They have *one* season — *all* are ours to die!

Thou art where billows foam;
Thou art where music melts upon the air;
Thou art around us in our peaceful home; [art there;
And the world calls us forth — and thou

Thou art where friend meets friend,
Beneath the shadow of the elm to rest;
Thou art where foe meets foe, and trumpets rend [ly crest!
The skies, and swords beat down the princely

THE HOMES OF ENGLAND.

The stately homes of England,
How beautiful they stand!
Amidst their tall ancestral trees,
O'er all the pleasant land!
The deer across their green sward bound
Through shade and sunny gleam,
And the swan glides past them with the sound
Of some rejoicing stream.

The merry homes of England!
Around their hearths by night,
What gladsome looks of household love
Meet in the ruddy light!
There woman's voice flows forth in song,
Or childhood's tale is told;
Or lips move tunefully along
Some glorious page of old.

The cottage homes of England!
By thousands on her plains,
They are smiling o'er the silv'ry brook,
And round the hamlet-fanes,
Through glowing orchards forth they peep,
Each from its nook of leaves;
And fearless there the lowly sleep,
As the bird beneath their eaves.

The free fair homes of England!
Long, long in hut and hall

May hearts of native proof be rear'd
To guard each hallow'd wall.
And green for ever be the groves,
And bright the flow'ry sod,
Where first the child's glad spirit loves
Its country and its God.

THE ROSE.

How much of memory dwells amidst thy bloom,
Rose! ever wearing beauty for thy dower!
The bridal day — the festival — the tomb —
Thou hast thy part in each, thou stateliest flower!

Therefore with thy soft breath come floating by
A thousand images of love and grief,
Dreams, fill'd with tokens of mortality,
Deep thoughts of all things beautiful and brief.

Not such thy spells o'er those that hail'd thee first
In the clear light of Eden's golden day;
There thy rich leaves to crimson glory burst,
Link'd with no dim remembrance of decay.

Rose! for the banquet gather'd, and the bier;
Rose! colour'd now by human hope or pain;
Surely where death is not — nor change nor fear,
Yet may we meet thee, joy's own flower again!

THE RAINBOW.

Soft falls the mild reviving shower
From April's changeful skies,
And rain-drops bend each trembling flower
They tinge with richer dyes.

But mark! what arch of varied hue
From heaven to earth is bowed?
Haste — ere it vanish — haste to view
The rainbow in the cloud!

Yet not alone to charm thy sight
Was given the vision fair; —
Gaze on that arch of coloured light,
And read God's mercy there.

It tells us that the mighty deep,
Fast by th' Eternal chained,
No more o'er earth's domain shall sweep,
Awful and unrestrained.

It tells that seasons, heat and cold,
Fix'd by his sov'reign will,
Shall, in their course, bid man behold
Seed-time and harvest still.

That still the flower shall deck the field,
When vernal zephyrs blow;
That still the vine its fruit shall yield,
When autumn sunbeams glow.

Then, child of that fair earth! which yet
Smiles with each charm endowed,
Bless thou His name, whose mercy set
The rainbow in the cloud!

LAETITIA ELISABETH LANDON.

Laetitia Elisabeth Landon was born at Chelsea in 1802. In 1824 appeared her first poetical production in 'The Literary Gazette'. This was entitled 'Poetical Sketches' and immediately followed by 'the Improvisatrice' and two other volumes of poetry. She was also the authoress of several novels, of which 'Francesca Carrara', Ethel Churchill' and 'Romance and Reality' are considered the best. She married the governor of Cape Coast Castle 1838, and in the same year died without being able to continue her literary exertions in Africa. She was of a very lively disposition, yet all her books bear a touch of melancholy, greatly at variance with her deportment and life

CHILDREN.

A word will fill the little heart
With pleasure and with pride;
It is a harsh, a cruel thing,
That such can be denied.

And yet how many weary hours
Those joyous creatures know;
How much of sorrow and restraint
They to their elders owe!

How much they suffer from our faults,
How much from our mistakes!
How often, too, mistaken zeal
An infant's misery makes.

We over-rule and over-teach,
We curb and we confine,
And put the heart to school too soon,
To learn our narrow line.

No: only taught by love to love,
Seems childhood's natural task;
Affection, gentleness, and hope,
Are all its brief years ask.

AMELIORATION AND THE FUTURE. MAN'S NOBLE TASKS.

Fall, fall, ye mighty temples to the ground:
Not in your sculptur'd rise

Is the real exercise
Of human nature's brightest power found.

'Tis in the lofty hope, the daily toil,
'Tis in the gifted line,
In each far thought divine
That brings down heaven to light our common soil.

'Tis in the great, the lovely, and the true,
'Tis in the generous thought,
Of all that man has wrought,
Of all that yet remains for man to do.

THE ORPHAN.

Alone, alone! — no other face
Wears kindred smile, or kindred line:
And yet they say my mother's eyes,
They say my father's brow, is mine;
And either had rejoiced to see
The other's likeness in my face,
But now it is a stranger's eye,
That finds some long forgotten trace.

I heard them name my father's death,
His home and tomb alike the wave;
And I was early taught to weep,
Beside my youthful mother's grave.
I wish I could recall one look, —
But only one familiar tone;
If I had aught of memory,
I should not feel so all alone.

My heart is gone beyond the grave,
In search of love I cannot find,
Till I could fancy soothing words
Are whispered by the ev'ning wind:
I gaze upon the watching stars,
So clear, so beautiful above,
Till I could dream they look on me
With something of an answering love.

My mother, does thy gentle eye
Look from those distant stars on me?
Or does the wind at ev'ning bear
A message to thy child from thee?
Dost thou pine for me, as I pine
Again a parent's love to share?
I often kneel beside thy grave,
And pray to be a sleeper there.

The vesper bell! — 'tis eventide,
I will not weep, but I will pray:
God of the fatherless, 'tis thou
Alone canst be the orphan's stay! [star,
Earth's meanest flower, heaven's mightiest
Are equal to their Maker's love:
And I can say, 'Thy will be done,'
With eyes that fix their hopes above.

THE PILGRIM.

Vain folly of another age,
This wandering over earth,
To find the peace by some dark sin,
Banished our household hearth.

On Lebanon the dark green pines
Wave over sacred ground,
And Carmel's consecrated rose
Springs from a hallowed mound.

Glorious the truth they testify,
And blessed is their name;
But even in such a sacred spot,
Are sin and woe the same.

O pilgrim! vain each toilsome step,
Vain every weary day;
There is no charm in soil or shrine,
To wash thy guilt away.

Return, with prayer and tear, return
To those who weep at home;
To dry their tears will more avail,
Than o'er a world to roam.

There's hope for one who leaves with shame
The guilt that lured before:
Remember, He, who said 'repent,'
Said also, 'sin no more.'

Return, and in thy daily round
Of duty and of love,
Thou best wilt find that patient faith,
Which lifts the soul above.

In every innocent prayer, each child
Lips at his father's knee: —
If thine has been to teach that prayer,
There will be hope for thee.

There is a small white church, that stands
Beside thy father's grave,
There kneel and pour those earnest prayers,
That sanctify and save.

Around thee draw thine own home ties,
And with a chasten'd mind,
In meek well-doing seek that peace,
No wandering will find.

In charity and penitence,
Thy sin will be forgiven: —
Pilgrim, the heart is the true shrine,
Whence prayers ascend to heaven.

THOMAS B. MACAULAY.

Thomas Babington Macaulay was born in London in 1800. In 1818 he entered Trinity-College at Cambridge where he studied for the law and in 1824 was called to the bar. In 1830 he began his political career by being chosen member of parliament for Calw. Under the administration of Lord Melbourne he was made a member of the highest court of justice of India, but came back from there in 1839 from which year till 1845 he represented Edinburgh in the house of commens. Till 1841 he was under secretary of state in the war office and between 1846—48 occupied the post of paymaster general of the forces and as such was a member of the cabinet. At the present time he is again member for Edinburgh. He is one of the most distinguished writers of the present day; he has contributed considerably to the Edieburgh Review and by his influence has brought it to a much higher degree of perfection than it formerly possessed. Most of its papers had been written in a very biting sarcastic manner, underrating true talent, and elevating those writers who characterised themselves by their low feelings and insolence; but Macaulay introduced into its criticism a kindliness of manner which much increased the value of the whole publication. His finest work is his 'History of England' not yet entirely finished, but which is certainly one of the glories of his country. It is written in a most brilliant style, and the author has taken very correct views of the state of the kingdom at different periods. Macaulay is also a poet, and his compositions in this branch are by no means to be overlooked. During his stay at college he published several ballads, one called 'War of the League' which is universally admired; he has also lately published some poems called the 'Lays of ancient Rome' in which he seems to have brought the brave old Romans again into existence, and caused them to fight their famous battles a second time. The lays are written in a plain homely style, but in such a truthful manner, and so much meaning is contained in a small space, that their reader cannot fail being delighted, and obtaining an excellent idea of the character of that fine old race.

HORATIUS.

A lay made about the year of the City CCCLX.

Lars Porsena of Clusium
 By the Nine Gods he swore
That the great house of Tarquin
 Should suffer wrong no more.
By the Nine Gods he swore it,
 And named a trysting day,
And bade his messengers ride forth,
East and west and south and north,
 To summon his array.

East and west and south and north
 The messengers ride fast,
And tower and town and cottage
 Have heard the trumpet's blast.
Shame on the false Etruscan
 Who lingers in his home,
When Porsena of Clusium
 Is on the march for Rome.

The horsemen and the footmen
 Are pouring in amain
From many a stately market-place,
 From many a fruitful plain;
 From many a lonely hamlet,
 Which, hid by beech and pine,
Like an eagle's nest, hangs on the crest
 Of purple Apennine;

From lordly Volaterræ,
 Where scowls the far-famed hold
Piled by the hands of giants
 For godlike kings of old;
From seagirt Populonia,
 Whose sentinels descry
Sardinia's snowy mountain-tops
 Fringing the southern sky;

From the proud mart of Pisæ,
 Queen of the western waves,
Where ride Massilia's triremes
 Heavy with fair-haired slaves:
From where sweet Clanis wanders
 Through corn and vines and flowers;
From where Cortona lifts to heaven
 Her diadem of towers.

Tall are the oaks whose acorns
 Drop in dark Auser's rill;
Fat are the stags that champ the boughs
 Of the Ciminian hill;
Beyond all streams Clitumnus
 Is to the herdsman dear;
Best of all pools the fowler loves
 The great Volsinian mere.

But now no stroke of woodman
 Is heard by Auser's rill;
No hunter tracks the stag's green path
 Up the Ciminian hill;
Unwatched along Clitumnus
 Grazes the milk-white steer;
Unharmed the water fowl may dip
 In the Volsinian mere.

The harvests of Arretium,
 This year, old men shall reap;
This year, young boys in Umbro
 Shall plunge the struggling sheep;
And in the vats of Luna,
 This year, the must shall foam
Round the white feet of laughing girls,
 Whose sires have marched to Rome.

There be thirty chosen prophets,
 The wisest of the land,
Who alway by Lars Porsena
 Both morn and evening stand:
Evening and morn the Thirty
 Have turned the verses o'er,
Traced from the right on linen white
 By mighty seers of yore.

And with one voice the Thirty
Have their glad answer given:
'Go forth, go forth, Lars Porsena;
Go forth, beloved of Heaven;
Go, and return in glory
To Clusium's royal dome;
And hang round Nurscia's altars
The golden shields of Rome.'

And now hath every city
Sent up her tale of men;
The foot are fourscore thousand,
The horse are thousands ten.
Before the gates of Sutrium
Is met the great array.
A proud man was Lars Porsena
Upon the trysting day.

For all the Etruscan armies
Were ranged beneath his eye,
And many a banished Roman,
And many a stout ally;
And with a mighty following
To join the muster came
The Tusculan Mamilius,
Prince of the Latian name.

But by the yellow Tiber
Was tumult and affright:
From all the spacious champaign
To Rome men took their flight.
A mile around the city,
The throng stopped up the ways;
A fearful sight it was to see
Through two long nights and days.

For aged folk on crutches,
And women great with child,
And mothers sobbing over babes
That clung to them and smiled,
And sick men borne in litters
High on the necks of slaves,
And troops of sun-burned husbandmen
With reaping-hooks and staves,

And droves of mules and asses
Laden with skins of wine,
And endless flocks of goats and sheep,
And endless herds of kine,
And endless trains of waggons
That creaked beneath the weight
Of corn-sacks and of household goods,
Choked every roaring gate.

Now, from the rock Tarpeian,
Could the wan burghers spy
The line of blazing villages
Red in the midnight sky.
The Fathers of the City,
They sat all night and day,
For every hour some horseman came
With tidings of dismay.

To eastward and to westward
Have spread the Tuscan bands;
Nor house, nor fence, nor dovecote
In Crustumerium stands.
Verbenna down to Ostia
Hath wasted all the plain!
Astur hath stormed Janiculum,
And the stout guards are slain.

I wis, in all the Senate,
There was no heart so bold,
But sore it ached, and fast it beat,
When that ill news was told.
Forthwith up rose the Consul,
Up rose the Fathers all;
In haste they girded up their gowns,
And hied them to the wall.

They held a council standing
Before the River-Gate;
Short time was there, ye well may guess,
For musing or debate.
Out spake the Consul roundly:
'The bridge must straight go down;
For, since Janiculum is lost,
Nought else can save the town.'

Just then a scout came flying,
All wild with haste and fear:
'To arms! to arms! Sir Consul;
Lars Porsena is here.'
On the low hills to westward
The Consul fixed his eye,
And saw the swarthy storm of dust
Rise fast along the sky.

And nearer fast and nearer
Doth the red whirlwind come;
And louder still and still more loud,
From underneath that rolling cloud,
Is heard the trumpet's war-note proud,
The trampling, and the hum.
And plainly and more plainly
Now through the gloom appears,
Far to left and far to right,
In broken gleams of dark-blue light,
The long array of helmets bright,
The long array of spears.

And plainly and more plainly,
Above that glimmering line,
Now might ye see the banners
Of twelve fair cities shine;
But the banner of proud Clusium
Was highest of them all,
The terror of the Umbrian,
The Terror of the Gaul.

And plainly and more plainly
Now might the burghers know,
By port and vest, by horse and crest,
Each warlike Lucumo.
There Cilnius of Arretium
On his fleet roan was seen;
And Astur of the four-fold shield,
Girt with the brand none else may wield,

Tolumnius with the belt of gold,
And dark Verbenna from the hold
By reedy Thrasymene.

Fast by the royal standard,
O'erlooking all the war,
Lars Porsena of Clusium
Sate in his ivory car,
By the right wheel rode Mamilius,
Prince of the Latian name;
And by the left false Sextus,
That wrought the deed of shame.

But when the face of Sextus
Was seen among the foes,
A yell that rent the firmament
From all the town arose.
On the house-tops was no woman
But spat towards him and hissed;
No child but screamed out curses,
And shook its little fist.

But the Consul's brow was sad,
And the Consul's speech was low,
And darkly looked he at the wall,
And darkly at the foe.
'Their van will be upon us
Before the bridge goes down;
And if they once may win the bridge,
What hope to save the town?'

Then out spake brave Horatius,
The Captain of the gate:
'To every man upon this earth
Death cometh soon or late.
And how can man die better
Than facing fearful odds,
For the ashes of his fathers
And the temples of his gods,

'And for the tender mother
Who dandled him to rest,
And for the wife who nurses
His baby at her breast,
And for the holy maidens
Who feed the eternal flame,
To save them from false Sextus
That wrought the deed of shame?

'Hew down the bridge, Sir Consul,
With all the speed ye may;
I, with two more to help me,
Will hold the foe in play,
In yon strait path a thousand
May well be stopped by three.
Now who will stand on either hand,
And keep the bridge with me?'

Then out spake Spurius Lartius;
A Ramnian proud was he:
'Lo, I will stand at thy right hand,
And keep the bridge with thee.'
And out spake strong Herminius;
Of Titian blood was he:

'I will abide on thy left side,
And keep the bridge with thee.'

'Horatius,' quoth the Consul,
'As thou sayest, so let it be.'
And straight against that great array
Forth went the dauntless Three.
For Romans in Rome's quarrel
Spared neither land nor gold,
Nor son nor wife, nor limb nor life,
In the brave days of old.

Then none was for a party;
Then all were for the state;
Then the great man helped the poor,
And the poor man loved the great:
Then lands were fairly portioned;
Then spoils were fairly sold:
The Romans were like brothers
In the brave days of old.

Now Roman is to Roman
More hateful than a foe,
And the Tribunes beard the high,
And the Fathers grind the low.
As we wax hot in faction,
In battle we wax cold:
Wherefore men fight not as they fought
In the brave days of old.

Now while the Three were tightening
Their harness on their backs,
The Consul was the foremost man
To take in hand an axe:
And Fathers mixed with Commons
Seized hatchet, bar, and crow,
And smote upon the planks above,
And loosed the props below.

Meanwhile the Tuscan army,
Right glorious to behold,
Came flashing back the noonday light,
Rank behind rank, like surges bright
Of a broad sea of gold.
Four hundred trumpets sounded
A peal of warlike glee,
As that great host, with measured tread,
And spears advanced, and ensigns spread,
Rolled slowly towards the bridge's head,
Where stood the dauntless Three.

The Three stood calm and silent
And looked upon the foes,
And a great shout of laughter
From all the vanguard rose:
And forth three chiefs came spurring
Before that deep array;
To earth they sprang, their swords they drew,
And lifted high their shields, and flew
To win the narrow way;

Aunus from green Tifernum,
Lord of the Hill of Vines;

And Seius, whose eight hundred slaves
Sicken in Ilva's mines;
And Picus, long to Clusium
Vassal in peace and war,
Who led to fight his Umbrian powers
From that grey crag where, girt with towers,
The fortress of Nequinum lowers
O'er the pale waves of Nar.

Stout Lartius hurled down Aunus
Into the stream beneath:
Herminius struck at Seius,
And clove him to the teeth:
At Picus brave Horatius
Darted one fiery thrust;
And the proud Umbrian's gilded arms
Clashed in the bloody dust.

Then Ocnus of Falerii
Rushed on the Roman Three;
And Lausulus of Urgo,
The rover of the sea;
And Aruns of Volsinium,
Who slew the great wild boar,
The great wild boar that has his den
Amidst the reeds of Cosa's fen,
And wasted fields, and slaughtered men,
Along Albinia's shore.

Herminius smote down Aruns:
Lartius laid Ocnus low:
Right to the heart of Lausulus
Horatius sent a blow.
'Lie there,' he cried, 'fell pirate!
No more, aghast and pale,
From Ostia's walls the crowd shall mark
The track of thy destroying bark.
No more Campania's hinds shall fly
To woods and caverns when they spy
Thy thrice accursed sail.'

But now no sound of laughter
Was heard amongst the foes.
A wild and wrathful clamour
From all the vanguard rose.
Six spears' lengths from the entrance
Halted that deep array,
And for a space no man came forth
To win the narrow way.

But hark! the cry is Astur:
And lo! the ranks divide;
And the great Lord of Luna
Comes with his stately stride.
Upon his ample shoulders
Clangs loud the four-fold shield,
And in his hand he shakes the brand
Which none but he can wield.

He smiled on those bold Romans
A smile serene and high;
He eyed the flinching Tuscans,
And scorn was in his eye.
Quoth he, 'The she-wolf's litter
Stand savagely at bay:
But will ye dare to follow,
If Astur clears the way?'

Then, whirling up his broadsword
With both hands to the height,
He rushed against Horatius,
And smote with all his might.
With shield and blade Horatius
Right deftly turned the blow.
The blow, though turned, came yet too nigh;
It missed his helm, but gashed his thigh:
The Tuscans raised a joyful cry
To see the red blood flow.

He reeled, and on Herminius
He leaned one breathing-space;
Then, like a wild cat mad with wounds,
Sprang right at Astur's face.
Through teeth, and skull, and helmet,
So fierce a thrust he sped,
The good sword stood a hand-breadth out
Behind the Tuscan's head.

And the great Lord of Luna
Fell at that deadly stroke,
As falls on Mount Alvernus
A thunder-smitten oak.
Far o'er the crashing forest
The giant arms lie spread;
And the pale augurs, muttering low,
Gaze on the blasted head.

On Astur's throat Horatius
Right firmly pressed his heel,
And thrice and four times tugged amain,
Ere he wrenched out the steel.
'And see,' he cried, 'the welcome,
Fair guests, that waits you here!
What noble Lucumo comes next
To taste out Roman cheer?'

But at his haughty challenge
A sullen murmur ran,
Mingled of wrath, and shame, and dread,
Along that glittering van.
There lacked not men of prowess,
Nor men of lordly race;
For all Etruria's noblest
Were round the fatal place.

But all Etruria's noblest
Felt their hearts sink to see
On the earth the bloody corpses,
In the path the dauntless Three:
And, from the ghastly entrance
Where those bold Romans stood,
All shrank, like boys who unaware,
Ranging the woods to start a hare,
Come to the mouth of the dark lair
Where, growling low, a fierce old bear
Lies amidst bones and blood.

Was none who would be foremost
To lead such dire attack;

But those behind cried 'Forward!'
And those before cried 'Back!'
And backward now and forward
Wavers the deep array;
And on the tossing sea of steel
To and fro the standards reel;
And the victorious trumpet-peal
Dies fitfully away.

Yet one man for one moment
Strode out before the crowd;
Well known was he to all the Three,
And they gave him greeting loud.
'Now welcome, welcome, Sextus!
Now welcome to thy home!
Why dost thou stay, and turn away?
Here lies the road to Rome.'

Thrice looked he at the city;
Thrice looked he at the dead;
And thrice came on in fury,
And thrice turned back in dread:
And, white with fear and hatred,
Scowled at the narrow way
Where, wallowing in a pool of blood,
The bravest Tuscans lay.

But meanwhile axe and lever
Have manfully been plied;
And now the bridge hangs tottering
Above the boiling tide.
'Come back, come back, Horatius!'
Loud cried the Fathers all.
'Back, Lartius! back, Herminius!
Back, ere the ruin fall!'

Back darted Spurius Lartius;
Herminius darted back:
And, as they passed, beneath their feet
They felt the timbers crack.
But when they turned their faces,
And on the farther shore
Saw brave Horatius stand alone,
They would have crossed once more.

But with a crash like thunder
Fell every loosened beam,
And, like a dam, the mighty wreck
Lay right athwart the stream:
And a long shout of triumph
Rose from the walls of Rome,
As to the highest turret-tops
Was splashed the yellow foam.

And, like a horse unbroken
When first he feels the rein,
The furious river struggled hard,
And tossed his tawny mane!
And burst the curb, and bounded,
Rejoicing to be free;
And whirling down, in fierce career,
Battlement, and plank, and pier,
Rushed headlong to the sea.

Alone stood brave Horatius,
But constant still in mind;
Thrice thirty thousand foes before,
And the broad flood behind.
'Down with him!' cried false Sextus,
With a smile on his pale face.
'Now yield thee,' cried Lars Porsena,
'Now yield thee to our grace.'

Round turned he, as not deigning
Those craven ranks to see;
Nought spake he to Lars Porsena,
To Sextus nought spake he;
But he saw on Palatinus
The white porch of his home;
And he spake to the noble river
That rolls by the towers of Rome.

'Oh, Tiber! father Tiber!
To whom the Romans pray,
A Roman's life, a Roman's arms,
Take thou in charge this day!'
So he spake, and speaking sheathed
The good sword by his side,
And with his harness on his back,
Plunged headlong in the tide.

No sound of joy or sorrow
Was heard from either bank;
But friends and foes in dumb surprise,
With parted lips and straining eyes,
Stood gazing where he sank;
And when above the surges
They saw his crest appear,
All Rome sent forth a rapturous cry,
And even the ranks of Tuscany
Could scarce forbear to cheer.

But fiercely ran the current,
Swollen high by months of rain:
And fast his blood was flowing;
And he was sore in pain,
And heavy with his armour,
And spent with changing blows:
And oft they thought him sinking,
But still again he rose.

Never, I ween, did swimmer,
In such an evil case,
Struggle through such a raging flood
Safe to the landing place:
But his limbs were borne up bravely
By the brave heart within,
And our good father Tiber
Bare bravely up his chin.

'Curse on him!' quoth false Sextus;
'Will not the villain drown?
But for this stay, ere close of day
We should have sacked the town!'
'Heaven help him!' quoth Lars Porsena,
'And bring him safe to shore;
For such a gallant feat of arms
Was never seen before.'

And now he feels the bottom;
Now on dry earth he stands;
Now round him throng the Fathers
To press his gory hands;
And now with shouts and clapping,
And noise of weeping loud,
He enters through the River-Gate,
Borne by the joyous crowd.

They gave him of the corn-land,
That was of public right,
As much as two strong oxen
Could plough from morn till night;
And they made a molten image,
And set it up on high,
And there it stands unto this day
To witness if I lie.

It stands in the Comitium,
Plain for all folk to see:
Horatius in his harness,
Halting upon one knee:
And underneath is written,
In letters all of gold,
How valiantly he kept the bridge
In the brave days of old.

And still his name sounds stirring
Unto the men of Rome,
As the trumpet-blast that cries to them
To charge the Volscian home;

And wives still pray to Juno
For boys with hearts as bold
As his who kept the bridge so well
In the brave days of old.

And in the nights of winter,
When the cold north winds blow,
And the long howling of the wolves
Is heard amidst the snow;
When round the lonely cottage
Roars loud the tempest's din,
And the good logs of Algidus
Roar louder yet within;

When the oldest cask is opened,
And the largest lamp is lit,
When the chestnuts glow in the embers,
And the kid turns on the spit;
When young and old in circle
Around the firebrands close;
When the girls are weaving baskets,
And the lads are shaping bows;

When the goodman mends his armour,
And trims his helmet's plume;
When the goodwife's shuttle merrily
Goes flashing through the loom;
With weeping and with laughter
Still is the story told,
How well Horatius kept the bridge
In the brave days of old.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

Alfred Tennyson was born in 1810 in a village in Lincolnshire, where he passed his boyhood till he went to Trinity College at Cambridge. It was there that, with the study of the ancient poets, his own poetical talents were developed, and already in 1830 he gave out the first volume of his poems. His intimate friendship with Arthur Hallam, a young man of the most highly gifted intellect, served also to cultivate his mind, and two years after he published his second volume. In 1834, Hallam died, which event gave a serious and rather sad turn to his character and his writings. In 1842 he gave out a new volume of his poems and a book entitled 'In Memoriam' containing ballads and songs written when he was still oppressed with grief by the death of Hallam. Three years before he had also published a work called 'The princess', a fantastical narration in poetry. He is now poet laureate, which office he succeeded to on the death of Wordsworth. In poems which treat of love, Tennyson appears to the best advantage; he possesses much poetical talent, and a deal of genius, yet in his higher aspirations he generally seems to fall short of the summit aimed at.

THE MAY QUEEN.

I.

You must wake and call me early, call me early, mother dear;
To-morrow 'ill be the happiest time of all the glad New-year;
Of all the glad New-year, mother, the maddest merriest day;
For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

There's many a black black eye, they say, but none so bright as mine;
There's Margaret and Mary, there's Kate and Caroline:

But none so fair as little Alice in all the land they say,
So I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

I sleep so sound all night, mother, that I shall never wake,
If you do not call me loud when the day begins to break:
But I must gather knots of flowers, and buds and garlands gay,
For I'm to be etc.

As I came up the valley whom think you should I see,

But Robin leaning on the bridge beneath the hazel-tree?
He thought of that sharp look, mother, I gave him yesterday, —
But I'm to be etc.

He thought I was a ghost, mother, for I was all in white,
And I ran by him without speaking, like a flash of light.
They call me cruel-hearted, but I care not what they say,
For I'm to be etc.

They say he's dying all for love, but that can never be:
They say his heart is breaking, mother — what is that to me?
There's many a bolder lad 'ill woo me any summer day,
And I'm to be etc.

Little Effie shall go with me to-morrow to the green,
And you'll be there too, mother, to see me made the Queen;
For the shepherd lads on every side 'ill come from far away,
And I'm to be etc.

The honeysuckle round the porch has wov'n its wavy bowers,
And by the meadow-trenches blow the faint sweet cuckoo-flowers;
And the wild marsh-marigold shines like fire in swamps and hollows gray,
And I'm to be etc.

The night-winds come and go, mother, upon the meadow grass,
And the happy stars above them seem to brighten as they pass;
There will not be a drop of rain the whole of the livelong day,
And I'm to be etc.

All the valley, mother, 'ill be fresh and green and still,
And the cowslip and the crowfoot are over all the hill,
And the rivulet in the flowery dale 'ill merrily glance and play,
For I'm to be etc.

So you must wake and call me early, call me early, mother dear,
To-morrow 'ill be the happiest time of all the glad New-year:
To-morrow 'ill be of all the year the maddest merriest day,
For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

II.

If you're waking call me early, call me early, mother dear,
For I would see the sun rise upon the glad New-year.
It is the last New-year that I shall ever see,
Then you may lay me low i' the mould and think no more of me.

To-night I saw the sun set: he set and left behind
The good old year, the dear old time, and all my peace of mind;
And the New-year's coming up, mother, but I shall never see
The blossom on the blackthorn, the leaf upon the tree.

Last May we made a crown of flowers: we had a merry day;
Beneath the hawthorn on the green they made me Queen of May;
And we danced about the may-pole and in the hazel-copse,
Till Charles's Wain came out above the tall white chimney-tops.

There's not a flower on all the hills: the frost is on the pane:
I only wish to live till the snowdrops come again:
I wish the snow would melt and the sun come out on high:
I long to see a flower so before the day I die.

The building rook 'ill caw from the windy tall elm-tree,
And the tufted plover pipe along the fallow lea,
And the swallow 'ill come back again with summer o'er the wave,
But I shall lie alone, mother, within the mouldering grave.

Upon the chancel-casement, and upon that grave of mine,
In the early early morning the summer sun 'ill shine,
Before the red cock crows from the farm upon the hill,
When you are warm-asleep, mother, and all the world is still.

When the flowers come again, mother, beneath the waking light
You'll never see me more in the long gray fields at night;
When from the dry dark wood the summer airs blow cool
On the oat-grass and the sword-grass, and the bulrush in the pool.

You'll bury me, my mother, just beneath the hawthorn-shade;

And yon'll come sometimes and see me where I am lowly laid.
I shall not forget yon, mother, I shall hear yon when you pass,
With yonr feet above my head in the long and pleasant grass.

I have been wild and wayward, hnt you'll forgive me now;
You'll kiss me, my own mother, upon my cheek and brow;
Nay, nay, yon must not weep, nor let your grief he wild,
You should not fret for me, mother, you have another child.

If I can I'll come again, mother, from out my resting-place;
Though you'll not see me, mother, I shall look upon your face;
Though I cannot speak a word, I shall harken what you say,
And be often, often with yon when yon think I'm far away.

Goodnight, goodnight, when I have said goodnight for evermore,
And yon see me carried out from the threshold of the door,
Don't let Effie come to see me till my grave be growing green:
She'll he a hetter child to you than ever I have been.

She'll find my garden-tools upon the granary floor: [never garden more:
Let her take 'em: they are hers: I shall
But tell her, when I'm gone, to train the rose-bush that I set
About the parlonr-window and the box of mignonette.

Goodnight, sweet mother, call me before the day is born. [morn;
All night I lie awake, hut I fall asleep at
Bnt I would see the sun rise upon the glad New-year,
So, if yon're waking, call me, call me early, mother dear.

LOVE AND DEATH.

What time the mighty moon was gathering light,
Love paced the thymy plots of Paradise,
And all about him roll'd his lustrous eyes;
When, turning ronnd a cassia, full in view,
Death, walking all alone beneath a yew,
And talking to himself, first met his sight:
'You must begone,' said Death, 'these walks are mine.' [flight;
Love wept and spread his sheeny vans*) for
Yet, ere he parted, said, — This hour is thine:
Thou art the shadow of life; and as the tree
Stands in the sun and shadows all beneath;
So in the light of great eternity
Life eminent creates the shade of death,
The shadow passeth when the tree shall fall,
But I shall reign for ever over all!

*) Wings.

THE DEATH OF THE OLD YEAR.

Full knee-deep lies the winter snow,
And the winter winds are wearily sighing:
Toll ye the church-bell sad and slow,
And tread softly and speak low,
For the old year lies a-dying.
Old year, you must not die;
You came to us so readily,
You lived with us so steadily,
Old year, yon shall not die.

He lieth still: he doth not move:
He will not see the dawn of day,
He hath no other life above.
He gave me a friend, and a true true-love,
And the New-year will take 'em away.
Old year, yon must not go;
So long as you have been with us,
Such joy as you have seen with us,
Old year, you shall not go.

He froth'd his humpers to the brim;
A jollier year we shall not see.
But though his eyes are waxing dim,
And though his foes speak ill of him,
He was a friend to me.
Old year, you shall not die;
We did so langh and cry with you,
I've half a mind to die with you,
Old year, if yon must die.

He was full of joke and jest,
But all his merry quips are o'er.
To see him die, aeross the waste
His son and heir doth ride post-haste,
But he'll he dead before.
Every one for his own.
The night is starry and cold, my friend,
And the New-year blithe and bold, my friend
Comes up to take his own.

How hard he breathes! over the snow
I heard just now the crowing cock.
The shadows flicker to and fro:
The cricket chirps: the light burns low:
'Tis nearly twelve o'clock.
Shake hands, before you die.
Old year, we'll dearly rue for yon:
What is it we can do for you?
Speak out before you die.

His face is growing sharp and thin.
Alack! our friend is gone.
Close up his eyes: tie up his chin:
Step from the corpse, and let him in
That standeth there alone,

And waiteth at the door.
There's a new foot on the floor, my friend,
And a new face at the door, my friend,
A new face at the door.

BREAK, BREAK, BREAK.

Break, break, break,
On thy cold gray stones, O Sea!
And I would that my tongue could utter
The thoughts that arise in me.

O well for the fisherman's boy,
That he shouts with his sister at play!
O well for the sailor lad,
That he sings in his boat on the bay!

And the stately ships go on
To their haven under the hill;
But O for the touch of a vanish'd hand,
And a sound of a voice that is still!

Break, break, break,
At the foot of thy crags, O Sea!
But the tender grace of a day that is dead
Will never come back to me.

BUGLE SONG.

The splendour falls on castle walls,
And snowy summits old in story:
The long light shakes across the lakes,
And the wild cataract leaps in glory —
Blow, bugle, blow; set the wild echoes flying;
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying!

O hark, O hear! how thin and clear,
And thinner, clearer, further going!
O sweet and far from cliff and scar
The horns of Elfland faintly blowing!
Blow, let us hear the purple glens replying:
Blow, bugle! answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

O love, they die in yon rich sky,
They faint on hill, on field, on river:
Our echoes roll from soul to soul,
And grow for ever and for ever —
Blow, bugle, blow; set the wild echoes flying,
And answer, echoes, answer, dying, dying, dying.

CRADLE SONG.

Sweet and low, sweet and low,
Wind of the western sea,
Low, low, breathe and blow
Wind of the western sea!
Over the rolling waters go,
Come from the dropping moon, and blow,
Blow him again to me;
While my little one, while my pretty one [sleeps.

Sleep and rest, sleep and rest,
Father will come to thee soon;
Rest, rest, on mother's breast,
Father will come to thee soon;
Father will come to his babe in the nest,
Silver sails all out of the west
Under the silver moon:
Sleep, my little one, sleep, my pretty one, [sleep.

LIBERTY.

I.

You ask me, why, though ill at ease,
Within this region I subsist,
Whose spirits fail within the mist,
And languish for the purple seas?

It is the land that freemen till,
That sober-suited freedom chose,
The land, where girt with friends or foes
A man may speak the thing he will;

A land of settled government,
A land of just and old renown,
Where Freedom broadens slowly down
From precedent to precedent:

Where faction seldom gathers head,
But by degrees to fullness wrought,
The strength of some diffusive thought
Hath time and space to work and spread

Should banded unions persecute
Opinion, and induce a time
When single thought is civil crime,
And individual freedom mute;

Though Power should make from land to land
The name of Britain trebly great —
Though every channel of the State
Should almost choke with golden sand —

Yet waft me from the harbour-mouth,
Wild wind! I seek a warmer sky,
And I will see before I die
The palms and temples of the South.

II.

Of old sat Freedom on the heights,
The thunders breaking at her feet:
Above her shook the starry lights:
She heard the torrents meet.

Within her place she did rejoice,
Self-gather'd in her prophet-mind,
But fragments of her mighty voice
Came rolling on the wind.

Then stept she down thro' town and field
To mingle with the human race,
And part by part to men reveal'd
The fullness of her face —

Grave mother of majestic works,
From her isle-altar gazing down,
Who God-like, grasps the triple forks,
And, King-like, wears the crown:

Her open eyes desire the truth.
The wisdom of a thousand years
Is in them. May perpetual youth
Keep dry their light from tears;

That her fair form may stand and shine,
Make bright our days and light our dreams,
Turning to scorn with lips divine
The falsehood of extremes!

III.

Love thou thy land, with love far-brought
From out the storied Past, and used
Within the Present, but transfused
Thro' future time by power of thought.

True love turn'd round on fixed poles,
Love, that endures not sordid ends,
For English natures, freemen, friends,
Thy brothers and immortal souls.

But pamper not a hasty time,
Nor feed with crude imaginings
The herd, wild hearts and feeble wings,
That every sophister can lime.

Deliver not the tasks of might
To weakness, neither hide the ray
From those, not blind, who wait for day,
Though sitting girt with doubtful light.

Make knowledge circle with the winds;
But let her herald, Reverence, fly
Before her to whatever sky
Bear seed of men and growth of minds.

Watch what main-currents draw the years:
Cut Prejudice against the grain:
But gentle words are always gain:
Regard the weakness of thy peers:

Nor toil for title, place, or touch
Of pension, neither count on praise:
It grows to guerdon after-days:
Nor deal in watchwords overmuch;

Not clinging to some ancient saw;
Not master'd by some modern term;
Not swift nor slow to change, but firm:
And in its season bring the law;

That from Discussion's lip may fall
With Life, that, working strongly, binds —
Set in all lights by many minds,
To close the interests of all.

For Nature also, cold and warm,
And moist and dry, devising long,
Thro' many agents making strong,
Matures the individual form.

Meet is it changes should control
Our being, lest we rust in ease.
We all are changed by still degrees,
All but the basis of the soul.

So let the change which comes be free
To ingroove itself with that, which flies,
And work, a joint of state, that plies
Its office, moved with sympathy.

A saying, hard to shape in act;
For all the past of Time reveals
A bridal dawn of thunder-peals,
Wherever Thought hath wedded Fact.

Ev'n now we hear with inward strife
A motion toiling in the gloom —
The Spirit of the years to come
Yearning to mix himself with Life.

A slow-develop'd strength awaits
Completion in a painful school;
Phantoms of other forms of rule,
New Majesties of mighty States —

The warders of the growing hour,
But vague in vapour, hard to mark;
And round them sea and air are dark
With great contrivances of Power.

Of many changes, aptly join'd,
Is bodied forth the second whole.
Regard gradation, lest the soul
Of Discord race the rising wind;

A wind to puff your idol-fires,
And heap their ashes on the head;
To shame the boast so often made,
That we are wiser than our sires.

Oh yet, if Nature's evil star
Drive men in manhood, as in youth,
To follow flying steps of Truth
Across the brazen bridge of war —

If New and Old, disastrous feud,
Must ever shock, like armed foes,
And this be true, till Time shall close,
That Principles are rain'd in blood;

Not yet the wise of heart would cease
To hold his hope thro' shame and guilt,
But with his hand against the hilt,
Would pace the troubled land, like Peace;

Not less, though dogs of Faction bay,
Would serve his kind in deed and word,
Certain, if knowledge bring the sword,
That knowledge takes the sword away —

Would love the gleams of good that broke
From either side, nor veil his eyes:
And if some dreadful need should rise
Would strike, and firmly, and one stroke:

To-morrow yet would reap to-day,
As we bear blossom of the dead:
Earn well the thrifty months, nor wed
Raw Haste, half-sister to Delay.

II. SCOTTISH POETS.

JAMES NICOL.

James Nicol, author of several very pretty lyrical poems, was born at Inverliethen in Peeblesshire in 1769. In 1802 he became a clergyman at Traquair, where he lived till his death, which took place on the fifth of November 1815. His works consist of two volumes of poetry published in 1815, in which the love of nature is the predominant quality.

WHERE QUAIR RINS SWEET.

Where Quair rins sweet amang the flowers,
 Down by yon woody glen, lassie,
My cottage stands — it shall be yours,
 Gin ye will be my ain, lassie.

I'll watch ye wi' a lover's care,
 And wi' a lover's e'e, lassie,
I'll weary heaven wi' mony a prayer,
 And ilka prayer for thee, lassie.

'Tis true I ha'e na mickle gear;
 My stock it's unco sma', lassie;
Nae fine-spun foreign claes I wear,
 Nor servants tend my ca', lassie.

But had I heir'd the British crown,
 And thou o' low degree, lassie,
A rustic lad I wad ha'e grown,
 Or shared that crown wi' thee, lassie.

Whenever absent frae thy sight,
 Nae plessure smiles on me, lassie;
I climb the mountain's towering height,
 And cast a look to thee, lassie.

I blame the blast blaws on thy cheek;
 The flower that decks thy hair, lassie,
The gales that steal thy breath sae sweet,
 My love and envy share, lassie.

If for a heart that glows for thee,
 Thou wilt thy heart resign, lassie,
Then come, my Nancy, come to me —
 That glowing heart is mine, lassie.

Where Quair rins sweet amang the flowers,
 Down by yon woody glen, lassie,
My cottage stands — it shall be yours,
 Gin ye will be my ain, lassie.

WHILE SOME TO DISTANT.

While some to distant regions sail
 Through storms that on the ocean roar;
Or dye wi' blude the flowerie vale,
 Where love and pleasure reign'd before;
Or, o' stern poverty afraid,
 Their countless sums o' gowd conceal,
I joyfu' sing the bonnie maid,
 The bonnie maid I lo'e sae weel.

Did e'er the roses on the green,
 Or lilies, bath'd in mornin' dew,
Attract thy sight? — Then thou hast seen
 Her dimplin' cheek's untainted hue:
The mornin' star didst thou e'er see
 In skies which not a cloud conceal?
Then thou beheldst the sparklin' e'e
 O' the sweet maid I lo'e sae weel.

My fleecy flock I'll tend secure;
 My little orchard dress wi' care;
Wi' blushin' flowerets deck my bower,
 A pleasant dwellin' for my fair.
O! wad she spend her days wi' me,
 What joy, what happiness I'd feel!
The pleasure o' my life wad be
 To please the maid I lo'e sae weel.

But if my simple vow she slight, —
 That mournfu' day, ah! shall I view! —
I'll bid adieu to sweet delight!
 To love and beauty bid adieu!
I'll seek some solitary shade,
 My ceaseless sorrow to conceal!
But still I'll bless the bonnie maid, —
 The bonnie maid I lo'ed sae weel!

JOHN MAYNE.

John Mayne, the author of the 'Siller Gun', was born at Dumfries, between the years 1755 and 1761, and early engaged as a workman in a printing office. In his sixteenth year he published the beginning of the 'Siller Gun' which at its first appearance in 1777 consisted only of twelve stanzas, but gradually extended itself during the author's life to a poem in five cantos. The work is a description of an annual festival which takes place at Dumfries and at which the best marksman, among the tradesmen, receives as prize a silver tube. His poetical description of Glasgow ranks among his best productions; he has also written many sweet lyrical ballads. He died in London in 1836.

LOGAN BRAES.

'By Logan's streams that rin sae deep,
Fu' aft wi' glee I've herded sheep;
Herded sheep, or gather'd slaes,
Wi' my dear lad, on Logan braes.
But wae's my heart! thae days are gane,
And I, wi' grief, may herd alane;

While my dear lad mann face his faes,
Far, far frae me, an' Logan braes.

'Nae mair at Logan kirk will he
Atween the preachings meet wi' me;
Meet wi' me, or when it's mirk,
Convoy me hame frae Logan kirk.
I weel may sing thae days are gane —
Frae kirk an' fair I come alane,
While my dear lad maun face his faes,
Far, far frae me, an' Logan braes!

'At e'en, when hope amaist is gane,
I dauner ont, or sit alane,
Sit alane beneath the tree
Where aft he kept his tryst wi' me.
O! cou'd I see thae days again,
My lover skaithless, an' my ain!
Belov'd by frien's, rever'd by faes,
We'd live in bliss on Logan braes.'

While for her love she thus did sigh,
She saw a sodger passing by,
Passing by wi' scarlet claes,
While sair she grat on Logan braes:
Says he, 'What gars thee greet sae sair,
What fills thy heart sae fu' o' care?
Thae sporting lambs hae blythsome days,
An' playfu' skip on Logan braes?'

'What can I do but weep and mourn?
I fear my lad will ne'er return,
Ne'er return to ease my waes,
Will ne'er come hame to Logan braes.'
Wi' that he clasp'd her in his arms,
And said, 'I'm free from war's alarms,
I now ha'e conquer'd a' my faes,
We'll happy live on Logan braes.'

Then straight to Logan kirk they went,
And join'd their hands wi' one consent,
Wi' one consent to end their days,
An' live in bliss on Logan braes.
An' now she sings, 'thae days are gane,
When I wi' grief did herd alane,
While my dear lad did fight his faes,
Far, far frae me an' Logan braes.'

RICHARD GALL.

Richard Gall, a popolar Scottish poet, was born in Linkhouse near Dunbar in 1776 and became compositor in a printing office in Edinburgh. His literary productions consist in Scottish songs, but he has also published several ballads which are deserving of notice. He was a contamporary of Tannahill and his poems have some resemblance to those of that writer. His career was bot short, for he died in 1801 in his 25th year.

MY ONLY JO AND DEARIE O.

Thy cheek is o' the rose's hue,
My only jo and dearie O;
Thy neck is like the siller-dew
Upon the banks sae briery O;
Thy teeth are o' the ivory,
O sweet's the twinkle o' thine ee!
Nae joy, nae pleasnre, blinks on me,
My only jo and dearie O.

The birdie sings upon the thorn
Its sang o' joy, fu' cheerie O,
Rejoicing in the summer morn,
Nae care to mak it eerie O;
But little kens the sangster sweet
Aught o' the cares I hae to meet,
That gar my restless bosom beat,
My only jo and dearie O.

Whan we were bairnies on yon brae,
And youth was blinking bonnie O,
Aft we wad daff the lee-lang day,
Our joys fu' sweet and mony O;
Aft I wad chase thee o'er the lea,
And ronnd about the thorny tree,
Or pu' the wild flowers a' for thee,
My only jo and dearie O.

I hae a wish I canna tine,
'Mang a' the cares that grieve me O;
I wish thou wert for ever mine,
And never mair to leave me O:
Then I wad daut thee night and day,
Nor ither warldly care wad hae,
Till life's warm stream forgot to play,
My only jo and dearie O.

FAREWELL TO AYRSHIRE.

Scenes of wo and scenes of pleasure,
Scenes that former thoughts renew;
Scenes of wo and scenes of pleasure,
Now a sad and last adieu!
Bonny Doon, sae sweet at gloaming,
Fare thee weel before I gang —
Bonny Doon, where, early roaming,
First I weaved the rustic sang!

Bowers adieu! where love decoying,
First enthralled this heart o' mine;
There the softest sweets enjoying,
Sweets that memory ne'er shall tine!
Friends so dear my bosom ever,
Ye hae rendered moments dear;
But, alas! when forced to sever,
Then the stroke, oh! how severe!

Friends, that parting tear reserve it,
Thongh 'tis doubly dear to me;

Could I think I did deserve it,
How much happier would I be!
Scenes of wo and scenes of pleasure,
Scenes that former thoughts renew;
Scenes of wo and scenes of pleasure,
Now a sad and last adieu!

JOANNA BAILLIE.

Joanna Baillie, born at Bothwell in Scotland 1765, came before the public notice in 1798 upon publishing the first volume of her 'Plays on the Passions', which works she continued to bring forward until 1836, so that her dramatical career extended over a period of 38 years. Only one of her plays 'De Montfort' has been represented on the stage, and with but middling success. In 1841 she published also a volume of poetry which contains many poems remarkable for the sweet spirit which prevails in them, although they have not been universally admired. Scott delighted in calling her 'sister Joanna'. She died in 1851 at Hampstead near London.

WOO'D AND MARRIED AND A'.

The bride she is winsome and bonnie,
Her hair it is snooded sae sleek,
And faithful and kind is her Johnnie,
Yet fast fa' the tears on her cheek.
Now pearlings are cause o' her sorrow,
New pearlings and plenishing too;
The bride that has a' to borrow,
Has e'en right meikle ado.
Woo'd and married and a',
Woo'd and married and a',
And is na she very weel aff
To be woo'd and married and a'?

Her mother then hastily spak':
'The lassie is glaiket wi' pride;
In my ponches I hadna a plack
The day that I was a bride.
E'en tak' to your wheel and be clever,
And draw out your thread in the snn,
The gear that is gifted, it never
Will last like the gear that is won.
Woo'd an' married an' a',
Tocher and havings sae sma'
I think ye are very weel aff,
To be woo'd and married an' a'.'

'Toot, toot!' quo' the grey-headed father,
'She's less of a bride than a bairn;
She's ta'en like a cowt frae the heather,
Wi' sense and discretion to learn.
Half husband, I trow, and half daddy,
As humour inconstantly leans;
A chiel may be constant and steady
That yokes wi' a mate in her teens.
'Kerchief to cover so neat,
Locks the winds used to blaw,
I'm baith like to laugh and to greet,
When I think o' her married at a'.'

Then out spak' the wily bridegroom,
Weel waled were his wordies I ween;
'I'm rich, though my coffer be toom,
Wi' the blinks o' yonr bonnie blne een;
I'm pronder o' thee by my side,
Thongh thy ruffles or ribbons be few,
Than if Kate o' the craft were my bride,
Wi' purples and pearlings enew.
Dear and dearest of ony,
Ye're woo'd and bookit and a',
And do ye think scorn o' your Johnnie,
And grieve to be married at a'.'

She turn'd, and she blnsh'd, and she smil'd,
And she lookit sae bashfully down;
The pride o' her heart was beguil'd,
And she play'd wi' the sleeve o' her gown;
She twirl'd the tag o' her lace,
And she nippet her boddice sae blne,
Syne blinket sae sweet in his face,
And aff like a mawkin she flew.
Woo'd and married and a',
Married and carried awa';
She thinks hersel' very weel aff,
To be woo'd and married and a'.

THE SHEPHERD'S SONG.

The gowan glitters on the sward,
The lav'rock 's in the sky,
And Colley on my plaid keeps ward,
And time is passing bye.
Oh, no! sad an' slow!
I hear nae welcome sound;
The shadow of our trystin' bush,
It wears sae slowly round!

My sheep-bell tinkles frae the west,
My lambs are bleating near,
But still the sonnd that I lo'e best,
Alack! I canna hear.
Oh, no! sad an' slow!
The shadow lingers still;
And like a lanely ghaist I stand,
And croon upon the hill.

I hear below the water roar,
The mill wi' clackin' din;
And Lucky scolding frae her door,
To bring the bairnies in.
O, no! sad an' slow!
These are nae sonnds for me;
The shadow of onr trystin' bush,
It creeps sae drearily.

I coft yestreen frao chapman Tam,
A snood of bonnie blue,

And promised, when our trystin' cam',
To tie it round her brow.
Oh, no! sad an' slow!
The time it winna pass;
The shadow of that weary thorn
Is tether'd on the grass.

O now I see her on the way,
She's past the witches' knowe;
She's climbin' up the brownie's brae —
My heart is in a lowe.
Oh, no! 'tis na so!
'Tis glaumrie I ha'e seen;
The shadow of that hawthorn bush
Will move nae mair till e'en.

My book o' grace I'll try to read,
Though conn'd wi' little skill;
When Colley harks I'll raise my head,
And find her on the hill.
Oh, no! sad an' slow!
The time will ne'er be gane;
The shadow of the trystin' bush
Is fix'd like ony stane.

JAMES HOGG.

James Hogg better known onder the name of 'The Ettrick Shepherd', was born in 1782. He tended flocks on the mountain-side from his childhood, merely receiving half a year's instruction. His first work appeared in 1801 when he published a volume of songs which was soon followed by another entitled 'The mountain Bard'. 'The forest Minstrel' was his next production; this was followed by 'The Spy' and in 1813 appeared the poem which established his reputation, called 'The Queen's Wake'; it consists in a number of stories supposed to be related by a Scottish bard to the Queen at Holyrood at a royal festival, in order to impress her with the beauties of Scottish songs. The design which was carried out with great genius by the Ettrick Shepherd succeeded admirably and at once raised him to the rank of first poet of the day. He also wrote several novels, of which may be mentioned 'Winter Evening Tales', 'The Brownie of Bosbeck', 'The three Perils of Man', 'The three Perils of Woman', 'The Confessions of a Sinner'. But in prose his talents do not appear to so much advantage as in verse. The best of his remaining poems are those entitled: 'Madoc of the Moor', 'The Pilgrims of the Sun', 'The Poetic Mirror'. He died in 1835 of a dropsical fever.

DONALD MACDONALD.

My name it is Donald Macdonald —
I live in the Highlands sae grand;
I've follow'd my banner, and will do,
Wherever my Maker has land.
When rankit amang the blue bonnets,
Nae danger can fear me ava;
I ken that my brethren around me
Are either to conquer or fa'.
Brogues, and hrochan, and a',
Brochan, and brogues, and a';
And is na the laddie weel aff
Wha has brogues, and brochan, and a'.

Short syne we were wonderfu' canty,
Our friends and our country to see,
But since the proud Consul's grown vauntie,
We'll meet him by land or by sea.
Wherever a clan is disloyal,
Wherever our king has a foe,
He'll quickly see Donald Macdonald,
Wi' his Highlanders a' in a row.
Guns, and pistols, and a',
Pistols, and guns, and a';
He'll quickly see Donald Macdonald,
Wi' guns, and pistols, and a'.

What though we hefreendit young Charlie?
To tell it I dinna think shame;
Puir lad! he cam' to us but barely,
And reckon'd our mountains his hame.
It's true that our reason forhade us,
But tenderness carried the day;
Had Geordie come friendless amang us,
Wi' him we had a' gane away.
Sword, and huckler, and a',
Buckler, and sword, and a';
For George we'll encounter the devil,
Wi' sword, and huckler, and a'.

And O I wad eagerly press him
The keys o' the East to retain;
For should he gi'e up the possession,
We'll soon ha'e to force them again:
Than yield up an inch wi' dishonour,
Though it were my finishin' blow,
He aye may depend on Macdonald,
Wi' his Highlandmen all in a row.
Knees, and elbows, and a',
Elbows, and knees, and a';
Depend upon Donald Macdonald,
His knees, and elbows, and a'.

If Bonaparte land at Fort-William,
Auld Europe nae langer shall grane;
I laugh when I think how we'll gall him
Wi' bullet, wi' steel, and wi' stane:
Wi' rocks o' the Nevis and Garny
We'll rattle him aff frae our shore,
Or lull him asleep in a cairnie,
And sing him *Lochaber no more!*
Stanes, and bullets, and a',
Bullets, and stanes, and a';
We'll finish the Corsican callan
Wi' stanes, and bullets, and a'.

The Gordon is gude in a burry;
And Campbell is steel to the hane,
And Grant, and Mackenzie, and Murray,
And Cameron, will hurkle to nane;
The Stuart is sturdy and wannel;

And sae is Macleod and Mackay;
And I, their gude-hrither, Macdonald,
Sall never be last in the fray.
Brogues, and hrochan, and a',
Brochan, and hrogues, and a';
And up wi' the bonnie blue bonnet,
The kilt, and feather, and a'.

WHEN THE KYE COME HAME.

Come all ye jolly shepherds
That whistle through the glen,
I'll tell ye of a secret
That courtiers dinna ken.
What is the greatest bliss
That the tongue o' man can name?
'Tis to woo a bonnie lassie
When the kye come hame.
When the kye come hame,
When the kye come hame,
'Tween the gloamin and the mirk,
When the kye come hame.

'Tis not beneath the hurgonet,
Nor yet heneath the crown,
'Tis not on couch of velvet,
Nor yet on bed of down:
'Tis beneath the spreading hirch,
In the dell without a name,
Wi' a bonnie, bonnie lassie,
When the kye come hame.

There the hlackhird bigs his nest
For the mate he loves to see,
And up upon the tapmost bough,
Oh, a happy bird is he!
Then he pours his melting ditty,
And love 'tis a' the theme,
And he'll woo his bonnie lassie
When the kye come hame.

When the bluart hears a pearl,
And the daisy turns a pea,
And the bonnie lucken gowan
Has fauldit up his e'e,
Then the lavcrock frae the blue lift
Draps down, and thinks nae shame
To woo his bonnie lassie
When the kye come hame.

Then the eye shines sae hright,
The haill saul to heguile,
There's love in every whisper,
And joy in every smile;
O, who would choose a crown,
Wi' its perils and its fame,
And miss a bonnie lassie
When the kye come hame?

See yonder pawky shepherd
That lingers on the hill —
His yowes are in the fauld,
And his lambs are lying still;
Yet he downa gang to rest,
For his heart is in a flame
To meet his bonnie lassie
When the kye come hame.

Awa' wi' fame and fortune —
What comfort can they gi'e? —
And a' tho arts that prey
On man's life and libertie!
Gi'e me the highest joy
That the heart o' man can frame,
My bonnie, bonnie lassie,
When the kye come hame.

THE BRAKENS WI' ME.

I'll sing of yon glen o' red heather,
An' a dear thing that ca's it her hame,
Wha's a' made o' love life together,
Frae the tie o' the shoe to the kembe.
Love beckons in ev'ry sweet motion,
Commanding due homage to gi'e,
But the shrine of my dearest devotion
Is the bend o' her bonnie e'e hree.

I fleech'd an I pray'd the dear lassie
To gang to the brakens wi' me,
But though neither lordly nor saucy,
Her answer was, 'Laith will I be.
Ah! is it nae cruel to press me
To that which wad breed my heart wae,
An' try to entice a poor lassie
The gate she's o'er ready to gae.

'I neither ha'e father nor mither,
Good counsel or caution to gi'e,
And prudence has whisper'd me never
To gang to the brakens wi' thee.
I neither ha'e tocher nor mailing,
I ha'e but ae hoast — I am free;
But a' wad be tint, without failing,
Amang the green brakens wi' thee.'

'Dear lassie, how can ye uphraid me,
And by your ain love to beguile,
For ye are the richest young lady
That ever gaed o'er the kirk-stile?
Your smile that is hlither than ony,
The bend o' your sunny e'e-hree,
And the love-hlinks aneath it sae bonnie
Are five hunder thousand to me.'

There's joy in the hlythe blooming feature,
When love lurks in every young line;
There's joy in the heauties of nature,
There's joy in the dance and the wine:
Bnt there's a delight will ne'er perish
'Mong pleasures so fleeting and vain,
And that is to love and to cherish
The fond little heart that's our ain.

ROBERT TANNAHILL.

This celebrated Scottish poet, born 1774 in Paisley, was brought up to the trade of a cotton spinner upon which occupation he entered at the age of fourteen. He seems always to have been of a studious turn of mind, and from his early boyhood, to have been fond of writing short poems; however, those composed previous to his twentieth year, have never been published. In 1807 his first volume appeared before the public, under the title of 'Poems and Songs', by which he gained some celebrity: he enlarged and improved his book and offered the edition to a bookseller in Edinburgh, who however declined taking it; this refusal so affected the poet, that he committed it, and all his other works he could collect, to the flames. A few days afterwards he became mad, and drowned himself on the 17th of May 1810. Tannahill wrote also in English, but these productions were generally failures.

THE WOOD OF CRAIGIE-LEA.

Thou bonnie wood of Craigie-lea,
Thou bonnie wood of Craigie-lea,
Near thee I pass'd life's early day,
And won my Mary's heart in thee.

The broom, the brier, the birken bush,
Bloom bonnie o'er the flowery lea,
An' a' the sweets that ane can wish
Frae nature's hand, are strew'd on thee.
Thou bonnie wood, &c.

Far ben thy dark-green planting's shade,
The cushat croodles am'rously,
The mavis, down thy buchted glade,
Gars echo ring frae every tree.
Thou bonnie wood, &c.

Awa', ye thoughtless, murd'ring gang,
Wha tear the nestlings ere they fleel
They'll sing you yet a canty sang,
Then, O in pity let them bel
Thou bonnie wood, &c.

When winter blaws in sleety showers,
Frae aff the Norlan' hills sae hie,
He lightly skiffs thy bonnie bowers,
As laith to harm a flower in thee.
Thou bonnie wood, &c.

Though fate should drag me south the line,
Or o'er the wide Atlantic sea;
The happy hours I'll ever min'
That I in youth ha'e spent in thee.
Thou bonnie wood, &c.

LANGSYNE, BESIDE.

Langsyne, beside the woodland burn,
Amang the broom sae yellow,
I lean'd me 'neath the milkwhite thorn,
On nature's mossy pillow;
A' round my seat the flowers were strew'd,
That frae the wildwood I had pu'd,
To weave mysel' a simmer snood,
To pleasure my dear fellow.

I twined the woodbine round the rose,
Its richer hues to mellow,
Green sprigs of fragrant birk I chose,
To busk the sedge sae yellow,
The craw-flower blue, and meadow-pink,
I wore in primrose-braided link,
But little, little did I think,
I should have wove the willow.

My bonnie lad was forced afar,
Toss'd on the raging billow,
Perhaps he's fa'n in bluidy war,
Or wreck'd on rocky shallow;
Yet aye I hope for his return,
As round our wonted haunts I mourn,
And aften by the woodland burn,
I pu' the weeping willow.

GLOOMY WINTER.

Gloomy winter's now awa',
Saft the westlin' breezes blaw:
'Mang the birks o' Stanley-shaw
The mavis sings fu' cheerie, O.
Sweet the craw-flower's early bell
Decks Glenifer's dewy dell,
Blooming like thy bonnie sel',
My young, my artless dearie, O.

Come, my lassie, let us stray
O'er Glenkilloch's sunny brae,
Blythly spend the gowden day
'Midst joys that never wearie, O.
Towering o'er the Newton woods,
Laverocks fan the snaw-white clouds;
Siller saughs, wi' downie buds,
Adorn the banks sae brierie, O.

Round the sylvan fairy nooks,
Feath'ry braikens fringe the rocks,
'Neath the brae the burnie jouks,
And ilka thing is cheerie, O.
Trees may bud, and birds may sing,
Flowers may bloom, and verdure spring,
Joy to me they canna bring,
Unless wi' thee, my dearie, O.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

Allan Cunningham was born at Blackwood in Dumfriesshire 1784 and was the son of a gardener. In 1810 he went to London where he wrote for newspapers and contributed much to the periodicals of the day. In 1822 he published 'Sir Marmaduke Maxwell', a dramatic poem, two volumes of 'Traditional Tales' besides three novels called 'Paul Jones', 'Sir Michael Scott', 'Lord Roldan'. In 1832 appeared his 'Maid of Elvar', an epic poem in 12 parts. He also wrote a series of 'Lives of Eminent British Painters, Sculptors and Architects', his last work 'The Life of Sir David Wilkie' was finished only two days before his death, which took place in 1842.

SHE'S GANE TO DWALL IN HEAVEN.

She's gane to dwall in heaven, my lassie,
 She's gane to dwall in heaven:
'Ye're owre pure,' quo' the voice o' God,
 'For dwalling out o' heaven!'

Oh, what'll she do in heaven, my lassie?
 Oh, what'll she do in heaven?
She'll mix her ain thoughts wi' angel's sangs,
 An' mak' them mair meet for heaven.

She was beloved by a', my lassie,
 She was beloved by a';
But an angel fell in love wi' her,
 An' took her frae us a'.

Lowly there thou lies, my lassie,
 Lowly there thou lies;
A bonnier form ne'er went to the yird,
 Nor frae it will arise!

Fu' soon I'll follow thee, my lassie,
 Fu' soon I'll follow thee;
Thou left me naught to covet ahin',
 But took gudeness sel' wi' thee.

I looked on thy death-cold face, my lassie,
 I looked on thy death-cold face;
Thou seemed a lily new cut i' the bud,
 An' fading in its place.

I looked on thy death-shut eye, my lassie,
 I looked on thy death-shut eye;
An' a lovelier light in the brow of heaven
 Fell time shall ne'er destroy.

Thy lips were ruddy and calm, my lassie,
 Thy lips were ruddy and calm;
But gane was the holy breath o' heaven,
 That sang the evening psalm.

There's naught but dust now mine, lassie,
 There's naught but dust now mine;
My soul's wi' thee i' the canld grave,
 An' why should I stay behin'!

THE TOWN CHILD AND COUNTRY CHILD.

Child of the country! free as air
Art thou, and as the sunshine fair;
Born, like the lily, where the dew
Lies odorous when the day is new;
Fed 'mid the May-flowers like the bee,
Nurs'd to sweet music on the knee,
Lull'd in the breast to that sweet tune,
Which winds make 'mong the woods of June:
I sing of thee; — 'tis sweet to sing
Of such a fair and gladsome thing.

Child of the town! for thee I sigh;
A gilded roof's thy golden sky,
A carpet is thy daisied sod,
A narrow street thy boundless wood,
Thy rushing deer's the clattering tramp
Of watchmen, thy best light's a lamp, —
Through smoke, and not through trellised vines
And blooming trees, thy sunbeam shines:
I sing of thee in sadness; where
Else is wreck wrought in aught so fair.

Child of the country! thy small feet
Tread on strawberries red and sweet:
With thee I wander forth to see
The flowers which most delight the bee;
The bush o'er which the throstle sung
In April while she nursed her young;
The dew beneath the sloe-thorn, where
She bred her twins the timorous hare;
The knoll, wrought o'er with wild blue-bells,
Where brown bees build their balmy cells;
The greenwood stream, the shady pool,
Where trouts leap when the day is cool;
The shilfa's nest that seems to be
A portion of the sheltering tree, —
And other marvels which my verse
Can find no language to rehearse.

Child of the town! for thee, alas!
Glad nature spreads nor flowers nor grass;
Birds build no nests, nor in the sun
Glad streams come singing as they run:
A Maypole is thy blossom'd tree,
A beetle is thy murmuring bee;
Thy bird is caged, thy dove is where
The poulterer dwells, beside the hare:
Thy fruit is plucked, and by the pound
Hawk'd clamorous o'er the city round:
No roses, twin-born on the stalk.
Perfume thee in thy evening walk;
No voice of birds, — but to thee comes
The mingled din of cars and drums,
And startling cries, such as are rife
When wine and wassail waken strife.

Child of the country! on the lawn
I see thee like the bounding fawn,
Blithe as the bird which tries its wing
The first time on the wings of spring;

Bright as the sun when from the cloud
He comes as cocks are crowing loud;
Now running, shouting, 'mid sunbeams,
Now groping trouts in lucid streams,
Now spinning like a mill-wheel round,
Now hunting echo's empty sound,
Now climbing up some old tall tree —
For climbing's sake — 'tis sweet to thee
To sit where birds can sit alone,
Or share with thee thy venturous throne.

Child of the town and hustling street,
What woes and snares await thy feet;
Thy paths are paved for five long miles,
Thy groves and hills are peaks and tiles:
Thy fragrant air is yon thick smoke,
Which shrouds thee like a mourning cloak;
And thou art cabin'd and confined,
At once from sun, and dew, and wind,
Or set thy tottering feet but on
Thy lengthened walks of slippery stone.
The coachman there careering reels,
With goaded steeds and maddening wheels;
And Commerce pours each prosing son
In pelf's pursuit and hollos 'Run:'
While flush'd with wine, and stung at play,
Men rush from darkness into day.
The streams too strong for thy small bark;
There nought can sail, save what is stark.
Fly from the town, sweet child! for health
Is happiness, and strength, and wealth.
There is a lesson in each flower,
A story in each stream and bower;
On every herb o'er which you tread,
Are written words which, rightly read,
Will lead you, from earth's fragrant sod,
To hope, and holiness, and God.

THE MOTHER'S CALL.

Come, sweet ones, come to the fields with me,
I hear the hum of the honey bee,
I hear the call of the gray cuckoo,
I hear the note of the shrill curlew;
I hear the cry of the hunting hawk,
The sound of the dove in our 'customed walk,
The song of the lark, the tongue of the rill,
The shepherds' shout on the pasture hill.
My sweet ones, all come forth and play,
The air is balm, and I smell new hay;
Come, breathe of the flowers, and see how neat
The milkmaid trips on her scented feet;
Young folks come forth all joy, and run
Abroad as bright as beams of the sun;
Old men step out with a sadder grace,
And matrons come with a graver pace.
The smoke streams up, and the air is rife
With joy and all is light and life;
From east to west there's not a stain
In all the sky, and the birds are fain,
And the beasts are glad, while man in song
Breaks out, for rain has lorded long,
And earth has drank more than her need,
To fill her flowers and nurse her seed.

Now, now ye come, my little ones all,
As the young doves come at their mother's call;
One run to yon tall foxglove, and see
At his breakfast of balm the golden bee;
Another go hunt from bud to bloom
The worm that flies with a painted plume,
Or see the doe solicitous lead
Her twin fawns forth to the odorous mead,
Or mark the nestlings newly flown,
With their tender wings and their crests of down.

But stay, my children. Ere ye run,
Who made the sky and yon glorious sun?
Who framed the earth, and strewed it sweet,
With flowers, and set it 'neath mankind's feet?
'Twas One in heaven. Kneel down, and lay
Your white foreheads to the grass, and pray;
And render Him praise, and seek to be
Pure, good, and modest — then come with me.

APOSTROPHE TO NATURE.

O Nature! holy, meek, and mild,
Thou dweller on the mountain wild;
Thou haunter of the lonesome wood;
Thou wanderer by the secret flood;
Thou lover of the daisied sod,
Where spring's white foot hath lately trod;
Finder of flowers fresh-sprung and new,
Where sunshine comes to seek the dew;
Twiner of bowers for lovers meet;
Smoother of sods for poet's feet;
Thrice-sainted matron! in whose face,
Who looks in love will light on grace;
Far-worshipp'd goddess! one who gives
Her love to him who wisely lives; —
Oh! take my hand and place me on
The daisied footstool of thy throne;
And pass before my darkened sight
Thy hand which lets in charmed light;
And touch my soul, and let me see
The ways of God, fair dame, in thee.

Or lead me forth o'er dales and meads,
Even as her child the mother leads;
Where corn, yet milk in its green ears,
The dew upon its shot-blade bears;
Where blooming clover grows, and where
She licks her scented foot, the hare;
Where twin-nuts cluster thick, and springs
The thistle with ten thousand stings;
Untrodden flowers and unpruned trees,
Gladden'd with songs of birds and bees;

The ring where last the fairies danced —
The place where dank Will latest glanced —
The tower round which the magic shell
Of minstrel threw its lasting spell —
The stream that steals its way along,
To glory consecrate by song:
And while we saunter, let thy speech
God's glory and his goodness preach.
Or, when the sun sinks, and the bright
Round moon sheds down her lustrous light;
When larks leave song, and men leave toiling; [smiling:
And hearths burn clear, and maids are
When hoary hinds, with rustic saws,
Lay down to youth thy golden laws;

And beauty is her wet cheek laying
To her sweet child, and silent praying:
With thee in hallow'd mood I'll go,
Through scenes of gladness or of woe:
Thy looks inspired, thy chasten'd speech,
Me more than man hath taught, shall teach;
And much that's gross, and more that's vain,
As chaff from corn, shall leave my strain.

I feel thy presence and thy power,
As feels the rain yon parched flower;
It lifts its head, spreads forth its bloom,
Smiles to the sky, and sheds perfume.
A child of woe, sprung from the clod,
Through thee seeks to ascend to God.

WILLIAM MOTHERWELL.

This distinguished Scottish poet was born in Glasgow in 1797, and studied with the idea of becoming a lawyer; in 1819 he received the appointment of Deputy sheriff-clerk in Paisley, and in the same year appeared before the public in the 'Harp of Renfrewshire' a miscellany of poems of which he was the editor. In 1824 he published a collection of Scottish ballads, under the title of 'Minstrelsy Ancient and Modern' to which he prefixed an historical preface and introduction. In conjunction with James Hogg he brought out an edition of the works of Burns, and became in 1828 the editor of two periodicals, 'The Paisley Advertiser' and the 'Paisley Magazine'. In 1830 he undertook the publication of a tory paper 'the Glasgow Courier', and published in 1832 many of his poems in one volume under the title of 'Poems, Narrative and Lyrical'. He was preparing the materials for writing a life of Tennahill when he died in 1835.

JEANIE MORRISON.

I've wandered east, I've wandered west,
Through many a weary way;
But never, never can forget
The luve of life's young day!
The fire that's blawn on Beltane e'en,
May well be black gin Yule;
But blacker fa' awaits the heart
Where first fond luve grows cule.

O dear, dear Jeanie Morrison,
The thochts o' bygane years
Still fling their shadows owre my path,
And blind my een wi' tears!
They blind my een wi' saut, saut tears,
And sair and sick I pine,
As memory idly summons up
The blithe blinks o' langsyne.

'Twas then we luvit ilk ither weel,
'Twas then we twa did part;
Sweet time! — sad time! — twa bairns at schule,
Twa bairns, and but ae heart!
'Twas then we sat on ae laigh bink,
To lear ilk ither lear;
And tones, and looks, and smiles were shed,
Remembered ever mair.

I wonder, Jeanie, aften yet,
When sitting on that bink,
Cheek touchin' cheek, loof locked in loof,
What our wee heads could think.

When baith bent doun owre ae braid page.
Wi' ae buik on our knee,
Thy lips were on thy lesson, but
My lesson was in thee.

O mind ye how we hung our heads,
How cheeks brent red wi' shame,
Whene'er the schule-weans, laughin', said,
We cleeked thegither hame?
And mind ye o' the Saturdays
(The schule then skail't at noon),
When we ran aff to speel the braes —
The broomy braes o' June?

My head rins round and round about,
My heart flows like a sea,
As ane by ane the thochts rush back
O' schule-time and o' thee.
Oh, mornin' life! oh, mornin' luve;
Oh, lightsome days and lang;
When hinnied hopes around our hearts,
Like simmer blossoms, sprang!

O mind ye, luve, how aft we left
The deavin' dinsome toun,
To wander by the green burnside,
And hear its water croon?
The simmer leaves hung owre our heads,
The flowers burst round our feet,
And in the gloamin' o' the wud
The throssil whusslit sweet.

The throssil whusslit in the wud,
The burn sung to the trees,
And we with Nature's heart in tune,
Concerted harmonies;
And on the knowe abune the burn,
For hours thegither sat
In the silentness o' joy, till baith
Wi' vera gladness grat!

Aye, aye, dear Jeanie Morrison,
Tears trinkled doun your cheek,
Like dew-beads on a rose, yet nane
Had ony power to speak!
That was a time, a blessed time,
When hearts were fresh and young,
When freely gushed all feelings forth,
Unsyllabled — unsung!

I marvel, Jeanie Morrison,
Gin I hae been to thee
As closely twined wi' earliest thochts
As ye hae been to me?
Oh! tell my gin their music fills
Thine ear as it does mine;
Oh! say gin e'er your heart grows grit
Wi' dreamings o' langsyne?

I've wandered east, I've wandered west,
I've borne a weary lot;
But in my wanderings, far or near,
Ye never were forgot.
The fount that first burst frae this heart,
Still travels on its way;
And channels deeper as it rins,
The luve o' life's young day.

O dear, dear Jeanie Morrison,
Since we were sindered young,
I've never seen your face, nor heard
The music o' your tongue;
But I could hug all wretchedness,
And happy could I dee,
Did I but ken your heart still dreamed
O' bygane days and me!

THE MIDNIGHT WIND.

Mournfully! oh, mournfully
This midnight wind doth sigh,
Like some sweet plaintive melody
Of ages long gone by:
It speaks a tale of other years —
Of hopes that bloomed to die —
Of sunny smiles that set in tears,
And loves that mouldering lie!

Mournfully! oh, mournfully
This midnight wind doth moan;
It stirs some chord of memory
In each dull heavy tone.
The voices of the much-loved dead
Seem floating thereupon —
All, all my fond heart cherished
Ere death had made it lone.

Mournfully! oh, mournfully
This midnight wind doth swell,
With its quaint pensive minstrelsy,
Hope's passionate farewell
To the dreamy joys of early years,
Ere yet grief's canker fell
On the heart's bloom — ay, well may tears
Start at that parting knell!

ROBERT NICOLL.

Robert Nicoll was born in 1814 in Auchtergaven in Perthshire. His father having lost his property, Robert was obliged from his eighth to his twelfth year to tend cows on the mountains. At the termination of this period he bound himself apprentice to a wine merchant in Perth, and at twenty years of age was celebrated as being a good orator. In order to have more time to devote to study, he set up a circulating library, which however did not succeed. In 1836 Nicoll published his poems, which procured for him a good reputation: partly on this account he became editor of 'The Leeds Times' which he remained till his death in 1837. His poems are rather of a serious nature, and he has generally better succeeded in writing pure English, than in using his native dialect.

WE ARE BRETHREN A'.

A happy bit hame this auld world would be,
If men, when they're here, could make shift to agree,
An' ilk said to his neighbour, in cottage an' ha',
'Come, gi'e me your hand — we are brethren a'.'

I ken na why ane wi' anither should fight,
When to 'gree would make a' body cosie an' right,
When man meets wi' man, 'tis the best way ava,
To say, 'Gi'e me your hand — we are brethren a'.'

My coat is a coarse ane, an' yours may be fine,
And I maun drink water, while you may drink wine;
But we baith ha'e a leal heart, unspotted to shaw:
Sae gi'e me your hand — we are brethren a'.

The knave ye would scorn, the unfaithfu' deride;
Ye would stand like a rock, wi' the truth on your side;
Sae would I, an' nought else would I valne a straw;
Then gi'e me your hand — we are brethren a'

Ye would scorn to do fausely by woman or man;
I hand by the right aye, as weel as I can;
We are ane in our joys, our affections, an' a';
Come, gi'e me your hand — we are brethren a'.

Your mother has lo'ed you as mithers can lo'e;
An' mine has done for me what mithers can do;
We are ane high an' laigh, an' we shouldna be twa:
Sae gi'e me your hand — we are brethren a'.

We love the same simmer day, sunny and fair;
Hame! oh, how we love it, an' a' that are there!
Frae the pure air of heaven the same life we draw —
Come, gi'e me your hand — we are brethren a'.

Frail shakin' auld age will soon came o'er us baith,
An' creeping alang at his back will be death;
Syne into the same mither-yird we will fa':
Come, gi'e me your hand — we are brethren a'.

THOUGHTS OF HEAVEN.

High thoughts!
They come and go,
Like the soft breathings of a listening maiden,
While round me flow
The winds, from woods and fields with gladness laden:
When the corn's rustle on the ear doth come,
When the eve's beetle sounds its drowsy hum —
When the stars, dewdrops of the summer sky,
Watch over all with soft and loving eye —
While the leaves quiver
By the lone river,
And the quiet heart
From depths doth call
And garners all —
Earth grows a shadow
Forgotten whole,
And Heaven lives
In the blessed soul!

High thoughts!
They are with me,
When, deep within the bosom of the forest,
Thy morning melody
Abroad into the sky, thou, throstle, pourest.
When the young sunbeams glance among the trees —
When on the ear comes the soft song of bees —
When every branch has its own favourite bird
And songs of summer, from each thicket heard! —
Where the owl flitteth,
Where the rose sitteth,
And holiness
Seems sleeping there;
While nature's prayer
Goes up to heaven
In purity,
Till all is glory
And joy to me!

High thoughts!
They are my own
When I am resting on a mountain's bosom,
And see below me strown
The huts and homes where humble virtues blossom;
When I can trace each streamlet through the meadow —
When I can follow every fitful shadow —
When I can watch the winds among the corn,
And see the waves along the forest borne;
Where blue-bell and heather
Are blooming together,
And far doth come
The Sabbath bell,
O'er wood and fell;
I hear the beating
Of nature's heart;
Heaven is before me —
God! Thou art!

High thoughts!
They visit us
In moments when the soul is dim and darkened;
They come to bless
After the vanities to which we hearkened:
When weariness hath come upon the spirit —
(Those hours of darkness which we all inherit) —
Bursts there not through a glint of warm sunshine,
A winged thought, which bids us not repine?
In joy and gladness,
In mirth and sadness,
Come signs and tokens;
Life's angel brings
Upon its wings
Those bright communings
The soul doth keep —
Those thoughts of heaven
So pure and deep!

DEATH.

The dew is on the summer's greenest grass,
Through which the modest daisy blushing peeps;

The gentle wind that like a ghost doth pass,
A waving shadow on the corn-field keeps;
But I, who love them all, shall never be
Again among the woods, or on the moorland leal

The sun shines sweetly — sweeter may it shine! —
Blessed is the brightness of a summer day;
It cheers lone hearts; and why should I repine,
Although among green fields I cannot stray!
Woods! I have grown, since last I heard you wave,
Familiar with death, and neighbour to the grave!

These words have shaken mighty human souls —
Like a sepulchre's echo drear they sonnd —
E'en as the owl's wild whoop at midnight rolls
The ivied remnants of old ruins round.
Yet wherefore tremble? Can the soul decay?
Or that which thinks and feels in aught e'er fade away?

Are there not aspirations in each heart
After a better, brighter world than this?
Longings for beings nobler in each part —
Things more exalted — steeped in deeper bliss?

Who gave us these? What are they? Soul, in thee
The bud is budding now for immortality!

Death comes to take me where I long to be;
One pang, and bright blooms the immortal flower;
Death comes to lead me from mortality,
To lands which know not one unhappy honr;
I have a hope, a faith — from sorrow here
I'm led by Death away — why should I start and fear?

If I have loved the forest and the field,
Can I not love them deeper, better there?
If all that Power hath made, to me doth yield
Something of good and beauty — something fair —
Freed from the grossness of mortality,
May I not love them all, and better all enjoy?

A change from wo to joy — from earth to heaven,
Death gives me this — it leads me calmly where
The souls that long ago from mine were riven
May meet again! Death answers many a prayer.
Bright day, shine on! be glad: days brighter far of mortals are!
Are stretched before my eyes than those

ALEXANDER RODGER.

Alexander Rodger was born in Dorse, East Calder in 1784. From 1806 till 1819 he carried on the trade of a weaver in Glasgow; at the end of that period he contributed for the first time to a paper, 'The Spirit of the Union', but his dissatisfactory articles obliged him to give up this employment: he then became a superintendent in a manufactory for the dying of clothes where he remained 11 years; after which he became a regular contributor to the 'Glasgow Chronicle' and later to the 'Reformer's Gazette'. Rodger was first known as a poet in 1816 when he published his poem 'Bolivar'. In 1827 he produced a volume of his works and eleven years afterwards another and more complete edition of the same. Many of his poems appeared in various books and periodicals. Rodger excels in satire which he has introduced into his most simple poems.

BEHAVE YOURSEL' BEFORE FOLK

Behave yoursel' before folk,
Behave yoursel' before folk,
And dinna be sae rude to me,
As kiss me sae before folk.

It wadna gi'e me meikle pain,
Gin we were seen and heard by nane,
To tak' a kiss, or grant yon ane;
But guidsake! no before folk.
Behave yoursel' before folk,
Behave yoursel' before folk;
Whate'er ye do, when out o' view,
Be cautious aye before folk.

Consider, lad, how folk will crack,
And what a great affair they'll mak'
O' naething but a simple smack,
That's gi'en or ta'en before folk.
Behave yoursel' before folk,
Behave yoursel' before folk;
Nor gi'e the tongue o' auld or young
Occasion to come o'er folk.

It's no through hatred o' a kiss,
That I sae plainly tell you this;
But, losh! I tak' it sair amiss
To be sae teazed before folk.
Behave yonrsel' before folk,
Behave yonrsel' before folk;
When we're onr lane ye may tak' ane,
But fient a ane before folk.

I'm sure wi' you I've been as free

As ony modest lass should be;
But yet it doesna do to see
Sic freedom used before folk.
Behave yoursel' before folk,
Behave yoursel' before folk;
I'll ne'er submit again to it —
So mind yon that — before folk.

Ye tell me that my face is fair;
It may be sae — I dinna care —
But ne'er again gar't blush sae sair
As ye ha'e done before folk.
Behave yoursel' before folk,
Behave yoursel' before folk,
Nor heat my cheeks wi' your mad freaks,
But aye be douce before folk.

Ye tell me that my lips are sweet,
Sic tales, I doubt, are a' deceit;
At ony rate, its hardly meet
To pree their sweets before folk.
Behave yoursel' before folk,
Behave yoursel' before folk;
Gin that's the case, there's time, and place,
But surely no before folk.

But, gin you really do insist
That I should suffer to be kiss'd,
Gae, get a license frae the priest,
And mak' me yours before folk.
Behave yoursel' before folk,
Behave yoursel' before folk;
And when we're ane, baith flesh and bane,
Ye may tak' ten — before folk.

IT'S NO THAT THOU'RT BONNIE.

It's no that thou'rt bonnie, it's no that thou'rt braw,
It's no that thy skin has the whiteness o' snaw,
It's no that thy form is perfection itsel',
That mak's my heart feel what my tongue canna tell;
But oh! it's the soul beaming out frae thine e'e,
That mak's thee sae dear and sae lovely to me.

It's pleasant to look on that mild blushing face,
Sae sweetly adorn'd wi' ilk feminine grace,
It's joyous to gaze on these tresses sae bright,
O'ershading a forehead sae smooth and sae white;
But to dwell on the glances that dart frae thine e'e,
O Jeanie! it's evendown rapture to me.

That form may be wasted by lingering decay,
The bloom of that cheek may be wither'd away,
Those gay gowden ringlets that yield such delight,
By the cauld hreath o' time may be changed into white;
But the soul's fervid flashes that brighten thine e'e,
Are the offspring o' heaven, and never can die.

Let me plough the rough ocean, nor e'er touch the shore,
Let me freeze on the coast of the bleak Labradore,
Let me pant 'neath the glare of a vertical sun,
Where no trees spread their branches, nor streams ever run;
Even there, my dear Jeanie, still happy I'd be,
If hless'd wi' the light o' thy heavenly e'e.

WILLIAM MILLER.

William Miller is tha aathor of a voluma of 'Nursery Songs' published in 1844, all of which possess considerable merit, and were very well received by the public. His productions are not, however, all exclusively written for tha amusement of children; he has written some other lyrical poems of great beauty.

I HAD A DREAM.

I had a dream o' ither days,
A sinless dream o' joy,
It came like sunshine through a clud
Life's dark spots to destroy.

It came when I was sick at heart,
And sleepless was mine e'e,
When luve was fause, an' wily tongues
Turn'd frien' to enemie.

I thocht a saft han' lay in mine,
A sma' waist in my arm,
A wee heart beatin' — throbbin' fast
Wi love an' life-bluid warm.

In quiet streams I've seen fair flowers
Hid 'neath the bank they grew,
Sae in her deep blue een I read
Flower-thochts o' various hue.

O, dinna look sae kind, Willie,
Or else wi' joy I'll dee,
An' dinna read my heart, Willie,
Wi' thae lang lucks o' your e'e.

A maiden's heart should be, Willie,
A sacred thing to men,
Its workin's in an hour o' joy
Man-body ne'er can ken.

The flower that in the shade wad live
Will wither in the sun, —
An' joy may work on maiden-heart
What grief wad ne'er ha'e done.

The marrin' o' a melody —
The stoppin' o' a stream —
A sudden lapse in sunny licht —
The burstin' o' a dream.

I woke — and on my glassy een
The paley moonbeam shone:
Speak on, I cried, — speak on, but, lo!
The weel kent voice was gone!

WILLIAM THOM.

This Scottish poet was born at Inverary, where he followed the trade of a weaver; in the earlier part of his life he suffered such excessive want, that he and his whole family almost died of starvation: this period he has himself described in one of his works. After losing his wife and two children by hunger, he was saved from the workhouse by Mr. Gordon, who took him under his protection and supported him for four months, during which time Thom travelled in several parts of England and enlarged his information, after which he returned to Inverary and established himself there as a weaver, publishing from time to time specimens of his compositions in different magazines and periodicals. In 1841 he first attracted the notice of the public, and in 1844 published a volume entitled 'Rhymes and Recollections of a Hand-loom Weaver' which work suited the taste of the public so well that in less than a year a second edition of it was eagerly demanded. He then obtained great celebrity, and upon a second visit to London in 1845, a public dinner was given in his honour. He died three years afterwards, in 1848.

MY HEATHER LAND.

My heather land, my heather land!
My dearest prayer be thine,
Although upon thy hapless heath
There breathes nae friend of mine.
The lanely few that heaven has spared,
Fend on a foreign strand;
And I maun wait to weep wi' thee,
My hameless heather land.

My heather land, my heather land!
Though fairer lands there be —
Thy gowanie braes in early days
Were gowden ways to me.
Maun life's poor boon gae dark'ning doun,
Nor die whaur it had dawn'd,
But claught a grave ayont the wave, —
Alas, my heather land!

My heather land, my heather land!
Though chilling winter pours
Her freezing breath round fireless hearth,
Whaur breadless misery cowers!
Yet breaks the light that soon shall blight
The godless reivin' hand —
Whaun wither'd tyranny shall reel
Frae our roused heather land.

III. NOVELISTS.

ANN RADCLIFFE.

Miss Ward, afterwards Mrs. Anna Radcliffe, was born in London in 1764. She wrote her first work, 'The Castles of Athlin and Dunbayne' at the age of twenty one: it did not, however, meet with much approbation. Her next composition, 'The Sicilian Romance' was a great improvement upon her first production and attracted more attention. But the powers of the authoress were not fully shown, until the year 1791, when she published 'The Romance of the Forest' in which her high imagination is displayed to great advantage. In 1794 she brought out her most popular work: 'The Mysteries of Udolpho'. In 1797 the 'Italian', the last of her works appeared and this indeed attested that her talents were in no way diminished. She died in 1823. Although Mrs. Radcliffe possesses almost no power in painting human character, and the passions, yet she is able to fascinate the readers of her books, by means of horror and mystery, and sustains the interest surprisingly from the beginning to the end. Her style has been imitated by many authors, but none have been able to compete with her in the description of terrible and awful adventures.

THE PROVENCAL TALE.

There lived, in the province of Bretagne, a noble baron, famous for his magnificence and courtly hospitalities. His castle was graced with ladies of exquisite beauty, and thronged with illustrious knights; for the honours he paid to feats of chivalry invited the brave of distant countries to enter his

lists, and his court was more splendid than those of many princes. Eight minstrels were retained in his service, who used to sing to their harps romantic fictions taken from the Arabians, or adventures of chivalry that befell knights during the crusades, or the martial deeds of the baron, their lord; — while he, surrounded by his knights and ladies, banqueted in the great hall of his castle, where the costly tapestry that adorned the walls with pictured exploits of his ancestors, the casements of painted glass enriched with armorial bearings, the gorgeous banners that waved along the roof, the sumptuous canopies, the profusion of gold and silver that glittered on the sideboards, the numerous dishes that covered the tables, the number and gay liveries of the attendants, with the chivalric and splendid attire of the guests, united to form a scene of magnificence, such as we may not hope to see in these *degenerate days*.

Of the baron the following adventure is related. One night, having retired late from the banquet to his chamber, and dismissed his attendants, he was surprised by the appearance of a stranger of a noble air, but of a sorrowful and dejected countenance. Believing that this person had been secreted in the apartment, since it appeared impossible he could have lately passed the anti-room unobserved by the pages in waiting, who would have prevented this intrusion on their lord, the baron, calling loudly for his people, drew his sword, which he had not yet taken from his side, and stood upon his defence. The stranger, slowly advancing, told him that there was nothing to fear; that he came with no hostile design, but to communicate to him a terrible secret, which it was necessary for him to know.

The baron, appeased by the courteous manners of the stranger, after surveying him for some time in silence, returned his sword into the scabbard, and desired him to explain the means by which he had obtained access to the chamber, and the purpose of this extraordinary visit.

Without answering either of these inquiries, the stranger said, that he could not then explain himself, but that, if the baron would follow him to the edge of the forest, at a short distance from the castle walls, he would there convince him that he had something of importance to disclose.

This proposal again alarmed the baron, who would scarcely believe that the stranger meant to draw him to so solitary a spot, at this hour of the night, without harbouring a design against his life: and he refused to go, observing, at the same time, that, if the stranger's purpose was an honourable one, he would not persist in refusing to reveal the occasion of his visit in the apartment where they were.

While he spoke this, he viewed the stranger still more attentively than before, but observed no change in his countenance, nor any symptom that might intimate a consciousness of evil design. He was habited like a knight, was of a tall and majestic stature, and of dignified and courteous manners. Still, however, he refused to communicate the subject of his errand in any place but that he had mentioned; and, at the same time, gave hints concerning the secret he would disclose, that awakened a degree of solemn curiosity in the baron, which at length induced him to consent to the stranger on certain conditions.

Sir knight, said he, I will attend you to the forest, and will take with me only four of my people, who shall witness our conference.

To this, however, the knight objected.

What I would disclose, said he with solemnity, is to you alone. There are only three living persons to whom the circumstance is known: it is of more consequence to you and your house than I shall now explain. In future years you will look back to this night with satisfaction or repentance, accordingly as you now determine. As you would hereafter prosper — follow me; I pledge you the honour of a knight, that no evil shall befall you. If you are contented to dare futurity — remain in your chamber, and I will depart as I came.

Sir knight, replied the baron, how is it possible that my future peace can depend upon my present determination?

That is not now to be told, said the stranger; I have explained myself to the utmost. It is late; if you follow me, it must be quickly; — you will do well to consider the alternative.

The baron mused, and, as he looked upon the knight, he perceived his countenance assume a singular solemnity.

The baron paced his apartment for some time in silence, impressed by the words of the stranger, whose extraordinary request he feared to grant, and feared also to refuse. At length, he said, Sir knight, you are utterly unknown to me; tell me, yourself, — is it reasonable that I should trust myself alone with a stranger, at this hour, in a solitary forest? Tell me, at least, who you are, and who assisted to secrete you in this chamber.

The knight frowned at these latter words,

and was a moment silent; then, with a countenance somewhat stern, he said —

I am an English knight; I am called Sir Bevys of Lancaster, — and my deeds are not unknown at the holy city, whence I was returning to my native land, when I was benighted in the neighbouring forest.

Your name is not unknown to fame, said the baron; I have heard of it. (The knight looked haughtily.) But why, since my castle is known to entertain all true knights, did not your herald announce you? Why did you not appear at the banquet where your presence would have been welcomed, instead of hiding yourself in my castle, and stealing to my chamber at midnight?

The stranger frowned, and turned away in silence; but the baron repeated the questions.

I come not, said the knight, to answer inquiries, but to reveal facts. If you would know more, follow me, and again I pledge the honour of a knight that you shall return in safety. Be quick in your determination — I must be gone.

After some farther hesitation, the baron determined to follow the stranger, and to see the result of this extraordinary request; he therefore again drew forth his sword, and, taking up a lamp, bade the knight lead on. The latter obeyed, and, opening the door of the chamber, they passed into the anti-room, where the baron, surprised to find all his pages asleep, stopped, and, with hasty violence, was going to reprimand them for their carelessness, when the knight waved his hand, and looked so expressively upon the baron, that the latter restrained his resentment, and passed on.

The knight, having descended a staircase, opened a secret door, which the baron had believed was known only to himself, and proceeding through several narrow and winding passages came at length to a small gate, that opened beyond the walls of the castle. Meanwhile, the baron followed in silence and amazement, on perceiving that these secret passages were so well known to a stranger, and felt inclined to return from an adventure that appeared to partake of treachery as well as danger. Then considering that he was armed, and observing the courteous and noble air of his conductor, his courage returned, he blushed that it had failed him for a moment, and he resolved to trace the mystery to its source.

He now found himself on the heathy platform, before the great gates of his castle, where, on looking up, he perceived lights glimmering in the different casements of the guests, who were retiring to sleep; and, while he shivered in the blast, and looked on the dark and desolate scene around him, he thought of the comforts of his warm chamber, rendered cheerful by the blaze of wood, and felt, for a moment, the full contrast of his present situation.

The wind was strong, and the baron watched his lamp with anxiety, expecting every moment to see it extinguished; but though the flame wavered, it did not expire, and he still followed the stranger, who often sighed as he went, but did not speak.

When they reached the borders of the forest, the knight turned and raised his head, as if he meant to address the baron, but then closing his lips in silence, he walked on.

As they entered beneath the dark and spreading boughs, the baron, affected by the solemnity of the scene, hesitated whether to proceed, and demanded how much farther they were to go. The knight replied only by a gesture, and the baron, with hesitating steps and a suspicious eye, followed through an obscure and intricate path, till, having proceeded a considerable way, he again demanded whither they were going, and refused to proceed unless he was informed.

As he said this, he looked at his own sword and at the knight alternately, who shook his head, and whose dejected countenance disarmed the baron, for a moment, of suspicion.

A little farther is the place whither I would lead you, said the stranger; no evil shall befall you I have sworn it on the honour of a knight.

The baron, reassured, again followed in silence, and they soon arrived at a deep recess of the forest, where the dark and lofty chestnuts entirely excluded the sky, and which was so overgrown with underwood, that they proceeded with difficulty. The knight sighed deeply as he passed, and sometimes paused; and having at length reached a spot, where the trees crowded into a knot, he turned, and, with a terrific look, pointing to the ground, the baron saw there the body of a man, stretched at its length, and weltering in blood; a ghastly wound was on the forehead, and death appeared already to have contracted the features.

The baron, on perceiving the spectacle, started in horror, looked at the knight for explanation, and was then going to raise the body, and examine if there were yet any remains of life; but the stranger, waving his hand, fixed upon him a look so earnest and mournful, as not only much surprised him, but made him desist.

But what were the baron's emotions, when, on holding the lamp near the features of the corpse, he discovered the exact resemblance of the stranger his conductor, to whom he now looked up in astonishment and inquiry! as he gazed, he perceived the countenance of the knight change and begin to fade, till his whole form gradually vanished from his astonished sense! While the baron stood, fixed to the spot, a voice was heard to utter these words: —

The body of Sir Bevys of Lancaster, a noble knight of England, lies before you. He was this night waylaid and murdered, as he journeyed from the holy city towards his native land. Respect the honour of knighthood and the law of humanity; inter the body in Christian ground, and cause his murderers to be punished. As ye observe or neglect this, shall peace and happiness, or war and misery, light upon you and your house for ever!

The baron, when he recovered from the awe and astonishment in which this adventure had thrown him, returned to his castle, whither he caused the body of Sir Bevys to be removed; and, on the following day, it was interred, with the honours of knighthood, in the chapel of the castle, attended by all the noble knights and ladies who graced the court of Baron de Brunne.

MARIA EDGEWORTH.

Miss Maria Edgeworth was born at Edgeworthtown in Ireland 1771; her education was carefully directed by her father, who was much attached to literary pursuits. She commenced her career as an author in 1801 by the publication of a work entitled: 'An Essay on Irish Bulls', written with her father's assistance. Soon afterwards Miss Edgeworth wrote 'Castle Rackrent' and 'Belinda' in which the pleasant traits of the Irish character are depicted. In 1804 she published her 'Popular Tales' whose title speaks for their contents and in 1806 'Leonora', a novel in two parts. In 1809 she brought forward three volumes of 'Tales of Fashionable Life' which were followed in 1812 by several others under the same title. In 1814 'Patronage' a novel in four volumes appeared, in which the miseries derived from an existence upon the patronage of the great are vividly pourtrayed. In 1817 'Harrington', a tale written against the persecutions of the Jews, was brought forward and 'Ormond', a tale of Irish Life. The death of her father 1817 occasioned a break in the succession of her works, but in 1822 she wrote 'Rosamond', 'A Sequel to Early Lessons' a continuation of which appeared in 1825 under the title of 'Harry and Lucy'; all of which are tales for children, and excellently written. In 1834 Miss Edgeworth published 'Helen', a novel in three volumes. In all her works it may be seen, that she has striven to embody good sense and utility combined with amusement, and she has been perfectly successful in her attempt.

IRISH TRAVELLING

Impatient to see my own castle, I left Dublin. I was again astonished by the beauty of the prospects and the excellence of the roads. I had in my ignorance believed that I was never to see a tree in Ireland, and that the roads were almost impassable. — With the promptitude of credulity I now went from the one extreme to the other; I concluded that we should travel with the same celerity as upon the Bath road; and I expected that a journey for which four days had been allotted might be performed in two. Like all those who have nothing to do any where, I was always in a prodigious hurry to get from place to place; and I ever had a noble ambition to go over as much ground as possible in a given space of time. I travelled in a light harouche, and with my own horses. My own man, an Englishman, and my cook, a Frenchman, followed in a hackney chaise. I cared not how, so that they kept up with me; the rest was their affair. At night, my gentleman complained bitterly of the Irish post-carriages, and besought me to let him follow at an easier rate the next day; but to this I would by no means consent; for how could I exist without my own man and my French cook? In the morning, just as I was ready to set off, and had thrown myself back in my carriage, my Englishman and Frenchman came to the door, both in so great a rage, that the one was inarticulate, and the other unintelligible. At length the object of their indignation spoke for itself. From the innyard came a hackney chaise in a most deplorable state: the body mounted up to a prodigious height, on unbending springs, nodding forwards, one door swinging open, three blinds up, because they could not be let down, the perch tied in two places, the iron of the wheels half off, half loose wooden pegs for linchpins, and ropes for harness. The horses were worthy of the harness, wretched little dog-tired creatures, that looked as if they had been driven to the last gasp, and as if they had never been rubbed down in their lives; their bones starting through their skin; one lame, the other blind; one with a raw back, the other with a galled breast; one with his neck poking down over his collar, and the other with his head dragged

forward by a bit of a broken bridle, held at arm's length by a man dressed like a mad beggar, in half a hat and half a wig, both awry in opposite directions; a long tattered great-coat tied round his waist by a hay-rope; the jagged rents in the skirts of his coat showing his bare legs marbled of many colours; while something like stockings hung loose about his ancles. The noises he made in threatening or encouraging his steeds I pretend not to describe.

In an indignant voice I called to the landlord — 'I hope these are not the horses — I hope this is not the chaise intended for my servants.' The innkeeper and the pauper who was preparing to officiate as postilion, both in the same instant exclaimed: '*sorrow* better chaise in the country!' '*Sorrow!*' said I — 'what do you mean by sorrow?' 'That there's no better, plase your honour, can be seen. We have two more to be sure — but one has no top, and the other no bottom. Any way there's no better can be seen than this same.' 'And these horses,' cried I — 'why this horse is so lame he can hardly stand.' 'Oh, plase your honour, though he can't stand, he'll go fast enough. He has a great deal of the rogue in him, plase your honour. He's always that way at first setting out.' 'And that wretched animal with the galled breast!' 'He's all the better for it when once he warms; it's he that will go with the speed of light, plase your honour. Sure is not he Knockecroghery? and didn't I give fifteen guineas for him, barring the luck-penny, at the fair of Knockecroghery, and he rising four years old at the same time?' I could not avoid smiling at this speech; but my *gentleman*, maintaining his angry gravity, declared in a solemn tone, that he would be cursed if he went with such horses; and the Frenchman, with abundance of gesticulation, made a prodigious chattering, which no mortal understood. 'Then I'll tell you what you'll do,' said Paddy; 'you'll take four, as becomes gentlemen of your quality, and you'll see how we'll powder along.' And straight he put the knuckle of his fore-finger into his mouth, and whistled shrill and strong, and in a moment a whistle somewhere out in the fields answered him. I protested against these proceedings, but in vain; before the first pair of horses were fastened to the chaise, up came a little boy with the others *fresh* from the plough. They were quick enough in putting these to: yet how they managed it with their tackle I know not. 'Now we're fixed handsomely', said Paddy. But this chaise will break down the first mile.' 'Is it this chaise, plase your honour? I'll engage it will go to the world's end. The universe would not break it down now; sure it was mended but last night.' Then seizing his whip and reins in one hand, he clawed up his stockings with the other; so with one easy step he got into his place, and seated himself, coachmanlike, upon a well-worn bar of wood, that served as a coachbox. 'Throw me the loan of a trusty bartly for a cushion,' said he. A frieze coat was thrown up over the horses' heads — Paddy caught it. 'Where are you, Hosey?' cried he. 'Sure I'm only rowling a wisp of straw on my leg,' replied Hosey. 'Throw me up,' added this paragon of postilions, turning to one of the crowd of idle bystanders; 'arrah, push me up, can't ye?' A man took hold of his knee, and threw him upon the horse; he was in his seat in a trice; then clinging by the mane of his horse, he scrambled for the bridle, which was under the other horse's feet — reached it, and, well satisfied with himself, looked round at Paddy, who looked back to the chaise-door at my angry servants, 'secure in the last event of things.' In vain the Englishman in monotonous anger, and the Frenchman in every note of the gamut, abused Paddy; necessity and wit were on Paddy's side; he parried all that was said against his chaise, his horses, himself and his country, with invincible comic dexterity, till at last both his adversaries, dumbfounded, clambered into the vehicle, where they were instantly shut up in straw and darkness. Paddy, in a triumphant tone, called to *my* postilions, bidding them 'get on, and not be stopping the way any longer.' Without uttering a syllable, they drove on; but they could not, nor could I, refrain from looking back to see how those fellows would manage. We saw the fore-horses make towards the right, then to the left, whilst Paddy bawled to Hosey, — 'keep the middle of the road, can't ye? I don't want ye to draw a pound at all, at all.' At last, by dint of whipping, the four horses were compelled to set off in a lame gallop: but they stopped short at a hill near the end of the town, whilst a shouting troop of ragged boys followed, and pushed them fairly to the top. Half an hour afterwards, as we were putting on our drag-chain to go down another steep hill, to my utter astonishment, Paddy, with his horses in full gallop, came rattling and *chechupping* past us. My people called, to warn him that he had no *drag*, but still he cried — 'never fear!' — and, shaking the long reins and stamping with his foot, on he went thundering down the hill. My Englishmen were

aghast. 'The turn yonder below, at the bottom of the hill, is as sharp and ugly as ever I see,' said my postilion, after a moment's stupified silence. 'He will break their necks, as sure as my name is John.' Quite the contrary; when we had dragged and undragged, and come up with Paddy, we found him safe on his legs, mending some of his tackle very quietly. 'If that hreeching had hroke as yon were going down the steep hill,' said I, 'it would have been all ovor with you, Paddy.' 'That's trne, plase your honour; but it never happened me going down hill, nor never will, by the blessing of God, if I've luck.' With his mixed confidence in a special providence and in his own good luck, Paddy went on, much to my amnsement. It wss his glory to kcep before us, and he rattled on till he camo to a narrow part of the road, where they were rehuilding a hridge. Here there was a dead stop. Paddy lashed his horses, and called them all manner of names; hut the wheel-horse Knockecroghery was restive, and at last hegan to kick most furiously. It seemed inevitable that the first kick which should reach the splinter-har, at which it was aimed, must demolish it instantly. My English gentleman and my Frenchman both pnt their heads out of the only window which was pervious, and called most manfully to be let ont. 'Never fear,' said Paddy. To open the door for themselves was beyond their force or skill. One of the hind-wheels, which had belonged to another carriage, was too high to suffer the door to be opened, and the blind at the other side prevented their attempts, so they were close prisoners. The men who had heen at work on the broken bridge came forward, and rested on their spades to see the battle. As my carriage conld not pass, I also was compelled to be a spectator of this contest between man and horse. 'Never fear,' reiterated Paddy; 'I'll engage I'll be up wid him! Och, the rogue, he thinks he hss me at a *nonplush*, hut I'll show him the *differ*.'

After this hrag of war, Paddy whipped, Knockecroghery kicked, and Paddy, seemingly nnconscious of danger, sat within reach of the kicking horse, twitching np first one of his legs, then the other, and shifting as the animal aimed his hoofs, escaping every time as it were hy miracle. With a mixture of temerity and presence of mind, which made us alternately look npon him as a madman and a hero, he gloried in the danger, secnre of success and of the sympathy of the spectators. 'Ah! didn't I *compass* him cleverly then? Oh the villain, to be browbating me! I'm too cute for him yet. See, there now, he's come to; and I'll be his bail he'll go *asy* enough wid me. Och! he has a fine spirit of his own, bnt it's I that can match him; 'twould he a poor case if a man like mo couldn't match a horse any way, let alone a mare, which this is, or it never wonld be so vicious.' After this hard-fonght hattle and suitable rejoicing for the victory, Paddy walked his snbdued adversary on a few yards to allow us to pass him; but, to the dismay of my postilions, a hay-rope was at this instant thrown across the road, before our horses, hy the road-makers, who, to explain this proceeding, cried out — 'plase yonr honour, the road is so dry, we'd expect a trifle to wet it.' 'What do these fellows mean?' 'It's only a tester or a hog they want, your honour, to give 'em to drink your honour's health,' said Paddy. 'A hog to drink my health!' 'Ay, that is a thirteen, plase your honour; all as one as an English shilling.' I threw them a shilling; the hay-rope was withdrawn, and at last we went on. We heard no more of Paddy till evening. He came in two hours after ns, and expected to be douhly paid for *driving my honour's gentlemen so well*.

I mnst say, that on this jonrney, though I met with many delays and disasters: though one of my horses was lamed in shoeing hy a smith who came home drunk from a funeral: and thongh the back-pannel of my carriage was broken by the pole of a chaise; and though one day I went without my dinner at a large desolate inn where nothing was to he had but whisky: and though one night I lay in a little smoky den, in which the meanest of my servants in England wonld have thought it impossihle to sleep; and thongh I complained hitterly, and swore it was impracticahle for a gentleman to travel in Ireland; yet I never remember to have experienced on any journey less *ennui*. I was out of patience twenty times a day, bnt I certainly felt no *ennui*; and I am convinced, that the benefit some patients receive from a journey is in an inverse proportion to the ease and luxury of their mode of travelling. When they are compelled to exert their faculties and to nse their limbs, they forget their nerves, as I did. Upon this principle, I should recommend to wealthy hypochondriacs a jonrney in Ireland preferably to any country in the civilized world. I can promise them, that they will not only be moved to anger often enough to make their blood circulate briskly, hut they will,

,ven in the acmé of their impatience, he thrown into salutary convulsions of laughter, hy the concomitants of their disasters; besides, if they have hearts, their best feelings cannot fail to be awakened hy the warm, generous hospitality they will receive in this country, from the cabin to the castle.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

Born 1771. Died 1832.

THE TAPESTRIED CHAMBER.

The following narrative is given from the pen, so far as memory permits, in the same character in which it was presented to the author's ear: nor has he claim to farther praise, or to he more deeply censnred, than in proportion to the good or had judgment which he has employed in selecting his materials, as he has studionsly avoided any attempt at ornament which might interfere with the simplicity of the tale.

At the same time, it must he admitted, that the particular class of stories which turns on the marvellous, possesses a stronger influence when told, than when committed to print. The volume taken up at noonday, though rehearsing the same incidents, conveys a mnch more feehle impression, than is achieved hy the voice of the speaker on a circle of fireside auditors, who hang upon the narrative as the narrator details the minute incidents which serve to give it authenticity, and lowers his voice with an affectation of mystery while he approaches the fearful and wonderfnl part. It was with snch advantages that the present writer heard the following events related, more than twenty years since, by the celebrated Miss Seward, of Lichfield, who, to her nnmerous accomplishments, added, in a remarkable degree, the power of narrative in private conversation. In its present form, the tale must necessarily lose all the interest which was attached to it, hy the flexible voice and intelligent features of the gifted narrator. Yet still, read aloud, to an undoubting audience, hy the doubtful light of the closing evening, or, in silence, hy a decaying taper, and amidst the solitude of a half-lighted apartment, it may redeem its character as a good ghost story. Miss Seward always affirmed, that she had derived her information from an authentic sonrce, although she snppressed the names of the two persons chiefly concerned. I will not avail myself of any particulars I may have since received concerning the localities of the detail, hut suffer them to rest under the same general description in which they were first related to me; and, for the same reason, I will not add to or diminish the narrative, hy any circumstance, whether more or less material, but simply rehearse as I heard it, a story of supernatural terror.

Ahout the end of the American war, when the officers of Lord Cornwallis's army, which surrendered at Yorktown, and others, who had been made prisoners dnring the impolitic and ill-fated controversy, were returning to their own country, to relate their adventures, and repose themselves after their fatigues, there was amongst them a general officer, to whom Miss S. gave the name of Browne, but merely as I understood, to save the inconvenience of introducing a nameless agent in the narrative. He was an officer of merit, as well as a gentleman of high consideration for family and attainments.

Some husiness had carried General Browne npon a tonr throngh the western counties, when, in the conclusion of a morning stage, he found himself in the vicinity of a small country town, which presented a scene of nncommon beauty, and of a character peculiarly English.

The little town, with its stately old church, whose tower bore testimony to the devotion of ages long past, lay amidst pastures and cornfields of small extent, but bounded and divided with hedge-row timber of great age and size. There were few marks of modern improvement. The environs of the place intimated neither the solitude of decay, nor the hustle of novelty; the honses were old, hnt in good repair; and the heautiful little river mnrmured freely on its way to the left of the town, neither restrsined hy a dam, nor hordered hy a towing-path.

Upon a gentle eminence, nearly a mile to the sonthward of the town, were seen, amongst many venerable oaks and tangled thickets, the turrets of a castle, as old as the wars of York and Lancaster, but which seemed to have received important altera-

tions during the age of Elizabeth and her successor. It had not been a place of great size; but whatever accommodation it formerly afforded, was, it must be supposed, still to be obtained within its walls; at least, such was the inference which General Browne drew from observing the smoke arise merrily from several of the ancient wreathed and carved chimney-stacks. The wall of the park ran along-side of the highway for two or three hundred yards; and through the different points by which the eye found glimpses into the woodland scenery, it seemed to be well stocked. Other points of view opened in succession: now a full one, of the front of the old castle, and now a side glimpse at its particular towers: the former rich in all the bizarrerie of the Elizabethan school, while the simple and solid strength of other parts of the building seemed to shew that they had been raised more for defence than ostentation.

Delighted with the partial glimpses which he obtained of the castle through the woods and glades by which this ancient feudal fortress was surrounded, our military traveller was determined to inquire whether it might not deserve a nearer view, and whether it contained family pictures or other objects of curiosity worthy of a stranger's visit; when, leaving the vicinity of the park, he rolled through a clean and well paved street, and stopped at the door of a well-frequented inn.

Before ordering horses, to proceed on his journey, General Browne made inquiries concerning the proprietor of the chateau which had so attracted his admiration; and was equally surprised and pleased at hearing in reply a nobleman named, whom we shall call Lord Woodville. How fortunate! Much of Browne's early recollections, both at school and at college, had been connected with young Woodville, whom, by a few questions, he now ascertained to be the same with the owner of this fair domain. He had been raised to the peerage by the decease of his father a few months before, and, as the general learned from the landlord, the term of mourning being ended, was now taking possession of his paternal estate, in the jovial season of merry autumn, accompanied by a select party of friends, to enjoy the sports of a country famous for game.

This was delightful news to our traveller. Frank Woodville had been Richard Browne's fag at Eton, and his chosen intimate at Christ Church; their pleasure and their tasks had been the same; and the honest soldier's heart warmed to find his early friend in possession of so delightful a residence, and of an estate, as the landlord assured him with a nod and a wink, fully adequate to maintain and add to his dignity. Nothing was more natural than that the traveller should suspend a journey, which there was nothing to render hurried, to pay a visit to an old friend under such agreeable circumstances.

The fresh horses, therefore, had only the brief task of conveying the general's travelling carriage to Woodville Castle. A porter admitted them at a modern Gothic lodge, built in that style to correspond with the castle itself, and at the same time rang a bell to give warning of the approach of visitors. Apparently the sound of the bell had suspended the separation of the company, bent on the various amusements of the morning; for, on entering the court of the chateau, several young men were lounging about in their sporting dresses, looking at and criticising the dogs, which the keepers held in readiness to attend their pastime. As General Browne alighted, the young lord came to the gate of the hall, and for an instant gazed, as at a stranger, upon the countenance of his friend, on which war, with its fatigues and its wounds, had made a great alteration. But the uncertainty lasted no longer than till the visitor had spoken, and the hearty greeting which followed was such as can only be exchanged betwixt those who have passed together the merry days of careless boyhood or early youth.

'If I could have formed a wish, my dear Browne,' said Lord Woodville, 'it would have been to have you here, of all men, upon this occasion which my friends are good enough to hold as a sort of holiday. Do not think you have been absent from us. I have traced you through your dangers, your triumphs, your misfortunes, and was delighted to see that, whether in victory or defeat, the name of my old friend was always distinguished with applause.'

The general made a suitable reply, and congratulated his friend on his new dignities, and the possession of a place and domain so beautiful.

'Nay, you have seen nothing of it as yet,' said Lord Woodville, 'and I trust you do not mean to leave us till you are better acquainted with it. It is true, I confess, that my present party is pretty large and the old house, like other places of the kind, does not possess so much accommodation as the extent of the outward walls appears to promise. But we can give you a comfortable old-fashioned room, and I venture to

suppose, that your campaigns have taught you to be glad of worse quarters.'

The general shrugged his shonlders and laughed. 'I presume,' he said, 'the worst apartment in yonr chatean is considerably superior to the old tobacco cask, in which I was fain to take up my night's lodging when I was in the Bush, as the Virginians call it, with the light corps. There I lay, like Diogenes himself, so delighted with my covering from the element, that I made a vain attempt to have it rolled on to my next quarters; but my commander for the timo would give way to no such lnxurious provision, and I took farewell of my beloved cask with tears in my eyes.'

'Well, then, since you do not fear your quarters,' said Lord Woodville, 'you will stay with me a week at least. Of guns, dogs, fishing-rods, flies, and means of sport by sea and land, we have enough and to spare. Yon cannot pitch on an amusement, but we will find the means of pursuing it. Bnt if you prefer the gun and pointers, I will go with yon myself, and see whether yon have mended your shooting since you have been amongst the Indians of the back settlements.'

The general gladly accepted his friendly host's proposal in all its points. After a morning of manly exercise, the company met at dinner, where it was the delight of Lord Woodville to conduce to the display of the high properties of his recovered friend, so as to recommend him to his guests, most of whom were persons of distinction. He led General Browne to speak of the scenes he had witnessed; and as every word marked alike the brave officer and the sensible man, who retained possession of his cool judgment under the most imminent dangers, the company looked upon the soldier with general respect, as on one who had proved himself possessed of an uncommon portion of personal conrage — that attribnte, of all others, of which every body desires to be thought possessed.

The day at Woodville Castle euded as usual in such mansions. The hospitality stopped within the limits of good order. Music, in which the young lord was a proficient, succeeded to the circulation of the bottle: cards and billiards, for those who preferred such amusements, were in readiness: hnt the exercise of the morning required early hours, and not long after eleven o'clock the guests began to retire to their several apartments.

The young lord himself conducted his friend, General Browne, to the chamber destined for him, which answered the description he had given of it, being comfortable, bnt old-fashioned. The bed was of the massive form used in the end of the seventeenth century, and the curtains of faded silk, heavily trimmed with tarnished gold. But then, the sheets, pillows, and blankets looked delightful to tho campaigner, when he thought of his 'mansion, the cask.' — There was an air of gloom in the tapestry hangings, which, with their worn-ont graces, curtained the walls of the little chamber, and gently undulated as the autumnal breeze found its way through the ancient lattice window, which pattered and whistled as the air gained entrance. The toilet, too, with its mirror, turbaned, after the manner of the beginning of the century, with a coiffure of murray-coloured silk, and its hundred strange-shaped boxes, providing for arrangements which had been obsolete for more than fifty years, had an antique, and in so far a melancholy aspect. But nothing could blaze more brightly and cheerfully than the two large wax candles; or if aught could rival them, it was the flaming, bickering faggots in the chimney, that sent at once their gleam and their warmth through the snug apartment; which, notwithstanding the general antiquity of its appearance, was not wanting in the least convenience that modern habits rendered either necessary or desirable.

'This is an old-fashioned sleeping apartment, general,' said the young lord, 'hut I hope you find nothing that makes you envy your old tobacco-cask.'

'I am not particular respecting my lodgings,' replied the general; 'yet, were I to make any choice, I would prefer this chamber by many degrees to the gayer and more modern air of your family mansion. Believe me, that when I nnite its modern air of comfort with its venerable antiquity, and recollect that it is your lordship's property, I shall feel better quarters here, than if I were in the best hotel London could afford.'

'I trust — I have no doubt — that you will fiud yourself as comfortable as I wish yon, my dear general,' said tho yonng nobleman; and, again bidding his guest good night, he shook him by the hand, and withdrew.

The general once more looked round him, and, internally congratulating himself on his retnrn to peaceful life, the comforts of which were endeared by the recollection of tho hardships and dangers he had lately sustained, undressed himself, and prepared for a lnxnrious night's rest.

Here, contrary to the custom of this species of tale, we leave the general in possession of his apartment until the next morning.

The company assembled for breakfast at an early hour, but without the appearance of General Browne, who seemed the guest that Lord Woodville was desirous of honouring above all whom his hospitality had assembled around him. He more than once expressed surprise at the general's absence, and at last sent a servant to make inquiry after him. The man brought back information that General Browne had been walking abroad since an early hour of the morning, in defiance of the weather, which was misty and ungenial.

'The custom of a soldier,' said the young nobleman to his friends; 'many of them acquire habitual vigilance, and cannot sleep after the early hour at which their duty usually commands them to be alert.'

Yet the explanation which Lord Woodville then offered to the company seemed hardly satisfactory to his own mind and it was in a fit of silence and abstraction that he awaited the return of the general. It took place near an hour after the breakfast bell had rung. He looked fatigued and feverish. His hair — the powdering and arrangement of which was, at this time, one of the most important occupations of a man's whole day, and marked his fashion as much as, in the present time, the tying of a cravat, or the want of one — was dishevelled, uncurled, void of powder, and dank with dew. His clothes were huddled on with a careless negligence, remarkable in a military man, whose real or supposed duties are usually held to include some attention to the toilet; and his looks were haggard and ghastly in a peculiar degree.

'So you have stolen a march upon us this morning, my dear general,' said Lord Woodville; 'or you have not found your bed so much to your mind as I had hoped, and you seemed to expect. How did you rest last night?'

'O, excellently well — remarkably well — never better in my life,' said General Browne rapidly, and yet with an air of embarrassment, which was obvious to his friend. He then hastily swallowed a cup of tea, and, neglecting or refusing whatever else was offered, seemed to fall into a fit of abstraction.

'You will take the gun to-day, general?' said his friend and host; but had to repeat the question twice ere he received the abrupt answer, 'No, my lord; I am sorry I cannot have the honour of spending another day with your lordship: my post-horses are ordered, and will be here directly.'

All who were present shewed surprise, and Lord Woodville immediately replied: 'Post-horses, my good friend! what can you possibly want with them, when you promised to stay with me quietly for at least a week?'

'I believe,' said the general, obviously much embarrassed, 'that I might, in the pleasure of my first meeting with your lordship, have said something about stopping here a few days; but I have since found it altogether impossible.'

'That is very extraordinary,' answered the young nobleman. 'You seemed quite disengaged yesterday, and you have not had a summons to-day; for our post has not yet come up from the town, and therefore you cannot have received any letters.'

General Browne, without giving any further explanation, muttered something of indispensable business, and insisted on the absolute necessity of his departure, in a manner which silenced all opposition on the part of his host, who saw that his resolution was taken, and forbore all farther importunity.

'At last, however,' he said, 'permit me, my dear Browne, since go you will, or must, to shew you the view from the terrace, which the mist, that is now rising, will soon display.'

He threw open a sash window, and stepped down upon the terrace as he spoke. The general followed him mechanically, but seemed little to attend to what his host was saying, as looking across an extended and rich prospect, he pointed out the different objects worthy of observation. Thus they moved on till Lord Woodville had attained his purpose of drawing his guest entirely apart from the rest of the company, when, turning round upon him with an air of great solemnity, he addressed him thus: — Richard Browne, my old and very dear friend, we are now alone — let me conjure you to answer me, upon the word of a friend and the honour of a soldier — how did you in reality rest during last night?'

'Most wretchedly, indeed, my lord,' answered the general, in the same tone of solemnity; 'so miserably, that I would not run the risk of such a night a second time, not only for all the lands belonging to this castle, but for all the country which I see from this elevated point of view.

'This is most extraordinary,' said the young lord, as if speaking to himself, 'then there must be something in the reports concerning that apartment.' Again turning to the general, he said, 'For God's sake, my dear friend, be candid with me, and let me know the disagreeable particulars which have befallen you under a roof, where with

consent of the owner, you should have met nothing save comfort.'

The general seemed distressed by this appeal, and paused a moment before he replied.

'My dear lord,' he at length said, 'what happened to me last night is of a nature so peculiar and so unpleasant, that I could hardly bring myself to detail it, even to your lordship, were it not that, independently of my wish to gratify any request of yours, I think that sincerity on my part may lead to some explanation about a circumstance equally painful and mysterious. To others, the communication I am about to make might place me in the light of a weakminded, superstitious fool, who suffered his own imagination to delude and bewilder him; but you have known me in childhood and youth, and will not suspect me of having adopted in manhood the failings and frailties from which my early years were free.' Here he paused, and his friend replied: 'Do not doubt my perfect confidence in the truth of your communication, however strange it may be; I know your firmness of disposition too well, to suspect you could be made the object of imposition, and am aware that your honour and your friendship will equally deter you from exaggerating whatever you may have witnessed.'

'Well, then,' said the general, 'I will proceed with my story as well as I can, relying upon your candour; and yet distinctly feeling that I would rather face a battery than recall to my mind the odious recollections of last night.'

He paused a second time, and then perceiving that Lord Woodville remained silent and in an attitude of attention, he commenced, though not without obvious reluctance, the history of his night adventures in the Tapestried Chamber.

'I undressed and went to bed, so soon as your lordship left me yesterday evening; but the wood in the chimney, which nearly fronted my bed, blazed brightly and cheerfully, and, aided by a hundred exciting recollections of my childhood and youth, which had been recalled by the unexpected pleasure of meeting your lordship, prevented me from falling immediately asleep. I ought, however, to say, that these reflections were all of a pleasant and agreeable kind, grounded on a sense of having, for a time, exchanged the labour, fatigues, and dangers of my profession, for the enjoyments of a peaceful life, and the reunion of those friendly and affectionate ties, which I had torn asunder at the rude summons of war.

'While such pleasing reflections were stealing over my mind, and gradually lulling me to slumber, I was suddenly aroused by a sound like that of the rustling of a silken gown, and the tapping of a pair of high-heeled shoes, as if a woman were walking in the apartment. Ere I could draw the curtain, to see what the matter was, the figure of a little woman passed between the bed and the fire. The back of this form was turned to me, and I could observe, from the shoulders and neck, it was that of an old woman whose dress was an old-fashioned gown, which, I think, ladies call a sacque; that is, a sort of robe completely loose in the body, but gathered into broad plaids upon the neck and shoulders, which fall down to the ground, and terminate in a species of train.

'I thought the intrusion singular enough, but never harboured for a moment the idea that what I saw was any thing more than the mortal form of some old woman about the establishment, who had a fancy to dress like her grandmother, and who, having perhaps (as your lordship mentioned that you were rather straitened for room) been dislodged from her chamber for my accommodation, had forgotten the circumstance, and returned, by twelve, to her old haunt. Under this persuasion, I moved myself in bed and coughed a little, to make the intruder sensible of my being in possession of the premises. She turned slowly round, but, gracious Heaven! my lord, what a countenance did she display to me! There was no longer any question what she was, or any thought of her being a living being. Upon a face which wore the fixed features of a corpse, were imprinted the traces of the vilest and most hideous passions which had animated her while she lived. The body of some atrocious criminal seemed to have been given up from the grave, and the soul restored from the penal fire, in order to form, for a space, a union with the ancient accomplice of its guilt. I started up in bed and sat upright, supporting myself on my palms, as I gazed on this horrible spectre. The hag made, as it seemed, a single and swift stride to the bed where I lay, and squatted herself down upon it, in precisely the same attitude which I had assumed in the extremity of my horror, advancing her diabolical countenance within half a yard of mine, with a grin which seemed to intimate the malice and derision of an incarnate fiend.'

Here General Browne stopped, and wiped from his brow the cold perspiration with which the recollection of his horrible vision had covered it.

'My lord,' he said, 'I am no coward; I have been in all the mortal dangers incidental to my profession, and I may truly boast, that no man ever saw Richard Browne dishonour the sword he wears; but, in these horrible circumstances, under the eyes, and, as it seemed, almost in the grasp of an incarnation of an evil spirit, all firmness forsook me, all manhood melted from me like wax in the furnace, and I felt my hair individually bristle. The current of my life-blood ceased to flow, and I sunk back in a swoon, as very a victim to panic terror as ever was a village girl, or a child of ten years old. How long I lay in this condition I cannot pretend to guess.

'But I was roused by the castle clock striking one so loud, that it seemed as if it were in the very room. It was some time before I dared open my eyes, lest they should again encounter the horrible spectacle. When, however, I summoned courage to look up, she was no longer visible. My first idea was to pull my bell, wake the servants, and remove to a garret or a hayloft, to be ensured against a second visitation. Nay, I will confess the truth, that my resolution was altered, not by the shame of exposing myself, but by the fear that, as the bell-cord hung by the chimney, I might, in making my way to it, be again crossed by the fiendish hag, who, I figured to myself, might be still lurking about some corner of the apartment.

'I will not pretend to describe what hot and cold fever-fits tormented me for the rest of the night, through broken sleep, weary vigils, and that dubious state which forms the neutral ground between them A hundred terrible objects appeared to haunt me; but there was the great difference betwixt the vision which I have described, and those which followed, that I knew the last to be deceptions of my own fancy and over-excited nerves.

'Day at last appeared, and I rose from my bed ill in health, and humiliated in mind. I was ashamed of myself as a man and a soldier, and still more so, at feeling my own extreme desire to escape from the haunted apartment, which, however, conquered all other considerations; so that, huddling on my clothes with the most careless haste, I made my escape from your lordship's mansion, to seek in the open air some relief to my nervous system, shaken as it was by this horrible rencounter with a visitant — for such I must believe her — from the other world. Your lordship has now heard the cause of my discomposure, and of my sudden desire to leave your hospitable castle. In other places I trust we may often meet; but God protect me from ever spending a second night under that roof!'

Strange as the general's tale was, he spoke with such an air of deep conviction, that it cut short all the usual commentaries which are made on such stories. Lord Woodville never once asked him if he was sure he did not dream of the apparition, or suggested any of the possibilities by which it is fashionable to explain apparitions — wild vagaries of the fancy, or deceptions of the optic nerves. On the contrary, he seemed deeply impressed with the truth and reality of what he had heard; and, after a considerable pause, regretted, with much appearance of sincerity, that his early friend should in his house have suffered so severely.

'I am the more sorry for your pain, my dear Browne,' he continued, 'that it is the unhappy, though most unexpected, result of an experiment of my own. You must know, that from my father and grandfather's time, at least, the apartment which was assigned to you last night, had been shut, on account of reports that it was disturbed by supernatural sights and noises. When I came, a few weeks since, into possession of the estate, I thought the accommodation which the castle afforded for my friends, was not extensive enough to permit the inhabitants of the invisible world to retain possession of a comfortable sleeping apartment. I therefore caused the Tapestried Chamber, as we call it, to be opened; and, without destroying its air of antiquity, I had such new articles of furniture placed in it as become the modern times. Yet, as the opinion that the room was haunted very strongly prevailed among the domestics, and was known also in the neighbourhood, and to many of my friends, I feared some prejudice might be entertained by the first occupant of the Tapestried Chamber, which might tend to revive the evil report which it had laboured under, and so disappoint my purpose of rendering it a useful part of the house I must confess, my dear Browne, that your arrival yesterday, agreeable to me for a thousand reasons besides, seemed the most favourable opportunity of removing the unpleasant rumours which attached to the room, since your courage was indubitable, and your mind free of any preoccupation on the subject. I could not, therefore, have chosen a more fitting subject for my experiment.'

'Upon my life,' said General Browne, somewhat hastily, 'I am infinitely obliged

to your lordship — very particularly indebted indeed. I am likely to remember, for some time, the consequence of the experiment, as your lordship is pleased to call it.'

'Nay, now you are unjust, my dear friend,' said Lord Woodville; 'you have only to reflect for a single moment, in order to be convinced that I could not augur the possibility of the pain to which you have been so unhappily exposed. I was yesterday morning a complete sceptic on the subject of supernatural appearances. Nay, I am sure, that had I told you what was said about that room, those very reports would have induced you, by your own choice, to select it for your accommodation. It was my misfortune, perhaps my error, but really cannot be termed my fault, that you have been afflicted so strangely.'

'Strangely indeed!' said the general, resuming his good temper; 'and I acknowledge that I have no right to be offended with your lordship for treating me like what I used to think myself — a man of some firmness and courage. But I see my post-horses are arrived, and I must not detain your lordship from your amusement.'

'Nay, my old friend,' said Lord Woodville, 'since you cannot stay with us another day, which indeed I can no longer urge, give me at least half an hour more. You used to love pictures, and I have a gallery of portraits, some of them by Vandyke, representing ancestry, to whom this property and castle formerly belonged. I think that several of them will strike you as possessing merit.' General Browne accepted the invitation though somewhat unwillingly. It was evident he was not to breathe freely or at ease till he had left Woodville Castle far behind him. He could not refuse his friend's invitation, however, and the less so, that he was a little ashamed of the peevishness which he had displayed towards his well-meaning entertainer.

The general, therefore, followed Lord Woodville through several rooms, into a long gallery hung with pictures, which the latter pointed out to his guest, telling the names, and giving some account of the personages whose portraits presented themselves in progression. General Browne was but little interested in the details which the accounts conveyed to him. They were, indeed, of the kind which are usually found in an old family gallery. Here, was a cavalier who had ruined the estate in the royal cause; there, a fine lady who had reinstated it by contracting a match with a wealthy Roundhead. There, hung a gallant who had been in danger for corresponding with the exiled court at Saint Germain; here, one who had taken arms for William at the Revolution; and again, a third that had thrown his weight alternately into the scale of Whig and Tory.

While Lord Woodville was cramming these words into his guest's ear, 'against the stomach of his sense,' they gained the middle of the gallery, when he beheld General Browne suddenly start, and assume an attitude of the utmost surprise, not unmixed with fear, as his eyes were caught and suddenly riveted by a portrait of an old lady in a sacque, the fashionable dress of the end of the seventeenth century.

'There she is!' he exclaimed, 'there she is, in form and features, though inferior in demoniac expression, to the accursed hag who visited me last night.'

'If that be the case,' said the young nobleman, 'there can remain no longer any doubt of the horrible reality of your apparition. That is the picture of a wretched ancestress of mine, of whose crimes a black and fearful catalogue is recorded, in a family history, in my charter-chest. The recital of them would be too horrible; it is enough to say, that in you fatal apartment incest and unnatural murder were committed. I will restore it to the solitude to which the better judgment of those who have preceded me had consigned it; and never shall any one, so long as I can prevent it, be exposed to a repetition of the supernatural horrors which could shake such courage as yours.'

Thus the friends, who had met with such glee, parted in a very different mood — Lord Woodville to command the Tapestried Chamber to be unmantled, and the door built up; and General Browne to seek, in some less beautiful country, and with some less dignified friend, forgetfulness of the painful night which he had passed in Woodville Castle.

THE WAR OF LA VENDEE.

The civil war of La Vendée forms one of the most interesting events of the revolution in France. It was little known in this country while it was raging; and there is much room for censuring the ministers of Britain, who did not avail themselves of the opportunities which it afforded of obtaining the most important advantages for the allied cause. We knew, indeed, generally, in England, that the royalists had a force in part of Poitou, and that they had several encounters with the republicans, which had terminsted to their advantage. But few English, if any, were fully aware, that while every other province in France submitted,

more or less patiently, to the dominion of Robespierre and his associates, La Vendée, a province hardly known to us by name, had on foot large armies which fought pitched battles, gained decisive victories, took fortified towns, and more than once might, with a moderate degree of assistance from troops and money, have perhaps ended the revolution by a march to Paris. It was reasonable to infer that a country, capable of such exertions in a cause almost deserted by all France besides, had something peculiar in its circumstances; and when we consider the nature of these peculiarities, they will be found to form a great lesson both to princes and people.

No one will venture to deny that, in the last years of Louis XVI., some great change in the old despotic constitution of France was become absolutely necessary. The burdens of the state, which should have been equally discharged by all its subjects, in proportion to their means, were thrown entirely on the class of the commons, while the clergy and gentry paid nothing to the support of the general expenditure. The finances were in a state of virtual bankruptcy; the subjects generally irritated at their rulers, and desirous of reclaiming those rights of freemen from which they were debarred by the old feudal laws. This was not a state of things to be endured in the eighteenth century, and accordingly, a change was loudly and generally called for. Designing and ambitious men took advantage of the national fervour of the French people, to drive this spirit of laudable reformation into all the excesses of the most furious revolution which the world ever saw. Instead of restoring to the people their just liberties, and securing the king, the church, and the aristocracy, in possession of such rights as might be consistent with a settled and well-balanced government, they rooted up and pulled down every thing which was established, overthrew the throne, banished the nobility, disowned not their church only, but their religion and Deity, and, by the direction of the vile miscreants who had created this anarchy, committed the most horrible cruelties under the pretext of preserving liberty.

These demagogues could not have possessed the power over the passions of the populace, necessary to the execution of their criminal schemes, if, previous to their revolution, the French aristocracy had been in the habit of discharging those duties towards the lower classes of the community, which are necessary for cementing the union betwixt the various ranks of society. The nobleman or gentleman of property ought, in ordinary cases, to reside, for a certain season at least, on his estates. He is the natural superior, and the best patron, of his farmers and his poorer neighbours. The expenditure of his income among them is one source of their prosperity; his bounty ought to relieve them in cases of distress; he is umpire of their disputes; they are companions and assistants in his field-sports. Amidst the interchange of mutual good offices the chains by which the feudal system binds the plebeians to the nobles, are naturally superseded by the gentle and honourable ties of mutual affection for mutual kindness.

Unhappily this order of things had been totally changed in France. A fatal policy, first practised by cardinal Richelieu, had seduced the wealthier and more dignified part of the French nobles, *la haute noblesse*, as they were termed, to place their importance in a constant residence at court, and in their successful intrigues for the royal favour. The management of their estates was left to stewards; and the tenants neither felt the favours, nor feared the displeasure, of a landlord who left all to his deputy, and whose existence they knew only by his draining them of money. When the two principal classes of society lived in this state of disunion, it was easy to sow dissension between them, and to exasperate the lower orders against the nobility and gentry, from whom they neither received favours nor experienced influence. There were honourable individual exceptions to this general error, but it prevailed over the kingdom at large, and was the principal cause of the French revolution extending beyond the limits of wholesome and moderate reformation. Far from being able to raise, in the provinces and on their estates, such a force as might have enabled them to stem the torrent of Jacobinical fury, the nobles found often their worst foes among their own peasants; and were driven from their estates by the insurrections of their very tenants, who, in other circumstances, would have been their surest protectors. This tended much to the increase of emigration; a fatal measure in itself, as seeming to unite with the armies of strangers those proprietors, who had, by birth, the deepest interest in the country about to be invaded.

La Vendée and the neighbouring districts stood in a peculiar degree exempted from that discord between the peasants and the nobility, which caused such melancholy consequences through the rest of France. This arose, in a great measure, out of local circumstances.

The extensive country of which La Vendée

is the centre, comprehends a mnch larger space than properly bears that name, as it includes a considerable portion of the departments of Maine and Loire, of Loire Inférieure, and of Les deux Sèvres, as well as La Vendée proper. The soil is not fit for the plough, hut admirahly adapted for the raising of cattle, and lies divided into pastures of small extent, hut very rich in produce, which are scattered among groves and forests, so extensive that the whole district is known by the name of the Bocage, or Thicket. The peasants inhahited each his little separate farm, all were easy and independent, and none possessed overgrown wealth. They were little oppressed hy the puhlic hurdens, having a dispensation from the heaviest, on condition of their maintaining the various cuts and canals hy which their country is drained. These canals, joined to the extreme badness of the roads, the intervention of numerous hedges and thickets, and the frequent rains, render La Vendée very inaccessihle unless to the natives, who, familiar with these difficulties, are accustomed to bound over the obstacles, hy means of a pole or quarter-staff, guarded with iron, which they are wont to carry, and which, in the course of the war, they sometimes used as a formidable weapon. They were a religious, moral, and contented race, desiring nothing more than to possess the enjoyment of the faith, laws, and possessions, which had helonged to their fathers.

The noblesse, or, as we should say, the gentry of La Vendée, had, like their dependants, a character belonging to the ancient rather than to the modern world. They lived much on their properties, and in a state of primitive simplicity. Even such as went occasionally to Paris, had the good sense to lay aside the manners of the metropolis, and resume their provincial simplicity, as soon as they returned to the Bocage. When the ladies went ahroad, it was on horsehack, or in carriages drawn hy hullocks. When the seigneur went to the chase, which was frequent in that woodland district, the peasants attended, and attained considerahle dexterity in the art of shooting, hesides enjoying the sport with an appetite equal to that of their master himself. The payment of rent, and their management of farms, were upon a footing highly favourahle for the continuation of mntual regsrd hetwcen the proprietor and tenant, as the interests of hoth were common. The tenant managed the stock of cattle, and accounted for a proportion of the profit to the landlord; and thus they shared together the prosperity or adversity of the season. The farms seldom exceeded five-and-twenty or thirty pounds in rent, and he was a great proprietor who had twenty or thirty such farms; so that, among great and small, there was but little wealth, and no poverty. A holiday was a scenc of mutual hospitality to gentleman and peasant. The family of the latter danced iu the courtyard of the chatcau, and the seigneur and his family usually joined in the amusement. Thns, in sport and in husiness, in pecuniary interests, and in the rites of religion, the gentry and peasants were united together; and the better-instructed understandings, as well as the natural superiority of the proprietors, preserved that influence over the minds of the lower classes, which, elsewhere throngh France, had heen generally lost.

It was not, however, the influence of the nohles which at first raised the insurrection. Two other circumstances more immediately occasioned the rising of La Vendée.

The National Convention had imposed upon the Catholic clergy an oath, which, as it declared them independent of the supremacy of Rome, was in direct contradiction to the religious vows which they had taken upon entering the church. The great hody of the clergy resigned, or were forcihly deprived of their cures, in consequence of their refusing this oath; and the Vendéens saw, with great indignation, the curates, upon whose religious instruction they relied, and who had discharged their office with mnch paternal zeal, displaced and exiled, and their room supplied hy persons less scrupulous in conscience, and conseqnently less correct in morals. This gave great and general dissatisfaction amongst the peasants of the Bocage.

Another cause which more immediately instigated the inhahitants of La Vendée to assume arms, was the attempt to enforce the conscription, and to send the youth of their country to recruit the armies engaged in foreign conquests. For this purpose a compulsory levy of two hundred thousand men was enforced over all France. As the Vendéens took no interest in the revolutionary motives by which other provinces were actuated, and regarded with aversion and horror the steps taken against the estahlished church and the person of the king, they were inaccessihle to the motives which induced France at large to suhmit to this severe measure; and the attempts to resist it in different qnarters, were the first cause of their taking up arms. When assemhled in great force of nnmbers, they chose officers chiefly, thongh not exclusively, amongst the nohility, gave battle to the regular forces

of the republic, were not only repeatedly victorious, hut showed great alertness in rallying after defeat, and did infinitely more damage to the repnhlicans than was achieved by the best troops of the allied armies. In their case, as in many other instances, the intelligence of those whom they chose to be leaders, together with the desperate courage of the Vendéens themselves, formed a peculiar species of tactics, adapted, at the same time, to the character of the troops, and local circumstances of the country. This proved on many occasions superior to the discipline of regular forces, which, against determined and active men, does not alwsys give the expected advantages. Their principal mode of attack was hy a species of bush-fighting. By a manoeuvre, which they termed in their dialect *segailler*, they spread themselves like a party of sharpshooters, on every side of the close columns of the enemy, who advancing through a country in itself extremely difficult, found themselves assailed hy a destructive and well-aimed fire from every quarter, while they saw no tangible point on which they might direct an attack with any chance of decisive success. The cries of the insurgents, the continued fire on every point, and their dispersion over so large a space, appeared to double their numbers; and if at any point the repuhlicans disbanded, or showed symptoms of confusion, the Vendéens, led by their most spirited chiefs, did not hesitate to rush on, and complete, by a close attack, the terror which they had inspired by their more distant style of fighting.

It is needless to observe, that the dispersing and rallying necessary for such a mode of warfare required the highest degree of individual zeal and intelligence in the troops who practised it, since every small body of marksmen, nay, in some degree, every individual acted on his own responsibility in the choice of his position, and the selection of the favourable moment of advance or retreat.

While the Vendéens were in arms, and triumphant, there was also a large army of Bretons on foot for the monarchy, commanded by the celehrated La Charrette, and which gained many successes. It was unhappy for their cause, that the chiefs of these independant armies do not appear to have acted with cordiality, or upon united views; otherwise more important advantages might have been derived from their frequent victories. It was also uufortunate for them that the British ministers seem, as already mentioned, not to have been aware of the benefits which might have accrued from supplying them with arms and ammunition, as well as with a body of auxiliary forces. When the royalists were in possession of the isle of Noirmoutier, this could have been accomplished without difficulty. The only serious attempt made to encourage these hrave men was hy the expedition of Quiberon, undertaken after the royalist cause in Bretagne was lost.

The insurrection of La Vendée began in March, 1793, and, considering it as a great and general war, terminated upon the defeat at Quiberon, on the 20th of July 1795.

The mind is naturally led to draw comparisons between the civil wars of England during the middle of the seventeenth century, and the revolution of France in the end of the eighteenth: and, in doing so, is struck with the similarity betwixt the insurrection of La Vendée and the war conducted by Montrose and the Highlanders in the preceding century.

The parallel, douhtless, is not exact in all its points. The Highlanders were hrought to the field by their natural love of war, by their habitual use of arms, and by the patriarchal attachment to their chiefs. The Vendéens, a peaceful race, were driven to arms hy aggressious on their religion and personal libertics. The Highlanders, commanded hy the supereminent genius of one, of whom De Retz said, that he best filled up his ideal sketch of the heroes of Plutarch, extended their victories more widely, and improved them more successfully, than the Vendéens, but sunk under a single defeat. The inhabitants of La Vendée, commanded by different chiefs, did not evince the same energy in improving success: but, relying less on the fortune of one man, they rallied, and were again victorious, after repeatedly sustaining the greatest reverses. The mode of fighting of the Vendéens and the Highlanders was different; the marksmen of the Bocage relying upon bush-fighting, while the mountaineers, after giving one volley, charged in small but compact columns npon different points of an extended line, and trusted to their superior use of tho broadsword in close combat. Religion, which made a great feature in the Vendéen war, was not among the motives which instigated the army of Montrose. These are the points of difference, hnt those of resemblance are more general and more strongly marked.

On both these memorable occasions, a sequestered and primitive race arose against the regnlar force of the rest of the nation, in defence of the ancient iustitutions which

had been handed down by their fathers. In both cases, high courage, natural sagacity, hardiness of constitution, and activity of person, rendered the insurgents superior to their disciplined adversaries, in fierceness of onset, judiciousness of combination, celerity of marches, and the power of enduring the fatigues of war. In both cases, they obtained splendid victories against every odds of numbers, aggravated by want of suitable arms, and especially of ammunition.

These foresters of the Bocage equally resembled the Scottish mountaineers, in the disadvantages which attended their peculiar mode of warfare. Being all volunteers, and serving without pay, they conceived themselves at liberty to leave the army when they pleased, and a victory was, more frequently than a defeat, the signal for a diminution of their force. The Vendéens, like the Highlanders, were unskilled in the attack of fortified places; and several of their greatest reverses were sustained in consequence of rash enterprises of this nature. In an open country, favourable for the action of cavalry, these primitive warriors engaged with less advantage than in strong and enclosed grounds. The number of independant chiefs and commanders was apt to introduce discords into their councils, which sometimes disorganized even the plans of Montrose, and almost always paralyzed the exertions of the Vendéens. To conclude; a war which did so much honour to the leaders who conducted it, terminated in both cases in their ruin and extinction. Many died by military execution, or the form of judicial process; their families were exiled or disinherited; and they left behind no other fruits of their success, save the glory they had won.

LOUIS XI. AND CHARLES THE BOLD.

The latter part of the fifteenth century prepared a train of future events, that ended by raising France to that state of formidable power, which has ever since been, from time to time, the principal object of jealousy to the other European nations. Before that period, she had to struggle for her very existence with the English, already possessed of her fairest provinces; while the utmost exertions of her King, and the gallantry of her natives, could scarce protect the remainder from a foreign yoke. Neither was this her sole danger. The Princes who possessed the grand fiefs of the crown, and, in particular, the Dukes of Burgundy and Bretagne, had come to wear their feudal bonds so lightly, that they had no scruple in lifting the standard against their liege and sovereign lord, the King of France, on the slightest pretences. When at peace, they reigned as absolute princes in their own provinces; and the House of Burgundy, possessed of the district so called, together with the fairest and richest part of Flanders, was of itself so wealthy, and so powerful, as to yield nothing to the crown, either in splendour or in strength.

In imitation of the grand feudatories, each inferior vassal of the crown assumed as much independence as his distance from the sovereign power, the extent of his fief, or the strength of his residence, enabled him to maintain; and these petty tyrants, no longer amenable to the exercise of the law, perpetrated with impunity the wildest excesses of fantastic oppression and cruelty. In Auvergne alone, a report was made of more than three hundred of these independent nobles, to whom incest, murder, and rapine, were the most ordinary and familiar actions.

Besides these evils, another, springing out of the long continued wars betwixt the French and English, added no small misery to this distracted kingdom. Numerous bodies of soldiers collected into bands, under officers chosen by themselves, from among the bravest and most successful adventurers, had been formed in various parts of France out of the refuse of all other countries. These hireling combatants sold their swords for a time to the best bidder; and, where such offer was wanting, they made war on their own account, seizing castles and towers, which they used as the places of their retreat, — making prisoners, and ransoming them, — exacting tribute from the open villages and the country around them, — and acquiring, by every species of rapine, the appropriate epithets of *Tondeurs* and *Ecorcheurs*, that is *Clippers* and *Flayers*.

In the midst of the horrors and miseries arising from so distracted a state of public affairs, reckless and profuse expence distinguished the courts of the lesser nobles as well as of the superior princes; and their dependents, in imitation, expended in rude, but magnificent display, the wealth which they extorted from the people. A tone of romantic and chivalrous gallantry (which, however, was often disgraced by unbounded license), characterized the intercourse between the sexes; and the language of knight-errantry was yet used, and its observances followed, though the pure spirit of honourable love, and benevolent enterprize, which it inculcates, had ceased to qualify and atone for its extravagancies. The jousts

and tournaments, the entertainment and revels, which each petty court displayed, invited to France every wandering adventurer; and it was seldom that, when arrived there, he failed to employ his rash courage, and headlong spirit of entreprize, in actions for which his happier native country afforded no free stage.

At this period, and as if to save this fair realm from the various woes with which it was menaced, the tottering throne was ascended by Louis XI., whose character, evil as it was in itself, met, combated, and in great degree neutralized, the mischiefs of the time — as poisons of opposing qualities are said, in ancient books of medicine, to have the power of counteracting each other.

Brave enough for every useful and political purpose, Louis had not a spark of that romantic valour, or of the pride connected with, and arising out of it, which fought on for the point of honour, when the point of utility had been long gained. Calm, crafty, and profoundly attentive to his own interest, he made every sacrifice, both of pride and passion, which could interfere with it. He was careful in disguising his real sentiments and purposes from all who approached him, and frequently used the expressions, 'that the king knew not how to reign, who knew not how to dissemble; and that, for himself, if he thought his very cap knew his secrets, he would throw it into the fire.' No man of his own, or of any other time, better understood how to avail himself of the frailties of others, and when to avoid giving any advantage by the untimely indulgence of his own.

He was by nature vindictive and cruel, even to the extent of finding pleasure in the frequent executions which he commanded. But, as no touch of mercy ever induced him to spare, when he could with safety condemn, so no sentiment of vengeance ever stimulated him to a premature violence. He seldom sprung on his prey till it was fairly within his grasp, and till all chance of rescue was in vain; and his movements were so studiously disguised, that his success was generally what first announced to the world what object he had been manoeuvring to attain.

In like manner, the avarice of Louis gave way to apparent profusion, when it was necessary to bribe the favourite or minister of a rival prince for averting any impending attack, or to break up any alliance confederated against him. He was fond of license and pleasure; but neither beauty nor the chase, though both were ruling passions, ever withdrew him from the most regular attendance to public business and the affairs of his kingdom. His knowledge of mankind was profound, and he had sought it in the private walks of life, in which he often personally mingled; and, though personally proud and haughty, he hesitated not, with an inattention to the arbitrary divisions of society, which was then thought something portentously unnatural, to raise from the lowest rank men whom he employed on the most important duties, and knew so well how to choose them, that he was rarely disappointed in their qualities.

Yet there were contradictions in the nature of this artful and able monarch; for humanity is never uniform. Himself the most false and insincere of mankind, some of the greatest errors of his life arose from too rash a confidence in the honour and integrity of others. When these errors took place, they seem to have arisen from an over-refined system of policy, which induced Louis to assume the appearance of undoubting confidence in those whom it was his object to overreach; for, in his general conduct, he was as jealous and suspicious as any tyrant who ever lived.

Two other points may be noticed, to complete the sketch of this formidable character, who rose among the rude chivalrous sovereigns of the period to the rank of a keeper among wild beasts, who, by superior wisdom and policy, by distribution of food, and some discipline by blows, comes finally to predominate over those, who, if unsubjected by his arts, would by main strength have torn him to pieces.

The first of these attributes was Louis' excessive superstition, a plague with which Heaven often afflicts those who refuse to listen to the dictates of religion. The remorse arising from his evil actions, Louis never endeavoured to appease by any relaxation in his Machiavellian stratagems, but laboured, in vain, to sooth and silence that painful feeling by superstitious observances, severe penance, and profuse gifts to the ecclesiastics. The second property, with which the first is sometimes found strangely united, was a disposition to low pleasures and obscure debauchery. The wisest, or at least the most crafty Sovereign of his time, was fond of ordinary life, and, being himself a man of wit, enjoyed the jests and repartees of social conversation more than could have been expected from other points of his character. He even mingled in the comic adventures of obscure intrigue, with a freedom scarce consistent with the habitual and guarded jealousy of his character; and was so fond of this species of humble

gallantry, that he caused a number of its gay and licentious anecdotes to be enrolled in a collection well known to book-collectors, in whose eyes (and the work is unfit for any other) the *right* edition is very precions.

By means of this monarch's powerful and prudent, thongh most unamiable character, it pleased Heaven, who works by the tempest as well as by the soft small rain, to restore to the great French nation the benefits of civil government, which, at the time of his accession, they had nearly lost altogether.

Ere he snceeeded to the crown, Louis had given evidence of his vices rather than of his talents. His first wife, Margaret of Scotland, was 'done to death by slanderous tongues' in her husband's court, where, without his encouragement, no word had been breathed against that amiable and injured princess. He had been an ungrateful and a rebellious son, at one time conspiring to seize his father's person, and at another, levying open war against him. For the first offence, he was banished to his appanage of Dauphiné, which he governed with much sagacity — for the second, he was driven into absolute exile, and forced to throw himself on the mercy, and almost the charity, of the Duke of Burgundy and his son, where he enjoyed hospitality, afterwards indifferently requited, until the death of his father in 1461.

In the very ontset of his reign, Lonis was almost overpowered by a league formed against him by the great vassals of France, with the Duke of Burgundy, or rather his son, the Count de Charolois, at its head. They levied a powerful army, blockaded Paris, fonght a battle of doubtful event under its very walls, and put the French Monarchy on the brink of actual destruction. It usually happens in snch cases, that the most sagacious general of the two gains the real fruit, though perhaps not the martial fame, of tho disputed field. Lonis, who had shewn great personal bravery during the battle of Montlhéry, was able, by his prudence, to avail himself of its nndecided event, as if it had been a victory on his side. He temporized until the enemy had broken up their leaguer, snd shewed so mnch dexterity in sowing jealousies among those great powers, that their alliance 'for the pnblic weal', as they termed it, but, in reality, for the overthrow of all but the external appearance of the French monarchy, broke to pieces, and was never again renewed in a manner so formidable. From this period, for several years Louis, relieved of all danger from England, by the Civil Wars of York and Lancaster, was engaged, like an nnfeeling bnt able physician, in curing the wounds of the body politic, or rather in stopping, now by gentle remedies, now by the use of fire and steel, the progress of those mortal gangrenes with which it was then infected. The *brigandage* of the Free Companies, and the unpunished oppressions of the nobility, he laboured to lessen, since he could not actually stop them; and gradually, by dint of unrelaxed attention, he gained some addition to his own regal authority, or effected some diminntion of those by which it was counterbalanced.

Still the king of France was snrrounded by doubt and danger. The members of tbe league 'for the public weal', though not in unison, were in existence, and that scotched snake might reunite and become dangerons again. But a worse danger was the increasing power of the Duke of Burgundy, then one of the greatest Princes of Enrope, and little diminished in rank by the very precarious dependence of his duchy upon the crown of France.

Charles, surnamed the Bold, or rather the Audacious, for his courage was allied to rashness and frenzy, then wore the ducal coronet of Burgundy, which he burned to convert into a royal and independent regal crown. The character of this Duke was in every respect the direct contrast to that of Lonis XI.

The former was calm, deliberate, and crafty, never prosecuting a desperate enterprize, and never abandoning a probable one, however distant the prospect of success. The genius of the Duke was entirely different. He rushed on danger because he loved it, and on difficulties because he despised them. As Louis never sacrificed his interest to his passion, so Charles, on the other hand, never sacrificed his passion, or even his hnmonr, to any other considerations. Notwithstanding the near relationship that existed between them, and the support which the Duke and his father had afforded to Lonis in his exile when Dauphin, there was mntual contempt and hatred betwixt them. The Duke of Burgundy despised the cautious policy of the King, and imputed to the faintness of his courage, that he songht by leagues, pnrchases, and other indirect means, thoso advantages, which, in his place, he wonld have snatched with an armed hand; and he hated him, not only for the ingratitude he had manifested for former kindnesses, and for personal injuries and imputations which the

ambassadors of Louis had cast upon him, when his father was yet alive, but also, and especially, because of the support which he afforded in secret to the discontented citizens of Ghent, Liege, and other great towns in Flanders. These turbulent cities, jealous of their privileges, and proud of their wealth, frequently were in a state of insurrection against their liege lords the Dukes of Burgundy, and never failed to find under-hand countenance at the Court of Louis, who embraced every opportunity of fomenting disturbance within the dominions of his overgrown vassal.

The contempt and hatred of the Duke were retaliated by Louis with equal energy, though he used a thicker veil to conceal his sentiments. It was impossible for a man of his profound sagacity not to despise the stubborn obstinacy which never resigned its purpose, however fatal perseverance might prove, and the headlong impetuosity, which commenced its career without allowing a moment's consideration for the obstacles to be encountered. Yet the King hated Charles even more than he contemned him, and his scorn and hatred were the more intense, that they were mingled with fear; for he knew that the onset of the mad bull, to whom he likened the Duke of Burgundy, must ever be formidable, though the animal makes it with shut eyes. It was not alone the wealth of the Burgundian provinces, the discipline of the warlike inhabitants, and the mass of their crowded population, which the King dreaded, for the personal qualities of their leader had also much in them that was dangerous. The very soul of bravery, which he pushed to the verge of rashness, and beyond it — profuse in expenditure — splendid in his court, his person and his retinue, in all which he displayed the hereditary magnificence of the house of Burgundy, Charles the Bold drew into his service almost all the fiery spirits of the age, whose temper was congenial; and Louis saw too clearly what might be attempted and executed by such a train of desperate resolutes, following a leader of a character as ungovernable as their own.

There was yet another circumstance which increased the animosity of Louis towards his overgrown vassal; for he owed him favours which he never meant to repay, and was under the frequent necessity of temporizing with him, and even of enduring bursts of petulant insolence, injurious to the regal dignity, without being able to treat him as other than his 'fair cousin of Burgundy'.

WILLIAM CARLETON.

William Carleton, the son of a poor peasant, was born at Prillisk in the county of Tyrone 1798; his father although in a low station of life was a highly gifted man, and his mother possessed a most exquisite voice, and was skilled in the music of her country. Born of such parents it is not astonishing that Carleton should be possessed of natural genius; he received some little education, and his parents resolved to send him to Munster to enable him to continue it, but the young lad, having accomplished half of his journey, turned homesick, and bent his steps towards his native town again. At the age of seventeen he became under-schoolmaster in a small classical institution, in which situation he remained two years. The accidental perusal of Gil Blas so stimulated his love of adventure, that he left the town and went to Dublin where he arrived with only 2 s. 6 d. in his pocket, resolved to commence a literary career; and soon after published 'Traits and Stories' which met with great approbation. In 1832 he edited a 2nd series of these tales of north Irish life which was equally well received. In 1839 he published an Irish tale, entitled 'Fardorougha the Miser, or the Convicts of Lisnamona', in which the passion of Avarice is strikingly pictured. 'The Fawn of Spring Vale', 'The Clarionet' and other Tales appeared in 1841. In all his works he shows that he understands the character of his nation, and he has admirably depicted their manners.

PICTURE OF AN IRISH VILLAGE AND SCHOOL HOUSE.

The village of Findramore was situated at the foot of a long green hill, the outline of which formed a low arch, as it rose to the eye against the horizon. This hill was studded with clumps of beeches, and sometimes enclosed as a meadow. In the month of July, when the grass on it was long, many an hour have I spent in solitary enjoyment, watching the wavy motion produced upon its pliant surface by the sunny winds, or the flight of the cloud shadows, like gigantic phantoms, as they swept rapidly over it, whilst the murmur of the rocking trees, and the glancing of their bright leaves in the sun, produced a heartfelt pleasure, the very memory of which rises in my imagination like some fading recollection of a brighter world.

At the foot of this hill ran a clear deep-banked river, bounded on one side by a slip of rich level meadow, and on the other by a kind of common for the village geese,

whose white feathers during the summer season lay scattered over its green surface. It was also the play-ground for the boys of the village school; for there ran that part of the river which, with very correct judgment, the urchins had selected as their bathing-place. A little slope or watering-ground in the bank brought them to the edge of the stream, where the bottom fell away into the fearful depths of the whirlpool under the hanging oak on the other bank. Well do I remember the first time I ventured to swim across it, and even yet do I see in imagination the two bunches of water flagons on which the inexperienced swimmers trusted themselves in the water.

About two hundred yards above this, the *boreen*[1] which led from the village to the main road crossed the river by one of those old narrow bridges whose arches rise like round ditches across the road — an almost impassable barrier to horse and car. On passing the bridge in a northern direction, you found a range of low thatched houses on each side of the road; and if one o'clock, the hour of dinner, drew near, you might observe columns of blue smoke curling up from a row of chimneys, some made of wicker creels plastered over with a rich coat of mud, some of old narrow bottomless tubs, and others, with a greater appearance of taste, ornamented with thick circular ropes of straw sewed together like bees' skeps with the peel of a brier; and many having nothing but the open vent above. But the smoke by no means escaped by its legitimate aperture, for you might observe little clouds of it bursting out of the doors and windows; the panes of the latter being mostly stopped at other times with old hats and rags, were now left entirely open for the purpose of giving it a free escape.

Before the doors, on right and left, was a series of dunghills, each with its concomitant sink of green rotten water; and if it happened that a stout-looking woman with watery eyes, and a yellow cap hung loosely upon her matted locks, came, with a chubby urchin on one arm and a pot of dirty water in her hand, its unceremonious ejection in the aforesaid sink would be apt to send you up the village with your finger and thumb (for what purpose you would yourself perfectly understand) closely, but not knowingly, applied to your nostrils. But, independently of this, you would be apt to have other reasons for giving your horse, whose heels are by this time surrounded by a dozen of barking curs, and the same number of shouting urchins, a pretty sharp touch of the spurs, as well as for complaining bitterly of the odour of the atmosphere. It is no landscape without figures; and you might notice — if you are, as I suppose you to be, a man of observation — in every sink as you pass along a 'slip of a pig' stretched in the middle of the mud, the very *beau ideal* of luxury, giving occasionally a long luxuriant grunt, highly expressive of his enjoyment; or perhaps an old farrower, lying in indolent repose, with half a dozen young ones jostling each other for their draught, and punching her belly with their little snouts, reckless of the fumes they are creating; whilst the loud crow of the cock, as he confidently flaps his wings on his own dunghill, gives the warning note for the hour of dinner.

As you advance, you will also perceive several faces thrust out of the doors, and rather than miss a sight of you, a grotesque visage peeping by a short cut through the paneless windows, or a tattered female flying to snatch up her urchin that has been tumbling itself heels up in the dust of the road, lest 'the gintleman's horse might ride over it;' and if you happen to look behind, you may observe a shaggy-headed youth in tattered frize, with one hand thrust indolently in his breast, standing at the door in conversation with the inmates, a broad grin of sarcastic ridicule on his face, in the act of breaking a joke or two upon yourself or your horse; or perhaps your jaw may be saluted with a lump of clay, just hard enough not to fall asunder as it flies, cast by some ragged gorsoon from behind a hedge, who squats himself in a ridge of corn to avoid detection.

Seated upon a hob at the door you may observe a toil-worn man without coat or waistcoat, his red muscular sunburnt shoulder peering through the remnant of a shirt, mending his shoes with a piece of twisted flax, called a *lingel*, or perhaps sewing two footless stockings, or *martyeens*, to his coat, as a substitute for sleeves.

In the gardens, which are usually fringed with nettles, you will see a solitary labourer, working with that carelessness and apathy that characterise an Irishman when he labours *for himself*, leaning upon his spade to look after you, and glad of any excuse to be idle.

The houses, however, are not all such as I have described — far from it. You see here and there, between the more humble cabins, a stout comfortable-looking farmhouse with ornamental thatching and well-glazed windows; adjoining to which is a

[1] A little road.

hay-yard with five or six large stacks of corn, well-trimmed and roped, and a fine yellow weather-beaten old hay-rick, half-cut — not taking into account twelve or thirteen circular strata of stones that mark out the foundations on which others had been raised. Neither is the rich smell of oaten or wheaten bread, which the good-wife is baking on the griddle, unpleasant to your nostrils; nor would the bubbling of a large pot, in which you might see, should you chance to enter, a prodigious square of fat, yellow, and almost transparent bacon tumbling about, be an unpleasant object; truly, as it hangs over a large fire, with well-swept hearthstone, it is in good keeping with the white settle and chairs, and the dresser with noggins, wooden trenchers, and pewter dishes, perfectly clean, and as well polished as a French courtier.

As you leave the village, you have, to the left, a view of the hill which I have already described, and to the right a level expanse of fertile country, bounded by a good view of respectable mountains peering decently into the sky; and in a line that forms an acute angle from the point of the road where you ride, is a delightful valley, in the bottom of which shines a pretty lake; and a little beyond, on the slope of a green hill, rises a splendid house, surrounded by a park well-wooded and stocked with deer. You have now topped the little hill above the village, and a straight line of level road, a mile long, goes forward to a country town which lies immediately behind that white church with its spire cutting into the sky before you. You descend on the other side, and having advanced a few perches, look to the left, where you see a long thatched chapel, only distinguished from a dwelling-house by its want of chimneys, and a small stone cross that stands on the top of the eastern gable; behind it is a grave-yard, and beside it a snug public-house, well white-washed; then, to the right, you observe a door apparently in the side of a clay bank, which rises considerably above the pavement of the road. What! you ask yourself, can this be a human habitation? But ere you have time to answer the question, a confused buzz of voices from within reaches your ear, and the appearance of a little gorsoon with a red close-cropped head and Milesian face, having in his hand a short white stick, or the thigh-bone of a horse, which you at once recognise as 'the pass' of a village school, gives you the full information. He has an ink-horn, covered with leather, dangling at the button-hole (for he has long since played away the buttons) of his frize jacket — his mouth is circumscribed with a streak of ink — his pen is stuck knowingly behind his ear — his shins are dotted over with fire-blisters, black, red, and blue — on each heel a kibe — his 'leather crackers' — *videlicet*, breeches — shrunk up upon him, and only reaching as far down as the caps of his knees. Having spied you, he places his hand over his brows, to throw back the dazzling light of the sun, and peers at you from under it, till he breaks out into a laugh, exclaiming, half to himself, half to you —

'You a gintleman! — no, nor one of your breed never was, you procthorin' thief you!'

You are now immediately opposite the door of the seminary, when half a dozen of those seated next it notice you.

'Oh, sir, here's a gintleman on a horse! — masther, sir, here's a gintleman on a horse, wid hoots and spurs on him, that's looking in at us.'

'Silence!' exclaims the master; 'back from the door — boys rehearse — every one of you rehearse, I say, you Bœotians, till the gintleman goes past!'

'I want to go out, if you plase, sir.'

'No, you don't, Phelim.'

'I do, indeed, sir.'

'What! is it afther conthradictin' me you'd be? Don't you see the 'porter's' out, and you can't go.'

'Well, 'tis Mar Meehan has it, sir; and he's out this half-hour, sir; I can't stay in, sir!' [ing at the gintleman, Phelim.'

'You want to be idling your time look-

'No, indeed, sir.'

'Phelim, I know you of ould — go to your sate. I tell you, Phelim, you were born for the encouragement of the hemp manufacture, and you'll die promoting it.'

In the meantime the master puts his head out of the door, his body stooped to a 'half-bend' — a phrase, and the exact curve which it forms, I leave for the present to your own sagacity — and surveys you until you pass. That is an Irish hedge-school, and the personage who follows you with his eye a hedge-schoolmaster.

EDWARD GEORGE EARLE LYTTON BULWER.

Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer, one of the most popular novelists of the present day, the youngest son of the late General Bulwer of Hayden Hall in Norfolk, was born in the year 1803. In 1826 he published a volume of poems, entitled 'Weeds and Wild Flowers' and in the following year a poetical tale 'O'Niel or the Rebel'. Bulwer does not appear to a great advantage in poetry, but some of his novels exhibit unusual skill. In the year 1827 he published the first romance called 'Falkland', in which it is plainly to be remarked that he had taken Byron for his model. He next appeared before the public in 'Pelham' which is a lively picture of the life of a fashionable gentleman, written in a brilliant, witty, and slightly sarcastic style. In 1828 appeared the 'Disowned' and in the following year 'Devereux' a novel in which the English and French manners of the last century are gracefully depicted. In 1830 Mr. Bulwer brought out 'Paul Clifford', which although interesting as a novel, is rather unnatural, as sentimental pickpockets and highwayman declaiming upon the vanity of human wishes and satirically criticising the present state of society, make their appearance in it. In 'Eugene Aram', Bulwer's talents develop themselves in quite a different manner; he there soars into the higher regions of metaphysics and converts a despicable murderer into an amiable though unhappy hero. In 1833 appeared his 'England and the English', which consists in remarks on the manners of the English. 'The Pilgrims of the Rhine', a beautiful and fanciful work, was immediately followed by 'The Last Days of Pompeii', one of Bulwer's most successful romances; but perhaps the finest of all his novels is 'Rienzi', which was published soon after his 'Last Days of Pompeii.' In 1837 appeared 'Ernest Maltravers', forming the beginning of the 3rd period of Bulwer's writings, and after publishing several dramas which display considerable merit he resumed his pen as a novelist and wrote 'Night and Morning' 'Day and Night', 'Glimmer and Gloom'. His last work is entitled: 'My novel'. In 'Eva', 'The Ill-Omen'd Marriage', and other Tales and Poems he attempted, but without much success, to attract poetical honours. In romance Bulwer excels most of his contemporaries, both in language and imagery, but in almost all his works it can be perceived, that Byron has formed his pattern, although he has not particularly well succeeded in his imitations. His language shows him to have had much experience in the world, it is expressive and free and seems to be brought forth without causing him any effort; but he sometimes robs it of its beauty by suddenly descending from the heights of grandeur to much that is low and of little worth.

PELHAM I.

At ten years old I went to Eton. I had been educated till that period by my mother, who, being distantly related to Lord — — —, (who had published 'Hints upon the Culinary Art'), imagined she possessed an hereditary claim to literary distinctions. History was her great *forte;* for she had read all the historical romances of the day, and history accordingly I had been carefully taught.

I think at this moment I see my mother before me, reclining on her sofa, and repeating to me some story about Queen Elizabeth and Lord Essex; then telling me, in a languid voice, as she sank back with the exertion, of the blessing of a literary taste, and admonishing me never to read above half an hour at a time for fear of losing my health.

Well, to Eton I went; and the second day I had been there, I was half killed for refusing, with all the pride of a Pelham, to wash tea-cups. I was rescued from the clutches of my tyrant by a boy not much bigger than myself, but reckoned the best fighter, for his size, in the whole school. His name was Reginald Glanville: from that period, we became inseparable, and our friendship lasted all the time he stayed at Eton, which was within a year of my own departure for Cambridge.

His father was a baronet, of a very ancient and wealthy family; and his mother was a woman of some talent and more ambition. She made her house one of the most *recherchée* in London. Seldom seen at large assemblies, she was eagerly sought after in the *well winnowed soirées* of the elect. Her wealth, great as it was, seemed the least prominent ingredient of her establishment. There was in it no uncalled-for ostentation — no purse-proud vulgarity — no cringing to great, and no patronizing condescension to little people; even the Sunday newspapers could not find fault with her, and the querulous wives of younger brothers could only sneer and be silent.

'It is an excellent connexion,' said my mother, when I told her of my friendship with Reginald Glanville, 'and will be of more use to you than many of greater apparent consequence. Remember, my dear, that in all the friends you make at present, you look to the advantage you can derive from them hereafter; that is what we call knowledge of the world, and it is to get the knowledge of the world that you are sent to a public school.'

I think, however, to my shame, that notwithstanding my mother's instruction, very few prudential considerations were mingled with my friendship for Reginald Glanville. I loved him with a warmth of attachment, which has since surprised even myself.

He was of a very singular character: he used to wander by the river in the bright days of summer, when all else were at play, without any companion but his own thoughts; and these were tinged, even at that early age, with a deep and impassioned melancholy. He was so reserved in his manner, that it was looked upon as coldness or pride, and was repaid as such by a pretty general dislike. Yet to those he loved, no one

could he more open and warm; more watchful to gratify others, more indifferent to gratification for himself: an utter absence of all selfishness, and an eager and active benevolence, were indeed the distinguishing traits of his character. I have seen him endure with a careless goodnature the most provoking affronts from boys much less than himself; but directly I, or any other of his immediate friends, was injured or aggrieved, his anger was almost implacable. Although he was of a slight frame, yet early exercise had brought strength to his muscles, and activity to his limbs; and his skill in all athletic exercises, whenever (which was but rarely) he deigned to share them, gave alike confidence and success to whatever enterprise his lion-like courage tempted him to dare.

Such, briefly and imperfectly sketched, was the character of Reginald Glanville — the one, who of my early companions differed the most from myself; yet the one whom I loved the most, and the one whose future destiny was the most intertwined with my own.

I was in the head class when I left Eton. As I was reckoned an uncommonly well-educated boy, it may not be ungratifying to the admirers of the present system of education to pause here for a moment, and recall what I then knew. I could make twenty Latin verses in half an hour; I could construe, *without* an English translation, all the easy Latin authors, and many of the difficult ones, *with it:* I could read Greek fluently, and even translate it through the medium of a Latin version at the bottom of the page. I was thought exceedingly clever, for I had only been eight years acquiring all this fund of information, which, as one can never recall it in the world, you have every right to suppose that I had entirely forgotten before I was five-and-twenty. As I was never *taught* a syllable of English during this period; as when I once attempted to read Pope's poems, out of school hours, I was laughed at, and called *'a sap;'* as my mother, when I went to school, renounced her own instructions; and as, whatever school-masters may think to the contrary, one learns nothing now-a-days by inspiration: so of every thing which relates to English literature, English laws, and English history (with the exception of the said story of Queen Elizabeth and Lord Essex), you have the same right to suppose that I was, at the age of eighteen, when I left Eton, in the profoundest ignorance.

At this age, I was transplanted to Cambridge, where I bloomed for two years in the blue and silver of a fellow commoner of Trinity. At the end of that time (being of royal descent) I became entitled to an *honorary* degree. I suppose the term is in contradistinction to an *honourable* degree, which is obtained by pale men in spectacles and cotton stockings, after thirty-six months of intense application.

I do not exactly remember how I spent my time at Cambridge. I had a pianoforte in my room, and a private billiard-room at a village two miles off; and between these resources, I managed to improve my mind more than could reasonably have been expected. To say truth, the whole place reeked with vulgarity. The men drank beer by the gallon, and eat cheese by the hundred weight — wore jockey-cut coats, and talked slang — rode for wagers, and swore when they lost — smoked in your face, and expectorated on the floor. Their proudest glory was to drive the mail — their mightiest exploit to box with the coachman — their most delicate amour to leer at the bar-maid.

It will be believed, that I felt little regret in quitting companions of this description. I went to take leave of our college tutor. 'Mr. Pelham,' said he, affectionately squeezing me by the hand, 'your conduct has been most exemplary; you have not walked wantonly over the college grass-plots, nor set your dog at the proctor — nor driven tandems by day, nor broken lamps by night — nor entered the chapel in order to display your intoxication — nor the lecture-room, in order to caricature the professors. This is the general behaviour of young men of family and fortune; but it has not been yours. Sir, you have been an honour to your college.'

Thus closed my academical career. He who does not allow that it passed creditably to my teachers, profitably to myself, and beneficially to the world, is a narrow-minded and illiterate man, who knows nothing of the advantages of modern education.

I left Cambridge in a very weak state of health; and as nobody had yet come to London, I accepted the invitation of Sir Lionel Garrett to pay him a visit at his country seat. Accordingly, one raw winter's day, full of the hopes of the reviving influence of air and exercise, I found myself carefully packed up in three great coats, and on the high road to Garrett Park.

Sir Lionel Garrett was a character very common in England, and, in describing him, I describe the whole species. He was of

an ancient family, and his ancestors had for centuries resided on their estates in Norfolk. Sir Lionel, who came to his majority and his fortune at the same time, went up to London at the age of twenty-one, a raw, uncouth sort of young man, in a green coat and lank hair. His friends in town were of that set whose members are *above ton*, whenever they do not grasp at its possession, but who, whenever they do, lose at once their aim and their equilibrium, and fall immeasurably below it. I mean that set which I call *'the respectable,'* consisting of old peers of an old school; country gentlemen, who still disdain not to love their wine and to hate the French; generals who *have served* in the army; elder brothers who succeed to something besides a mortgage; and younger brothers, who do not mistake their capital for their income. To this set you may add the whole of the baronetage — for I have remarked that baronets hang together like bees or Scotchmen; and if I go to a baronet's house, and speak to some one whom I have not the happiness to know, I always say *'Sir John — —.'*

It was no wonder, then, that to this set belonged Sir Lionel Garrett — no more the youth in a green coat and lank hair, but pinched in, and curled out — abounding in horses and whiskers — dancing all night — lounging all day — the favourite of the old ladies, the Philander of the young.

One unfortunate evening Sir Lionel Garrett was introduced to the celebrated Duchess of D. From that moment his head was turned. Before then, he had always imagined that he was somebody — that he was Sir Lionel Garrett, with a good-looking person and eight thousand a-year; he now knew that he was nobody unless he went to Lady G.'s, and unless he bowed to Lady S. Disdaining all importance derived from himself, it became absolutely necessary to his happiness, that all his importance should be derived solely from his acquaintance with others. He cared not a straw that he was a man of fortune, of family, of consequence; he must be a man of *ton;* or he was an atom, a non-entity, a very worm, and no man. No lawyer at Gray's Inn, no galley slave at the oar, ever worked so hard at his task as Sir Lionel Garrett at *his*. *Ton*, to a single man, is a thing attainable enough. Sir Lionel was just gaining the envied distinction, when he saw, courted, and married Lady Harriett Woodstock.

His new wife was of a modern and not very rich family, and striving like Sir Lionel for the notoriety of fashion; but of this struggle he was ignorant. He saw her *admitted* into good society — he imagined she *commanded* it; she was a hanger-on — he believed she was a leader. Lady Harriett was crafty and twenty-four — had no objection to be married, nor to change the name of Woodstock for Garrett She kept up the baronet's mistake till it was too late to repair it.

Marriage did not bring Sir Lionel wisdom. His wife was of the same turn of mind as himself: they might have been great people in the country — they preferred being little people in town. They might *have* chosen *friends* among persons of respectability and rank — they preferred *being* chosen *as acquaintance* by persons of *ton*. Society was their being's end and aim, and the only thing which brought them pleasure was the pain of attaining it. Did I not say truly that I would describe individuals of a common species? Is there one who reads this, who does not recognize that overflowing class of the English population, whose members would conceive it an insult to be thought of sufficient rank to be respectable for what they are? — who take it as an honour that they are made by their acquaintance? — who renounce the ease of living for themselves, for the trouble of living for persons who care not a pin for their existence — who are wretched if they are not dictated to by others — and who toil, groan, travail, through the whole course of life, in order to forfeit their independence?

I arrived at Garrett Park just time enough to dress for dinner. As I was descending the stairs after having performed that ceremony, I heard my own name pronounced by a very soft, lisping voice, 'Henry Pelham! dear, what a pretty name. Is he handsome?'

'Rather *distingué* than handsome,' was the unsatisfactory reply, couched in a slow, pompous accent, which I immediately recognized to belong to Lady Harriett Garrett.

'Can we make something of him?' resumed the first voice.

'Something!' said Lady Harriett, indignantly; 'he will be Lord Glenmorris! and he is son to Lady Frances Pelham.'

'Ah,' said the lisper, carelessly; 'but can he write poetry, and play *proverbes?*'

'No, Lady Harriett,' said I, advancing; 'but permit me, through you, to assure Lady Nelthorpe that he can admire those who do.'

'So you know me then?' said the lisper: 'I see we shall be excellent friends;' and disengaging herself from Lady Harriett, she took my arm, and began discussing persons

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and things, poetry and china, French plays and music, till I found myself beside her at dinner, and most assiduously endeavouring to silence her by the superior engrossments of a *Béchamelle de poisson*.

I took the opportunity of the pause, to survey the little circle of which Lady Harriett was the centre. In the first place, there was Mr. Davison, a great political economist, a short, dark, corpulent gentleman, with a quiet, serene, sleepy countenance, which put me exceedingly in mind of my grandmother's arm-chair; beside him was a quick, sharp little woman, all sparkle and hustle, glancing a small, grey, prying eye round the table, with a most restless activity: this, as Lady Nelthorpe afterwards informed me, was a Miss Trafford, an excellent person for a Christmas in the country, whom every body was dying to have: she was an admirable mimic, an admirable actress, and an admirable reciter; made poetry and shoes, and told fortunes by the cards, which *came actually true*.

There was also Mr. Wormwood, the *noli-me-tangere* of literary lions — an author who sowed his conversation not with flowers but thorns. Nobody could accuse him of the flattery generally imputed to his species; through the course of a long and varied life, he had never once been known to say a civil thing. He was too much disliked not to be *recherché;* whatever is once notorious, even for being disagreeable, is sure to be courted in England. Opposite to him sat the really clever, and affectedly pedantic Lord Vincent, one of those persons who have been *'promising young men'* all their lives; who are found till four o'clock in the afternoon in a dressing-gown, with a quarto before them; who go down into the country for six weeks every session, to cram an impromptu reply; and who always have a work in the press which is never to be published.

Lady Nelthorpe herself I had frequently seen. She had some reputation for talent, was exceedingly affected, wrote poetry in albums, ridiculed her husband, who was a fox-hunter, and had a great *penchant pour les beaux arts et les beaux hommes*.

There were four or five others of the unknown vulgar, younger brothers, who were good shots and bad matches; elderly ladies, who lived in Baker-street, and liked long whist; and young ones, who never took wine, and said *'Sir.'*

I must, however, among this number, except the beautiful Lady Roseville, the most fascinating woman, perhaps, of the day. She was evidently *the* great person there, and, indeed, among all people who paid due deference to *ton*, was always sure to be so every where.

She was very fond of the society of *literati*, though without the pretence of belonging to their order. But her manners constituted her chief attraction: while they were utterly different from those of every one else, you could not, in the least minutiæ, discover in what the difference consisted: this is, in my opinion, the real test of perfect breeding. While you are enchanted with the effect, it should possess so little prominency and peculiarity, that you should never be able to guess the cause.

'Pray,' said Lord Vincent to Mr. Wormwood, 'have you been to P—— this year?'

'No,' was the answer.

'I have, my lord,' said Miss Trafford, who never lost an opportunity of slipping in a word.

'Well, and did they make you sleep, as usual, at the Crown, with the same eternal excuse, after having brought you fifty miles from town, of small house — no beds — all engaged — inn close by? Ah, never shall I forget that inn, with its royal name, and its hard beds —

"Uneasy sleeps a head beneath the Crown!"

'Ha, ha! Excellent!' cried Miss Trafford, who was always the first in at the death of a pun. 'Yes, indeed they did: poor old Lord Belton, with his rheumatism; and that immense General Grant, with his asthma; together with three 'single men,' and myself, were safely conveyed to that asylum for the destitute.'

'Ah! Grant, Grant!' said Lord Vincent, eagerly, who saw another opportunity of whipping in a pun. 'He slept there also the same night I did; and when I saw his unwieldy person waddling out of the door the next morning, I said to Temple, 'Well, *that's the largest Grant I ever saw from the Crown.*'

'Very good,' said Wormwood, gravely. 'I declare Vincent, you are growing *quite* witty. Do you remember Jekyl? Poor fellow, what a really good punster *he* was — not agreeable though — particularly at dinner — no punsters are. Mr. Davison, what is that dish next to you?'

Mr. Davison was a great gourmand: *'Salmi de perdreaux aux truffes,'* replied the political economist.

'Truffles!' said Wormwood, 'have *you* been eating any?'

'Yes,' said Davison, with unusual energy, 'and they are the best I have tasted for a long time.'

'Very likely,' said Wormwood, with a dejected air. 'I am particularly fond of them, bnt I dare not touch one — truffles are so *very* apoplectic — yon, I make no doubt, may eat them in safety.'

Wormwood was a tall, meagre man, with a neck a yard long. Davison was, as I have said, short and fat, and made without any apparent neck at all — only head and shoulders, like a cod-fish.

Poor Mr. Davison turned perfectly white; he fidgeted about in his chair; cast a look of the most deadly fear and aversion at the fatal dish he had been so attentive to before; and, muttering 'apoplectic,' closed his lips, and did not open them again all dinner-time.

Mr. Wormwood's object was effected. Two people were silenced and uncomfortable, and a sort of mist hnng over the spirits of the whole party. The dinner went on and off, like all other dinners; the ladies retired, and the men drank, and talked indecorums. Mr. Davison left the room first, in order to look ont the word 'truffle,' in the Encyclopædia; and Lord Vincent and I went next, 'lest (as my companion characteristically observed) that d — — d Wormwood should, if we stayed a moment longer, 'send us weeping to onr beds.'

All the men at Sir Lionel Garrett's were keen sportsmen. Now, shooting is an amusement I was never particularly partial to. I was first disgusted with that species of national recreation at a *battue*, where, instead of bagging any thing, *I was nearly bagged,* having been inserted, like wine in an ice pail, in a wet ditch for three hours, during which time my hat had been twice shot at for a pheasant, and my leather gaiters once for a hare; and to crown all, when these several mistakes were discovered, my intended exterminators, instead of apologizing for having shot at me, were quite disappointed at having missed.

Seriously, that same shooting is a most barbarous amusement, only fit for majors in the army, and royal dukes, and that sort of people; *the mere walking* is bad enough, hut embarrassing one's arms moreover, with a gun, and one's legs with turnip-tops, exposing one's self to the mercy of had shots and the atrocity of good, seems to me only a state of painful fatigue, enlivened by the probability of being killed.

II.

The borongh of Bnyemall had long been in nndisputed possession of the lords of Glenmorris, till a rich banker, of the name of Lufton, had bought a large estate in the immediate neighbourhood of Glenmorris Castle. This event, which was the precursor of mighty revolution in the borough of Buyemall, took place in the first year of my uncle's accession to his property. A few months afterwards, a vacaney in the borough occurring, my uncle procured the nomination of one of his own political party. To the great astonishment of Lord Glenmorris, and the great gratification of the burghers of Buyemall, Mr. Lufton offered himself in opposition to the Glenmorris candidate. In this age of enlightenment, innovation has no respect for the most sacred institutions of antiquity. The burghers, for the only time since their creation as a body, were cast first into doubt, and secondly into rebellion. The Lufton faction, *horresco referens*, were triumphant, and the rival candidate was returned. From that honr the Borough of Buyemall was open to all the world.

My nncle, who was a good easy man, and had some strange notions of free representation, and liberty of election, professed to care very little for this event. He contented himself henceforward, with exerting his interest for one of the members, and left the other seat entirely at the disposal of the line of Lufton, which, from the time of the first competition, continned peaceably to monopolize it.

During the last two years, my nncle's candidate, the late Mr. Toolington, had been gradnally dying of a dropsy, and the Luftons had been so *particularly* attentive to the honest hnrghers, that it was shrewdly suspected a bold push was to be made for the other seat. Dnring the last month these doubts were changed into certainty. Mr. Augustus Leopold Lufton, eldest son to Benjamin Lnfton, Esq., had publicly declared his intention of starting at the decease of Mr. Toolington; against this personage, hehold myself armed and arrayed.

Such is, in brief, the history of the borongh, up to the time in which I was to take a prominent share in its interests and events.

On the second day after my arrival at the castle, the following advertisement appeared at Buyemall: —

'To the Independent Electors of the Borough of Buyemall.

GENTLEMEN,

'In presenting myself to yonr notice, I advance a claim not altogether new and unfonnded. My family have for centuries heen residing amongst you, and exercising that

interest which reciprocal confidence, and good offices may fairly create. Should it be my good fortune to be chosen your representative, you may rely upon my utmost endeavours to deserve that honour. One word upon the principles I espouse: they are those which have found their advocates among the wisest and the best; they are those which, hostile alike to the encroachments of the crown, and the licentiousness of the people, would support the real interest of both. Upon these grounds, gentlemen, I have the honour to solicit your votes; and it is with the sincerest respect for your ancient and honourable body, that I subscribe myself your very obedient servant,

HENRY PELHAM.'

'Glenmorris Castle,' &c. &c.

Such was the first public signification of my intentions; it was drawn up by Mr. Sharpon, our lawyer, and considered by our friends as a master-piece: for, as my mother sagely observed, it did not commit me in a single instance — espoused no principle, and yet professed what all parties would allow was the best.

At the first house where I called, the proprietor was a clergyman of good family, who had married a lady from Bakerstreet: of course the Reverend Combermere St. Quintin and his wife valued themselves upon being '*genteel*.' I arrived at an unlucky moment; on entering the hall, a dirty footboy was carrying a yellow-ware dish of potatoes into the back room. Another Ganymede (a sort of foothoy major), who opened the door, and who was still *settling himself into his coat*, which he had slipped on at my tintinabulary summons, ushered me with a mouth full of bread and cheese into this said back room. I gave up every thing as lost, when I entered, and saw the lady helping her youngest child to some ineffable trash, which I have since heard is called 'blackberry-pudding.' Another of the tribe was bawling out, with a loud, hungry tone — 'A tatoe, pa!' The father himself was carving for the little group, with a napkin stuffed into the top buttonhole of his waistcoat, and the mother, with a long bib, plentifully bespattered with congealing gravy, and the nectarean liquor of the 'blackberry-pudding,' was sitting, with a sort of presiding complacency, on a high stool, like Jupiter on Olympus, enjoying rather than stilling the confused hubbub of the little domestic deities, who eat, clattered, spattered, and squabbled around her.

Amidst all this din and confusion, the candidate for the borough of Bnyemall was ushered into the household privacy of the *genteel* Mr. and Mrs. St. Quintin. Up started the lady at the sound of my name. The Reverend Combermere St. Quintin seemed frozen into stone. The plate between the youngest child and the blackberry-pudding, stood as still as the sun in Ajalon. The morsel between the mouth of the elder boy and his fork had a respite from mastication. The Seven Sleepers could not have been spell-bound more suddenly and completely.

'Ah!' cried I, advancing eagerly, with an air of serious and yet abrupt gladness; 'how deuced lucky that I should find you all at luncheon. I was up and had finished breakfast so early this morning, that I am half famished. Only think how fortunate, Hardy (turning round to one of the members of my committee, who accompanied me); I was just saying what would I not give to find Mr. St. Quintin at luncheon. Will you allow me, Madam, to make one of your party?'

Mrs. St. Quintin coloured, and faltered, and muttered out something which I was fully resolved *not* to hear. I took a chair, looked round the table, not *too* attentively, and said — 'Cold veal; ah! ah! nothing I like so much. May I trouble you, Mr. St. Quintin? — Halloo, my little man, let's see if you can't give me a potatoe. There's a brave fellow. How old are you, my young hero? — to look at your mother, I should say two; to look at *you*, six.'

'He is four next May,' said his mother, colouring, and this time *not* painfully.

'Indeed!' said I, surveying him earnestly; and then, in a graver tone, I turned to the Reverend Combermere with — 'I think you have a branch of your family still settled in France. I met Monsieur St. Quintin, the Duc de Poictiers, abroad.'

'Yes,' said Mr. Combermere, 'yes, the name is still in Normandy, but I was not aware of the title.'

'No!' said I, with surprise; 'and yet (with another look at the boy), it is astonishing how long family likenesses last. I was a great favourite with all the Duc's children. Do you know, I must trouble you for some more veal, it is so very good, and I am so very hungry.'

'How long have you been abroad?' said Mrs. St. Quintin, who had slipped off her bib, and smoothed her ringlets; for which purposes I had been most adroitly looking in an opposite direction the last three minutes.

'Abont seven or eight months. The fact is, that the Continent only does for us English people to see — not to inhabit; and yet, there are some advantages there, Mr. St. Quintin! — Among others, that of the due respect ancient hirth is held in. Here, yon know, 'money makes the man,' as the vulgar proverb has it.'

'Yes,' said Mr. St. Quintin, with a sigh, 'it is really dreadful to see those upstarts rising aronnd us, and throwing every thing that is respectable and ancient into the hack ground. Dangerous times these, Mr. Pelham — dangerons times; nothing hut innovation upon the most sacred institntions. I am sure, Mr. Pelham, that your principles must he decidedly against these new-fashioned doctrines, which lead to nothing bnt anarchy and confusion — absolutely nothing.'

'I'm delighted to find you so much of my opinion!' said I. 'I cannot endnre any thing *that leads to anarchy and confusion.*'

Here Mr. Combermere glanced at his wife — who rose, called to the children, and, accompanied by them, gracefully withdrew.

'Now then,' said Mr. Combermere, drawing his chair nearer to me, — 'now, Mr. Pelham, we can discuss these matters. Women are no politicians,' and at this sage aphorism, the Rev. Comhermere laughed a low solemn laugh, which could have come from no other lips. After I had joined in this grave merriment for a second or two — I hemmed thrice, and with a countenance suited to the suhject and the hosts, plunged at once *in medias res.*

'Mr. St. Quintin, said I, 'you are already aware, I think, of my intention of offering myself as a candidate for the borough of Buyemall. I conld not think of such a measure, without calling upon you, the very first person, to solicit the honour of your vote.' Mr. Comhermere looked pleased, and prepared to reply. 'You are the very first person I called upon,' repeated I.

Mr. Combermere smiled. 'Well, Mr. Pelham,' said he, 'our families have long heen on the most intimate footing.'

'Ever since,' cried I, 'ever since Henry the Seventh's time have the houses of St. Quintin and Glenmorris heen allied. Your ancestors, you know, were settled in the county before our's, and my mother assures me that she has read in some old book or another, a long accounnt of your forefather's kind reception of mine at the castle of St. Quintin. I *do* trust, Sir, that we have done nothing to forfeit a support so long afforded us.'

Mr. St. Quintin bowed in speechless gratification; at length he found voice. 'But your principles, Mr. Pelham?'

'Quite yours, my dear Sir: *quite against anarchy and confusion.*'

'Bnt the catholic question, Mr. Pelham?'

'Oh! the catholic qnestion,' repeated I, 'is a qnestion of great importance; it won't he carried — no, Mr. St. Quintin, no, it won't be carried; how *did* you think, my dear Sir, that I conld, in so great a question, act against my conscience?'

I said this with warmth, and Mr. St. Quintin was either too convinced or too timid to pursue so dangerons a topic any further. I hlessed my stars when he paused, and not giving him time to think of another piece of dehateable gronnd, continued 'Yes, Mr. St. Quintin, I called upon you the very first person. Your rank in the conntry, yonr ancient hirth, to be snre, demanded it; but *I* only considered the long, long time the St. Quintins and Pelhams had heen connected.'

'Well, said the Rev. Comhermere, 'well, Mr. Pelham, you shall have my support; and I wish, from my very heart, all success to a young gentleman of such excellent principles.'

From Mr. Combermere St. Quintin's, we went to a bluff, hearty, radical wine-merchant, whom I had very little probability of gaining; bnt my success with the clerical Armado had inspirited me, and I did not snffer myself to fear, though I could scarcely persuade myself to hope. How exceedingly impossible it is, in governing men, to lay down positive rules, even where we know the temper of the individual to be gained. 'Yon must he very stiff and formal with the St. Quintins,' said my mother. She was right in the general admonition, and had I found them all seated in the hest drawing-room, Mrs. St. Quintin in her hest attire, and the children on their hest behaviour, I shonld have been as stately as Don Quixote in a brocade dressing-gown; hut finding them in such dishahille, I could not affect too great a plainness and almost coarseness of bearing, as if I had never been accustomed to any thing more refined than I found there: nor might I, hy any appearance of pride in myself, put them in mind of the wound *their* own pride had received. The difficulty was to hlend with this familiarity a certain respect, just the same as a French ambassador might have testified towards the angust person of George the Third, had he found his Majesty at dinner at one o'clock, over mutton and turnips.

In overcoming this difficulty, I congratulated myself with as much zeal and fervour as if I had performed the most important victory; for, whether it be innocent or sanguinary, in war or at an election, there is no triumph so gratifying to the viciousness of human nature, as the conquest of our fellow beings.

But I must return to my wine merchant, Mr. Briggs. His house was at the entrance of the town of Buyemall; it stood inclosed in a small garden, flaming with crocuses and sunflowers, and exhibiting an arbour to the right, where, in the summer evenings, the respectable owner might be seen, with his waistcoat unbuttoned, in order to give that just and rational liberty to the subordinate parts of the human commonwealth, which the increase of their consequence after the hour of dinner naturally demands. Nor, in those moments of dignified ease, was the worthy burgher without the divine inspirations of complacent contemplation which the weed of Virginia bestoweth. There, as he smoked and puffed, and looked out upon the bright crocuses, and meditated over the dim recollections of the hesternal journal, did Mr. Briggs revolve in his mind the vast importance of the borough of Buyemall to the British empire, and the vast importance of John Briggs to the borough of Buyemall.

When I knocked at the door, a prettyish maid servant opened it with a smile. I was ushered into a small parlour — where sat, sipping brandy and water, a short, stout, *monosyllabic* sort of figure, corresponding in outward shape *to the name of Briggs* — even unto a very nicety.

'Mr. Pelham,' said this gentleman, who was dressed in a brown coat, white waistcoat, buff-coloured inexpressibles, with long strings, and gaiters of the same hue and substance as the breeches — 'Mr. Pelham, pray be seated — excuse my rising, I'm like the bishop in the story, Mr. Pelham, too old to rise;' and Mr. Briggs grunted out a short, quick, querulous, 'he — he — he,' to which, of course, I replied to the best of my cachinnatory powers.

No sooner, however, did I begin to laugh, than Mr. Briggs stopped short — eyed me with a sharp, suspicious glance — shook his head, and pushed back his chair at least four feet from the spot it had hitherto occupied. Ominous signs, thought I — I must sound this gentleman a little further, before I venture to treat him as the rest of his species.

'You have a nice situation here, Mr. Briggs,' said I.

'Ah, Mr. Pelham, and a nice vote too, which is somewhat more to your purpose, I believe.'

'Oh!' thought I, 'I see through you now, Mr. Briggs!' — you must not be too civil to one who suspects you are going to be civil, in order to take him in.

'Why,' said I, 'Mr. Briggs, to be frank with you, I do call upon you for the purpose of requesting your vote; give it me, or not, just as you please. You may be sure I shall not make use of the vulgar electioneering arts to coax gentlemen out of their votes. I ask you for yours as one freeman solicits another: if you think my opponent a fitter person to represent your borough, give your support to him, in God's name: if not, and you place confidence in me, I will, at least, endeavour not to betray it.'

'Well done, Mr. Pelham,' exclaimed Mr. Briggs; 'I love candour — you speak just after my own heart; but you must be aware that one does not like to be hamboozled out of one's right of election, by a smooth-tongued fellow, who sends one to the devil the moment the election is over — or still worse, to be frightened out of it by some stiffnecked proud coxcomb, with his pedigree in his hand, and his acres in his face, thinking he does you a marvellous honour to ask you at all. Sad times these for this free country, Mr. Pelham, when a parcel of conceited paupers, like Parson Quinny (as I call that reverend fool, Mr. Combermere St. Quintin), imagine they have a right to dictate to warm, honest men, who can buy their whole family out and out. I tell you what, Mr. Pelham, we shall never do anything for this country till we get rid of those landed aristocrats, with their ancestry and humbug. I hope you're of my mind, Mr. Pelham'.

'Why,' answered I, 'there is certainly nothing so respectable in Great Britain as our commercial interest. A man who makes himself is worth a thousand men made by their forefathers.'

'Very true, Mr. Pelham,' said the wine-merchant, advancing his chair to me, and then laying a short, *thickset* finger upon my arm — he looked up in my face with an investigating air, and said: — 'Parliamentary Reform — what do you say to that? you're not an advocate for ancient abuses and modern corruption, I hope Mr. Pelham?'

'By no means,' cried I, with an honest air of indignation — 'I have a conscience, Mr. Briggs, I have a conscience as a public man, no less than as a private one!'

'Admirable!' cried my host.

'No,' I continued, glowing as I proceed-

ed, 'no, Mr. Briggs; I disdain to talk too much about my principles before they are tried; the proper time to proclaim them is when they have effected some good by being put into action. I won't supplicate your vote, Mr. Briggs, as my opponent may do; there must be a mutual confidence between my supporters and myself. When I appear before you a second time, you will have a right to see how far I have wronged that trust reposed in me as your representative. Mr. Briggs, I dare say it may seem rude and impolitic to address you in this manner; but I am a plain, blunt man, and I disdain the vulgar arts of electioneering, Mr. Briggs.'

'Give us your fist, old boy,' cried the wine merchant, in a transport, 'give us your fist; I promise you my support, and I am delighted to vote for *a young gentleman of such excellent principles*.'

So much, dear reader, for Mr. Briggs, who became from that interview my staunchest supporter. I will not linger longer upon this part of my career: the above conversations may serve as a sufficient sample of my electioneering qualifications; and so I shall merely add, that after the due quantum of dining, drinking, sponting, lying, equivocating, bribing, rioting, headbreaking, promise breaking, and — thank the god Mercury, who presides over election — *chairing* of successful candidateship, I found myself fairly chosen member for the borough of Buyemall.

CAPTAIN FREDERICK MARRYAT.

This popular author stands at the head of the novelists of sea life, and has furnished the public with a great many amusing and agreeable volumes, which have experienced an almost unrivalled popularity. He was born in 1792, and commenced his literary career in 1829 by the publication of 'The Naval Officer', which was quickly followed by 'The King's Own' and in 1832 by 'Newton Forster' or the 'Merchant service'; then appeared 'Peter Simple' which is perhaps the most humorous of all the works of this entertaining author. Captain Marryat continued his labours without intermission and he has left us about thirty highly interesting novels of which the principal are, 'Jacob Faithful', 'Mr. Midshipman Easy', 'Japhet in search of a Father', 'Poor Jack', 'Frank Mildmay', 'Masterman Ready', and 'Percival Keene'. He died in 1848. His style is light and fascinating; there is a never ceasing flow of anecdotes and tales full of wit and humour in all his works, and his delineations of original characters would alone render his name famous. He wrote his impressions on a visit to America in a book entitled 'A Diary in America with Remarks on its Institutions' which although containing a deal of good description and sagacious observation, is not considered equal to his before mentioned productions.

THE THREE CUTTERS.

Cutter the First.

Reader, have you ever been at Plymouth? If you have, your eye must have dwelt with ecstasy upon the beautiful property of the Earl of Mount Edgcumbe: if you have not been at Plymouth, the sooner that you go there, the better. At Mount Edgcumbe you will behold the finest timber in existence, towering up to the summits of the hills, and feathering down to the shingle on the beach. And from this lovely spot you will witness one of the most splendid panoramas in the world. You will see — I hardly know what you will not see — you will see Ram Head, and Cawsand Bay; and then you will see the Breakwater, and Drake's Island and the Devil's Bridge below you; and the town of Plymouth and its fortifications, and the Hoe; and then you will come to the Devil's Point, round which the tide runs devilish strong; and then you will see the New Victualling Office, — about which Sir James Gordon used to stump all day, and take a pinch of snuff from every man who carries a box, which all were delighted to give, and he was delighted to receive, proving how much pleasure may be communicated merely by a pinch of snuff — and then you will see Mount Wise and Mutton Cove; the town of Devonport, with its magnificent dock-yard and arsenals, North Corner, and the way which leads to Saltash. And you will see ships building and ships in ordinary; and ships repairing and ships fitting; and hulks and convict-ships, and the guard-ship; ships ready to sail and ships under sail; besides lighters, man-of-war's boats, dock-yard boats, bum-boats, and shore-boats. In short, there is a great deal to see at Plymouth besides the sea itself: but what I particularly wish now, is, that you should stand at the battery of Mount Edgcumbe and look into Barn Pool below you, and there you will see, lying at single anchor, a cutter; and you may also see, by her pendant and ensign, that she is a yacht.

Of all the amusements entered into by the nobility and gentry of our island, there is not one so manly, so exciting, so patriotic, or so national, as yacht-sailing. It is peculiar to England, not only from our insular position and our fine harbours, but because it requires a certain degree of

energy and a certain amount of income rarely to be found elsewhere. It has been wisely fostered by our sovereigns, who have felt that the security of the kingdom is increased by every man being more or less a sailor, or connected with the nautical profession. It is an amusement of the greatest importance to the country; as it has much improved our ship building and our ship fitting, while it affords employment to our seamen and shipwrights. But if I were to say all that I could say in praise of yachts, I should never advance with my narrative. I shall therefore drink a bumper to the health of Admiral Lord Yarborough and the Yacht Club, and proceed.

You observe that this yacht is cutter-rigged, and that she sits gracefully on the smooth water. She is just heaving up her anchor; her foresail is loose, all ready to cast her — in a few minutes she will be under weigh. You see that there are some ladies sitting at the taffrail; and there are five haunches of venison hanging over the stern. Of all amusements give me yachting. But we must go on board. The deck, you observe, is of narrow deal planks as white as snow; the guns are of polished brass; the hitts and binnacles of mahogany; she is painted with taste, and all the mouldings are gilded. There is nothing wanting; and yet how clear and how unencumbered are her decks! Let us go below. This is the ladies' cabin; can any thing be more tasteful or elegant? is it not luxurious? and, although so small, does not its very confined space astonish you, when you view so many comforts so beautifully arranged? This is the dining-room, and where the gentlemen repair. What can be more complete or *recherché?* and just peep into their state-rooms and bed-places. Here is the steward's room and the beaufet; the steward is squeezing lemons for the punch, and there is the champagne in ice; and by the side of the pail, the long-corks are ranged up, all ready. Now, let us go forwards; here are the men's berths, not confined as in a man-of-war. No! luxury starts from abaft, and is not wholly lost, even at the fore-peak. This is the kitchen: is it not admirably arranged? What a *multum in parvo!* and how delightful are the fumes of the turtle-soup! At sea we do meet with rough weather at times; but, for roughing it out, give me a *yacht.* Now that I have shewn you round the vessel, I must introduce the parties on board.

You observe that florid, handsome man in white trousers and blue jacket, who has a telescope in one hand, and is sipping a glass of brandy and water which he has just taken off the skylight. That is the owner of the vessel, and a member of the Yacht Club. It is Lord B —: he looks like a sailor, and he does not much belie his looks; yet I have seen him in his robes of state at the opening of the House of Lords. The one near to him is Mr. Stewart, a lieutenant in the navy. He holds on by the rigging with one hand, because, having been actively employed all his life, he does not know what to do with hands which have nothing in them. He is a *protégé* of Lord B., and is now on board as sailing-master of the yacht.

That handsome, well-built man who is standing by the binnacle, is a Mr. Hautaine. He served six years as midshipman in the navy, and did not like it. He then served six years in a cavalry regiment, and did not like it. But he is very fond of yachts and wherever he goes, he is welcome.

That young man with an embroidered silk waistcoat and white gloves, bending to talk to one of the ladies, is a Mr. Vaughan. Every body knows him, and he knows every body. He is a little in debt, and yachting is convenient.

The one who sits by the lady is a relation of Lord B.; you see at once what he is. He apes the sailor: he has not shaved, because sailors have not time to shave every day; he has not changed his linen, because sailors cannot change every day. He has a cigar in his mouth, which makes him half sick and annoys his company. He talks of the pleasure of a rough sea, which will drive all the ladies below — and then they will not perceive that he is more sick than themselves. He has the misfortune to be born to a large estate, and to be a *fool.* His name is Ossulton.

The last of the gentlemen on board whom I have to introduce, is Mr. Seagrove. He is slightly made, with marked features full of intelligence. He has been brought up to the bar; and has every qualification but application. He has never had a brief, nor has he a chance of one. He is the fiddler of the company; and he has locked up his chambers, and come, by invitation of his lordship, to play on board of his yacht.

I have yet to describe the ladies — perhaps I should have commenced with them — I must excuse myself upon the principle of reserving the best to the last. All puppet-showmen do so; and what is this but the first scene in my puppet-show.

We will describe them according to seniority. That tall, thin, cross-looking lady of

forty-five is a spinster, and sister to Lord B. She has been persuaded very much against her will to come on board; but her notions of propriety would not permit her niece to embark under the protection of *only* her father. She is frightened at every thing; if a rope is thrown down on the deck, up she starts, and cries, 'Oh!' if on the deck, she thinks the water is rushing in below; if down below, and there is a noise, she is convinced there is danger; and, if it be perfectly still, she is sure there is something wrong. She fidgets herself and every body, and is quite a nuisance with her pride and ill-humour; but she has strict notions of propriety, and sacrifices herself as a martyr. She is the Hon. Miss Ossulton.

The lady who, when she smiles, shews so many dimples in her pretty oval face, is a young widow of the name of Lascelles.

That young lady with such a sweet expression of countenance, is the Hon. Miss Cecilia Ossulton. She is lively, witty, and has no fear in her composition; but she is very young yet, not more than seventeen — and nobody knows what she really is — she does not know herself. These are the parties who meet in the cabin of the yacht. The crew consists of ten fine seamen, the steward, and the cook. There is also Lord B.'s valet, Mr. Ossulton's gentleman, and the lady's maid of Miss Ossulton. There not being accommodation for them, the other servants have been left on shore.

The yacht is now under weigh, and her sails are all set. She is running between Drake's Island and the main. Dinner has been announced. As the reader has learnt something about the preparations, I leave him to judge whether it be not very pleasant to sit down to dinner in a yacht. The air had given every body an appetite; and it was not until the cloth was removed that the conversation became general.

'Mr. Seagrove,' said his lordship, 'you very nearly lost your passage; I expected you last Thursday.'

'I am sorry, my lord, that business prevented my sooner attending to your lordship's kind summons.'

'Come, Seagrove, don't be nonsensical,' said Hautaine; 'you told me yourself, the other evening, when you were talkative, that you had never had a brief in your life.'

'And a very fortunate circumstance,' replied Seagrove: 'for if I had had a brief I should not have known what to have done with it. It is not my fault; I am fit for nothing but a commissioner; but still I had business, and very important business, too; I was summoned by Ponsonby to go with him to Tattersall's, to give my opinion about a horse he wishes to purchase.'

After half an hour's conversation the ladies rose, and went into the cabin: Cecilia and Mrs. Lascelles exchanging very significant smiles, as they followed the precise spinster, who did not choose that Mrs. Lascelles should take the lead, merely because she had once happened to have been married. — The gentlemen also broke up, and went on deck.

'We have a nice breeze now, my lord,' observed Mr. Stewart, who had remained on deck, 'and we lie right up Channel.'

'So much the better,' replied his lordship; 'we ought to have been anchored at Cowes a week ago. They will all be there before us.'

'Tell Mr. Simpson to bring me a light for my cigar,' said Mr. Ossulton to one of the men.

Mr. Stewart went down to his dinner; the ladies and the coffee came on deck; the breeze was fine, the weather (it was April) almost warm; and the yacht, whose name was the Arrow, assisted by the tide, soon left the Mewstone far astern.

Cutter the Second.

Reader, have you ever been at Portsmouth? If you have, you must have been delighted with the view from the saluting battery; and, if you have not, you had better go there as soon as you can. From the saluting battery you may look up the harbour, and see much of what I have described at Plymouth: the scenery is different; but similar arsenals and dock-yards, and an equal portion of our stupendous navy, are to be found there. — And you will see Gosport on the other side of the harbour, and Sally Port close to you; besides a great many other places, which, from the saluting battery, you cannot see. And then there is Southsea Beach to your left; before you, Spithead, with the men-of-war, and the Motherbank, crowded with merchant vessels; — and there is the Buoy, where the Royal George was wrecked, and where she still lies, the fish swimming in and out of her cabin windows: but that is not all: you can also see the Isle of Wight, — Ryde, with its long wooden pier, and Cowes, where the yachts lie. In fact, there is a great deal to be seen at Portsmouth as well as at Plymouth; but what I wish you particularly to see, just now, is a vessel holding fast to the buoy, just off the saluting

battery. She is a cutter; and you may know that she belongs to the Preventive Service by the number of gigs and galleys which she has hoisted up all round her. She looks like a vessel that was about to sail with a cargo of boats. Two on deck, one astern, one on each side of her. You observe that she is painted black, and all her boats are white. She is not such an elegant vessel as the yacht, and she is much more lumbered up. She has no haunches of venison over the stern; but I think there is a leg of mutton, and some cabbages hanging by their stalks. But revenue-cuttors are not yachts. — You will find no turtle or champagne; but, nevertheless, you will, perhaps, find a joint to carve at, a good glass of grog, and a hearty welcome.

Let us go on board. — You observe the guns are iron, and painted black, and her bulwarks are painted red: it is not a very becoming colour; but then it lasts a long while, and the dock-yard is not very generous on the score of paint — or lieutenants of the navy troubled with much spare cash. She has plenty of men, and fine men they are; all dressed in red flannel shirts and blue trousers; some of them have not taken off their canvass or tarpawling petticoats, which are very useful to them, as they are in the boats night and day, and in all weathers. But we will at once go down into the cabin, where we shall find the lieutenant who commands her, a master's mate, and a midshipman. — They have each their tumbler before them, and are drinking gin-toddy, hot, with sugar — capital gin, too, 'bove proof; it is from that small anker, standing under the table. It was one that they forgot to return to the custom-house when they made their last seizure. We must introduce them.

The elderly personage, with grizzly hair and whiskers, a round pale face, and a somewhat red nose (being too much in the wind will make the nose red, and this old officer is very often 'in the wind,' of course from the very nature of his profession), is a Lieutenant Appleboy. He has served in every class of vessel in the service, and done the duty of first-lieutenant for twenty years: he is now on promotion — that is to say, after he has taken a certain number of tubs of gin, he will be rewarded with his rank as commander. It is a pity that what he takes inside of him does not count, for he takes it morning, noon, and night. — He is just filling his fourteenth glass; he always keeps a regular account, as he never exceeds his limited number, which is seventeen.

The master's mate's name is Tomkins; he has served his six years three times over, and has now outgrown his ambition, which is fortunate for him, as his chances of promotion are small. He prefers a small vessel to a large one, because he is not obliged to be so particular in his dress — and looks for his lieutenancy whenever there shall be another charity promotion. He is fond of soft bread, for his teeth are all absent without leave; he prefers porter to any other liquor, but he can drink his glass of grog, whether it be based upon rum, brandy, or the liquor now before him.

Mr. Smith is the name of that young gentleman, whose jacket is so out at the elbows; he has been intending to mend it these last two months, but is too lazy to go to his chest for another. — He has been turned out of half the ships in the service for laziness; but he was born so — and therefore it is not his fault. — A revenue-cutter suits him, she is half her time hove to; and he has no objection to boat-service, as he sits down always in the stern-sheets, which is not fatiguing. Creeping for tubs is his delight, as he gets over so little ground. He is fond of grog, but there is some trouble in carrying the tumbler so often to his mouth; so he looks at it, and lets it stand. He says little, because he is too lazy to speak. He has served more than *eight years;* but as for passing — it has never come into his head. Such are the three persons who are now sitting in the cabin of the revenue-cutter, drinking hot gin-toddy.

'Let me see, it was, I think, in ninety-three or ninety-four. — Before you were in the service, Tomkins.

'May-be, sir; it's so long ago since I entered, that I can't recollect dates, but this I know, that my aunt died three days before.'

'Then the question is, when did your aunt die?'

'Oh! she died about a year after my uncle.'

'And when did your uncle die?'

'I'll be hanged if I know!'

'Then, d'ye see, you've no departure to work from. However, I think you cannot have been in the service at that time. We were not quite so particular about uniform as we are now.'

'Then I think the service was all the better for it. Now-a-days, in your crack-ships, a mate has to go down in the hold or spirit-room, and after whipping up fifty empty casks, and breaking out twenty full ones,

he is expected to come on the quarter-deck as clean as if he was just come out of a bandbox.'

'Well, there's plenty of water alongside, as far as the outward man goes, and iron dust is soon brushed off. However, as you say, perhaps, a little too much is expected; at least, in five of the ships in which I was first-lieutenant, the captain was always hauling me over the coals about the midshipmen not dressing properly, as if I was their dry nurse. I wonder what Captain Prigg would have said, if he'd seen such a turn-out as you, Mr. Smith, on his quarter-deck.'

'I should have had one turn-out more, drawled Smith.

'With your out-at-elbows jacket, there, heh!' continued Mr. Appleboy.

Smith turned up his elbows, looked at one and then at the other; after so fatiguing an operation, he was silent.

'Well, where was I? Oh! it was about ninety-three or ninety-four, as I said, that it happened — Tomkins, fill your glass, and hand me the sugar, — how do I get on? — 'This is No. 15,' said Applehoy, counting some white lines on the table by him; and taking up the piece of chalk, he marked one more line on his tally. 'I don't think this so good a tub as the last, Tomkins, there's a twang about it — a want of juniper — however, I hope we shall have better luck this time. — Of course, you know we sail to-morrow.'

'I presume so, by the leg of mutton coming on board.'

'True — true — I'm regular — as clockwork. — After being twenty years a first-lieutenant, one gets a little method — I like regularity. Now the admiral has never omitted asking me to dinner once, every time I have come into harbour, except this time. — I was so certain of it, that I never expected to sail, and I have but two shirts clean in consequence.'

'That's odd, isn't it? and the more so, because he has such great people down here, and has been giving large parties every day.'

'And yet I made three seizures, besides sweeping up those thirty-seven tubs.'

'I swept them up,' observed Smith.

'That's all the same thing, *younker*. — When you've been a little longer in the service, you'll find out that the commanding officer has the merit of all that is done — but you're *green* yet. — Let me see, where was I? Oh! — It was about ninety-three or ninety-four, as I said. At that time I was in the Channel fleet — Tomkins, I'll trouble you for the hot water — this water's cold. — Mr. Smith, do me the favour to ring the bell — Jem, some more hot water.'

'Please sir,' said Jem, who was barefooted, as well as bareheaded, touching the lock of hair on his forehead, 'the cook has capsised the kettle — but he has put more on.'

'Capsised the kettle! hah! — very well — we'll talk about that to-morrow. — Mr. Tomkins, do me the favour to put him in the report, I may forget it. And pray, sir, how long is it since he has put more on?'

'Just this moment, sir, as I came aft.'

'Very well, we'll see to that to-morrow; — you bring the kettle aft as soon as it is ready. — I say, Mr. Jem, is that fellow sober?'

'Yees, sir, he be soher as you be.'

'It's quite astonishing what a propensity the common sailors have to liquor. Forty odd years have I been in the service, and I've never found any difference: I only wish I had a guinea for every time that I have given a fellow sea-water grog during my servitude as first-lieutenant, I wouldn't call the king my cousin. Well, if there's not hot water we must take lukewarm — it won't do to heave to. By the L— d'Harry! who would have thought it? — I'm at No. 16! — Let me count — yes! surely I must have made a mistake. — A fact, by heaven!' continued Mr. Appleboy, throwing the chalk down on the table. 'Only one more glass, after this — that is, if I have counted right — I may have seen double.'

'Yes,' drawled Smith.

'Well, never mind — Let's go on with my story. — It was either in the year ninety-three or ninety-four, that I was in the Channel fleet — we were then a-breast of Torbay.'

'Here be the hot water, sir,' cried Jem, putting the kettle down on the deck.

'Very well, boy. — By-the-by, has the jar of butter come on board?'

'Yes, but it be broke all down the middle; I tied him up with a ropeyarn.'

'Who broke it, sir?'

'Coxswain says as how he didn't.'

'But who did, sir?'

'Coxswain handed it up to Bill Jones, and he says as how he didn't.'

'But who did, sir?'

'Bill Jones gave it to me, and I'm sure as how I didn't.'

'Then who did, sir, I ask you?'

'I think it be Bill Jones, sir, 'cause he's fond of butter, I know, and there be very little left in the jar.'

'Very well, we'll see to that to-morrow morning. Mr. Tomkins, you'll oblige me by putting the butter-jar down in the report, in case it should slip my memory. Bill Jones, indeed, looks as if butter wouldn't

melt in his mouth — never mind. Well, it was, as I said before — it was in the year ninety-three or ninety-four, when I was in the Channel fleet; we were then off Torbay, and had just taken two reefs in the topsails. Stop, before I go on with my story, I'll take my last glass — I think it's the last: let me count — yes, by heavens I make out sixteen, well told! Never mind, it shall be a stiff one. Boy, bring the kettle, and mind you don't pour the hot water into my shoes, as you did the other night. There, that will do. Now, Tomkins, fill up yours; and you, Mr. Smith: let us all start fair, and then you shall have my story — and a very curious one it is, I can tell you; I wouldn't have believed it myself, if I hadn't seen it. Hilloa! what's this? Confound it! what's the matter with the toddy? Heh, Mr. Tomkins?'

Mr. Tomkins tasted, but, like the lieutenant, he had made it very stiff, and, as he had also taken largely before, he was, like him, not quite so clear in his discrimination: 'It has a queer *twang*, sir; Smith, what is it?'

Smith took up his glass, tasted the contents: '*Salt water*,' drawled the midshipman.

'Salt water! so it is, by heavens!' cried Mr. Appleboy.

'Salt as Lot's wife! — by all that's infamous!' cried the master's mate.

'Salt water, sir!' cried Jem, in a fright — expecting a *salt* eel for supper.

'Yes, sir,' replied Mr. Appleboy, tossing the contents of the tumbler in the boy's face, — 'salt water. Very well, sir — very well!'

'It wasn't me, sir,' replied the boy, making up a piteous look.

'No, sir, but you said the cook was sober.'

'He was not so *very* much disguised, sir,' replied Jem.

'Oh! very well — never mind. Mr. Tomkins, in case I should forget it, do me the favour to put the kettle of salt water down in the report. The scoundrel! I'm very sorry, gentlemen, but there's no means of having any more gin-toddy, — but never mind, we'll see to this to-morrow. Two can play at this; and if I don't salt-water their grog, and make them drink it, too, I have been twenty years a first-lieutenant for nothing — that's all. Good night, gentlemen; and,' continued the lieutenant, in a severe tone, 'you'll keep a sharp look-out, Mr. Smith — do you hear, sir?'

'Yes,' drawled Smith, 'but it's not my watch; it was my first watch, and, just now, it struck one bell.'

'You'll keep the middle watch, then, Mr. Smith,' said Mr. Appleboy, who was not a little put out; 'and, Mr. Tomkins, let me know as soon as it's daylight. Boy, get my bed made. Salt water, by all that's blue! However, we'll see to that to-morrow morning.'

Mr. Appleboy then turned in; so did Mr. Tomkins; and so did Mr. Smith, who had no idea of keeping the middle watch because the cook was drunk and had filled up the kettle with salt water. As for what happened in ninety-three or ninety-four, I really would inform the reader if I knew, but I'm afraid that that most curious story is never to be handed down to posterity.

The next morning, Mr. Tomkins, as usual, forgot to report the cook, the jar of butter, and the kettle of salt water; and Mr. Appleboy's wrath had long been appeased before he remembered them. At daylight the lieutenant came on deck, having only slept away half of the sixteen, and a taste of the seventeenth salt water glass of gin-toddy. He rubbed his gray eyes, that he might peer through the gray of the morning; the fresh breeze blew about his grizzly locks, and cooled his rubicund nose. The revenue-cutter, whose name was the 'Active,' cast off from the buoy; and, with a fresh breeze, steered her course for the Needles' passage.

Cutter the Third.

Reader! have you been to St. Maloes? If you have, you were glad enough to leave the hole; and, if you have not, take my advice, and do not give yourself the trouble to go and see that, or any other French port in the Channel. There is not one worth looking at. They have made one or two artificial ports, and they are no great things; there is no getting out, or getting in. In fact, they have no harbours in the Channel, while we have the finest in the world; a peculiar dispensation of Providence, because it knew that we should want them, and France would not. In France, what are called ports are all alike, nasty narrow holes, only to be entered at certain times of tide and certain winds; made up of basins and backwaters, custom-houses, and cabarets; just fit for smugglers to run into, and nothing more: and, therefore, they are used for very little else.

Now, in the dog-hole called St. Maloes there is some pretty land, although a great deficiency of marine-scenery. But never mind that: stay at home, and don't go abroad to drink sour wine, because they call it Bordeaux, and eat villainous trash, so disguised by cooking that you cannot

possibly tell which of the birds of the air, or beasts of the field, or fishes of the sea, you are cramming down your throat. 'If all is right, there is no occasion for disguise,' is an old saying; so depend upon it, that there is something wrong, and that you are eating offal, under a grand French name. As for their wine, there is no disguise in that — it's half vinegar. No, no! stay at home: you can live just as cheaply, if you choose; and then you will have good meat, good vegetables, good ale, good beer, and a good glass of grog — and what is of more importance, you will be in good company. Live with your friends, and don't make a fool of yourself.

I would not have condescended to have noticed this place, had it not been that I wish you to observe a vessel which is lying along the pier-wharf, with a plank from the shore to her gunnel. It is low water, and she is aground, and the plank dips down at such an angle, that it is a work of danger to go either in or out of her. You observe that there is nothing very remarkable in her. She is a cutter, and a good sea-boat, and sails well before the wind. She is short for her breadth of beam, and is not armed. Smugglers do not arm now — the service is too dangerous; they effect their purpose by cunning, not by force. Nevertheless, it requires that smugglers should be good seamen, smart, active fellows, and keenwitted or they can do nothing. This vessel has not a large cargo in her, but it is valuable. She has some thousand yards of lace, a few hundred pounds of tea, a few bales of silk, and about forty ankers of brandy — just as much as they can land in one boat. All they ask is a heavy gale, or a thick fog, and they trust to themselves for success.

There is nobody on board except a boy; the crew are all up at the cabaret, settling their little accounts of every description — for they smuggle both ways, and every man has his own private venture. There they are all, fifteen of them, and fine-looking fellows, too, sitting at that long table. They are very merry, but quite sober, as they are to sail to-night.

The captain of the vessel (whose name, by-the-by, is the 'Happy-go-lucky,' — the captain christened her himself) is that fine-looking young man, with dark whiskers, meeting under his throat. His name is Jack Pickersgill. You perceive, at once, that he is much above a common sailor in appearance. His manners are good, he is remarkably handsome, very clean, and rather a dandy in his dress. Observe, how very politely he takes off his hat to that Frenchman, with whom he has just settled accounts; he beats Johnny Crapeau at his own weapons. And then there is an air of command, a feeling of conscious superiority about Jack; see how he treats the landlord *de haut en bas*, at the same time that he is very civil. The fact is, that Jack is of a very good, old family, and received a very excellent education: but he was an orphan, his friends were poor, and could do but little for him; he went out to India as a cadet, ran away, and served in a schooner which smuggled opium into China, and then came home. He took a liking to the employment, and is now laying up a very pretty little sum: not that he intends to stop: no, as soon as he has enough to fit out a vessel for himself, he intends to start again for India, and with two cargoes of opium, he will return, he trusts, with a handsome fortune, and reassume his family name. Such are Jack's intentions: and, as he eventually means to reappear as a gentleman, he preserves his gentlemanly habits; he neither drinks, nor chews, nor smokes. He keeps his hands clean, wears rings, and sports a gold snuff-box; notwithstanding which, Jack is one of the boldest and best of sailors, and the men know it. He is full of fun, and as keen as a razor. Jack has a very heavy venture this time — all the lace is his own speculation, and, if he gets it in safe, he will clear some thousand of pounds. A certain fashionable shop in London has already agreed to take the whole off his hands.

That short, neatly made young man, is the second in command, and the companion of the captain. He is clever, and always has a remedy to propose when there is a difficulty, which is a great quality in a second in command. His name is Corbett. He is always merry — half sailor, half tradesman; knows the markets, runs up to London, and does business as well as a chapman — lives for the day, and laughs at to-morrow.

That little punchy old man, with long gray hair and fat face, with a nose like a note of interrogation, is the next personage of importance. He ought to be called the sailing master, for, although he goes on shore in France, off the English coast he never quits the vessel. When they leave her with the goods, he remains on board; he is always to be found off any part of the coast where he may be ordered; holding his position in defiance of gales, and tides, and fogs: as for the revenue-vessels, they all know him well enough, but they cannot

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touch a vessel in ballast, if she has no more men on board than allowed by her tonnage. He knows every creek, and hole, and corner, of the coast; how the tides run in — tide, half-tide, eddy, or current. That is his value. His name is Morrison.

You observe that Jack Pickersgill has two excellent supporters in Corbett and Morrison; his other men are good seamen, active, and obedient, which is all that he requires. I shall not particularly introduce them.

'Now you may call for another *litre*, my lads, and that must be the last; the tide is flowing fast, and we shall be afloat in half an hour, and we have just the breeze we want. What d'ye think, Morrison, shall we have dirt?'

'I've been looking just now, and if it were any other month in the year I should say, yes; but there's no trusting April, captain. Howsomever, if it does blow off, I'll promise you a fog in three hours afterwards.'

'That will do as well. Corbett, have you settled with Duval?'

'Yes, after more noise and *charivari* than a panic in the stock-exchange would make in England. He fought and squabbled for an hour, and I found that, without some abatement, I never should have settled the affair.'

'What did you let him off?'

'Seventeen sous,' replied Corbett, laughing.

'And that satisfied him?' inquired Pickersgill.

'Yes — it was all he could prove to be a *surfaire:* two of the knives were a little rusty. But he will always have something off; he could not be happy without it. I really think he would commit suicide, if he had to pay a bill without a deduction.'

'Let him live,' replied Pickersgill. 'Jeannette, a bottle of Volnay, of 1811, and three glasses.'

Jeannette, who was the *fille de cabaret,* soon appeared with a bottle of a wine, seldom called for, except by the captain of the Happy-go-lucky.

'You sail to-night?' said she, as she placed the bottle before him.

Pickersgill nodded his head.

'I had a strange dream,' said Jeannette; 'I thought you were all taken by a revenue cutter, and put into a *cachot.* I went to see you, and I did not know one of you again — you were all changed.'

'Very likely, Jeannette — you would not be the first who did not know their friends again when in misfortune. There was nothing strange in your dream.'

'*Mais, mon Dieu! je ne suis pas comme ça, moi.*'

'No, that you are not, Jeannette; you are a good girl, and some of these fine days I'll marry you,' said Corbett.

'*Doit être bien beau ce jour-là, par exemple,*' replied Jeannette, laughing; 'you have promised to marry me every time you have come in, these last three years.'

'Well, that proves I keep to my promise, any how.'

'Yes; but you never go any farther.'

'I can't spare him, Jeannette, that is the real truth,' said the captain; 'but wait a little — in the mean time, here is a five-franc-piece to add to your *petite fortune.*'

'*Merci bien, monsieur le Capitaine; bon voyage!*' Jeannette held her finger up to Corbett, saying, with a smile, '*méchant!*' and then quitted the room.

'Come, Morrison, help us to empty this bottle, and then we will all go on board.'

'I wish that girl wouldn't come here with her nonsensical dreams,' said Morrison taking his seat; 'I don't like it. When she said that we should be taken by a revenue cutter, I was looking at a blue and a white pigeon sitting on the wall opposite; and I said to myself, now, if that be a warning, I will see; if the *blue* pigeon flies away first, I shall be in jail in a week; if the *white,* I shall be back here.'

'Well?' said Pickersgill, laughing.

'It wasn't well,' answered Morrison, tossing off his wine, and putting the glass down with a deep sigh; 'for the cursed *blue* pigeon flew away immediately.'

'Why, Morrison, you must have a chicken-heart to be frightened at a blue pigeon,' said Corbett, laughing, and looking out of the window; 'at all events, he has come back again, and there he is sitting by the white one.'

'It's the first time that ever I was called chicken-hearted,' replied Morrison, in wrath.

'Nor do you deserve it, Morrison,' replied Pickersgill; 'but Corbett is only joking.'

'Well, at all events I'll try my luck in the same way, and see whether I am to be in jail: I shall take the blue pigeon as my bad omen, as you did.'

The sailors and Captain Pickersgill all rose and went to the window, to ascertain Corbett's fortune by this new species of augury. The blue pigeon flapped his wings, and then he sidled up to the white one; at last, the white pigeon flew off the wall and settled on the roof of the adjacent house. 'Bravo! white pigeon,' said Corbett: 'I shall be here again in a week.' The whole party, laughing, then resumed their seats; and Morrison's countenance brightened up. As he took the glass of

wine poured out by Pickersgill, he said, 'Here's your health, Corbett; it was all nonsense, after all — for, d'ye see, I can't be put in jail without you are. We all sail in the same boat, and when you leave me, you take with you every thing that can condemn the vessel — so here's success to our trip.'

'We will all drink that toast, my lads, and then on board,' said the captain: 'here's success to our trip.'

The captain rose, as did the mates and men, drank the toast, turned down the drinking vessels on the table, hastened to the wharf, and, in half an hour, the Happy-go-lucky was clear off the port of St. Maloes.

Portland Bill.

The Happy-go-lucky sailed with a fresh breeze and a flowing sheet from St. Maloes, the evening before the Arrow sailed from Barn Pool. The Active sailed from Portsmouth the morning after.

The yacht, as we before observed, was bound to Cowes, in the Isle of Wight. The Active had orders to cruize wherever she pleased within the limits of the admiral's station; and she ran for West Bay, on the other side of the Bill of Portland. The Happy-go-lucky was also bound for that bay to land her cargo.

The wind was light, and there was every appearance of fine weather, when the Happy-go-lucky, at 10 o'clock on the Tuesday night, made the Portland Lights; as it was impossible to run her cargo that night, she hove to.

At 11 o'clock, the Portland lights were made by the revenue cutter, Active. Mr. Appleboy went up to have a look at them, ordered the cutter to be hove to, and then went down to finish his allowance of gin-toddy. At 12 o'clock, the yacht Arrow made the Portland lights, and continued her course, hardly stemming the ebb tide.

Day broke, and the horizon was clear. The first on the look-out were, of course, the smugglers; they, and those on board of the revenue cutter, were the only two interested parties — the yacht was neuter.

'There are two cutters in sight, sir,' said Corbett, who had the watch; for Pickersgill, having been up almost the whole night, had thrown himself down on his bed with his clothes on.

'What do they look like?' said Pickersgill, who was up in a moment.

'One is a yacht, and the other may be; but I rather think, as far as I can judge in the grey, that it is our old friend off here.'

'What! old Appleboy?'

'Yes, it looks like him; but the day has scarcely broke yet.'

'Well, he can do nothing in a light wind like this; and, before the wind, we can shew him our heels; but are you sure the other is a yacht?' said Pickersgill, coming on the deck.

'Yes; the king is more careful of his canvass.'

'You're right,' said Pickersgill, 'that is a yacht; and you're right there again in your guess — that is the stupid old Active, which creeps about creeping for tubs. Well, I see nothing to alarm us at present, provided it don't fall a dead calm, and then we must take to our boat as soon as he takes to his; we are four miles from him at least. Watch his motions, Corbett, and see if he lowers a boat. What does she go now? four knots — that will soon tire their men.'

The positions of the three cutters were as follows: —

The Happy-go-lucky was about four miles off Portland Head, and well into West Bay The revenue cutter was close to the Head. The yacht was outside of the smuggler about two miles to the westward, and about five or six miles from the revenue cutter.

'Two vessels in sight, sir,' said Mr. Smith, coming down into the cabin to Mr. Appleboy.

'Very well, replied the lieutenant, who was *lying* down in his *standing* bed-place.

'The people say one is the Happy-go-lucky, sir,' drawled Smith.

'Heh? what! Happy go-lucky? yes, I recollect; I've boarded her twenty times — always empty. How's she standing?'

'She stands to the westward now, sir; but she was hove to, they say, when they first saw her.'

'Then she has a cargo in her;' and Mr. Appleboy shaved himself, dressed, and went on deck.

'Yes,' said the lieutenant, rubbing his eyes again and again, and then looking through the glass, 'it is her sure enough. Let draw the fore-sheet. What vessel's the other?'

'Don't know, sir, — she's a cutter.'

'A cutter? yes; may be a yacht, or may be the new cutter ordered on the station. Make all sail, Mr. Tomkins; hoist our pendant, and fire a gun — they will understand what we mean then; they don't know the Happy-go-lucky as well as we do.'

In a few minutes the Active was under a press of sail; she hoisted her pendant, and fired a gun. The smuggler perceived that the Active had recognised her, and she

also threw out more canvass, and ran off more to the westward.

'There's a gun, sir,' reported one of the men to Mr. Stewart, on board of the yacht.

'Yes; give me the glass — a revenue cutter; then this vessel in shore, running towards us, must be a smuggler.'

'She has just now made all sail, sir.'

'Yes, there's no doubt of it; I will go down to his lordship — keep her as she goes.'

Mr. Stewart then went down to inform Lord B. of the circumstance. Not only Lord B. but most of the gentlemen came on deck; as did soon afterwards the ladies, who had received the intelligence from Lord B., who spoke to them through the door of the cabin.

But the smuggler had more wind than the revenue cutter, and increased her distance.

'If we were to wear round now, my lord,' observed Mr. Stewart, 'she is just abreast of us and in shore, we could prevent her escape.'

'Round with her, Mr. Stewart,' said Lord B., 'we must do our duty, and protect the laws.'

'That will not be fair, papa,' said Cecilia Ossulton, 'we have no quarrel with the smugglers: I am sure the ladies have not, for they bring us beautiful things.'

'Miss Ossulton,' observed her aunt, 'it is not proper for you to offer an opinion.'

The yacht wore round, and sailing so fast, the smuggler had little chance of escaping her; but to chase is one thing — to capture, another.

'Let us give her a gun,' said Lord B., 'that will frighten her; and he dare not cross our hawse.'

The gun was loaded, and not being more than a mile from the smuggler, actually threw the ball almost a quarter of the way.

The gentlemen, as well as Lord B., were equally excited by the ardour of pursuit; but the wind died away, and at last it was nearly calm. The revenue cutter's boats were out, and coming up fast.

'Let us get our boat out, Stewart,' said his lordship, 'and help them, it is quite calm now.'

The boat was soon out: it was a very large one, usually stowed on, and occupied a large portion of the deck. It pulled six oars; and when it was manned, Mr. Stewart jumped in, and Lord B. followed him.

'But you have no arms,' said Mr. Hautaine.

'The smugglers never resist now,' observed Stewart.

'Then you are going on a very gallant expedition, indeed,' observed Cecilia Ossulton; 'I wish you joy.'

But Lord B. was too much excited to pay attention. They shoved off, and pulled towards the smuggler.

At this time, the revenue boats were about five miles astern of the Happy-go-lucky, and the yacht about three quarters of a mile from her in the offing. Pickersgill had, of course, observed the motions on the yacht; had seen her wear on chase, hoist her ensign and pendant, and fire her gun.

'Well,' said he, 'this is the blackest ingratitude; to be attacked by the very people whom we smuggle for. I only wish she may come up with us; and, let her attempt to interfere, she shall rue the day: I don't much like this, though.'

As we before observed, it fell nearly calm, and the revenue boats were in chase. Pickersgill watched them as they came up.

'What shall we do,' said Corbett, — 'get the boat out?'

'Yes,' replied Pickersgill, 'we will get the boat out, and have the goods in her all ready: we can pull faster than they do, in the first place; and, in the next, they will be pretty well tired before they come up to us. We are fresh, and shall soon walk away from them; so I shall not leave the vessel till they are within half a mile. We must sink the ankers, that they may not seize the vessel, for it is not worth while taking them with us. Pass them along ready to run them over the bows, that they may not see us and swear to it. But we have a good half hour and more.'

'Ay, and you may hold all fast if you choose,' said Morrison, 'although it's better to be on the right side and get ready; otherwise, before half an hour, I'll swear that we are out of their sight: look there, said he, pointing to the eastward at a heavy bank, 'it's coming right down upon us, as I said it would.'

'True enough, but still there is no saying which will come up first, Morrison, the boats or the fog, so we must be prepared.'

'Hillos! what's this? why, there's a boat coming from the yacht.'

Pickersgill took out his glass.

'Yes, and the yacht's own boat, with the name painted on her bows. Well, let them come — we will have no ceremony in resisting them; they are not in the act of Parliament, and must take the consequences. We have naught to fear. Get stretchers, my lads, and hand-spikes; they row six oars,

and are three in the stern-sheets — they must be good men if they take us.'

In a few minutes Lord B. was close to the smuggler.

'Boat, ahoy! what do you want?'

'Surrender, in the king's name.'

'To what, and to whom, and what are we to surrender? We are an English vessel coasting along shore.'

'Pull on board, my lads,' cried Stewart: 'I am a king's officer — we know her.'

The boat darted alongside, and Stewart and Lord B., followed by the men, jumped on the deck.

'Well, gentlemen, what do you want?' said Pickersgill.

'We seize you — you are a smuggler; there's no denying it — look at the casks of spirits stretched along the deck.'

'We never said that we were not smugglers,' replied Pickersgill; 'but what is that to you? you are not a king's ship, or employed by the revenue.'

'No, but we carry a pendant, and it is our duty to protect the laws.'

'And who are you?' said Pickersgill.

'I am Lord B.'

'Then, my lord, allow me to say that you would do much better to attend to the framing of laws, and leave people of less consequence like those astern of me, to execute them. 'Mind your own business,' is an old adage. We shall not hurt you, my lord, as you have only employed words, but we shall put it out of your power to hurt us. Come aft, my lads. Now, my lord, resistance is useless; we are double your numbers, and you have caught a Tartar.'

Lord B. and Mr. Stewart perceived that they were in an awkward predicament.

'You may do what you please,' observed Mr. Stewart, 'but the revenue boats are coming up, recollect.'

'Look you, sir, do you see the revenue cutter?' said Pickersgill.

Stewart looked in that direction, and saw that she was hidden in the fog.

'In five minutes, sir, the boats will be out of sight also, and so will your vessel; we have nothing to fear from them.'

'Indeed, my lord, we had better return,' said Mr. Stewart, who perceived that Pickersgill was right.

'I beg your pardon, you will not go on board of your yacht so soon as you expect. Take the oars out of the boat, my lads, two or three of you, and throw in a couple of our paddles for them to reach the shore with. The rest of you knock down the first man who offers to resist. You are not aware, perhaps, my lord, that you have attempted *piracy* on the high seas.'

Stewart looked at Lord B. It was true enough. The men of the yacht could offer no resistance; the oars were taken out of the boat and the men put in again.

'My lord,' said Pickersgill, 'your boat is manned—do me the favour to step into it; and you, sir, do the same. I should be sorry to lay my hands upon a peer of the realm, or a king's officer even on half pay.'

Remonstrance was vain; his lordship was led to the boat by two of the smugglers, and Stewart followed.

'I will leave your oars, my lord, at the Weymouth custom-house; and I trust this will be a lesson to you in future to 'mind your own business.'

The boat was shoved off from the sloop by the smugglers, and was soon lost sight of in the fog, which had now covered the revenue boats as well as the yacht; at the same time, it brought down a breeze from the eastward.

'Haul to the wind, Morrison,' said Pickersgill, 'we will stand out to get rid of the boats; if they pull on, they will take it for granted that we shall run into the bay, as will the revenue cutter.'

Pickersgill and Corbett were in conversation abaft for a short time, when the former desired the course to be altered two points.

'Keep silence all of you, my lads, and let me know if you hear a gun or a bell from the yacht,' said Pickersgill.

'There is a gun, sir, close to us,' said one of the men—'the sound was right ahead'.

'That will do, keep her as she goes. Aft here, my lads; we cannot run our cargo in the bay, for the cutter has been seen to chase us, and they will all be on the look-out at the preventive stations for us on shore. Now, my lads, I have made up my mind that, as these yacht gentlemen have thought proper to interfere, that I will take possession of the yacht for a few days. We shall then outsail every thing, go where we like unsuspected, and land our cargo with ease. I shall run alongside of her — she can have but few hands on board; and mind, do not hurt any body, but be civil and obey my orders. Morrison, you and your four men and the boy will remain on board as before, and take the vessel to Cherbourg, where we will join you.'

In a short time, another gun was fired from the yacht. Those on board, particularly the ladies, were alarmed: the fog was very thick, and they could not distinguish the length of the vessel. They had seen

the boat board, but had not seen her turned adrift without oars, as the fog came on just at that time. The yacht was left with only three seamen on board, and, should it come on bad weather, they were in an awkward predicament. Mr. Hautaine had taken the command, and ordered the guns to be fired that the boat might be enabled to find them.

The fourth gun was loading, when they perceived the smuggler's cutter close to them, looming through the fog.

'Here they are,' cried the seamen; 'and they have brought the prize along with them. Three cheers for the Arrow!'

'Hilloa! you'll be on board of us,' cried Hautaine.

'That's exactly what I intended to be, sir,' replied Pickersgill, jumping on the quarter-deck, followed by his men.

'Who the devil are you?'

'That's exactly the same question that I asked Lord B. when he boarded us,' replied Pickersgill, taking off his hat to the ladies.

'Well, but what business have you here?'

'Exactly the same question which I put to Lord B.,' replied Pickersgill.

'Where is Lord B., sir?' said Cecilia Ossulton, going up to the smuggler; 'is he safe?'

'Yes, madam, he is safe; at least he is in his boat with all his men, and unhurt, — but you must excuse me, if I request you and the other ladies to go down below, while I speak to these gentlemen. Be under no alarm, miss; you will receive neither insult nor ill treatment — I have only taken possession of this vessel for the present.

'Taken possession,' cried Hautaine, 'of a yacht!'

'Yes, sir, since the owner of the yacht thought proper to attempt to take possession of me. I always thought that yachts were pleasure-vessels sailing about for amusement, respected themselves, and not interfering with others; but it appears that such is not the case. The owner of this yacht has thought proper to break through the neutrality, and commence aggression; and, under such circumstances, I have now, in retaliation, taken possession of her.'

'And, pray, what do you mean to do, sir?'

'Simply, for a few days, to make an exchange. I shall send you on board of my vessel as smugglers, while I remain here with the ladies, and amuse myself with yachting.'

'Why, sir, you cannot mean —'

'I have said, gentlemen, and that is enough; I should be sorry to resort to violence, but I must be obeyed. You have, I perceive, three seamen only left; they are not sufficient to take charge of the vessel, and Lord B. and the others you will not meet for several days. My regard for ladies — even common humanity, points out to me that I cannot leave the vessel in this crippled condition. At the same time, as I must have hands on board of my own, you will oblige me by going on board, and taking her safely into port. It is the least return you can make for my kindness. In those dresses, gentlemen, you will not be able to do your duty; oblige me by shifting, and putting on these.' Corbett handed a flannel shirt, a rough jacket and trousers, to Messrs. Hautaine, Ossulton, Vaughan, and Seagrove. After some useless resistance they were stripped, and, having put on the smugglers' attire, they were handed on board of the Happy-go-lucky.

The three English seamen were also sent on board, and confined below, as well as Ossulton's servant, who was also equipped like his master, and confined below with the seamen. Corbett and the men then handed up all the smuggled goods into the yacht, dropped the boat, and made it fast astern; and, Morrison having received his directions, the vessels separated, — Morrison running for Cherbourg, and Pickersgill steering the yacht along shore to the westward. About an hour after this exchange had been effected, the fog cleared up, and shewed the revenue cutter hove to for her boats, which had pulled back, and were close on board of her; and the Happy-go-lucky, about three miles in the offing. Lord B. and his boat's crew were about four miles in shore, paddling and drifting with the tide towards Portland. As soon as the boats were on board, the revenue cutter made all sail after the smuggler, paying no attention to the yacht, and either not seeing or not caring about the boat which was drifting about in West Bay.

The Travestie.

'Here we are, Corbett, and now I only wish my venture had been double,' observed Pickersgill; 'but I shall not allow business to absorb me wholly — we must add a little amusement. It appears to me, Corbett, that the gentleman's clothes which lie there will fit you, and those of the good-looking fellow who was spokesman will, I am sure, suit me well. Now, let us dress ourselves, and then for breakfast.'

Pickersgill then exchanged his clothes for those of Mr. Hautaine, and Corbett fit-

ted on those of Mr. Ossulton. The steward was summoned up, and he dared not disobey; he appeared on deck, trembling.

'Steward — you will take these clothes below,' said Pickersgill, 'and, observe, I now command this yacht; and, during the time that I am on board, yon will pay me the same respect as yon did Lord B. You will prepare dinner and breakfast, and do your duty just as if his lordship was on board, and take care that you feed us well, for I will not allow the ladies to be entertained in a less sumptuous manner than before. — You will tell the cook what I say, — and now that yon have heard me, take care that yon obey; if not, recollect that I have my own men here, and if I bnt point with my finger, *overboard you go*. — Do you perfectly comprehend me?'

'Yes, — sir,' stammered the steward.

'Yes, *sir!* — What did I tell you, sirrah? — Yes, my lord. — Do yon understand me?'

'Yes — my lord.'

'Pray, steward, whose clothes has this gentleman pnt on?'

'Mr. — Mr. Ossulton's, I think — sir — my lord — I mean.'

'Very well, steward; then recollect, in future you always address that gentleman as *Mr. Ossulton.*'

'Yes, my lord,' and the steward went down below, and was obliged to take a couple of glasses of brandy, to keep himself from fainting.

'Who are they, and what are they, Mr. Maddox?' cried the lady's-maid, who had been weeping.

'Pirates! — *bloody*, *murderous*, *stick-at-nothing* pirates!' replied the steward.

'Oh!' screamed the lady's-maid, 'what will become of us, poor unprotected females!' and she hastened into the cabin, to impart this dreadful intelligence.

The ladies in the cabin were not in a very enviable sitnation. As for the elder Miss Ossnlton, (but perhaps, it will be better in future, to distinguish the two ladies, by calling the elder simply Miss Ossulton, and her niece, Cecilia), she was sitting with her salts to her nose, agonised with a mixture of trepidation and wounded pride. Mrs. Lascelles was weeping, but weeping gently. Cecilia was sad, and her heart was beating with anxiety and suspense — when the maid rushed in.

'Oh madam! Oh miss! Oh Mrs. Lascelles! I have found it all ont! — they are mnrderons, bloody, do-every-thing pirates!!'

'Mercy on us!' exclaimed Miss Ossulton, 'surely they will never dare — —?

'Oh, ma'am, they dare any thing! — they just now were throwing the steward overboard — and they have rummaged all the portmanteaus, and dressed themselves in the gentlemen's best clothes — the captain of them told the steward that he was Lord B. — and that if he dared to call him any else, he would ent his throat from ear to ear — and if the cook don't give them a good dinner, they swear that they'll chop his right hand off, and make him eat it, without pepper or salt!'

Miss Ossulton screamed, and went off into hysterics. — Mrs. Lascelles and Cecilia went to her assistance; but the latter had not forgotten the very different behaviour of Jack Pickersgill, and his polite manners, when he boarded the vessel. She did not, therefore, believe what the maid had reported, bnt still her anxiety and suspense were great, especially about her father. After having restored her aunt, she put on her bonnet, which was lying on the sofa.

'Where are yon going, dear?' said Mrs. Lascelles.

'On deck,' replied Cecilia; 'I mnst and will speak to these men.'

'Gracious heaven! Miss Ossulton; going on deck! have you heard what Phœbe says?'

'Yes, aunt, I have — but I can wait here no longer.'

'Stop her! stop her! — she will be murdered!' — she will be — she is mad!' screamed Miss Ossulton; but no one attempted to stop Cecilia, and on deck she went. On her arrival, she found Jack Pickersgill and Corbett walking the deck; one of the smugglers at the helm, and the rest forward, and as quiet as the crew of the yacht. As soon as she made her appearance, Jack took off his hat, and made her a bow.

'I do not know whom I have the honour of addressing, young lady! but I am flattered with this mark of confidence.—You feel, and I assure you, you feel correctly, that you are not exactly in lawless hands.'

Cecilia looked with more surprise than fear at Pickersgill; Mr. Hautaine's dress became him, he was a handsome, fine-looking man, and had nothing of the ruffian in his appearance; unless, like Byron's Corsair, he was *half savage*, *half soft*. She could not help thinking that she had met many with less pretensions, as far as appearance went, to the claims of a gentleman in fashionable circles.

'I have ventnred on deck, sir,' said Cecilia, with a little tremulonsness in her voice, 'to request, as a favour, that you will inform me what your intentions may

be, with regard to the vessel, and with regard to the ladies?'

'And I feel much obliged to you, for your so doing, and I assure you, I will, as far as I have made up my own mind, answer you candidly: but you tremble — allow me to conduct you to a seat. In few words, then, to remove your present alarm, I intend that the vessel shall be returned to its owner, with every article in it, as religiously respected as if they were church property. With respect to you, and the other ladies on board, I pledge you my honour, that you have nothing to fear; that you shall be treated with every respect; your privacy never invaded; and that, in a few days, you will be restored to your friends. Young lady, I pledge my hopes of future salvation to the truth of this; but, at the same time, I must make a few conditions, which, however, will not be very severe.'

'But, sir,' replied Cecilia, much relieved, for Pickersgill had stood by her in the most respectful manner, 'you are, I presume, the captain of the smuggler? — Pray, answer me one question more — What became of the boat, with Lord B., — he is my father?'

'I left him in his boat, without a hair of his head touched, young lady: but I took away the oars.'

'Then he will perish!' cried Cecilia, putting her handkerchief to her eyes.

'No, young lady, he is on shore probably by this time; although I took away his means of assisting to capture us, I left him the means of gaining the land. It is not every one who would have done that, after his conduct to us.

'I begged him not to go,' said Cecilia; 'I told him that it was not fair, and that he had no quarrel with the smugglers.'

'I thank you even for that,' replied Pickersgill; 'and now, miss — I have not the pleasure of recollecting his lordship's family name.'

'Ossulton, sir,' said Cecilia, looking at Pickersgill with surprise.

'Then, with your permission, Miss Ossulton, I will now make you my confidant; excuse my using so free a term, but it is because I wish to relieve your fears; at the same time, I cannot permit you to divulge all my intentions to the whole party on board; I feel that I may trust you, for you have courage, and where there is courage, there generally is truth; but you must first tell me whether you will condescend to accept these terms?'

Cecilia demurred a moment — the idea of being the confidant of a smuggler rather startled her; but still, her knowledge of what his intentions were, if she might not reveal them might be important, as, perhaps, she might dissuade him. She could be in no worse position than she was now, and she might be in a much better. The conduct of Pickersgill had been such, up to the present, as to inspire confidence; and although he defied the laws, he appeared to regard the courtesies of life. Cecilia was a courageous girl, and at length she replied:—

'Provided what you desire me to keep secret will not be injurious to any one, or compromise me, in my peculiar situation, I consent.'

'I would not hurt a fly, Miss Ossulton, but in self-defence, and I have too much respect for you, from your conduct during our short meeting, to compromise you. Allow me now to be very candid; and then, perhaps, you will acknowledge that, in my situation, others would do the same; and, perhaps, not shew half so much forbearance. Your father, without any right whatever, interferes with me, and my calling; he attempts to make me a prisoner, to have me thrown in jail, heavily fined, and, perhaps, sent out of the country. I will not enter into any defence of smuggling; it is sufficient to say, that there are pains and penalties attached to the infraction of certain laws, and that I choose to risk them — but Lord B. was not empowered by government to attack me — it was a gratuitous act, and had I thrown him, and all his crew into the sea, I should have been justified, for it was in short, an act of piracy on their part. Now, as your father has thought to turn a yacht into a revenue cutter, you cannot be surprised at my retaliating, in turning her into a smuggler; and as he has mixed up looking after the revenue with yachting, he cannot be surprised if I retaliate, by mixing up a little yachting with smuggling. I have dressed your male companions as smugglers, and have sent them in the smuggling vessel to Cherbourg, where they will be safely landed; and I have dressed myself, and the only person whom I could join with me in this frolic, as gentlemen, in their places. My object is two-fold; one is, to land my cargo, which I have now on board, and which is very valuable; the other is, to retaliate upon your father and his companions, for their attempt upon me, by stepping into their shoes, and enjoying, for a day or two, their luxuries. It is my intention to make free with nothing, but his lordship's wine and eatables, that you may be assured of; but I shall have no pleasure, if the ladies do not sit down to the dinner-table with

us, as they did before with your father and his friends.'

'You can hardly expect that, sir,' said Cecilia.

'Yes, I do: and that will be not only the price of the early release of the yacht and themselves, but it will also be the only means by which they will obtain any thing to eat. You observe, Miss Ossulton, the sins of the fathers are visited on the children. I have now told you what I mean to do, and what I wish. I leave you to think of it, and decide whether it will not be best for all parties to consent. You have my permission to tell the other ladies, that whatever may be their conduct, they are as secure from ill treatment or rudeness, as if they were in Grosvenor Square; but I cannot answer that they will not be hungry, if, after such forbearance in every point, they shew so little gratitude, as not to honour me with their company.'

'Then I am to understand, that we are to be starved into submission.'

'No, not starved, Miss Ossulton; but recollect, that you will be on bread and water, and detained until you do consent, and your detention will increase the anxiety of your father.'

'You know how to persuade,' said Cecilia. 'As far as I am concerned, I trust I shall ever be ready to sacrifice any feelings of pride, to spare my father so much uneasiness. With your permission, I will now go down into the cabin, and relieve my companions from the worst of their fears. As for obtaining what you wish, I can only say, that, as a young person, I am not likely to have much influence with those older than myself, and must inevitably be overruled, as I have not permission to point out to them reasons which might avail. Would you so far allow me to be relieved from my promise, as to communicate all you have said to me to the only married woman on board? I think I then might obtain your wishes, which, I must candidly tell you, I shall attempt to effect, *only* because I am most anxious to rejoin my friends.'

'And be relieved of my company,' replied Pickersgill, smiling ironically, — 'of course you are; but I must and will have my petty revenge; and although you may, and probably will detest me, at all events, you shall not have any very formidable charge to make against me. — Before you go below, Miss Ossulton, I give you my permission to add the married lady to the number of my confidants; and you must permit me to introduce my friend, Mr. Ossulton,' and Pickersgill wafted his hand in the direction of Corbett, who took off his hat, and made a low obeisance.

It was impossible for Cecilia Ossulton to help smiling.

'And,' continued Pickersgill, 'having taken the command of this yacht, instead of his lordship, it is absolutely necessary that I also take his lordship's name. While on board, I am Lord B.; and allow me to introduce myself under that name — I cannot be addressed otherwise. Depend upon it, Miss Ossulton, that I shall have a most paternal solicitude to make you happy and comfortable.'

Had Cecilia Ossulton dared to have given vent to her real feelings at that time, she would have burst into a fit of laughter, it was too ludicrous. At the same time the very burlesque re-assured her still more. She went into the cabin with a heavy weight removed from her heart.

In the mean time, Miss Ossulton and Mrs. Lascelles remained below, in the greatest anxiety at Cecilia's prolonged stay; they knew not what to think, and dared not go on deck. Mrs. Lascelles had once determined at all risks to go up; but Miss Ossulton and Phœbe had screamed, and implored her so fervently not to leave them, that she unwillingly consented to remain. Cecilia's countenance, when she entered the cabin, re-assured Mrs. Lascelles, but not her aunt, who ran to her, crying and sobbing, and clinging to her, saying: 'What have they done to you, my poor, poor Cecilia?'

'Nothing at all, aunt;' replied Cecilia, 'the captain speaks very fairly, and says that he shall respect us in every possible way, provided that we obey his orders; but if not —'

'If not — what, Cecilia?' said Miss Ossulton, grasping her niece's arm.

'He will starve us, and not let us go!'

'God have mercy on us!' — cried Miss Ossulton, renewing her sobs.

Cecilia then went to Mrs. Lascelles, and communicated to her, apart, all that had passed. Mrs. Lascelles agreed with Cecilia, that they were in no danger of insult; and as they talked over the matter, they at last began to laugh; there was a novelty in it, and there was something so ridiculous in all the gentlemen being turned into smugglers. Cecilia was glad that she could not tell her aunt, as she wished her to be so frightened, as never to have her company on board of the yacht again; and Mrs. Lascelles was too glad to annoy her for many and various insults received. The

matter was, therefore, canvassed over very satisfactorily, and Mrs. Lascelles felt a natural curiosity to see this new Lord B. and the second Mr. Ossulton. Bnt they had had no breakfast, and were feeling very hungry, now that their alarm was over. They desired Phœbe to ask the steward for some tea or coffee. The reply was, that 'breakfast was laid in the cabin, and Lord B. trusted that the ladies would come to partake of it.'

'No, no,' replied Mrs. Lascelles, 'I never can, without being introdnced to them first.'

'Nor will I go,' replied Cecilia, 'but I will write a note, and we will have our breakfast here.' Cecilia wrote a note in pencil as follows.

'Miss Ossulton's compliments to Lord B. and, as the ladies feel rather indisposed after the alarm of this morning, they trust that his lordship will excuse their coming to breakfast; but bope to meet his lordship at dinner, if not before that time, on deck.'

The answer was propitious, and the steward soon appeared with the breakfast in the ladies' cabin.

'Well, Maddox,' said Cecilia, 'how do you get on with your new master?'

The steward looked at the door to see if it was closed, shook his head, and then said with a look of despair: 'He has ordered a haunch of venison for dinner, miss, and he has twice threatened to toss me overboard.'

'You must obey him, Maddox, or he certainly will. These pirates are dreadful fellows; be attentive, and serve him just as if he was my fatber.'

'Yes, yes, ma'am, I will, bnt our time may come; it's *burglary* on the high seas, and I'll go fifty miles to see him hanged.'

'Steward!' cried Pickersgill, from the cabin.

'O Lord! he can't have heard me — d'ye think he did, miss?'

'The partitions are very thin, and you spoke very loud,' said Mrs. Lascelles; 'at all events, go to him quickly.'

'Good bye, miss; good bye, ma'am; if I shouldn't see you any more,' said Maddox, trembling with fear, as he obeyed the awful summons — which was to demand a toothpick.

Miss Ossulton would not touch the breakfast; not so Mrs. Lascelles and Cecilia, who ate very heartily.

'It's very dull to be shnt np in this cabin,' said Mrs. Lascelles; 'come, Cecilia, let's go on deck.'

'And leave me,' cried Miss Ossulton.

'There is Phœbe here, aunt; we are going np to persuade the pirates to put us all on shore.'

Mrs. Lascelles and Cecilia put on their bonnets and went up. Lord B. took off bis hat, and begged the bonour of being introduced to the pretty widow. He handed the ladies to a seat, and then commenced conversing npon varions subjects, which, at the same time, possessed great novelty. His lordship talked about France, and described its ports, told now and then a good anecdote; pointed ont tbe different headlands, bays, towns, and villages, which they were passing rapidly, and always had some little story connected with each. Before the ladies had been two hours on deck, they fonnd themselves, to their infinite snrprise, not only interested, but in conversation with the captain of the smuggler, and more than once they laughed outright. Bnt the *soi-disant* Lord B. had inspired them with confidence; they fully believed that what he had told them was true, and that he had taken possession of the yacht to smnggle his goods, to be revenged, and to have a laugh. Now none of these three offences are capital in the eyes of the fair sex; and Jack was a handsome, fine-looking fellow, of excellent manners, and very agreeable conversation, at the same time neither he nor his friend were in their general deportment or behavionr otherwise than most respectful.

'Ladies, as you are not afraid of me, which is a greater happiness than I had reason to expect, I think yon may he amnsed to witness the fear of those who accuse your sex of cowardice. With yonr permission, I will send for the cook and steward, and inquire about the dinner?'

'I should like to know what there is for dinner,' observed Mrs. Lascelles demurely; 'wouldn't yon, Cecilia?'

Cecilia put her handkerchief to her mouth.

'Tell the steward and the cook both to come aft immediately,' cried Pickersgill.

In a few seconds they both made their appearance.

'Steward!' cried Pickersgill, with a loud voice.

'Yes, my lord,' replied Maddox, with his hat in his hand.

'What wines have yon put out for dinner?'

'Champagne, my lord; and claret, my lord; and Madeira and sherry, my lord.'

'No Burgundy, sir?'

'No, my lord; there is no Burgundy on board.'

'No Burgundy, sir! do you dare to tell me that?'

'Upon my soul, my lord,' cried Maddox, dropping on his knees, 'there is no Burgundy on board — ask the ladies.'

'Very well, sir; you may go.'

'Cook, what have you got for dinner?'

'Sir, a haunch of mutt — of venison, my lord,' replied the cook, with his white night-cap in his hand.

'What else, sirrah?'

'A boil'd calf's head, my lord.'

'A boiled calf's head? Let it be roasted, or I'll roast you, sir,' cried Pickersgill in an angry tone.

'Yes, my lord; I'll roast it.'

'And what else, sir?'

'Maintenon cutlets, my lord.'

'Maintenon cutlets! I hate them — I won't have them, sir. Let them be dressed *à l'ombre Chinoise*.

'I don't know what that is, my lord.'

'I don't care for that, sirrah; if you don't find out by dinner-time, you're food for fishes — that's all; you may go.'

The cook walked off wringing his hands and his night-cap as well — for he still held it in his hand — and disappeared down the forehatch-way.

'I have done this to pay a deserved compliment, ladies; you have more courage than the other sex.'

'Recollect that we have had confidence given to us in consequence of your pledging your word, my lord.'

'You do me, then, the honour of believing me.'

'I did not until I saw you,' replied Mrs. Lascelles; 'but now I am convinced that you will perform your promise.'

'You do, indeed, encourage me, madam, to pursue what is right,' said Pickersgill, bowing; 'for your approbation I should be most sorry to lose, still more sorry to prove myself unworthy of it.'

As the reader will observe, every thing was going on remarkably well.

The smuggling yacht.

Cecilia returned to the cabin, to ascertain whether her aunt was more composed; but Mrs. Lascelles remained on deck. She was much pleased with Pickersgill; and they continued their conversation. Pickersgill entered into a defence of his conduct to Lord B.; and Mrs. Lascelles could not but admit the provocation. After a long conversation, she hinted at his profession, and how superior he appeared to be to such a lawless life.

'You may be incredulous, madam,' replied Pickersgill, 'if I tell you that I have as good a right to quarter my arms as Lord B. himself; and that I am not under my real name. Smuggling is, at all events, no crime; and I infinitely prefer the wild life I lead at the head of my men, to being spurned by society because I am poor. The greatest crime in this country is poverty. I may, if I am fortunate, some day resume my name. You may, perhaps, meet me, and, if you please, you may expose me.'

'That I should not be likely to do', replied the widow; 'but still I regret to see a person, evidently intended for better things, employed in so disreputable a profession.'

'I hardly know, madam, what is and what is not disreputable in this conventional world. It is not considered disreputable to cringe to the vices of a court, or to accept a pension, wrung from the industry of the nation, in return for base servility. It is not considered disreputable to take tithes, intended for the service of God, and lavish them away at watering-places or elsewhere, seeking pleasure instead of doing God service. It is not considered disreputable to take fee after fee to uphold injustice, to plead against innocence, to pervert truth, and to aid the devil. It is not considered disreputable to gamble on the stock-exchange, or to corrupt the honesty of electors by bribes, to doing which the penalty attached is equal to that decreed to the offence of which I am guilty. All these, and much more, are not considered disreputable; yet, by all these are the moral bonds of society loosened, while in mine we cause no guilt in others — —'

'But still it is a crime.'

'A violation of the revenue laws, and no more. Observe, madam, the English government encourage the smuggling of our manufactures to the Continent, at the same time that they take every step to prevent articles being smuggled into this country. Now, madam, can that be a *crime* when the head of the vessel is turned north, which becomes *no crime* when she steers the opposite way?'

'There is a stigma attached to it, you must allow.

'That I grant you, madam; and as soon as I can quit the profession I shall. No captive ever sighed more to be released from his chains; but I will not leave it, till I find that I am in a situation not to be spurned and neglected by those with whom I have a right to associate.'

At this moment, the steward was seen forward making signs to Mrs. Lascelles, who excused herself, and went to him.

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'For the love of God, madam,' said Maddox, 'as he appears to he friendly with you, do pray find out how these cutlets are to be. dressed; the cook is tearing his hair, and we shall never have any dinner; and then it will all fall upon me, and I — shall be tossed overboard.'

Mrs. Lascelles desired poor Maddox to wait there while she obtained the desired information. In a few minutes she returned to him.

'I have found it out. They are first to be hoiled in vinegar; then fried in bntter, and served up with a sauce of anchovy and Malaga raisins.'

'First fried in vinegar; then boiled in hutter, and served np with the almonds and raisins.'

'No — no!' Mrs. Lascelles repeated the injunction to the frightened steward; and then returned aft, and re-entered into a conversation with Pickersgill, in which, for the first time, Corbett now joined. Corbett had sense enough to feel, that the less he came forward until his superior had estabhished himself in the good graces of the ladies, the more favourable would be the result.

In the mean time Cecilia had gone down to her aunt, who still continued to wail and lament. The young lady tried all she could to console her, and to persuade her that if they were civil and obedient they had nothing to fear.

'Civil and obedient, indeed!' cried Miss Ossnlton, 'to a fellow who is a smuggler and a pirate. I, the sister of Lord B. Never! The presnmption of the wretch!'

'That is all very well, aunt; hnt recollect, we must submit to circumstances. These men insist upon our dining with them; and we must go, or we shall have no diuner.'

'I sit down with a pirate! Never! I'll have no dinner — I'll starve — I'll die!'

'But, my dear aunt, it's the only chance we have of obtaining our release; and if yon do not do it, Mrs. Lascelles will think that you wish to remain with them.'

'Mrs. Lascelles judges of other people hy herself.'

'The captain is certainly a very well-behaved, handsome man. He looks like a nobleman in disguise. What an odd thing it would be, aunt, if this should he all a hoax?'

'A hoax, child?' replied Miss Ossulton, sitting up on the sofa.

Cecilia found that she had hit the right nail, as the saying is; and she brought forward so many arguments to prove that she thought it was a hoax to frighten them, and that the gentleman above was a man of consequence, that her aunt began to listen to reason, and at last consented to join the dinner-party. Mrs. Lascelles now came down helow; and when dinner was announced, they repaired to the large cahin, where they found Pickersgill and Corbett waiting for them.

Miss Ossulton did not venture to look np, nntil she heard Pickersgill say to Mrs. Lascelles: 'Perhaps, madam, you will do me the favour to introduce me to that lady, whom I have not had the honour of seeing before?'

'Certainly, my lord,' replied Mrs. Lascelles; 'Miss Ossulton, the aunt of this young lady.'

Mrs. Lascelles pnrposely did not introduce *his lordship* in return, that she might mystify the old spinster.

'I feel highly honoured in finding myself in the company of Miss Ossnlton,' said Pickersgill. 'Ladies, we wait hnt for you to sit down. Ossulton, take the head of the table and serve the sonp.'

Miss Ossulton was astonished; she looked at the smugglers, and perceived two well-dressed gentlemanly men, one of whom was apparently a lord, and the other having the same family name.

'It must he all a hoax,' thought she; and she very quietly took to her soup.

The dinner passed off very pleasantly; Pickersgill was agreeahle, Corbett funny, and Miss Ossulton so far recovered herself as to drink wine with his lordship, and to ask Corbett what hranch of their family he belonged to.

'I presume it's the Irish branch,' said Mrs. Lascelles, prompting him.

'Exactly, madam,' replied Corbett.

'Have you ever been to Torqnay, ladies?' inquired Pickersgill.

'No, my lord,' answered Mrs. Lascelles.

'We shall anchor there in the course of an honr, and probably remain there till tomorrow. Steward, bring coffee. Tell the cook these cutlets were remarkably well dressed.'

The ladies retired to the cahin. Miss Ossulton was now convinced that it was all a hoax; 'hut,' said she, 'I shall tell Lord B. my opinion of their piratical jokes when he returns. What is his lordship's name who is on board?'

'He won't tell us,' replied Mrs. Lascelles; 'but I think I know; it is Lord Blarney.'

'Lord Blaney you mean, I presnme,' said Miss Ossulton: 'however, the thing is carried too far. Cecilia, we will go on shore

at Torquay, and wait till the yacht returns with Lord B. I don't like these jokes: they may do very well for widows, and people of no rank.'

Now, Mrs. Lascelles was sorry to find Miss Ossulton so much at her ease. She owed her no little spite, and wished for revenge. Ladies will go very far to obtain this. How far Mrs. Lascelles would have gone, I will not pretend to say, but this is certain, that the last innuendo of Miss Ossulton very much added to her determination. She took her bonnet and went on deck, at once told Pickersgill that he could not please her or Cecilia more than by frightening Miss Ossulton, who, under the idea that it was all a hoax, had quite recovered her spirits; talked of her pride and ill-nature, and wished her to receive a useful lesson. Thus, to follow up her revenge, did Mrs. Lascelles commit herself so far, as to be confidential with the smuggler in return.

'Mrs. Lascelles, I shall be able to obey you, and, at the same time, to combine business with pleasure.'

After a short conversation, the yacht dropped her anchor at Torquay. It was then about two hours before sunset. As soon as the sails were furled, one or two gentlemen, who resided there, came on board to pay their respects to Lord B.; and, as Pickersgill had found out from Cecilia that her father was acquainted with no one there, he received them in person; asked them down in the cabin; called for wine; and desired them to send their boat away, as his own was going on shore. The smugglers took great care, that the steward, cook, and lady's maid, should have no communication with the guests; one of them, by Corbett's direction, being a sentinel over each individual. The gentlemen remained about half-an-hour on board, during which Corbett and the smugglers had filled the portmanteaus found in the cabin with the lace; and they were put in the boat. Corbett then landed the gentlemen in the same boat, and went up to the hotel, the smugglers following him with the portmanteaus, without any suspicion or interruption. As soon as he was there, he ordered post-horses, and set off for a town close by, where he had correspondents; and thus the major part of the cargo was secured. Corbett then returned in the night, bringing with him people to receive the goods; and the smugglers landed the silks, teas, etc., with the same good fortune. Every thing was out of the yacht except a portion of the lace, which the portmanteaus would not hold. Pickersgill might easily have sent this on shore; but to please Mrs. Lascelles, he arranged otherwise.

The next morning, about an hour after breakfast was finished, Mrs. Lascelles entered the cabin pretending to be in the greatest consternation, and fell on the sofa, as if she were going to faint.

'Good heavens! what is the matter?' exclaimed Cecilia, who knew very well what was coming.

'Oh, the wretch! he has made such proposals.'

'Proposals! what proposals? what! Lord Blarney? cried Miss Ossulton.

'Oh, he's no Lord; he's a villain and a smuggler: and he insists that we shall both fill our pockets full of lace, and go on shore with him.'

'Mercy on me! then it is no hoax after all; and I've been sitting down to dinner with a smuggler!'

'Sitting down, madam! — if it were to be no more than that — but we are to take his arm up to the hotel. Oh, dear! Cecilia, I am ordered on deck, pray come with me.'

Miss Ossulton rolled on the sofa, and rang for Phœbe; she was in a state of great alarm.

A knock at the door.

'Come in', said Miss Ossulton, thinking it was Phœbe; when Pickersgill made his appearance.

'What do you want, sir? go out, sir! go out directly, or I'll scream.'

'It is no use screaming, madam; recollect that all on board are at my service. You will oblige me by listening to me, Miss Ossalton. I am, as you know, a smuggler, and I must send this lace on shore. You will oblige me by putting it into your pockets, or about your person, and prepare to go on shore with me. As soon as we arrive at the hotel, you will deliver it to me, and I then shall reconduct you on board of the yacht. You are not the first lady who has gone on shore with contraband articles about her person.

'Me, sir, go on shore in that way? no, sir, never! what will the world say? the Hon. Miss Ossulton walking with a smuggler! No, sir, never!'

'Yes, madam, walking arm-and-arm with a smuggler: I shall have you on one arm, and Mrs. Lascelles on the other; and I would advise you to take it very quietly, for, in the first place, it will be you who smuggle, as the goods will be found on your person, and you will certainly be put in prison, for, at the least appearance of insubordination, we run and inform against you and, further, your niece will remain on

board as hostage for your good behaviour, and if you have any regard for her liberty, you will consent immediately.'

Pickersgill left the cabin, and shortly afterwards Cecilia and Mrs. Lascelles entered, apparently much distressed. They had been informed of all, and Mrs. Lascelles declared, that, for her part, sooner than leave her poor Cecilia to the mercy of such people, she had made up her mind to submit to the smuggler's demands. Cecilia also begged so earnestly, that Miss Ossulton, who had no idea that it was a trick, with much sobbing and blubbering, consented.

When all was ready, Cecilia left the cabin; Pickersgill came down, handed up the two ladies, who had not exchanged a word with each other during Cecilia's absence; the boat was ready alongside, they went in, and pulled on shore. Every thing succeeded to the smuggler's satisfaction. Miss Ossulton, frightened out of her wits, took his arm; and, with Mrs. Lascelles on the other, they went up to the hotel, followed by four of his boat's crew. As soon as they were shewn into a room, Corbett, who was already on shore, asked for Lord B., and joined them. The ladies retired to another apartment, divested themselves of their contraband goods, and, after calling for some sandwiches and wine, Pickersgill waited an hour, and then returned on board. Mrs. Lascelles was triumphant; and she rewarded her new ally, the smuggler, with one of her sweetest smiles. Community of interest will sometimes make strange friendships.

Conclusion.

We must now return to the other parties who have assisted in the acts of this little drama. Lord B., after paddling and paddling, the men relieving each other in order to make head against the wind which was off shore, arrived about midnight at a small town in West Bay, from whence he took a chaise on to Portsmouth, taking it for granted that his yacht would arrive as soon as, if not before himself, little imagining that it was in possession of the smugglers. There he remained three or four days, when, becoming impatient, he applied to one of his friends who had a yacht at Cowes, and sailed with him to look after his own.

We left the Happy-go-lucky chased by the revenue cutter. At first the smuggler had the advantage before the wind; but, by degrees, the wind went round with the sun, and brought the revenue cutter to leeward; it was then a chase on a wind, and the revenue cutter came fast up with her.

Morrison perceiving that he had no chance of escape, let run the ankers of brandy that he might not be condemned; but still he was in an awkward situation, as he had more men on board than allowed by act of Parliament. He therefore stood on, notwithstanding the shot of the cutter went over and over him, hoping that a fog or night might enable him to escape; but he had no such good fortune, — one of the shot carried away the head of his mast, and the Happy-go-lucky's luck was all over. He was boarded and taken possession of; he asserted that the extra men were only passengers; but, in the first place, they were dressed in seamen's clothes; and, in the second, as soon as the boat was aboard of her, Appleboy had gone down to his gin toddy, and was not to be disturbed. The gentlemen smugglers therefore passed an uncomfortable night; and the cutter going to Portland by daylight before Appleboy was out of bed, they were taken on shore to the magistrate. Hautaine explained the whole affair, and they were immediately released and treated with respect; but they were not permitted to depart until they were bound over to appear against the smugglers, and prove the brandy having been on board. They then set off for Portsmouth in the seamen's clothes, having had quite enough of yachting for that season, Mr. Ossulton declaring that he only wanted to get his luggage, and then he would take care how he put himself again in the way of the shot of a revenue cruiser, or of sleeping a night on her decks.

In the meantime, Morrison and his men were locked up in the jail, the old man, as the key was turned on him, exclaiming, as he raised his foot in vexation: 'That cursed blue pigeon!'

We will now return to the yacht.

About an hour after Pickersgill had come on board, Corbett had made all his arrangements and followed him. It was not advisable to remain at Torquay any longer, through fear of discovery; he, therefore, weighed the anchor before dinner, and made sail.

'What do you intend to do now, my lord,' said Mrs. Lascelles.

'I intend to run down to Cowes, anchor the yacht in the night; and an hour before daylight have you in my boat with all my men. I will take care that you are in perfect safety, depend upon it, even if I run a risk. I should, indeed, be miserable, if, through my wild freaks, any accident should happen to Mrs. Lascelles or Miss Ossulton.'

'I am very anxious about my father,' observed Cecilia. 'I trust that you will keep your promise.'

'I always have hitherto, Miss Ossulton; have I not?'

'Ours is but a short and strange acquaintance.'

'I grant it; but it will serve for you to talk about long after. I shall disappear as suddenly as I have come — you will neither of you, in all probability, ever see me again.'

The dinner was announced, and they sat down to table as before; but the elderly spinster refused to make her appearance; and Mrs. Lascelles and Cecilia, who thought she had been frightened enough, did not attempt to force her. Pickersgill immediately yielded to these remonstrances, and, from that time, she remained undisturbed in the ladies' cabin, meditating over the indignity of having sat down to table, having drank wine, and been obliged to walk on shore, taking the arm of a smuggler, and appear in such a humiliating situation.

The wind was light, and they made but little progress, and were not abreast of Portland till the second day, when another yacht appeared in sight, and the two vessels slowly neared until in the afternoon they were within four miles of each other. It then fell a dead calm — signals were thrown out by the other yacht, but could not be distinguished, and, for the last time, they sat down to dinner. Three days' companionship on board of a vessel, cooped up together, and having no one else to converse with, will produce intimacy; and Pickersgill was a young man of so much originality and information that he was listened to with pleasure. He never attempted to advance beyond the line of strict decorum and politeness; and his companion was equally unpresuming. Situated as they were, and feeling what must have been the case had they fallen into other hands, both Cecilia and Mrs. Lascelles felt some degree of gratitude towards him; and, although anxious to be relieved from so strange a position, they had gradually acquired a perfect confidence in him, and this had produced a degree of familiarity, on their parts, although never ventured upon by the smuggler. As Corbett was at the table, one of the men came down and made a sign. Corbett shortly after quitted the table and went on deck. 'I wish, my lord, you would come up a moment, and see if you can make this flag out,' said Corbett, giving a significant nod to Pickersgill. 'Excuse me, ladies, one moment,' said Pickersgill, who went on deck.

'It is the boat of the yacht coming on board,' said Corbett; 'and Lord B. is in the stern-sheets with the gentleman who was with him.'

'And how many men in the boat? — let me see — only four. Well, let his lordship and his friend come: when they are on the deck, have the men ready in case of accident; but if you can manage to tell the boat's crew that they are to go on board again, and get rid of them that way, so much the better. Arrange this with Adams, and then come down again — his lordship must see us all at dinner.'

Pickersgill then descended, and Corbett had hardly time to give his directions and to resume his seat, before his lordship and Mr. Stewart pulled up alongside and jumped on deck. There was no one to receive them but the seamen, and those whom they did not know. They looked around in amazement; at last his lordship said to Adams, who stood forward:

'What men are you?'

'Belong to the yacht, ye'r honour.'

Lord B. heard laughing in the cabin: he would not wait to interrogate the men; he walked aft, followed by Mr. Stewart, looked down the skylight, and perceived his daughter and Mrs. Lascelles with, as he supposed, Hautaine and Ossulton.

Pickersgill had heard the boat rub the side, and the sound of the feet on deck, and he talked the more loudly that the ladies might be caught by Lord B. as they were. He heard their feet at the skylight, and knew that they could hear what passed; and at that moment he proposed to the ladies that as this was their last meeting at table they should all take a glass of champagne to drink to 'their happy meeting with Lord B.' This was a toast which they did not refuse. Maddox poured out the wine, and they were all bowing to each other, when his lordship, who had come down the ladder, walked into the cabin, followed by Mr. Stewart.

Cecilia perceived her father; the champagne-glass dropped from her hand — she flew into his arms, and burst into tears.

'Who would not be a father, Mrs. Lascelles,' said Pickersgill, quietly seating himself, after having first risen to receive Lord B.

'And pray, whom may I have the honour of finding established here?' said Lord B. in an angry tone, speaking over his daughter's head, who still lay in his arms. 'By Heavens, yes! — Stewart, it is the smuggling captain dressed out.'

'Even so, my lord,' replied Pickersgill. 'You abandoned your yacht to capture me; you left these ladies in a vessel crippled for want of men: they might have been lost.

I have returned good for evil by coming on board with my own people, and taking charge of them. This night I expected to have anchored your vessel in Cowes, and have left them in safety.'

'By th — —' cried Stewart.

'Stop, sir, if you please!' cried Pickersgill; 'recollect you have once already attacked one who never offended. Oblige me by refraining from intemperate language; for I tell you I will not put up with it. Recollect, sir, that I have refrained from that, and also from taking advantage of you when you were in my power. Recollect, sir, also, that the yacht is still in possession of the smugglers, and that you are in no condition to insult with impunity. My lord, allow me to observe, that we men are too hot of temperament to argue, or listen coolly. With your permission, your friend, and my friend, and I, will repair on deck, leaving you to hear from your daughter and that lady all that has passed. After that, my lord, I shall be most happy to hear any thing which your lordship may please to say.'

'Upon my word —' commenced Mr. Stewart.

'Mr. Stewart,' interrupted Cecilia Ossulton, 'I request your silence; nay, more, if ever we are again to sail in the same vessel together, I *insist* upon it.'

'Your lordship will oblige me by enforcing Miss Ossulton's request,' said Mrs. Lascelles.

Mr. Stewart was dumbfounded, no wonder, to find the ladies siding with the smuggler.

'I am obliged to you ladies for your interference,' said Pickersgill; 'for although I have the means of enforcing conditions, I should be sorry to avail myself of them. I wait for his lordship's reply.'

Lord B. was very much surprised. He wished for an explanation; he bowed with *hauteur*. Every body appeared to be in a false position; even he, Lord B., somehow or another, had bowed to a smuggler.

Pickersgill and Stewart went on deck, walking up and down, crossing each other without speaking, but reminding you of two dogs who both are anxious to fight, but have been restrained by the voice of their masters. Corbett followed, and talked in a low tone to Pickersgill; Stewart went over to leeward to see if the boat was still alongside, but it had long before returned to the yacht. Miss Ossulton had heard her brother's voice but did not come out of the after-cabin; she wished to be magnificent; and, at the same time, she was not sure whether all was right, Phœbe having informed her that there was nobody with her brother and Mr. Stewart, and that the smugglers still had the command of the vessel. After a while, Pickersgill and Corbett went down forward, and returned dressed in the smuggler's clothes, when they resumed their walk on the deck.

In the meantime, it was dark; the cutter flew along the coast; and the Needles' lights were on the larboard bow. The conversation between Cecilia, Mrs. Lascelles, and her father, was long. When all had been detailed, and the conduct of Pickersgill duly represented, Lord B. acknowledged that, by attacking the smuggler, he had laid himself open to retaliation; that Pickersgill had shown a great deal of forbearance in every instance; and, after all, had he not gone on board the yacht she might have been lost, with only three seamen on board. He was amused with the smuggling and the fright of his sister; still more, with the gentlemen being sent to Cherbourg; and much consoled that he was not the only one to be laughed at. He was also much pleased with Pickersgill's intention of leaving the yacht safe in Cowes harbour, his respect to the property on board, and his conduct to the ladies. On the whole, he felt grateful to Pickersgill; and where there is gratitude, there is always good will.

'But who can he be?' said Mrs. Lascelles, 'his name he acknowledges not to be Pickersgill: and he told me confidentially that he was of good family.'

'Confidentially! my dear Mrs. Lascelles,' said Lord B.

'Oh, yes! we are both his confidants. Are we not, Cecilia?'

'Upon my honour, Mrs. Lascelles, this smuggler appears to have made an impression which many have attempted in vain.'

Mrs. Lascelles did not reply to that remark, but said, 'Now, my lord, you must decide; and I trust you will to oblige us — treat him as he has treated us, with the greatest respect and kindness.'

'Why should you suppose otherwise?' replied B.; 'it is not only my wish, but my interest to do so. He may take us over to France to-night, or any where else. Has he not possession of the vessel?'

'Yes,' replied Cecilia; 'but we flatter ourselves that we have *the command*. Shall we call him down, papa?'

'Ring for Maddox. Maddox, tell Mr. Pickersgill, who is on deck, that I wish to speak with him, and shall be obliged by his stepping down into the cabin.'

'Who, my lord? What! *Him?*'

'Yes *him*,' replied Cecilia, laughing.

'Must I call him, my lord, now, miss?'

'You may do as you please, Maddox; hut recollect, he still is in possession of the vessel,' replied Cecilia.

'Then, with your lordship's permission, I will; it's the safest way.'

The smuggler entered the cahin; the ladies started as he appeared in his rough costume, with his throat open, and his loose black handkerchief. He was the *beau idéal* of a handsome sailor.

'Your lordship wishes to communicate with me?'

'Mr. Pickersgill, I feel that you have had cause of enmity against me, and that you have behaved with forhearance. I thank you for yonr considerate treatment of the ladies; and I assure you, that I feel no resentment for what has passed.'

'My lord, I am quite satisfied with what you have said; and I only hope that, in future, you will not interfere with a poor smuggler, who may he striving, hy a life of danger and privation, to procure subsistence for himself and, perhaps, his family. I stated to these ladies my intention of anchoring the yacht this night at Cowes, and leaving her as soon as she was in safety. Your unexpected presence will only make this difference, which is, that I must previously obtain your lordship's assurance that those with you, will allow me and my men to quit her without molestation, after we have performed this service.'

'I pledge you my word, Mr. Pickersgill, and I thank you into the bargain. I trust you will allow me to offer some remuneration.'

'Most certainly not, my lord.'

'At all events, Mr. Pickersgill, if, at any other time, I can be of service, yon may command me.'

Pickersgill made no reply.

'Surely, Mr. Pickersgill, — —'

'Pickersgill! how I hate that name!' said the smuggler, musing. 'I beg your lordship's pardon — if I may require your assistance for my unfortunate companions — —'

'Not for yourself, Mr. Pickersgill?' said Mrs. Lascelles.

'Madam, I smuggle no more.'

'For the pleasure I feel in hearing that resolution, Mr. Pickersgill,' said Cecilia, 'take my hand, and thanks.'

'And mine,' said Mrs. Lascelles, half crying.

'And mine, too,' said Lord B. rising up.

Pickersgill passed the hack of his hand across his eyes, turned round and left the cabin.

'I'm so happy!' said Mrs. Lascelles, hursting into tears.

'He's a magnificent fellow,' observed Lord B. 'Come, let us all go on deck.'

'You have not seen my aunt, papa.'

'True; I'll go in to her, and then follow you.'

The ladies went upon deck. Cecilia entered into conversation with Mr. Stewart, giving him a narrative of what had happened. Mrs. Lascelles sat ahaft at the taffrail, with her pretty hand supporting her cheek, looking very much *à la Juliette*.

'Mrs. Lascelles,' said Pickersgill, 'before we part, allow me to observe, that it is *you* who have induced me to give up my profession — —'

'Why me, Mr. Pickersgill?'

'You said that you did not like it.'

Mrs. Lascelles felt the force of the compliment. 'You said, just now, that you hated the name of Pickersgill; why do you call yourself so?'

'It was my smuggling name, Mrs. Lascelles.'

'And now, that you have left off smuggling; pray what may be the name we are to call you hy?'

'I cannot resume it, till I have not only left this vessel, but shaken hands with, and hid farewell to, my companions; and hy that time, Mrs. Lascelles, I shall be away from you.'

'But I've a great curiosity to know it, and a lady's curiosity must he gratified. You must call upon me some day and tell it me. Here is my address.'

Pickersgill received the card with a low bow; and Lord B. coming on deck, Mrs. Lascelles hastened to meet him.

The vessel was now passing the Bridge of the Needles, and the smuggler piloted her on. As soon as they were clear and well inside, the whole party went down into the cabin, Lord B. requesting Pickersgill and Corhett to join him in a parting glass. Mr. Stewart, who had received the account of what had passed from Cecilia, was very attentive to Pickersgill, and took an opportunity of saying, that he was sorry that he had said or done any thing to annoy him. Every one recovered his spirits; and all was good humour and mirth, hecause Miss Ossulton adhered to her resolution of not quitting the cahin till she could quit the yacht. At ten o'clock the yacht was anchored. Pickersgill took his leave of the honourahle company, and went in his hoat with his men; and Lord B. was again in possession of his vessel, although he had not a ship's company. Maddox recovered his usual tone; and the cook flourished his knife, swearing that he should like to see

the smuggler who would again order him to dress cutlets *à l'ombre Chinoise*.

The yacht had remained three days at Cowes, when Lord B. received a letter from Pickersgill, stating that the men of his vessel had been captured, and would be condemned, in consequence of their having the gentlemen on board, who were bound to appear against them, to prove that they had sunk the brandy. Lord B. paid all the recognisances, and the men were liberated for want of evidence.

It was about two years after this that Cecilia Ossulton, who was sitting at her work-table in deep mourning for her aunt, was presented with a letter by the butler. It was from her friend Mrs. Lascelles, informing her that she was married again to a Mr. Davenant, and intended to pay her a short visit on her way to the Continent. Mr. and Mrs. Davenant arrived the next day; and when the latter introduced her husband, she said to Miss Ossulton, 'Look, Cecilia dear, and tell me if you have ever seen Davenant before.'

Cecilia looked earnestly. 'I have, indeed,' cried she at last, extending her hand with warmth; 'and happy am I to meet with him again.'

For in Mr. Davenant she recognised her old acquaintance, the captain of the Happy-go-lucky, Jack Pickersgill, the smuggler.

CHARLES DICKENS.

Mr. Charles Dickens or Boz is without doubt the first English author of the present day. He was born in 1812. His first appeared before the public at the age of about 26 in a series of sketches illustrative of the English character which bear the name of 'Sketches', by Boz; they were originally written for a newspaper, but from 1836 till 37 they appeared as a separate work. In 1837 he began 'The Pickwick Papers' of which it is said 100,000 copies have been sold: they contain some of the most excellent portraits of character anywhere to be met with. These were followed almost immediately by 'Nicholas Nickleby', and soon afterwards by 'Oliver Twist', in which the author has portrayed the life of a charity boy who is brought up among housebreakers and pickpockets without his character being corrupted. In 'Oliver Twist', Dickens has exerted powers of a more varied nature than perhaps in any other of his works; his next publication was 'Master Humphrey's Clock', which contains 'The Old Curiosity Shop' and 'Barnaby Rudge'. In the former the author has depicted with his usual force the effects of gambling. In 1843 Dickens made a voyage to America and described his impressions of the manners and customs 'of the Yankees' in his 'American Note-Book'. Beside his larger works, Dickens has written a series of Christmas tales, of which the first entitled 'The Christmas Carol' is undoubtedly the best; the remaining stories are 'The Chimes', 'The Cricket on the Hearth', 'The Battle of Life' and 'The Haunted Man'. 'Martin Chuzzlewit', 'Dombey and Son', 'David Copperfield', 'Bleak House', the highly interesting 'Household-words' and his elaborately written 'History of England', have appeared lately and bear witness to the undiminished talent of the author who continues to write with unabated vigour, and as much success as ever attends the appearance of his works.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

Marley's Ghost.

Marley was dead: to begin with. There is no doubt whatever about that. The register of his burial was signed by the clergyman, the clerk, the undertaker, and the chief mourner. Scrooge signed it: and Scrooge's name was good upon 'Change, for anything he chose to put his hand to. Old Marley was as dead as a door-nail.

Mind! I don't mean to say that I know, of my own knowledge, what there is particularly dead about a door-nail. I might have been inclined, myself, to regard a coffin-nail as the deadest piece of ironmongery in the trade. But the wisdom of our ancestors is in the simile; and my unhallowed hands shall not disturb it, or the Country's done for. You will therefore permit me to repeat, emphatically, that Marley was as dead as a door-nail.

Scrooge knew he was dead? Of course he did. How could it be otherwise? Scrooge and he were partners for I don't know how many years. Scrooge was his sole executor, his sole administrator, his sole assignee, his sole residuary legatee, his sole friend and sole mourner. And even Scrooge was not so dreadfully cut up by the sad event, but that he was an excellent man of business on the very day of the funeral, and solemnised it with an undoubted bargain.

The mention of Marley's funeral brings me back to the point I started from. There is no doubt that Marley was dead. This must be distinctly understood, or nothing wonderful can come of the story I am going to relate. If we were not perfectly convinced that Hamlet's Father died before the play began, there would be nothing more remarkable in his taking a stroll at night, in an easterly wind, upon his own ramparts, than there would be in any other middle-aged gentleman rashly turning out after dark in a breezy spot — say Saint Paul's Churchyard for instance — literally to astonish his son's weak mind.

Scrooge never painted out Old Marley's name. There it stood, years afterwards,

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above the ware-house door: Scrooge and Marley. The firm was known as Scrooge and Marley. Sometimes people new to the business called Scrooge Scrooge, and sometimes Marley, but he answered to both names: it was all the same to him.

Oh! But he was a tight-fisted hand at the grindstone, Scrooge! a squeezing, wrenching, grasping, scraping, clutching, covetous old sinner! Hard and sharp as flint, from which no steel had ever struck out generous fire; secret, and self-contained, and solitary as an oyster. The cold within him froze his old features, nipped his pointed nose, shrivelled his cheek, stiffened his gait; made his eyes red, his thin lips blue; and spoke out shrewdly in his grating voice. A frosty rime was on his head, and on his eyebrows, and his wiry chin. He carried his own low temperature always about with him; he iced his office in the dog-days; and didn't thaw it one degree at Christmas.

External heat and cold had little influence on Scrooge. No warmth could warm, nor wintry weather chill him. No wind that blew was bitterer than he, no falling snow was more intent upon its purpose, no pelting rain less open to entreaty. Foul weather didn't know where to have him. The heaviest rain, and snow, and hail, and sleet, could boast of the advantage over him in only one respect. They often 'came down' handsomely, and Scrooge never did.

Nobody ever stopped him in the street to say, with gladsome looks, 'My dear Scrooge, how are you? when will you come to see me?' No beggars implored him to bestow a trifle, no children asked him what it was o' clock, no man or woman ever once in all his life inquired the way to such and such a place, of Scrooge. Even the blindmen's dogs appeared to know him; and when they saw him coming on, would tug their owners into doorways and up courts, and then would wag their tails as though they said, 'no eye at all is better than an evil eye, dark master!'

But what did Scrooge care? It was the very thing he liked. To edge his way along the crowded paths of life, warning all human sympathy to keep its distance, was what the knowing ones call 'nuts' to Scrooge.

Once upon a time — of all the good days in the year, on Christmas Eve — old Scrooge sat busy in his counting-house. It was cold, bleak, biting weather: foggy withal: and he could hear the people in the court outside go wheezing up and down, beating their hands upon their breasts, and stamping their feet upon the pavement-stones to warm them. The city clocks had only just gone three, but it was quite dark already: it had not been light all day: and candles were flaring in the windows of the neighbouring offices, like ruddy smears upon the palpable brown air. The fog came pouring in at every chink and keyhole, and was so dense without, that although the court was of the narrowest, the houses opposite were mere phantoms. To see the dingy cloud come drooping down, obscuring everything, one might have thought that Nature lived hard by, and was brewing on a large scale.

The door of Scrooge's counting-house was open that he might keep his eye upon his clerk, who in a dismal little cell beyond, a sort of tank, was copying letters. Scrooge had a very small fire, but the clerk's fire was so very much smaller that it looked like one coal. But he couldn't replenish it, for Scrooge kept the coal-box in his own room; and so surely as the clerk came in with the shovel, the master predicted that it would be necessary for them to part. Wherefore the clerk put on his white comforter, and tried to warm himself at the candle; in which effort, not being a man of a strong imagination, he failed.

'A merry Christmas, uncle! God save you!' cried a cheerful voice. It was the voice of Scrooge's nephew, who came upon him so quickly that this was the first intimation he had of his approach.

'Bah!' said Scrooge, 'Humbug!'

He had so heated himself with rapid walking in the fog and frost, this nephew of Scrooge's, that he was all in a glow; his face was ruddy and handsome; his eyes sparkled, and his breath smoked again.

'Christmas a humbug, uncle!' said Scrooge's nephew. 'You don't mean that, I am sure.'

'I do,' said Scrooge. 'Merry Christmas! what right have you to be merry? what reason have you to be merry? You're poor enough.'

'Come, then,' returned the nephew gaily, 'What right have you to be dismal? what reason have you to be morose? You're rich enough.'

Scrooge having no better answer ready on the spur of the moment, said, 'Bah!' again; and followed it up with 'Humbug.'

'Don't be cross, uncle,' said the nephew.

'What else can I be,' returned the uncle, 'when I live in such a world of fools as this? Merry Christmas! Out upon merry Christmas! What 's Christmas time to you but a time for paying bills without money; a time for finding yourself a year older, and not an hour richer; a time for balancing your books and having every item in

'em through a round dozen of months presented dead against you? If I could work my will,' said Scrooge, indignantly, 'every idiot who goes about with 'Merry Christmas,' on his lips, should be boiled with his own pudding, and buried with a stake of holly through his heart. He should!'

'Uncle!' pleaded the nephew.

'Nephew!' returned the uncle, sternly, 'keep Christmas in your own way, and let me keep it in mine.'

'Keep it!' repeated Scrooge's nephew. 'But you don't keep it.'

'Let me leave it alone, then,' said Scrooge. 'Much good may it do you! Much good it has ever done you!'

'There are many things from which I might have derived good, by which I have not profited, I dare say,' returned the nephew: 'Christmas among the rest. But I am sure I have always thought of Christmas time, when it has come round — apart from the veneration due to its sacred name and origin, if anything belonging to it can be apart from that — as a good time: a kind, forgiving, charitable, pleasant time: the only time I know of, in the long calendar of the year, when men and women seem by one consent to open their shut-up hearts freely, and to think of people below them as if they really were fellow-passengers to the grave, and not another race of creatures bound on other journeys. And therefore, uncle, though it has never put a scrap of gold or silver in my pocket, I believe that it *has* done me good, and *will* do me good; and I say, God bless it!'

The clerk in the tank involuntarily applauded: becoming immediately sensible of the impropriety, he poked the fire, and extinguished the last frail spark for ever.

'Let me hear another sound from *you*,' said Scrooge, 'and you 'll keep your Christmas by losing your situation. You 're quite a powerful speaker, Sir,' he added, turning to his nephew. 'I wonder you don't go into Parliament.'

'Don't be angry, uncle. Come! Dine with us to-morrow.'

Scrooge said that he would see him — yes, indeed he did. He went the whole length of the expression, and said that he would see him in that extremity first.

'But why?' cried Scrooge's nephew. 'Why?'

'Why did you get married?' said Scrooge.

'Because I fell in love.'

'Because you fell in love!' growled Scrooge, as if that were the only one thing in the world more ridiculous than a merry Christmas. 'Good afternoon!'

'Nay, uncle, but you never came to see me before that happened. Why give it as a reason for not coming now?'

'Good afternoon,' said Scrooge.

'I want nothing from you; I ask nothing of you; why cannot we be friends?'

'Good afternoon,' said Scrooge.

'I am sorry, with all my heart, to find you so resolute. We have never had any quarrel, to which I have been a party. But I have made the trial in homage to Christmas, and I 'll keep my Christmas humour to the last. So A Merry Christmas, uncle!'

'Good afternoon!' said Scrooge.

'And A Happy New Year!'

'Good afternoon!' said Scrooge.

His nephew left the room without an angry word, notwithstanding. He stopped at the outer door to bestow the greetings of the season on the clerk, who, cold as he was, was warmer than Scrooge; for he returned them cordially.

'There 's another fellow,' muttered Scrooge, who overheard him: 'my clerk, with fifteen shillings a-week, and a wife and family, talking about a merry Christmas. I'll retire to Bedlam.'

This lunatic, in letting Scrooge's nephew out, had let two other people in. They were portly gentlemen, pleasant to behold, and now stood, with their hats off, in Scrooge's office. They had books and papers in their hands, and bowed to him.

'Scrooge and Marley's, I believe,' said one of the gentlemen, referring to his list. 'Have I the pleasure of addressing Mr. Scrooge, or Mr. Marley?'

'Mr. Marley has been dead these seven years,' Scrooge replied. 'He died seven years ago, this very night.'

'We have no doubt his liberality is well represented by his surviving partner,' said the gentleman, presenting his credentials.

It certainly was; for they had been two kindred spirits. At the ominous word 'liberality,' Scrooge frowned, and shook his head, and handed the credentials back.

'At this festive season of the year, Mr. Scrooge,' said the gentleman, taking up a pen, 'it is more than usually desirable that we should make some slight provision for the poor and destitute, who suffer greatly at the present time. Many thousands are in want of common necessaries; hundreds of thousands are in want of common comforts, Sir.'

'Are there no prisons?' asked Scrooge.

'Plenty of prisons,' said the gentleman, laying down the pen again.

'And the Union workhouses?' demanded Scrooge. 'Are they still in operation?'

'They are. Still,' returned the gentleman, 'I wish I could say they were not.'

'The Treadmill and the Poor Law are in full vigour, then?' said Scrooge.

'Both very busy, Sir.'

'Oh! I was afraid, from what you said at first, that something had occurred to stop them in their useful course,' said Scrooge. 'I'm very glad to hear it.'

'Under the impression that they scarcely furnish Christian cheer of mind or body to the multitude,' returned the gentleman, 'a few of us are endeavouring to raise a fund to buy the Poor some meat and drink, and means of warmth. We choose this time, because it is a time, of all others, when Want is keenly felt, and Abundance rejoices. What shall I put you down for?'

'Nothing!' Scrooge replied.

'You wish to be anonymous?'

'I wish to be left alone,' said Scrooge. 'Since you ask me what I wish, gentlemen, that is my answer. I don't make merry myself at Christmas, and I can't afford to make idle people merry. I help to support the establishments I have mentioned: they cost enough: and those who are badly off must go there.'

'Many can't go there; and many would rather die.'

'If they would rather die,' said Scrooge, 'they had better do it, and decrease the surplus population. Besides — excuse me — I don't know that.'

'But you might know it,' observed the gentleman.

'It 's not my business,' Scrooge returned. 'It 's enough for a man to understand his own business, and not to interfere with other people's. Mine occupies me constantly. Good afternoon, gentlemen!'

Seeing clearly that it would be useless to pursue their point, the gentlemen withdrew. Scrooge resumed his labours with an improved opinion of himself, and in a more facetious temper than was usual with him.

Meanwhile the fog and darkness thickened so, that people ran about with flaring links, proffering their services to go before horses in carriages, and conduct them on their way. The ancient tower of a church, whose gruff old bell was always peeping slily down at Scrooge out of a gothic window in the wall, became invisible, and struck the hours and quarters in the clouds, with tremulous vibrations afterwards, as if its teeth were chattering in its frozen head up there. The cold became intense.

At length the hour of shutting up the counting-house arrived. With an ill-will Scrooge dismounted from his stool, and tacitly admitted the fact to the expectant clerk in the tank, who instantly snuffed his candle out, and put on his hat.

'You 'll want all day to-morrow, I suppose?' said Scrooge.

'If quite convenient, Sir.'

'It 's not convenient,' said Scrooge, 'and it's not fair. If I was to stop half-a-crown for it, you'd think yourself ill-used, I'll be bound?'

The clerk smiled faintly.

'And yet,' said Scrooge, 'you don't think *me* ill-used, when I pay a day's wages for no work.'

The clerk observed that it was only once a year.

'A poor excuse for picking a man's pocket every twenty-fifth of December!' said Scrooge, buttoning his great-coat to the chin. 'But I suppose you must have the whole day. Be here all the earlier next morning!'

The clerk promised that he would; and Scrooge walked out with a growl. The office was closed in a twinkling, and the clerk, with the long ends of his white comforter dangling below his waist (for he boasted no great-coat), went down a slide on Cornhill, at the end of a lane of boys, twenty times, in honour of its being Christmas-eve, and then ran home to Camden Town as hard as he could pelt, to play at blindman's-buff.

Scrooge took his melancholy dinner in his usual melancholy tavern; and having read all the newspapers, and beguiled the rest of the evening with his banker's-book, went home to bed. He lived in chambers which had once belonged to his deceased partner. They were a gloomy suite of rooms, in a lowering pile of building up a yard, where it had so little business to be, that one could scarcely help fancying it must have run there when it was a young house, playing at hide-and-seek with other houses, and have forgotten the way out again. It was old enough now, and dreary enough, for nobody lived in it but Scrooge, the other rooms being all let out as offices. The yard was so dark that even Scrooge, who knew its every stone, was fain to grope with his hands. The fog and frost so hung about the black old gateway of the house, that it seemed as if the Genius of the Weather sat in mournful meditation on the threshold.

Now, it is a fact, that there was nothing at all particular about the knocker on the door, except that it was very large. It is also a fact, that Scrooge had seen it night and morning during his whole residence in that place; also that Scrooge had as little of what is called fancy about him as any

man in the City of London, even including — which is a hold word — the corporation, aldermen, and livery. Let it also be borne in mind that Scrooge had not bestowed one thought on Marley, since his last mention of his seven-years' dead partner that afternoon. And then let any man explain to me, if he can, how it happened that Scrooge, having his key in the lock of the door, saw in the knocker, without its undergoing any intermediate process of change: not a knocker, but Marley's face.

Marley's face. It was not in impenetrable shadow as the other objects in the yard were, but had a dismal light about it, like a bad lobster in a dark cellar. It was not angry or ferocious, but looked at Scrooge as Marley used to look: with ghostly spectacles turned up upon its ghostly forehead. The hair was curiously stirred, as if by breath or hot-air; and though the eyes were wide open, they were perfectly motionless. That, and its livid colour, made it horrible; but its horror seemed to be in spite of the face and beyond its control, rather than a part of its own expression.

As Scrooge looked fixedly at this phenomenon, it was a knocker again.

To say that he was not startled, or that his blood was not conscious of a terrible sensation to which it had been a stranger from infancy, would be untrue. But he put his hand upon the key he had relinquished, turned it sturdily, walked in, and lighted his candle.

He *did* pause, with a moment's irresolution, before he shut the door; and he *did* look cautiously behind it first, as if he half-expected to be terrified with the sight of Marley's pig-tail sticking out into the hall. But there was nothing on the back of the door, except the screws and nuts that held the knocker on; so he said 'Pooh, pooh!' and closed it with a bang.

The sound resounded through the house like thunder. Every room above, and every cask in the wine-merchant's cellars below, appeared to have a separate peal of echoes of its own. Scrooge was not a man to be frightened by echoes. He fastened the door, and walked across the hall, and up the stairs; slowly too: trimming his candle as he went.

You may talk vaguely about driving a coach-and-six up a good old flight of stairs, or through a bad young Act of Parliament; but I mean to say you might have got a hearse up that staircase, and taken it broadwise, with the splinter-bar towards the wall, and the door towards the balustrades; and done it easy. There was plenty of width for that, and room to spare; which is perhaps the reason why Scrooge thought he saw a locomotive hearse going on before him in the gloom. Half a dozen gas-lamps out of the street wouldn't have lighted the entry too well, so you may suppose that it was pretty dark with Scrooge's dip.

Up Scrooge went, not caring a button for that: darkness is cheap, and Scrooge liked it. But before he shut his heavy door, he walked through his rooms to see that all was right. He had just enough recollection of the face to desire to do that.

Sitting-room, bed-room, lumber-room. All as they should be. Nobody under the table, nobody under the sofa; a small fire in the grate; spoon and basin ready; and the little saucepan of gruel (Scrooge had a cold in his head) upon the hob. Nobody under the bed; nobody in the closet; nobody in his dressing-gown, which was hanging up in a suspicious attitude against the wall. Lumber-room as usual. Old fire-guard, old shoes, two fish-baskets, washing-stand on three legs, and a poker.

Quite satisfied, he closed his door, and locked himself in; double-locked himself in, which was not his custom. Thus secured against surprise, he took off his cravat; put on his dressing-gown and slippers, and his night-cap; and sat down before the fire to take his gruel.

It was a very low fire indeed; nothing on such a bitter night. He was obliged to sit close to it, and brood over it, before he could extract the least sensation of warmth from such a handful of fuel. The fire-place was an old one, built by some Dutch merchant long ago, and paved all round with quaint Dutch tiles, designed to illustrate the Scriptures. There were Cains and Abels; Pharaoh's daughters, Queens of Sheba, Angelic messengers descending through the air on clouds like feather-beds, Abrahams, Belshazzars, Apostles putting off to sea in butter-boats, hundreds of figures, to attract his thoughts; and yet that face of Marley, seven years dead, came like the ancient Prophet's rod, and swallowed up the whole. If each smooth tile had been a blank at first, with power to shape some picture on its surface from the disjointed fragments of his thoughts, there would have been a copy of old Marley's head on every one.

'Humbug!' said Scrooge; and walked across the room.

After several turns, he sat down again. As he threw his head back in the chair, his glance happened to rest upon a bell, a disused bell, that hung in the room, and communicated for some purpose now forgotten

with a chamber in the highest story of the building. It was with great astonishment, and with a strange, inexplicable dread, that as he looked, he saw this bell begin to swing. It swung so softly in the outset that it scarcely made a sound; but soon it rang out loudly, and so did every bell in the house.

This might have lasted half a minute, or a minute, but it seemed an hour. The bells ceased as they had begun, together. They were succeeded by a clanking noise, deep down below; as if some person were dragging a heavy chain over the casks in the wine-merchant's cellar. Scrooge then remembered to have heard that ghosts in haunted houses were described as dragging chains.

The cellar-door flew open with a booming sound, and then he heard the noise much louder, on the floors below; then coming up the stairs; then coming straight towards his door.

'It 's humbug still!' said Scrooge. 'I won't believe it.'

His colour changed though, when, without a pause, it came on through the heavy door, and passed into the room before his eyes. Upon its coming in, the dying flame leaped up, as though it cried 'I know him! Marley's Ghost!' and fell again.

The same face: the very same. Marley in his pig-tail, usual waistcoat, tights, and boots; the tassels on the latter bristling, like his pig-tail, and his coat-skirts, and the hair upon his head. The chain he drew was clasped about his middle. It was long, and wound about him like a tail; and it was made (for Scrooge observed it closely) of cash-boxes, keys, padlocks, ledgers, deeds, and heavy purses wrought in steel. His body was transparent: so that Scrooge, observing him, and looking through his waistcoat, could see the two buttons on his coat behind.

Scrooge had often heard it said that Marley had no bowels, but he had never believed it until now.

No, nor did he believe it even now. Though he looked the phantom through and through, and saw it standing before him; though he felt the chilling influence of its death-cold eyes; and marked the very texture of the folded kerchief bound about its head and chin, which wrapper he had not observed before: he was still incredulous, and fought against his senses.

'How now!' said Scrooge, caustic and cold as ever. 'What do you want with me?'

'Much!' — Marley's voice, no doubt about it.

'Who are you?'

'Ask me who I *was*.'

'Who *were* you then?' said Scrooge, raising his voice. 'You 're particular — for a shade.' He was going to say '*to* a shade,' but substituted this, as more appropriate.

'In life I was your partner, Jacob Marley.'

'Can you — can you sit down?' asked Scrooge, looking doubtfully at him.

'I can.'

'Do it then.'

Scrooge asked the question, because he didn't know whether a ghost so transparent might find himself in a condition to take a chair; and felt that in the event of its being impossible, it might involve the necessity of an embarrassing explanation. But the ghost sat down on the opposite side of the fire-place, as if he were quite used to it.

'You don't believe in me,' observed the Ghost.

'I don't,' said Scrooge.

'What evidence would you have of my reality, beyond that of your senses?'

'I don't know,' said Scrooge.

'Why do you doubt your senses?'

'Because,' said Scrooge, 'a little thing affects them. A slight disorder of the stomach makes them cheats. You may be an undigested bit of beef, a blot of mustard, a crumb of cheese, a fragment of an underdone potato. There 's more of gravy than of grave about you, whatever you are!'

Scrooge was not much in the habit of cracking jokes, nor did he feel, in his heart, by any means waggish then. The truth is, that he tried to be smart, as a means of distracting his own attention, and keeping down his terror; for the spectre's voice disturbed the very marrow in his bones.

To sit, staring at those fixed, glazed eyes, in silence for a moment, would play, Scrooge felt, the very deuce with him. There was something very awful, too, in the spectre's being provided with an infernal atmosphere of its own. Scrooge could not feel it himself, but this was clearly the case; for though the Ghost sat perfectly motionless, its hair, and skirts, and tassels, were still agitated as by the hot vapour from an oven.

'You see this toothpick?' said Scrooge, returning quickly to the charge, for the reason just assigned; and wishing, though it were only for a second, to divert the vision's stony gaze from himself.

'I do,' replied the Ghost.

'You are not looking at it,' said Scrooge.

'But I see it,' said the Ghost, 'notwithstanding.'

'Well!' returned Scrooge. 'I have but to swallow this, and be for the rest of my days persecuted by a legion of goblins, all

of my own creation. Humbug, I tell you — humhng!'

At this, the spirit raised a frightful cry, and shook its chain with such a dismal and appalling noise, that Scrooge held on tight to his chair, to save himself from falling in a swoon. But how much greater was his horror, when the phantom taking off the bandage round its head, as if it were too warm to wear in-doors, its lower jaw dropped down upon its breast!

Scrooge fell upon his knees, and clasped his hands before his face.

'Mercy!' he said. 'Dreadful apparition, why do you trouble me?'

'Man of the worldly mind!' replied the Ghost, 'do you believe in me or not?'

'I do,' said Scrooge. 'I must. But why do spirits walk the earth, and why do they come to me?'

'It is required of every man,' the Ghost returned, 'that the spirit within him should walk abroad among his fellow-men, and travel far and wide; and if that spirit goes not forth in life, it is condemned to do so after death. It is doomed to wander through the world — oh, woe is me! — and witness what it cannot share, but might have shared on earth, and turned to happiness!'

Again the spectre raised a cry, and shook its chain, and wrung its shadowy hands.

'You are fettered,' said Scrooge, trembling. 'Tell me why?'

'I wear the chain I forged in life,' replied the Ghost. 'I made it link by link, and yard by yard; I girded it on of my own free will, and of my own free will I wore it. Is its pattern strange to *you*?'

Scrooge trembled more and more.

'Or would you know,' pursued the Ghost, 'the weight and length of the strong coil you bear yourself? It was full as heavy and as long as this, seven Christmas Eves ago. You have laboured on it, since. It is a ponderous chain!'

Scrooge glanced about him on the floor, in the expectation of finding himself surrounded by some fifty or sixty fathoms of iron cable: but he could see nothing.

'Jacob,' he said, imploringly. 'Old Jacob Marley, tell me more. Speak comfort to me, Jacob.'

'I have none to give,' the Ghost replied. 'It comes from other regions, Ebenezer Scrooge, and is conveyed by other ministers, to other kinds of men. Nor can I tell you what I would. A very little more, is all permitted to me. I cannot rest, I cannot stay, I cannot linger anywhere. My spirit never walked beyond our counting-house — mark me! — in life my spirit never roved beyond the narrow limits of our money-changing hole; and weary journeys lie before me!'

Scrooge was very much dismayed to hear the spectre going on at this rate, and began to quake exceedingly.

'Hear me!' cried the Ghost. 'My time is nearly gone.'

'I will,' said Scrooge. 'But don't be hard upon me! Don't be flowery, Jacob! Pray!'

'How it is that I appear before you in a shape that you can see, I may not tell. I have sat invisible beside you many and many a day.'

It was not an agreeable idea. Scrooge shivered, and wiped the perspiration from his brow.

'That is no light part of my penance,' pursued the Ghost. 'I am here to-night to warn you, that you have yet a chance and hope of escaping my fate. A chance and hope of my procuring, Ebenezer.'

'You were always a good friend to me,' said Scrooge. 'Thank'ee!'

'You will be haunted,' resumed the Ghost, 'by Three Spirits.'

Scrooge's countenance fell almost as low as the Ghost's had done.

'Is that the chance and hope you mentioned, Jacob?' he demanded, in a faltering voice.

'It is.'

'I — I think I'd rather not,' said Scrooge.

'Without their visits,' said the Ghost, 'you cannot hope to shun the path I tread. Expect the first to-morrow, when the bell tolls one.'

'Couldn't I take 'em all at once, and have it over, Jacob?' hinted Scrooge.

'Expect the second on the next night at the same hour. The third upon the next night when the last stroke of twelve has ceased to vibrate. Look to see me no more: and look that, for your own sake, you remember what has passed between us!'

When it had said these words, the spectre took its wrapper from the table, and bound it round its head, as before. Scrooge knew this, by the smart sound its teeth made, when the jaws were brought together by the bandage. He ventured to raise his eyes again, and found his supernatural visitor confronting him in an erect attitude, with its chain wound over and about its arm.

The apparition walked backward from him; and at every step it took, the window raised itself a little, so that when the spectre reached it, it was wide open. It

beckoned Scrooge to approach, which he did. When they were within two paces of each other, Marley's Ghost held up its hand, warning him to come no nearer. Scrooge stopped.

Not so much in obedience, as in surprise and fear: for on the raising of the hand, he became sensible of confused noises in the air; incoherent sounds of lamentation and regret; wailings inexpressibly sorrowful and self-accusatory. The spectre, after listening for a moment, joined in the mournful dirge; and floated out upon the bleak, dark night.

Scrooge followed to the window: desperate in his curiosity. He looked out.

The air was filled with phantoms, wandering hither and thither in restless haste, and moaning as they went. Every one of them wore chains like Marley's Ghost; some few (they might be guilty governments) were linked together; none were free. Many had been personally known to Scrooge in their lives. He had been quite familiar with one old ghost, in a white waistcoat, with a monstrous iron safe attached to its ancle, who cried piteously at being unable to assist a wretched woman with an infant, whom it saw below, upon a door-step. The misery with them all was, clearly, that they sought to interfere, for good, in human matters, and had lost the power for ever.

Whether these creatures faded into mist, or mist enshrouded them, he could not tell. But they and their spirit voices faded together; and the night became as it had been when he walked home.

Scrooge closed the window, and examined the door by which the Ghost had entered. It was double locked, as he had locked it with his own hands, and the bolts were undisturbed. He tried to say 'Humbug!' but stopped at the first syllable. And being, from the emotion he had undergone, or the fatigues of the day, or his glimpse of the Invisible World, or the dull conversation of the Ghost, or the lateness of the hour, much in need of repose; went straight to bed, without undressing, and fell asleep upon the instant.

The first of the three Spirits.

When Scrooge awoke, it was so dark, that looking out of bed, he could scarcely distinguish the transparent window from the opaque walls of his chamber. He was endeavouring to pierce the darkness with his ferret eyes, when the chimes of a neighbouring church struck the four quarters. So he listened for the hour.

To his great astonishment the heavy bell went on from six to seven, and from seven to eight, and regularly up to twelve; then stopped. Twelve! It was past two when he went to bed. The clock was wrong. An icicle must have got into the works. Twelve!

He touched the spring of his repeater, to correct this most preposterous clock. Its rapid little pulse beat twelve; and stopped.

'Why, it isn't possible,' said Scrooge, 'that I can have slept through a whole day and far into another night. It isn't possible that anything has happened to the sun, and this is twelve at noon!'

The idea being an alarming one, he scrambled out of bed, and groped his way to the window. He was obliged to rub the frost off with the sleeve of his dressing-gown before he could see anything; and could see very little then. All he could make out was, that it was still very foggy and extremely cold, and that there was no noise of people running to and fro, and making a great stir, as there unquestionably would have been if night had beaten off bright day, and taken possession of the world. This was a great relief, because 'three days after sight of this First of Exchange pay to Mr. Ebenezer Scrooge or his order,' and so forth, would have become a mere United States' security if there were no days to count by.

Scrooge went to bed again, and thought, and thought, and thought it over and over and over, and could make nothing of it. The more he thought, the more perplexed he was; and the more he endeavoured not to think, the more he thought. Marley's Ghost bothered him exceedingly. Every time he resolved within himself, after mature inquiry, that it was all a dream, his mind flew back again, like a strong spring released, to its first position, and presented the same problem to be worked all through, 'Was it a dream or not?'

Scrooge lay in this state until the chimes had gone three quarters more, when he remembered, on a sudden, that the Ghost had warned him of a visitation when the bell tolled one. He resolved to lie awake until the hour was past; and, considering that he could no more go to sleep than go to Heaven, this was perhaps the wisest resolution in his power.

The quarter was so long, that he was more than once convinced he must have sunk into a doze unconsciously, and missed the clock. At length it broke upon his listening ear.

'Ding, dong!'

'A quarter past,' said Scrooge, counting.

'Ding, dong!'

'Half past!' said Scrooge.

'Ding, dong!'

'A quarter to it,' said Scrooge.

'Ding, dong!'

'The hour itself,' said Scrooge, triumphantly, 'and nothing else!'

He spoke before the hour bell sounded, which it now did with a deep, dull, hollow, melancholy One. Light flashed up in the room upon the instant, and the curtains of his bed were drawn.

The curtains of his bed were drawn aside, I tell you, by a hand. Not the curtains at his feet, nor the curtains at his back, but those to which his face was addressed. The curtains of his bed were drawn aside; and Scrooge, starting up into a half-recumbent attitude, found himself face to face with the unearthly visitor who drew them: as close to it as I am now to you, and I am standing in the spirit at your elbow.

It was a strange figure — like a child: yet not so like a child as like an old man, viewed through some supernatural medium, which gave him the appearance of having receded from the view, and being diminished to a child's proportions. Its hair, which hung about its neck and down its back, was white as if with age; and yet the face had not a wrinkle in it, and the tenderest bloom was on the skin. The arms were very long and muscular; the hands the same, as if its hold were of uncommon strength. Its legs and feet, most delicately formed, were, like those upper members, bare. It wore a tunic of the purest white; and round its waist was bound a lustrous belt, the sheen of which was beautiful. It held a branch of fresh green holly in its hand; and, in singular contradiction of that wintry emblem, had its dress trimmed with summer flowers. But the strangest thing about it was, that from the crown of its head there sprung a bright clear jet of light, by which all this was visible; and which was doubtless the occasion of its using, in its duller moments, a great extinguisher for a cap, which it now held under its arm.

Even this, though, when Scrooge looked at it with increasing steadiness, was *not* its strangest quality. For as its belt sparkled and glittered now in one part and now in another, and what was light one instant, at another time was dark, so the figure itself fluctuated in its distinctness: being now a thing with one arm, now with one leg, now with twenty legs, now a pair of legs without a head, now a head without a body; of which dissolving parts, no outline would be visible in the dense gloom wherein they melted away. And in the very wonder of this, it would be itself again; distinct and clear as ever.

'Are you the Spirit, Sir, whose coming was foretold to me?' asked Scrooge.

'I am!'

The voice was soft and gentle. Singularly low, as if instead of being so close beside him, it were at a distance.

'Who, and what are you?' Scrooge demanded.

'I am the Ghost of Christmas Past.'

'Long past?' inquired Scrooge: observant of its dwarfish stature.

'No. Your past.'

Perhaps, Scrooge could not have told anybody why, if anybody could have asked him; but he had a special desire to see the Spirit in his cap; and begged him to be covered.

'What!' exclaimed the Ghost, 'would you so soon put out, with worldly hands the light I give? Is it not enough that you are one of those whose passions made this cap and force me through whole trains of years to wear it low upon my brow!'

Scrooge reverently disclaimed all intention to offend, or any knowledge of having wilfully 'bonneted' the Spirit at any period of his life. He then made bold to inquire what business brought him there.

'Your welfare!' said the Ghost.

Scrooge expressed himself much obliged, but could not help thinking that a night of unbroken rest would have been more conducive to that end. The Spirit must have heard him thinking, for it said immediately:

'Your reclamation, then. Take heed!'

It put out its strong hand as it spoke, and clasped him gently by the arm.

'Rise! and walk with me!'

It would have been in vain for Scrooge to plead that the weather and the hour were not adapted to pedestrian purposes; that bed was warm, and the thermometer a long way below freezing; that he was clad but lightly in his slippers, dressing-gown, and nightcap; and that he had a cold upon him at that time. The grasp, though gentle as a woman's hand, was not to be resisted. He rose: but finding that the Spirit made towards the window, clasped its robe in supplication.

'I am a mortal,' Scrooge remonstrated, 'and liable to fall.'

'Bear but a touch of my hand *there*,' said the Spirit, laying it upon his heart, 'and you shall be upheld in more than this!'

As the words were spoken, they passed through the wall, and stood upon an open country road, with fields on either hand. The city had entirely vanished. Not a vestige of it was to be seen. The darkness and the mist had vanished with it, for it was a clear, cold, winter day, with snow upon the ground.

'Good Heaven!' said Scrooge, clasping his hands together, as he looked about him. 'I was bred in this place. I was a boy here!'

The Spirit gazed upon him mildly. Its gentle touch, though it had been light and instantaneous, appeared still present to the old man's sense of feeling. He was conscious of a thousand odours floating in the air, each one connected with a thousand thoughts, and hopes, and joys, and cares long, long forgotten!

'Your lip is trembling,' said the Ghost. 'And what is that upon your cheek?'

Scrooge muttered, with an unusual catching in his voice, that it was a pimple; and begged the Ghost to lead him where he would.

'You recollect the way?' inquired the Spirit.

'Remember it!' cried Scrooge with fervour — 'I could walk it blindfold.'

'Strange to have forgotten it for so many years!' observed the Ghost. 'Let us go on.'

They walked along the road; Scrooge recognising every gate, and post, and tree; until a little market-town appeared in the distance, with its bridge, its church, and winding river. Some shaggy ponies now were seen trotting towards them with boys upon their backs, who called to other boys in country gigs and carts, driven by farmers. All these boys were in great spirits, and shouted to each other, until the broad fields were so full of merry music, that the crisp air laughed to hear it.

'These are but shadows of the things that have been,' said the Ghost. 'They have no consciousness of us.'

The jocund travellers came on; and as they came, Scrooge knew and named them every one. Why was he rejoiced beyond all bounds to see them! Why did his cold eye glisten, and his heart leap up as they went past! Why was he filled with gladness when he heard them give each other Merry Christmas, as they parted at cross-roads and by-ways, for their several homes! What was merry Christmas to Scrooge? Out upon merry Christmas! What good had it ever done to him?

'The school is not quite deserted,' said the Ghost. 'A solitary child, neglected by his friends, is left there still.'

Scrooge said he knew it. And he sobbed.

They left the high-road, by a well remembered lane, and soon approached a mansion of dull red brick, with a little weathercock-surmounted cupola, on the roof, and a bell hanging in it. It was a large house, but one of broken fortunes; for the spacious offices were little used, their walls were damp and mossy, their windows broken, and their gates decayed. Fowls clucked and strutted in the stables; and the coach-houses and sheds were overrun with grass. Nor was it more retentive of its ancient state, within; for entering the dreary hall, and glancing through the open doors of many rooms, they found them poorly furnished, cold, and vast. There was an earthy savour in the air, a chilly bareness in the place, which associated itself somehow with too much getting up by candle-light, and not too much to eat.

They went, the Ghost and Scrooge, across the hall, to a door at the back of the house. It opened before them, and disclosed a long, bare, melancholy room, made barer still by lines of plain deal forms and desks. At one of these a lonely boy was reading near a feeble fire; and Scrooge sat down upon a form, and wept to see his poor forgotten self as he had used to be.

Not a latent echo in the house, not a squeak and scuffle from the mice behind the panneling, not a drip from the half-thawed water-spout in the dull yard behind, not a sigh among the leafless boughs of one despondent poplar, not the idle swinging of an empty store-house door, no, not a clicking in the fire, but fell upon the heart of Scrooge with softening influence, and gave a freer passage to his tears.

The Spirit touched him on the arm, and pointed to his younger self, intent upon his reading. Suddenly a man, in foreign garments: wonderfully real and distinct to look at: stood outside the window, with an axe stuck in his belt, and leading an ass laden with wood by the bridle.

'Why, it 's Ali Baba!' Scrooge exclaimed in ecstacy. 'It 's dear old honest Ali Baba! Yes, yes, I know! One Christmas time, when yonder solitary child was left here all alone, he *did* come, for the first time, just like that. Poor boy! And Valentine,' said Scrooge, 'and his wild brother, Orson; there they go! And what 's his name, who was put down in his drawers, asleep, at the Gate of Damascus; don't you

see him! And the Sultan's Groom turned upside-down by the Genii; there he is upon his head! Serve him right. I 'm glad of it. What business had *he* to be married to the Princess!'

To hear Scrooge expending all the earnestness of his nature on such subjects, in a most extraordinary voice between laughing and crying; and to see his heightened and excited face; would have been a surprise to his business friends in the city, indeed.

'There 's the Parrot!' cried Scrooge. 'Green body and yellow tail, with a thing like a lettuce growing out of the top of his head; there he is! Poor Robin Crusoe, he called him, when he came home again after sailing round the island, 'Poor Robin Crusoe, where have you been, Robin Crusoe?' The man thought he was dreaming, but he wasn't. It was the Parrot, you know. There goes Friday, running for his life to the little creek! Halloa! Hoop! Halloo!'

Then, with a rapidity of transition very foreign to his usual character, he said, in pity for his former self, 'Poor boy!' and cried again.

'I wish', Scrooge muttered, putting his hand in his pocket, and looking about him, after drying his eyes with his cuff: 'but it 's too late now'.

'What 's the matter?' asked the Spirit.

'Nothing', said Scrooge. 'Nothing. There was a boy singing a Christmas Carol at my door last night. I should like to have given him something: that 's all'.

The Ghost smiled thoughtfully, and waved its hand; saying as it did so: 'Let us see another Christmas!'

Scrooge's former self grew larger at the words, and the room became a little darker and more dirty. The pannels shrunk, the windows cracked: fragments of plaster fell out of the ceiling, and the naked laths were shown instead; but how all this was brought about, Scrooge knew no more than you do. He only knew that it was quite correct; that everything had happened so; that there he was, alone again, when all the other boys had gone home for the jolly holidays.

He was not reading now, but walking up and down despairingly. Scrooge looked at the Ghost, and with a mournful shaking of his head, glanced anxiously towards the door.

It opened; and a little girl, much younger than the boy, came darting in, and putting her arms about his neck, and often kissing him, addressed him as her 'dear, dear brother'.

'I have come to bring you home, dear brother!' said the child, clapping her tiny hands, and bending down to laugh. 'To bring you home, home, home!'

'Home, little Fan?' returned the boy.

'Yes!' said the child, brimful of glee. 'Home, for good and all. Home, for ever and ever. Father is so much kinder than he used to be, that home 's like Heaven! He spoke so gently to me one dear night when I was going to bed, that I was not afraid to ask him once more if you might come home; and he said yes, you should; and sent me in a coach to bring you. And you 're to be a man!' said the child, opening her eyes, 'and are never to come back here; but first, we 're to be together all the Christmas long, and have the merriest time in all the world'.

'You are quite a woman, little Fan!' exclaimed the boy.

She clapped her hands and laughed, and tried to touch his head; but being too little, laughed again, and stood on tiptoe to embrace him. Then she began to drag him, in her childish eagerness, towards the door; and he, nothing loth to go, accompanied her.

A terrible voice in the hall cried, 'Bring down Master Scrooge's box, there!' and in the hall appeared the schoolmaster himself, who glared on Master Scrooge with a ferocious condescension, and threw him into a dreadful state of mind by shaking hands with him. He then conveyed him and his sister into the veriest old well of a shivering best-parlour that ever was seen, where the maps upon the wall, and the celestial and terrestrial globes in the windows, were waxy with cold. Here he produced a decanter of curiously light wine, and a block of curiously heavy cake, and administered instalments of those dainties to the young people: at the same time, sending out a meagre servant to offer a glass of 'something' to the post-boy, who answered that he thanked the gentleman, but if it was the same tap as he had tasted before, he had rather not. Master Scrooge's trunk being by this time tied on to the top of the chaise, the children bade the schoolmaster good-bye right willingly; and getting into it, drove gaily down the garden-sweep: the quick wheels dashing the hoar-frost and snow off the dark leaves of the evergreens like spray.

'Always a delicate creature, whom a breath might have withered', said the Ghost. 'But she had a large heart!'

'So she had', cried Scrooge. 'You 're right. I 'll not gainsay it, Spirit. God forbid!'

'She died a woman,' said the Ghost, 'and had, as I think, children.'

'One child,' Scrooge returned.

'True,' said the Ghost. 'Your nephew.'

Scrooge seemed uneasy in his mind; and answered briefly, 'Yes.'

Although they had but that moment left the school behind them, they were now in the busy thoroughfares of a city, where shadowy passengers passed and repassed; where shadowy carts and coaches battled for the way, and all the strife and tumult of a real city were. It was made plain enough, by the dressing of the shops, that here too it was Christmas time again; but it was evening, and the streets were lighted up.

The Ghost stopped at a certain warehouse-door, and asked Scrooge if he knew it.

'Know it!' said Scrooge. 'Was I apprenticed here?'

They went in. At sight of an old gentleman in a Welch wig, sitting behind such a high desk, that if he had been two inches taller he must have knocked his head against the ceiling, Scrooge cried in great excitement:

'Why, it 's old Fezziwig! Bless his heart; it 's Fezziwig alive again!'

Old Fezziwig laid down his pen, and looked up at the clock, which pointed to the hour of seven. He rubbed his hands; adjusted his capacious waistcoat, laughed all over himself, from his shoes to his organ of benevolence; and called out in a comfortable, oily, rich, fat, jovial voice:

'Yo ho, there! Ebenezer! Dick!'

Scrooge's former self, now grown a young man, came briskly in, accompanied by his fellow-'prentice.

'Dick Wilkins, to be sure!' said Scrooge to the Ghost. 'Bless me, yes. There he is. He was very much attached to me, was Dick. Poor Dick! Dear, dear!'

'Yo ho, my boys!' said Fezziwig. 'No more work to-night. Christmas Eve, Dick. Christmas, Ebenezer! Let 's have the shutter up,' cried old Fezziwig, with a sharp clap of his hands, 'before a man can say, Jack Robinson!'

You wouldn't believe how those two fellows went at it! They charged into the street with the shutters — one, two, three — had 'em up in their places — four, five, six — barred 'em and pinned 'em — seven, eight, nine — and came back before you could have got to twelve, panting like race-horses.

'Hilli-ho!' cried old Fezziwig, skipping down from the high desk, with wonderful agility. 'Clear away, my lads, and let 's have lots of room here! Hilli-ho, Dick! Chirrup, Ebenezer!'

Clear away! There was nothing they wouldn't have cleared away, or couldn't have cleared away, with old Fezziwig looking on. It was done in a minute. Every movable was packed off, as if it were dismissed from public life for evermore; the floor was swept and watered, the lamps were trimmed, fuel was heaped upon the fire; and the warehouse was as snug, and warm, and dry, and bright a ball-room, as you would desire to see upon a winter's night.

In came a fiddler with a music-book, and went up to the lofty desk, and made an orchestra of it, and tuned like fifty stomach-aches. In came Mrs. Fezziwig, one vast substantial smile. In came the three Miss Fezziwigs, beaming and lovable. In came the six young followers whose hearts they broke. In came all the young men and women employed in the business. In came the housemaid, with her cousin, the baker. In came the cook, with her brother's particular friend, the milkman. In came the boy from over the way, who was suspected of not having board enough from his master; trying to hide himself behind the girl from next door but one, who was proved to have had her ears pulled by her Mistress. In they all came, one after another; some shyly, some boldly, some gracefully, some awkwardly, some pushing, some pulling; in they all came, anyhow and everyhow. Away they all went, twenty couple at once, hands half round and back again the other way; down the middle and up again; round and round in various stages of affectionate groping; old top couple always turning up in the wrong place; new top couple starting off again, as soon as they got there; all top couples at last, and not a bottom one to help them.

When the clock struck eleven, this domestic ball broke up. Mr. and Mrs. Fezziwig took their stations, one on either side the door, and shaking hands with every person individually as he or she went out, wished him or her a Merry Christmas. When everybody had retired but the two 'prentices, they did the same to them: and thus the cheerful voices died away, and the lads were left to their beds; which were under a counter in the back-shop.

During the whole of this time, Scrooge had acted like a man out of his wits. His heart and soul were in the scene, and with his former self. He corroborated everything, remembered everything, enjoyed everything, and underwent the strangest agitation. It was not until now, when

the bright faces of his former self and Dick were turned from them, that he remembered the Ghost, and became conscious that it was looking full upon him, while the light upon its head burnt very clear.

'A small matter,' said the Ghost, 'to make these silly folks so full of gratitude.'

'Small!' echoed Scrooge.

The Spirit signed to him to listen to the two apprentices, who were pouring out their hearts in praise of Fezziwig: and when he had done so, said,

'Why! Is it not? He has spent but a few pounds of your mortal money; three or four, perhaps. Is that so much that he deserves this praise?'

'It isn't that,' said Scrooge, heated by the remark, and speaking unconsciously like his former, not his latter, self. 'It isn't that, Spirit. He has the power to render us happy or unhappy; to make our service light or burdensome; a pleasure or a toil. Say that his power lies in words and looks; in things so slight and insignificant that it is impossible to add and count 'em up: what then? The happiness he gives, is quite as great as if it cost a fortune.'

He felt the Spirit's glance, and stopped.

'What is the matter?' asked the Ghost.

'Nothing particular,' said Scrooge.

'Something, I think?' the Ghost insisted.

'No,' said Scrooge, 'No. I should like to be able to say a word or two to my clerk just now! That 's all.'

His former self turned down the lamps as he gave utterance to the wish; and Scrooge and the Ghost again stood side by side in the open air.

'My time grows short,' observed the Spirit. 'Quick!'

This was not addressed to Scrooge, or to any one whom he could see, but it produced an immediate effect. For again Scrooge saw himself. He was older now: a man in the prime of life. His face had not the harsh and rigid lines of later years; but it had begun to wear the signs of care and avarice. There was an eager, greedy, restless motion in the eye, which showed the passion that had taken root, and where the shadow of the growing tree would fall.

He was not alone, but sat by the side of a fair young girl in a mourning-dress: in whose eyes there were tears, which sparkled in the light that shone out of the Ghost of Christmas Past.

'It matters little,' she said, softly. 'To you, very little. Another idol has displaced me; and if it can cheer and comfort you in time to come, as I would have tried to do, I have no just cause to grieve.'

'What Idol has displaced you?' he rejoined.

'A golden one.'

'This is the even-handed dealing of the world!' he said. 'There is nothing on which it is so hard as poverty; and there is nothing it professes to condemn with such severity as the pursuit of wealth!'

'You fear the world too much,' she answered, gently. 'All your other hopes have merged into the hope of being beyond the chance of its sordid reproach. I have seen your nobler aspirations fall off one by one, until the master-passion, Gain, engrosses you. Have I not?'

'What then?' he retorted. 'Even if I have grown so much wiser, what then? I am not changed towards you.'

She shook her head.

'Am I?'

'Our contract is an old one. It was made when we were both poor and content to be so, until, in good season, we could improve our worldly fortune by our patient industry. You *are* changed. When it was made, you were another man.'

'I was a boy,' he said impatiently.

'Your own feeling tells you that you were not what you are,' she returned. 'I am. That which promised happiness when we were one in heart, is fraught with misery now that we are two. How often and how keenly I have thought of this, I will not say. It is enough that I *have* thought of it, and can release you.'

'Have I ever sought release?'

'In words? No. Never.'

'In what, then?'

'In a changed nature; in an altered spirit; in another atmosphere of life; another Hope as its great end. In everything that made my love of any worth or value in your sight. If this had never been between us,' said the girl, looking mildly, but with steadiness, upon him; 'tell me, would you seek me out and try to win me now? Ah, no!'

He seemed to yield to the justice of this supposition, in spite of himself. But he said, with a struggle, 'You think not.'

'I would gladly think otherwise if I could,' she answered, 'Heaven knows! When *I* have learned a Truth like this, I know how strong and irresistible it must be. But if you were free to-day, to-morrow, yesterday, can even I believe that you would choose a dowerless girl — you who, in your very confidence with her, weigh everything by Gain: or, choosing her, if for a moment you were false enough to your one guiding principle to do so, do I not know that your repentance and regret would surely follow? I do;

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and I release you. With a full heart, for the love of him you once were.'

He was about to speak; but with her head turned from him, she resumed.

'You may — the memory of what is past half makes me hope you will — have pain in this. A very, very brief time, and you will dismiss the recollection of it, gladly, as an unprofitable dream, from which it happened well that you awoke. May you be happy in the life you have chosen!'

She left him; and they parted.

'Spirit!' said Scrooge, 'show me no more! Conduct me home. Why do you delight to torture me?'

'One shadow more!' exclaimed the Ghost.

'No more!' cried Scrooge. 'No more. I don't wish to see it. Show me no more!'

But the relentless Ghost pinioned him in both his arms, and forced him to observe what happened next.

They were in another scene and place: a room, not very large or handsome, but full of comfort. Near to the winter fire sat a beautiful young girl, so like the last that Scrooge believed it was the same, until he saw *her*, now a comely matron, sitting opposite her daughter. The noise in this room was perfectly tumultuous, for there were more children there, than Scrooge in his agitated state of mind could count; and, unlike the celebrated herd in the poem, they were not forty children conducting themselves like one but every child was conducting itself like forty. The consequences were uproarious beyond belief; but no one seemed to care; on the contrary, the mother and daughter laughed heartily, and enjoyed it very much; and the latter, soon beginning to mingle in the sports, got pillaged by the young brigands most ruthlessly. What would I not have given to be one of them! Though I never could have been so rude, no, no! I wouldn't for the wealth of all the world have crushed that braided hair, and torn it down; and for the precious little shoe, I wouldn't have plucked it off, God bless my soul! to save my life. As to measuring her waist in sport, as they did, bold young brood, I couldn't have done it; I should have expected my arm to have grown round it for a punishment, and never come straight again. And yet I should have dearly liked, I own, to have touched her lips; to have questioned her, that she might have opened them; to have looked upon the lashes of her downcast eyes, and never raised a blush; to have let loose waves of hair, an inch of which would be a keepsake beyond price: in short, I should have liked, I do confess, to have had the lightest licence of a child, and yet been man enough to know its value.

But now a knocking at the door was heard, and such a rush immediately ensued that she with laughing face and plundered dress was borne towards it the centre of a flushed and boisterous group, just in time to greet the father, who came home attended by a man laden with Christmas toys and presents. Then the shouting and the struggling, and the onslaught that was made on the defenceless porter! The scaling him, with chairs for ladders, to dive into his pockets, despoil him of brown-paper parcels, hold on tight by his cravat, hug him round the neck, pommel his back and kick his legs in irrepressible affection! The shouts of wonder and delight with which the development of every package was received! The terrible announcement that the baby had been taken in the act of putting a doll's frying-pan into his mouth, and was more than suspected of having swallowed a fictitious turkey, glued on a wooden platter! The immense relief of finding this a false alarm! The joy, and gratitude, and ecstacy! They are all indescribable alike. It is enough that by degrees the children and their emotions got out of the parlour and by one stair at a time, up to the top of the house; where they went to bed, and so subsided.

And now Scrooge looked on more attentively than ever, when the master of the house, having his daughter leaning fondly on him, sat down with her and her mother at his own fireside; and when he thought that such another creature, quite as graceful and as full of promise, might have called him father, and been a spring-time in the haggard winter of his life, his sight grew very dim indeed.

'Belle,' said the husband, turning to his wife with a smile, 'I saw an old friend of yours this afternoon.'

'Who was it?'

'Guess!'

'How can I? Tut, don't I know,' she added in the same breath, laughing as he laughed. 'Mr. Scrooge.'

'Mr. Scrooge it was. I passed his office window; and as it was not shut up, and he had a candle inside, I could scarcely help seeing him. His partner lies upon the point of death, I hear; and there he sat alone. Quite alone in the world, I do believe.'

'Spirit!' said Scrooge in a broken voice, 'remove me from this place.'

'I told you these were shadows of the things that have been,' said the Ghost.

'That they are what they are, do not blame me!'

'Remove me!' Scrooge exclaimed. 'I cannot bear it!'

He turned upon the Ghost, and seeing that it looked upon him with a face, in which in some strange way there were fragments of all the faces it had shown him, wrestled with it.

'Leave me! Take me back. Haunt me no longer!'

In the struggle, if that can be called a struggle in which the Ghost with no visible resistance on its own part was undisturbed by any effort of its adversary, Scrooge observed that its light was burning high and bright; and dimly connecting that with its influence over him, he seized the extinguisher-cap, and by a sudden action pressed it down upon its head.

The Spirit dropped beneath it, so that the extinguisher covered its whole form; but though Scrooge pressed it down with all his force, he could not hide the light: which streamed from under it, in an unbroken flood upon the ground.

He was conscious of being exhausted, and overcome by an irresistible drowsiness; and, further, of being in his own bedroom. He gave the cap a parting squeeze, in which his hand relaxed; and had barely time to reel to bed, before he sank into a heavy sleep.

The second of the three Spirits.

Awaking in the middle of a prodigiously tough snore, and sitting up in bed to get his thoughts together, Scrooge had no occasion to be told that the bell was again upon the stroke of One. He felt that he was restored to consciousness in the right nick of time, for the especial purpose of holding a conference with the second messenger dispatched to him through Jacob Marley's intervention. But finding that he turned uncomfortably cold when he began to wonder which of his curtains this new spectre would draw back, he put them every one aside with his own hands; and lying down again, established a sharp look-out all round the bed. For he wished to challenge the Spirit on the moment of its appearance, and did not wish to be taken by surprise and made nervous.

Now, being prepared for almost anything, he was not by any means prepared for nothing; and, consequently, when the bell struck One, and no shape appeared, he was taken with a violent fit of trembling. Five minutes, ten minutes, a quarter of an hour went by, yet nothing came. All this time, he lay upon his bed, the very core and centre of a blaze of ruddy light which streamed upon it when the clock proclaimed the hour; and which being only light, was more alarming than a dozen ghosts, as he was powerless to make out what it meant, or would be at; and was sometimes apprehensive that he might be at that very moment an interesting case of spontaneous combustion, without having the consolation of knowing it. At last, however, he began to think — as you or I would have thought at first; for it is always the person not in the predicament who knows what ought to have been done in it, and would unquestionably have done it too — at last, I say, he began to think that the source and secret of this ghostly light might be in the adjoining room: from whence, on further tracing it, it seemed to shine. This idea taking full possession of his mind, he got up softly and shuffled in his slippers to the door.

The moment Scrooge's hand was on the lock, a strange voice called him by his name, and bade him enter. He obeyed.

It was his own room. There was no doubt about that. But it had undergone a surprising transformation. The walls and ceiling were so hung with living green, that it looked a perfect grove, from every part of which, bright gleaming berries glistened. The crisp leaves of holly, mistletoe, and ivy reflected back the light, as if so many little mirrors had been scattered there; and such a mighty blaze went roaring up the chimney, as that dull petrifaction of a hearth had never known in Scrooge's time, or Marley's, or for many and many a winter season gone. Heaped up upon the floor, to form a kind of throne, were turkeys, geese, game, poultry, brawn, great joints of meat, sucking-pigs, long wreaths of sausages, mince-pies, plum-puddings, barrels of oysters, redhot chesnuts, cherry-cheeked apples, juicy oranges, luscious pears, immense twelfth-cakes, and seething bowls of punch, that made the chamber dim with their delicious steam. In easy state upon this couch, there sat a jolly Giant, glorious to see; who bore a glowing torch, in shape not unlike Plenty's horn, and held it up, high up, to shed its light on Scrooge, as he came peeping round the door.

'Come in!' exclaimed the Ghost. 'Come in! and know me better, man!'

Scrooge entered timidly, and hung his head before this Spirit. He was not the dogged Scrooge he had been, and though its eyes were clear and kind, he did not like to meet them.

'I am the Ghost of Christmas Present,' said the Spirit. 'Look upon me!'

Scrooge reverently did so. It was clothed in one simple deep green robe, or mantle, bordered with white fur. This garment hung so loosely on the figure, that its capacious breast was bare, as if disdaining to be warded or concealed by any artifice. Its feet, observable beneath the ample folds of the garment, were also bare; and on its head it wore no other covering than a holly wreath set here and there with shining icicles. Its dark brown curls were long and free: free as its genial face, its sparkling eye, its open hand, its cheery voice, its unconstrained demeanour, and its joyful air. Girded round its middle was an antique scabbard; but no sword was in it, and the ancient sheath was eaten up with rust.

'You have never seen the like of me before!' exclaimed the Spirit.

'Never,' Scrooge made answer to it.

'Have never walked forth with the younger members of my family; meaning (for I am very young) my elder brothers born in these later years?' pursued the Phantom.

'I don't think I have,' said Scrooge. 'I am afraid I have not. Have you had many brothers, Spirit?'

'More than eighteen hundred,' said the Ghost.

'A tremendous family to provide for!' muttered Scrooge.

The Ghost of Christmas Present rose.

'Spirit,' said Scrooge submissively, 'conduct me where you will. I went forth last night on compulsion, and I learnt a lesson which is working now. To-night, if you have aught to teach me, let me profit by it.'

'Touch my robe!'

Scrooge did as he was told, and held it fast.

Holly, mistletoe, red berries, ivy, turkeys, geese, game, poultry, brawn, meat, pigs, sausages, oysters, pies, puddings, fruit, and punch, all vanished instantly. So did the room, the fire, the ruddy glow, the hour of night, and they stood in the city streets on Christmas morning, where (for the weather was severe) the people made a rough, but brisk and not unpleasant kind of music, in scraping the snow from the pavement in front of their dwellings, and from the tops of their houses: whence it was mad delight to the boys to see it come plumping down into the road below, and splitting into artificial little snow-storms.

The house fronts looked black enough, and the windows blacker, contrasting with the smooth white sheet of snow upon the roofs, and with the dirtier snow upon the ground; which last deposit had been ploughed up in deep furrows by the heavy wheels of carts and waggons; furrows that crossed and recrossed each other hundreds of times where the great streets branched off, and made intricate channels, hard to trace, in the thick yellow mud and icy water. The sky was gloomy, and the shortest streets were choked up with a dingy mist, half thawed half frozen, whose heavier particles descended in a shower of sooty atoms, as if all the chimneys in Great Britain had, by one consent, caught fire, and were blazing away to their dear hearts' content. There was nothing very cheerful in the climate or the town, and yet was there an air of cheerfulness abroad that the clearest summer air and brightest summer sun might have endeavoured to diffuse in vain.

For the people who were shovelling away on the house-tops were jovial and full of glee; calling out to one another from the parapets, and now and then exchanging a facetious snowball — better-natured missile far than many a wordy jest — laughing heartily if it went right, and not less heartily if it went wrong. The poulterers' shops were still half open, and the fruiterers' were radiant in their glory. There were great, round, pot-bellied baskets of chesnuts, shaped like the waistcoats of jolly old gentlemen, lolling at the doors, and tumbling out into the street in their apoplectic opulence. There were ruddy, brown-faced, broad-girthed Spanish Onions, shining in the fatness of their growth like Spanish Friars; and winking from their shelves in wanton slyness at the girls as they went by, and glanced demurely at the hung-up mistletoe. There were pears and apples, clustered high in blooming pyramids; there were bunches of grapes, made, in the shopkeepers' benevolence, to dangle from conspicuous hooks, that people's mouths might water gratis as they passed; there were piles of filberts, mossy and brown, recalling, in their fragrance, ancient walks among the woods, and pleasant shufflings ankle deep through withered leaves; there were Norfolk Biffins, squab and swarthy, setting off the yellow of the oranges and lemons, and, in the great compactness of their juicy persons, urgently entreating and beseeching to be carried home in paper bags and eaten after dinner. The very gold and silver fish, set forth among these choice fruits in a bowl, though members of a dull and stagnant-blooded race, appeared to know that there was something going on; and to a fish,

went gasping round and round their little world in slow and passionless excitement.

The Grocers'! oh the Grocers'! nearly closed, with perhaps two shutters down, or one; but through those gaps such glimpses! It was not alone that the scales descending on the counter made a merry sound, or that the twine and roller parted company so briskly, or that the canisters were rattled up and down like juggling tricks, or even that the blended scents of tea and coffee were so grateful to the nose, or even that the raisins were so plentiful and rare, the almonds so extremely white, the sticks of cinnamon so long and straight, the other spices so delicious, the candied fruits so caked and spotted with molten sugar as to make the coldest lookers-on feel faint and subsequently bilious. Nor was it that the figs were moist and pulpy, or that the French plums blushed in modest tartness from their highly-decorated boxes, or that everything was good to eat and in its Christmas dress: but the customers were all so hurried and so eager in the hopeful promise of the day, that they tumbled up against each other at the door, clashing their wicker baskets wildly, and left their purchases upon the counter, and came running back to fetch them, and committed hundreds of the like mistakes in the best humour possible; while the Grocer and his people were so frank and fresh that the polished hearts with which they fastened their aprons behind might have been their own, worn outside for general inspection, and for Christmas daws to peck at if they chose.

But soon the steeples called good people all, to church and chapel, and away they came, flocking through the streets in their best clothes, and with their gayest faces. And at the same time there emerged from scores of bye-streets, lanes, and nameless turnings, innumerable people, carrying their dinners to the bakers' shops. The sight of these poor revellers appeared to interest the Spirit very much, for he stood with Scrooge beside him in a baker's doorway, and taking off the covers as their bearers passed, sprinkled incense on their dinners from his torch. And it was a very uncommon kind of torch, for once or twice when there were angry words between some dinner-carriers who had jostled with each other, he shed a few drops of water on them from it, and their good humour was restored directly. For they said, it was a shame to quarrel upon Christmas Day. And so it was! God love it, so it was!

In time the bells ceased, and the bakers' were shut up; and yet there was a genial shadowing forth of all these dinners and the progress of their cooking, in the thawed blotch of wet above each baker's oven; where the pavement smoked as if its stones were cooking too.

'Is there a peculiar flavour in what you sprinkle from your torch?' asked Scrooge.

'There is. My own.'

'Would it apply to any kind of dinner on this day?' asked Scrooge.

'To any kindly given. To a poor one most.'

'Why to a poor one most?' asked Scrooge.

'Because it needs it most.'

'Spirit,' said Scrooge, after a moment's thought, 'I wonder you, of all the beings in the many worlds about us, should desire to cramp these people's opportunities of innocent enjoyment.'

'I!' cried the Spirit.

'You would deprive them of their means of dining every seventh day, often the only day on which they can be said to dine at all,' said Scrooge. 'Wouldn't you?'

'I!' cried the Spirit.

'You seek to close these places on the Seventh Day?' said Scrooge. 'And it comes to the same thing.'

'*I* seek!' exclaimed the Spirit.

'Forgive me if I am wrong. It has been done in your name, or at least in that of your family,' said Scrooge.

'There are some upon this earth of yours,' returned the Spirit, 'who lay claim to know us, and who do their deeds of passion, pride, ill-will, hatred, envy, bigotry, and selfishness in our name; who are as strange to us and all our kith and kin, as if they had never lived. Remember that, and charge their doings on themselves, not us.'

Scrooge promised that he would; and they went on, invisible, as they had been before, into the suburbs of the town. It was a remarkable quality of the Ghost (which Scrooge had observed at the baker's) that notwithstanding his gigantic size, he could accommodate himself to any place with ease; and that he stood beneath a low roof quite as gracefully and like a supernatural creature, as it was possible he could have done in any lofty hall.

And perhaps it was the pleasure the good Spirit had in showing off this power of his, or else it was his own kind, generous, hearty nature, and his sympathy with all poor men, that led him straight to Scrooge's clerk's; for there he went, and took Scrooge with him, holding to his robe; and on the threshold of the door the Spirit smiled, and stopped to bless Bob Cratchit's dwelling with the sprinklings of his torch. Think of

that! Bob had but fifteen 'Bob' a-week himself; he pocketed on Saturdays but fifteen copies of his Christian name; and yet the Ghost of Christmas Present blessed his four-roomed house!

Then up rose Mrs. Cratchit, Cratchit's wife, dressed out but poorly in a twice-turned gown, but brave in ribbons, which are cheap and make a goodly show for sixpence; and she laid the cloth, assisted by Belinda Cratchit, second of her daughters, also brave in ribbons; while Master Peter Cratchit plunged a fork into the saucepan of potatoes, and getting the corners of his monstrous shirt-collar (Bob's private property, conferred upon his son and heir in honour of the day) into his mouth, rejoiced to find himself so gallantly attired, and yearned to show his linen in the fashionable Parks. And now two smaller Cratchits, boy and girl, came tearing in, screaming that outside the baker's they had smelt the goose, and known it for their own; and basking in luxurious thoughts of sage-and-onion, these young Cratchits danced about the table, and exalted Master Peter Cratchit to the skies, while he (not proud, although his collars nearly choked him) blew the fire, until the slow potatoes bubbling up, knocked loudly at the sauce-pan-lid to be let out and peeled.

'What has ever got your precious father then,' said Mrs. Cratchit. 'And your brother, Tiny Tim; and Martha wasn't as late last Christmas Day by half-an-hour!'

'Here 's Martha, mother!' said a girl, appearing as she spoke.

'Here 's Martha, mother!' cried the two young Cratchits. 'Hurrah! There 's *such* a goose, Martha!'

'Why, bless your heart alive, my dear, how late you are!' said Mrs. Cratchit, kissing her a dozen times, and taking off her shawl and bonnet for her, with officious zeal.

'We 'd a deal of work to finish up last night,' replied the girl, 'and had to clear away this morning, mother!'

'Well! Never mind so long as you are come,' said Mrs. Cratchit. 'Sit ye down before the fire, my dear, and have a warm, Lord bless ye!'

'No no! There 's father coming,' cried the two young Cratchits, who were everywhere at once. 'Hide Martha, hide!'

So Martha hid herself, and in came little Bob, the father, with at least three feet of comforter exclusive of the fringe, hanging down before him; and his thread-bare clothes darned up and brushed, to look seasonable; and Tiny Tim upon his shoulder. Alas for Tiny Tim, he bore a little crutch, and had his limbs supported by an iron frame!

'Why, where 's our Martha?' cried Bob Cratchit looking round.

'Not coming,' said Mrs. Cratchit.

'Not coming!' said Bob, with a sudden declension in his high spirits; for he had been Tim's blood horse all the way from church, and had come home rampant. 'Not coming upon Christmas Day!'

Martha didn't like to see him disappointed, if it were only in joke; so she came out prematurely from behind the closet door, and ran into his arms, while the two young Cratchits hustled Tiny Tim, and bore him off into the wash-house, that he might hear the pudding singing in the copper.

'And how did little Tim behave?' asked Mrs. Cratchit, when she had rallied Bob on his credulity and Bob had hugged his daughter to his heart's content.

'As good as gold,' said Bob, 'and better. Somehow he gets thoughtful sitting by himself so much, and thinks the strangest things you ever heard. He told me, coming home, that he hoped the people saw him in the church, because he was a cripple, and it might be pleasant to them to remember upon Christmas Day, who made lame beggars walk and blind men see.'

Bob's voice was tremulous when he told them this, and trembled more when he said that Tiny Tim was growing strong and hearty.

His active little crutch was heard upon the floor, and back came Tiny Tim before another word was spoken, escorted by his brother and sister to his stool beside the fire; and while Bob, turning up his cuffs — as if, poor fellow, they were capable of being made more shabby—compounded some hot mixture in a jug with gin and lemons, and stirred it round and round and put it on the hob to simmer; Master Peter and the two ubiquitous young Cratchits went to fetch the goose, with which they soon returned in high procession.

Such a bustle ensued that you might have thought a goose the rarest of all birds; a feathered phenomenon, to which a black swan was a matter of course; and in truth it was something very like it in that house. Mrs. Cratchit made the gravy (ready beforehand in a little saucepan) hissing hot; Master Peter mashed the potatoes with incredible vigour; Miss Belinda sweetened up the apple-sauce; Martha dusted the hot plates; Bob took Tiny Tim beside him in a tiny corner at the table; the two young Cratchits set chairs for everybody, not for-

getting themselves, and mounting guard upon their posts, crammed spoons into their months, lest they should shriek for goose before their turn came to he helped. At last the dishes were set on, and grace was said. It was succeeded hy a breathless pause, as Mrs. Cratchit, looking slowly all along the carving-knife, prepared to plunge it in the hreast; hut when she did, and when the long expected gush of stuffing issued forth, one murmur of delight arose all round the board, and even Tiny Tim, excited by the two young Cratchits, beat on the table with the handle of his knife, and feebly cried Hurrah!

There never was such a goose. Boh said he didn't helieve there ever was such a goose cooked. Its tenderness and flavour, size and cheapness, were the themes of universal admiration. Eked out hy the applesance and mashed potatoes, it was a sufficient dinner for the whole family; indeed, as Mrs. Cratchit said with great delight (surveying one small atom of a bone upon the dish), they hadn't ate it all at last! Yet every one had had enough, and the youngest Cratchits in particular, were steeped in sage and onion to the eyehrows! But now, the plates being changed by Miss Belinda, Mrs. Cratchit left the room alone — too nervous to bear witnesses — to take the pudding up, and hring it in.

Suppose it should not be done enough! Suppose it should hreak in turning out! Suppose somebody should have got over the wall of the hack-yard, and stolen it, while they were merry with the goose: a supposition at which the two young Cratchits became livid! All sorts of horrors were supposed.

Hallo! A great deal of steam! The pudding was out of the copper. A smell like a washing-day! That was the cloth. A smell like an eating-house, and a pastry cook's next door to each other, with a laundress's next door to that! That was the pudding. In half a minute Mrs. Cratchit entered: flushed, hut smiling proudly: with the pudding, like a speckled cannon-ball, so hard and firm, blazing in half of half-a-quartern of ignited hrandy, and hedight with Christmas holly stuck into the top.

Oh, a wonderful pudding! Boh Cratchit said, and calmly too, that he regarded it as the greatest success achieved hy Mrs. Cratchit since their marriage. Mrs. Cratchit said that now the weight was off her mind, she would confess she had had her doubts about the quantity of flour. Everybody had something to say about it, hut nobody said or thought it was at all a small pudding for a large family. It would have been flat heresy to do so. Any Cratchit would have blushed to hint at such a thing.

At last the dinner was all done, the cloth was cleared, the hearth swept, and the fire made up. The compound in the jug being tasted and considered perfect, apples and oranges were put upon the table, and a shovel-full of chestnuts on the fire. Then all the Cratchit family drew round the hearth, in what Bob Cratchit called a circle, meaning half a one; and at Boh Cratchit's elbow stood the family display of glass; two tumblers, and a custard-cup without a handle.

These held the hot stuff from the jug, however, as well as golden goblets would have done; and Boh served it out with beaming looks, while the chestnuts on the fire sputtered and crackled noisily. Then Boh proposed:

'A Merry Christmas to us all, my dears. God bless us!'

Which all the family re-echoed.

'God hless us every one!' said Tiny Tim, the last of all.

He sat very close to his father's side, upon his little stool. Bob held his withered little hand in his, as if he loved the child, and wished to keep him hy his side, and dreaded that he might be taken from him.

'Spirit,' said Scrooge, with an interest he had never felt before, 'tell me if Tiny Tim will live.'

'I see a vacant seat,' replied the Ghost, 'in the poor chimney corner, and a crutch without an owner, carefully preserved. If these shadows remain unaltered hy the Future, the child will die.'

'No, no,' said Scrooge. 'Oh no, kind Spirit! say he will be spared.'

'If these shadows remain unaltered hy the Future, none other of my race,' returned the Ghost, 'will find him here. What then? If he he like to die, he had better do it, and decrease the surplus population.'

Scrooge hung his head to hear his own words quoted hy the Spirit, and was overcome with penitence and grief.

'Man,' said the Ghost, 'if man you be in heart, not adamant, forbear that wicked cant until you have discovered What the surplus is, and Where it is. Will you decide what men shall live, what men shall die? It may be, that in the sight of Heaven, you are more worthless and less fit to live than millions like this poor man's child. Oh God! to hear the Insect on the leaf pronouncing on the too much life among his hungry brothers in the dust!'

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Scrooge bent before the Ghost's rebuke, and trembling cast his eyes upon the ground. But he raised them speedily, on hearing his own name.

'Mr. Scrooge!' said Bob; 'I'll give you Mr. Scrooge, the Founder of the Feast!'

'The Founder of the Feast indeed!' cried Mrs. Cratchit, reddening. 'I wish I had him here. I 'd give him a piece of my mind to feast upon, and I hope he 'd have a good appetite for it.'

'My dear,' said Bob, 'the children; Christmas Day.'

'It should be Christmas Day, I am sure,' said she, 'on which one drinks the health of such an odious, stingy, hard, unfeeling man as Mr. Scrooge. You know he is, Robert! Nobody knows it better than you do, poor fellow!'

'My dear,' was Bob's mild answer, 'Christmas Day.'

'I 'll drink his health for your sake and the Day's,' said Mrs. Cratchit, 'not for his. Long life to him! A merry Christmas and a happy new year! — he 'll be very merry and very happy, I have no doubt!'

The children drank the toast after her. It was the first of their proceedings which had no heartiness in it. Tiny Tim drank it last of all, but he didn't care twopence for it. Scrooge was the Ogre of the family. The mention of his name cast a dark shadow on the party, which was not dispelled for full five minutes.

After it had passed away, they were ten times merrier than before, from the mere relief of Scrooge the Baleful being done with. Bob Cratchit told them how he had a situation in his eye for Master Peter, which would bring in, if obtained, full five-and-sixpence weekly. The two young Cratchits laughed tremendously at the idea of Peter's being a man of business; and Peter himself looked thoughtfully at the fire from between his collars, as if he were deliberating what particular investments he should favour when he came into the receipt of that bewildering income. Martha, who was a poor apprentice at a milliner's, then told them what kind of work she had to do, and how many hours she worked at a stretch, and how she meant to lie a-bed to-morrow morning for a good long rest; to-morrow being a holiday she passed at home. Also how she had seen a countess and a lord some days before, and how the lord 'was much about as tall as Peter;' at which Peter pulled up his collars so high that you couldn't have seen his head if you had been there. All this time the chestnuts and the jug went round and round; and bye and bye they had a song, about a lost child travelling in the snow, from Tiny Tim; who had a plaintive little voice, and sang it very well indeed.

There was nothing of high mark in this. They were not a handsome family; they were not well dressed; their shoes were far from being water-proof; their clothes were scanty; and Peter might have known, and very likely did, the inside of a pawnbroker's. But they were happy, grateful, pleased with one another, and contented with the time; and when they faded, and looked happier yet in the bright sprinklings of the Spirit's torch at parting, Scrooge had his eye upon them, and especially on Tiny Tim, until the last.

By this time it was getting dark, and snowing pretty heavily; and as Scrooge and the Spirit went along the streets, the brightness of the roaring fires in kitchens, parlours, and all sorts of rooms, was wonderful. Here, the flickering of the blaze showed preparations for a cosy dinner, with hot plates baking through and through before the fire, and deep red curtains, ready to be drawn to shut out cold and darkness. There, all the children of the house were running out into the snow to meet their married sisters, brothers, cousins, uncles, aunts, and be the first to greet them. Here, again, were shadows on the window-blind of guests assembling; and there a group of handsome girls, all hooded and furbooted, and all chattering at once, tripped lightly off to some near neighbour's house; where, woe upon the single man who saw them enter — artful witches; well they knew it — in a glow!

But if you had judged from the numbers of people on their way to friendly gatherings, you might have thought that no one was at home to give them welcome when they got there, instead of every house expecting company, and piling up its fires half-chimney high. Blessings on it, how the Ghost exulted! How it haled its breadth of breast, and opened its capacious palm, and floated on, outpouring, with a generous hand, its bright and harmless mirth on everything within its reach! The very lamplighter, who ran on before dotting the dusky street with specks of light, and who was dressed to spend the evening somewhere, laughed out loudly as the Spirit passed: though little kenned the lamp-lighter that he had any company but Christmas!

And now, without a word of warning from the Ghost, they stood upon a bleak and desert moor, where monstrous masses of rude stone were cast about, as though it were the burial-place of giants; and water

spread itself wheresoever it listed — or would have done so, but for the frost that held it prisoner; and nothing grew but moss and furze, and coarse, rank grass. Down in the west the setting sun had left a streak of fiery red, which glared upon the desolation for an instant, like a sullen eye, and frowning lower, lower, lower yet, was lost in the thick gloom of darkest night.

'What place is this?' asked Scrooge.

'A place where Miners live, who labour in the bowels of the earth,' returned the Spirit. 'But they know me. See!'

A light shone from the window of a hut, and swiftly they advanced towards it. Passing through the wall of mud and stone, they found a cheerful company assembled round a glowing fire. An old, old man and woman, with their children and their children's children, and another generation beyond that, all decked out gaily in their holiday attire. The old man, in a voice that seldom rose above the howling of the wind upon the barren waste, was singing them a Christmas song; it had been a very old song when he was a boy; and from time to time they all joined in the chorus. So surely as they raised their voices, the old man got quite blithe and loud; and so surely as they stopped, his vigour sank again.

The Spirit did not tarry here, but bade Scrooge hold his robe, and passing on above the moor, sped whither? Not to sea? To sea. To Scrooge's horror, looking back, he saw the last of the land, a frightful range of rocks, behind them; and his ears were deafened by the thundering of water, as it rolled, and roared, and raged among the dreadful caverns it had worn, and fiercely tried to undermine the earth.

Built upon a dismal reef of sunken rocks, some league or so from shore, on which the waters chafed and dashed, the wild year through, there stood a solitary light-house. Great heaps of sea-weed clung to its base, and storm-birds — born of the wind one might suppose, as sea-weed of the water — rose and fell about it, like the waves they skimmed.

But even here, two men who watched the light had made a fire, that through the loophole in the thick stone wall shed out a ray of brightness on the awful sea. Joining their horny hands over the rough table at which they sat, they wished each other Merry Christmas in their can of grog; and one of them: the elder, too, with his face all damaged and scarred with hard weather, as the figure-head of an old ship might be: struck up a sturdy song that was like a Gale in itself.

Again the Ghost sped on, above the black and heaving sea — on, on — until, being far away, as he told Scrooge, from any shore, they lighted on a ship. They stood beside the helmsman at the wheel, the look-out in the bow, the officers who had the watch; dark, ghostly figures in their several stations; but every man among them hummed a Christmas tune, or had a Christmas thought, or spoke below his breath to his companion of some by-gone Christmas Day, with homeward hopes belonging to it. And every man on board, waking or sleeping, good or bad, had had a kinder word for another on that day than on any day in the year; and had shared to some extent in its festivities; and had remembered those he cared for at a distance, and had known that they delighted to remember him.

It was a great surprise to Scrooge, while listening to the moaning of the wind, and thinking what a solemn thing it was to move on through the lonely darkness over an unknown abyss, whose depths were secrets as profound as Death: it was a great surprise to Scrooge, while thus engaged, to hear a hearty laugh. It was a much greater surprise to Scrooge to recognise it as his own nephew's, and to find himself in a bright, dry, gleaming room, with the Spirit standing smiling by his side, and looking at that same nephew with approving affability!

'Ha, ha!' laughed Scrooge's nephew. 'Ha, ha, ha!'

If you should happen, by any unlikely chance, to know a man more blest in a laugh than Scrooge's nephew, all I can say is, I should like to know him too. Introduce him to me, and I 'll cultivate his acquaintance.

It is a fair, even-handed, noble adjustment of things, that while there is infection in disease and sorrow, there is nothing in the world so irresistibly contagious as laughter and good-humour. When Scrooge's nephew laughed in this way: holding his sides, rolling his head, and twisting his face into the most extravagant contortions: Scrooge's niece, by marriage, laughed as heartily as he. And their assembled friends being not a bit behindhand, roared out, lustily.

'Ha, ha! Ha, ha, ha, ha!'

'He said that Christmas was a humbug, as I live!' cried Scrooge's nephew. 'He believed it too!'

'More shame for him, Fred!' said Scrooge's niece, indignantly. Bless those women; they never do anything by halves. They are always in earnest.

She was very pretty: exceedingly pretty. With a dimpled, surprised-looking, capital

face; a ripe little mouth, that seemed made to be kissed — as no doubt it was; all kinds of good little dots about her chin, that melted into one another when she laughed; and the sunniest pair of eyes you ever saw in any little creature's head. Altogether she was what you would have called provoking, you know; but satisfactory, too. Oh, perfectly satisfactory!

'He 's a comical old fellow,' said Scrooge's nephew, 'that 's the truth; and not so pleasant as he might be. However, his offences carry their own punishment, and I have nothing to say against him.'

'I 'm sure he is very rich, Fred,' hinted Scrooge's niece. 'At least you always tell *me* so.'

'What of that, my dear!' said Scrooge's nephew. 'His wealth is of no use to him. He don't do any good with it. He don't make himself comfortable with it. He hasn't the satisfaction of thinking — ha, ha, ha! — that he is ever going to benefit Us with it.'

'I have no patience with him,' observed Scrooge's niece. Scrooge's niece's sisters, and all the other ladies, expressed the same opinion.

'Oh, I have!' said Scrooge's nephew. 'I am sorry for him; I couldn't be angry with him if I tried. Who suffers by his ill whims? Himself, always. Here, he takes it into his head to dislike us, and he won't come and dine with us. What 's the consequence? He don't lose much of a dinner.'

'Indeed, I think he loses a very good dinner,' interrupted Scrooge's niece. Everybody else said the same, and they must be allowed to have been competent judges, because they had just had dinner; and, with the dessert upon the table, were clustered round the fire, by lamplight.

'Well! I am very glad to hear it,' said Scrooge's nephew, 'because I haven't any great faith in these young housekeepers. What do *you* say, Topper?'

Topper had clearly got his eye upon one of Scrooge's niece's sisters, for he answered that a bachelor was a wretched outcast, who had no right to express an opinion on the subject. Whereat Scrooge's niece's sister — the plump one with the lace tucker: not the one with the roses — blushed.

'Do go on, Fred', said Scrooge's niece, clapping her hands, 'He never finishes what he begins to say! He is such a ridiculous fellow!'

Scrooge's nephew revelled in another laugh, and as it was impossible to keep the infection off; though the plump sister tried hard to do it with aromatic vinegar; his example was unanimously followed.

'I was only going to say,' said Scrooge's nephew, 'that the consequence of his taking a dislike to us, and not making merry with us, is, as I think, that he loses some pleasant moments, which could do him no harm. I am sure he loses pleasanter companions than he can find in his own thoughts, either in his mouldy old office, or his dusty chambers. I mean to give him the same chance every year, whether he likes it or not, for I pity him. He may rail at Christmas till he dies, but he can't help thinking better of it — I defy him — if he finds me going there, in good temper, year after year, and saying Uncle Scrooge, how are you? If it only puts him in the vein to leave his poor clerk fifty pounds, *that* 's something; and I think I shook him, yesterday.'

It was their turn to laugh now, at the notion of his shaking Scrooge. But being thoroughly good-natured, and not much caring what they laughed at, so that they laughed at any rate, he encouraged them in their merriment, and passed the bottle, joyously.

After tea, they had some music. For they were a musical family, and knew what they were about, when they sung a Glee or Catch, I can assure you: especially Topper, who could growl away in the bass like a good one, and never swell the large veins in his forehead, or get red in the face over it. Scrooge's niece played well upon the harp; and played among other tunes a simple little air (a mere nothing: you might learn to whistle it in two minutes), which had been familiar to the child who fetched Scrooge from the boarding school, as he had been reminded by the Ghost of Christmas Past. When this strain of music sounded, all the things that Ghost had shown him, came upon his mind; he softened more and more; and thought that if he could have listened to it often, years ago, he might have cultivated the kindnesses of life for his own happiness with his own hands, without resorting to the sexton's spade that buried Jacob Marley.

But they didn't devote the whole evening to music. After a while they played at forfeits; for it is good to be children sometimes, and never better than at Christmas, when its mighty Founder was a child himself. Stop! There was first a game at blindman's buff. Of course there was. And I no more believe Topper was really blind than I believe he had eyes in his boots. My opinion is, that it was a done thing between him and Scrooge's nephew: and that the Ghost of Christmas Present knew it. The way he went after that

plump sister in the lace tucker, was an outrage on the credulity of human nature. Knocking down the fire-irons, tumbling over the chairs, bumping up against the piano, smothering himself among the curtains, wherever she went, there went he. He always knew where the plump sister was. He wouldn't catch anybody else If you had fallen up against him, as some of them did, and stood there; he would have made a feint of endeavouring to seize you, which would have been an affront to your understanding: and would instantly have sidled off in the direction of the plump sister. She often cried out that it wasn't fair; and it really was not. But when at last, he caught her; when, in spite of all her silken rustlings, and her rapid flutterings past him, he got her into a corner whence there was no escape; then his conduct was the most execrable. For his pretending not to know her; his pretending that it was necessary to touch her headdress, and further to assure himself of her identity by pressing a certain ring upon her finger, and a certain chain about her neck; was vile, monstrous! No doubt she told him her opinion of it, when another blindman being in office, they were so very confidential together, behind the curtains.

Scrooge's niece was not one of the blindman's buff party, but was made comfortable with a large chair and a footstool, in a snug corner, where the Ghost and Scrooge were close behind her. But she joined in the forfeits, and loved her love to admiration with all the letters of the alphabet. Likewise at the game of How, When, and Where, she was very great, and to the secret joy of Scrooge's nephew, beat her sisters hollow: though they were sharp girls too, as Topper could have told you. There might have been twenty people there, young and old, but they all played, and so did Scrooge; for, wholly forgetting in the interest he had in what was going on, that his voice made no sound in their ears, he sometimes came out with his guess quite loud, and very often guessed right, too; for the sharpest needle, best Whitechapel, warranted not to cut in the eye, was not sharper than Scrooge: blunt as he took it in his head to be.

The Ghost was greatly pleased to find him in this mood, and looked upon him with such favour that he begged like a boy to be allowed to stay until the guests departed. But this the Spirit said could not be done.

'Here 's a new game', said Scrooge. 'One half hour, Spirit, only one!'

It was a Game called Yes and No, where Scrooge's nephew had to think of something, and the rest must find out what; he only answering to their questions yes or no as the case was. The brisk fire of questioning to which he was exposed, elicited from him that he was thinking of an animal, a live animal, rather a disagreeable animal, a savage animal, an animal that growled and grunted sometimes, and talked sometimes, and lived in London, and walked about the streets, and wasn't made a show of, and wasn't led by anybody; and didn't live in a menagerie, and was never killed in a market, and was not a horse, or an ass, or a cow, or a bull, or a tiger, or a dog, or a pig, or a cat, or a bear. At every fresh question that was put to him, this nephew burst into a fresh roar of laughter; and was so inexpressibly tickled, that he was obliged to get up off the sofa and stamp. At last the plump sister, falling into a similar state, cried out:

'I have found it out! I know what it is 'Fred! I know what it is!'

'What is it?' cried Fred.

'It 's your Uncle Scro-o-o-o-oge!'

Which it certainly was. Admiration was the universal sentiment, though some objected that the reply to 'Is it a bear?' ought to have been 'Yes;' inasmuch as an answer in the negative was sufficient to have diverted their thoughts from Mr. Scrooge, supposing they had ever had any tendency that way.

'He has given us plenty of merriment, I am sure,' said Fred, 'and it would be ungrateful not to drink his health. Here is a glass of mulled wine ready to our hand at the moment; and I say 'Uncle Scrooge!'

'Well! Uncle Scrooge!' they cried.

'A Merry Christmas and a happy New Year to the old man, whatever he is!' said Scrooge's nephew. 'He wouldn't take it from me, but may he have it, nevertheless. Uncle Scrooge!'

Uncle Scrooge had imperceptibly become so gay and light of heart, that he would have pledged the unconscious company in return, and thanked them in an inaudible speech, if the Ghost had given him time. But the whole scene passed off in the breath of the last word spoken by his nephew; and he and the Spirit were again upon their travels.

Much they saw, and far they went, and many homes they visited, but always with a happy end. The Spirit stood beside sick beds, and they were cheerful; on foreign lands, and they were close at home; by struggling men, and they were patient in

their greater hope; by poverty, and it was rich. In alms-house, hospital, and jail, in misery's every refuge, where vain man in his little brief authority had not made fast the door, and barred the Spirit out, he left his blessing, and taught Scrooge his precepts.

It was a long night, if it were only a night; but Scrooge had his doubts of this, because the Christmas Holidays appeared to be condensed into the space of time they passed together. It was strange, too, that while Scrooge remained unaltered in his outward form, the Ghost grew older, clearly older. Scrooge had observed this change, but never spoke of it, until they left a children's Twelfth Night party, when, looking at the Spirit as they stood together in an open place, he noticed that its hair was gray.

'Are spirits' lives so short?' asked Scrooge.

'My life upon this globe, is very brief,' replied the Ghost. 'It ends to-night.'

'To-night!' cried Scrooge.

'To-night at midnight. Hark! The time is drawing near.'

The chimes were ringing the three quarters past eleven at that moment.

'Forgive me if I am not justified in what I ask,' said Scrooge, looking intently at the Spirit's robe, 'but I see something strange, and not belonging to yourself, protruding from your skirts. Is it a foot or a claw!'

'It might be a claw, for the flesh there is upon it,' was the Spirit's sorrowful reply. 'Look here.'

From the foldings of its robe, it brought two children; wretched, abject, frightful, hideous, miserable. They knelt down at its feet, and clung upon the outside of its garment.

'Oh, Man! look here. Look, look, down here!' exclaimed the Ghost.

They were a boy and girl. Yellow, meagre, ragged, scowling, wolfish; but prostrate, too, in their humility. Where graceful youth should have filled their features out, and touched them with its freshest tints, a stale and shrivelled hand, like that of age, had pinched, and twisted them, and pulled them into shreds. Where angels might have sat enthroned, devils lurked, and glared out menacing. No change, no degradation, no perversion of humanity, in any grade, through all the mysteries of wonderful creation, has monsters half so horrible and dread.

Scrooge started back, appalled. Having them shown to him in this way, he tried to say they were fine children, but the words choked themselves, rather than be parties to a lie of such enormous magnitude.

'Spirit! are they yours?' Scrooge could say no more.

'They are Man's,' said the Spirit, looking down upon them. 'And they cling to me, appealing from their fathers. This boy is Ignorance. This girl is Want. Beware them both, and all of their degree, but most of all beware this boy, for on his brow I see that written which is Doom, unless the writing be erased. Deny it!' cried the Spirit, stretching out its hand towards the city. 'Slander those who tell it ye! Admit it for your factious purposes, and make it worse! And bide the end!'

'Have they no refuge or resource?' cried Scrooge.

'Are there no prisons?' said the Spirit, turning on him for the last time with his own words. 'Are there no work-houses?'

The bell struck twelve.

Scrooge looked about him for the Ghost, and saw it not. As the last stroke ceased to vibrate, he remembered the prediction of old Jacob Marley, and lifting up his eyes, beheld a solemn Phantom, draped and hooded, coming, like a mist along the ground, towards him.

The last of the Spirits.

The Phantom slowly, gravely, silently, approached. When it came near him, Scrooge bent down upon his knee; for in the very air through which this Spirit moved it seemed to scatter gloom and mystery.

It was shrouded in a deep black garment, which concealed its head, its face, its form, and left nothing of it visible save one outstretched hand. But for this it would have been difficult to detach its figure from the night, and separate it from the darkness by which it was surrounded.

He felt that it was tall and stately when it came beside him, and that its mysterious presence filled him with a solemn dread. He knew no more, for the Spirit neither spoke nor moved.

'I am in the presence of the Ghost of Christmas Yet To Come?' said Scrooge.

The Spirit answered not, but pointed downward with its hand.

'You are about to show me shadows of the things that have not happened, but will happen in the time before us,' Scrooge pursued. 'Is that so, Spirit?'

The upper portion of the garment was contracted for an instant in its folds, as if the Spirit had inclined its head. That was the only answer he received.

Although well used to ghostly company by this time, Scrooge feared the silent shape so much that his legs trembled beneath him,

and he found that he could hardly stand when he prepared to follow it. The Spirit paused a moment, as observing his condition, and giving him time to recover.

But Scrooge was all the worse for this. It thrilled him with a vague uncertain horror, to know that behind the dusky shroud there were ghostly eyes intently fixed upon him, while he, though he stretched his own to the utmost, could see nothing but a spectral hand and one great heap of black.

'Ghost of the Future!' he exclaimed, 'I fear you more than any Spectre I have seen. But, as I know your purpose is to do me good, and as I hope to live to be another man from what I was, I am prepared to bear you company, and do it with a thankful heart. Will you not speak to me?'

It gave him no reply. The hand was pointed straight before them.

'Lead on!' said Scrooge. 'Lead on! The night is waning fast, and it is precious time to me, I know. Lead on, Spirit!'

The Phantom moved away as it had come towards him. Scrooge followed in the shadow of its dress, which bore him up, he thought, and carried him along.

They scarcely seemed to enter the city; for the city rather seemed to spring up about them, and encompass them of its own act. But there they were, in the heart of it; on 'Change, amongst the merchants; who hurried up and down, and chinked the money in their pockets, and conversed in groups, and looked at their watches, and trifled thoughtfully with their great gold seals; and so forth, as Scrooge had seen them often.

The Spirit stopped beside one little knot of business men. Observing that the hand was pointed to them, Scrooge advanced to listen to their talk.

'No,' said a great fat man with a monstrous chin, 'I don't know much about it, either way. I only know he 's dead.'

'When did he die?' inquired another.

'Last night, I believe.'

'Why, what was the matter with him?' asked a third, taking a vast quantity of snuff out of a very large snuff-box. 'I thought he 'd never die.'

'God knows,' said the first, with a yawn.

'What has he done with his money?' asked a red-faced gentleman with a pendulous excrescence on the end of his nose, that shook like the gills of a turkey-cock.

'I haven't heard,' said the man with the large chin, yawning again. 'Left it to his Company, perhaps. He hasn't left it to *me*. That 's all I know.'

This pleasantry was received with a general laugh.

'It 's likely to be a very cheap funeral, said the same speaker; 'for upon my life I don't know of anybody to go to it. Suppose we make up a party and volunteer?'

'I don't mind going if a lunch is provided,' observed the gentleman with the excrescence on his nose. 'But I must be fed, if I make one.'

Another laugh.

'Well, I am the most disinterested among you, after all,' said the first speaker, 'for I never wear black gloves, and I never eat lunch. But I 'll offer to go, if anybody else will. When I come to think of it, I 'm not at all sure that I wasn't his most particular friend; for we used to stop and speak whenever we met. Bye, bye!'

Speakers and listeners strolled away, and mixed with other groups. Scrooge knew the men, and looked towards the Spirit for an explanation.

The Phantom glided on into a street. Its finger pointed to two persons meeting. Scrooge listened again, thinking that the explanation might lie here.

He knew these men, also, perfectly. They were men of business: very wealthy, and of great importance. He had made a point always of standing well in their esteem: in a business point of view, that is; strictly in a business point of view.

'How are you?' said one.

'How are you?' returned the other.

'Well!' said the first. 'Old Scratch has got his own at last, hey?'

'So I am told,' returned the second. 'Cold, isn't it?'

'Seasonable for Christmas time. You 're not a skater, I suppose?'

'No. No. Something else to think of. Good morning!'

Not another word. That was their meeting, their conversation, and their parting.

Scrooge was at first inclined to be surprised that the Spirit should attach importance to conversations apparently so trivial; but feeling assured that they must have some hidden purpose, he set himself to consider what it was likely to be. They could scarcely be supposed to have any bearing on the death of Jacob, his old partner, for that was Past, and this Ghost's province was the Future. Nor could he think of any one immediately connected with himself, to whom he could apply them. But nothing doubting that to whomsoever they applied they had some latent moral for his own improvement, he resolved to treasure up every word he heard, and everything he saw; and especially to observe the shadow of himself when it appeared.

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For he had an expectation that the conduct of his future self would give him the clue he missed, and would render the solution of these riddles easy.

He looked about in that very place for his own image; but another man stood in his accustomed corner, and though the clock pointed to his usual time of day for being there, he saw no likeness of himself among the multitudes that poured in through the Porch. It gave him little surprise, however; for he had been revolving in his mind a change of life, and thought and hoped he saw his newborn resolutions carried out in this.

Quiet and dark, beside him stood the Phantom, with its outstretched hand. When he roused himself from his thoughtful quest, he fancied from the turn of the hand, and its situation in reference to himself, that the Unseen Eyes were looking at him keenly. It made him shudder, and feel very cold.

They left the busy scene, and went into an obscure part of the town, where Scrooge had never penetrated before, although he recognised its situation, and its bad repute. The ways were foul and narrow: the shops and houses wretched; the people half-naked, drunken, slipshod, ugly. Alleys and archways, like so many cesspools, disgorged their offences of smell, and dirt, and life, upon the straggling streets; and the whole quarter reeked with crime, with filth, and misery.

Far in this den of infamous resort, there was a low-browed, beetling shop, below a pent-house roof, where iron, old rags, bottles, bones, and greasy offal, were bought. Upon the floor within, were piled up heaps of rusty keys, nails, chains, hinges, files, scales, weights, and refuse iron of all kinds. Secrets that few would like to scrutinise were bred and hidden in mountains of unseemly rags, masses of corrupted fat, and sepulchres of bones. Sitting in among the wares he dealt in, by a charcoal-stove, made of old bricks, was a gray-haired rascal, nearly seventy years of age; who had screened himself from the cold air without, by a frousy curtaining of miscellaneous tatters, hung upon a line; and smoked his pipe in all the luxury of calm retirement.

Scrooge and the Phantom came into the presence of this man, just as a woman with a heavy bundle slunk into the shop. But she had scarcely entered, when another woman, similarly laden, came in too; and she was closely followed by a man in faded black, who was no less startled by the sight of them, than they had been upon the recognition of each other. After a short period of blank astonishment, in which the old man with the pipe had joined them, they all three burst into a laugh.

'Let the char woman alone to be the first!' cried she who had entered first. 'Let the laundress alone to be the second; and let the undertaker's man alone to be the third. Look here, old Joe, here 's a chance! If we haven't all three met here without meaning it!'

'You couldn't have met in a better place,' said old Joe, removing his pipe from his mouth. 'Come into the parlour. You were made free of it long ago, you know; and the other two an't strangers. Stop till I shut the door of the shop. Ah! How it skreeks! There an't such a rusty bit of metal in the place as its own hinges, I believe; and I 'm sure there 's no such old bones here, as mine. Ha, ha! We 're all suitable to our calling, we 're well matched. Come into the parlour. Come into the parlour.'

The parlour was the space behind the screen of rags. The old man raked the fire together with an old stair-rod, and having trimmed his smoky lamp (for it was night), with the stem of his pipe, put it in his mouth again.

While he did this, the woman who had already spoken threw the bundle on the floor and sat down in a flaunting manner on a stool; crossing her elbows on her knees, and looking with a bold defiance at the other two.

'What odds then! What odds, Mrs. Dilber?' said the woman. 'Every person has a right to take care of themselves. *He* always did!'

'That 's true, indeed!' said the laundress. 'No man more so.'

'Why, then, don't stand staring as if you was afraid, woman; who 's the wiser? We 're not going to pick holes in each other's coats, I suppose?'

'No, indeed!' said Mrs. Dilber and the man together. 'We should hope not.'

'Very well, then!' cried the woman. 'That's enough. Who 's the worse for the loss of a few things like these? Not a dead man, I suppose.'

'No, indeed,' said Mrs. Dilber, laughing.

'If he wanted to keep 'em after he was dead, a wicked old screw,' pursued the woman, 'why wasn't he natural in his life-time? If he had been, he 'd have had somebody to look after him when he was struck with Death, instead of lying gasping out his last there, alone by himself.'

'It 's the truest word that ever was spoke,' said Mrs. Dilber. 'It 's a judgment on him.'

'I wish it was a little heavier one,' replied the woman; 'and it should have been, you may depend upon it, if I could have laid my hands on anything else. Open that bundle, old Joe, and let me know the value of it. Speak out plain. I 'm not afraid to be the first, nor afraid for them to see it. We knew pretty well that we were helping ourselves, before we met here, I believe. It 's no sin. Open the bundle, Joe.'

But the gallantry of her friends would not allow of this; and the man in faded black, mounting the breach first, produced *his* plunder. It was not extensive. A seal or two, a pencil-case, a pair of sleeve-buttons, and a brooch of no great value, were all. They were severally examined and appraised by old Joe, who chalked the sums he was disposed to give for each upon the wall, and added them up into a total when he found that there was nothing more to come.

'That 's your account,' said Joe, 'and I wouldn't give another sixpence, if I was to be boiled for not doing it. Who 's next?'

Mrs. Dilber was next. Sheets and towels, a little wearing apparel, two old-fashioned silver tea-spoons, a pair of sugar-tongs, and a few boots. Her account was stated on the wall in the same manner.

'I always give too much to ladies. It 's a weakness of mine, and that 's the way I ruin myself,' said old Joe. 'That 's your account. If you asked me for another penny, and made it an open question, I 'd repent of being so liberal, and knock off half-a-crown.'

'And now undo *my* bundle, Joe,' said the first woman.

Joe went down on his knees for the greater convenience of opening it, and having unfastened a great many knots, dragged out a large and heavy roll of some dark stuff.

'What do you call this?' said Joe. 'Bed-curtains!'

'Ah!' returned the woman, laughing and leaning forward on her crossed arms. 'Bed-curtains!'

'You don't mean to say you took 'em down, rings and all, with him lying there?' said Joe.

'Yes I do,' replied the woman. 'Why not?'

'You were born to make your fortune,' said Joe, 'and you 'll certainly do it.'

'I certainly shan't hold my hand, when I can get anything in it by reaching it out, for the sake of such a man as He was, I promise you, Joe,' returned the woman coolly. 'Don't drop that oil upon the blankets, now.'

'His blankets?' asked Joe.

'Whose else's do you think?' replied the woman. 'He isn't likely to take cold without 'em, I dare say.'

'I hope he didn't die of anything catching? Eh?' said old Joe, stopping in his work, and looking up.

'Don't you be afraid of that,' returned the woman. 'I an't so fond of his company that I 'd loiter about him for such things, if he did. Ah! You may look through that shirt till your eyes ache; but you won't find a hole in it, nor a threadbare place. It 's the best he had, and a fine one too. They 'd have wasted it, if it hadn't been for me.'

'What do you call wasting of it?' asked old Joe.

'Putting it on him to be buried in, to be sure,' replied the woman with a laugh. 'Somebody was fool enough to do it, but I took it off again. If calico an't good enough for such a purpose, it isn't good enough for anything. It 's quite as becoming to the body. He can't look uglier than he did in that one.'

Scrooge listened to this dialogue in horror. As they sat grouped about their spoil, in the scanty light afforded by the old man's lamp, he viewed them with a detestation and disgust, which could hardly have been greater, though they had been obscene demons, marketing the corpse itself.

'Ha, ha!' laughed the same woman, when old Joe, producing a flannel bag with money in it, told out their several gains upon the ground. 'This is the end of it, you see! He frightened every one away from him when he was alive, to profit us when he was dead! Ha, ha, ha!'

'Spirit!' said Scrooge, shuddering from head to foot. 'I see, I see. The case of this unhappy man might be my own. My life tends that way, now. Merciful Heaven, what is this!'

He recoiled in terror, for the scene had changed, and now he almost touched a bed: a bare, uncurtained bed: on which, beneath a ragged sheet, there lay a something covered up, which, though it was dumb, announced itself in awful language.

The room was very dark, too dark to be observed with any accuracy, though Scrooge glanced round it in obedience to a secret impulse, anxious to know what kind of room it was. A pale light, rising in the outer air, fell straight upon the bed; and on it, plundered and bereft, unwatched, unwept, uncared for, was the body of this man.

Scrooge glanced towards the Phantom.

Its steady hand was pointed to the head. The cover was so carelessly adjusted that the slightest raising of it, the motion of a finger upon Scrooge's part, would have disclosed the face. He thought of it, felt how easy it would be to do, and longed to do it; but had no more power to withdraw the veil than to dismiss the spectre at his side.

Oh cold, cold, rigid, dreadful Death, set up thine altar here, and dress it with such terrors as thou hast at thy command: for this is thy dominion! But of the loved, revered, and honoured head, thou canst not turn one hair to thy dread purposes, or make one feature odious. It is not that the hand is heavy and will fall down when released; it is not that the heart and pulse are still; but that the hand was open, generous, and true; the heart brave, warm, and tender; and the pulse a man's. Strike, Shadow, strike! And see his good deeds springing from the wound, to sow the world with life immortal!

No voice pronounced these words in Scrooge's ears, and yet he heard them when he looked upon the bed. He thought, if this man could be raised up now, what would be his foremost thoughts? Avarice, hard dealing, griping cares? They have brought him to a rich end, truly!

He lay, in the dark empty house, with not a man, a woman, or a child, to say he was kind to me in this or that, and for the memory of one kind word I will be kind to him. A cat was tearing at the door, and there was a sound of gnawing rats beneath the hearth-stone. What *they* wanted in the room of death, and why they were so restless and disturbed, Scrooge did not dare to think.

'Spirit!' he said, 'this is a fearful place. In leaving it, I shall not leave its lesson, trust me. Let us go!'

Still the Ghost pointed with an unmoved finger to the head.

'I understand you,' Scrooge returned, 'and I would do it, if I could. But I have not the power, Spirit. I have not the power.'

Again it seemed to look upon him.

'If there is any person in the town, who feels emotion caused by this man's death,' said Scrooge quite agonized, 'show that person to me, Spirit, I beseech you!'

The phantom spread its dark robe before him for a moment, like a wing; and withdrawing it, revealed a room by daylight, where a mother and her children were.

She was expecting some one, and with anxious eagerness; for she walked up and down the room; started at every sound; looked out from the window; glanced at the clock; tried, but in vain, to work with her needle; and could hardly bear the voices of the children in their play.

At length the long-expected knock was heard. She hurried to the door, and met her husband; a man whose face was careworn and depressed, though he was young. There was a remarkable expression in it now; a kind of serious delight of which he felt ashamed, and which he struggled to repress.

He sat down to the dinner that had been hoarding for him by the fire; and when she asked him faintly what news (which was not until after a long silence), he appeared embarrassed how to answer.

'Is it good,' she said, 'or bad?' — to help him.

'Bad,' he answered.

'We are quite ruined?'

'No. There is hope yet, Caroline.'

'If *he* relents,' she said, amazed, 'there is! Nothing is past hope, if such a miracle has happened.'

'He is past relenting,' said her husband. 'He is dead.'

She was a mild and patient creature if her face spoke truth; but she was thankful in her soul to hear it, and she said so, with clasped hands. She prayed forgiveness the next moment, and was sorry; but the first was the emotion of her heart.

'What the half-drunken woman whom I told you of last night, said to me, when I tried to see him and obtain a week's delay; and what I thought was a mere excuse to avoid me; turns out to have been quite true. He was not only very ill, but dying, then.'

'To whom will our debt be transferred?'

'I don't know. But before that time we shall be ready with the money; and even though we were not, it would be bad fortune indeed to find so merciless a creditor in his successor. We may sleep to-night with light hearts, Caroline!'

Yes. Soften it as they would, their hearts were lighter. The children's faces, hushed and clustered round to hear what they so little understood, were brighter; and it was a happier house for this man's death! The only emotion that the Ghost could show him, caused by the event, was one of pleasure.

'Let me see some tenderness connected with a death,' said Scrooge; 'or that dark chamber, Spirit, which we left just now, will be for ever present to me.'

The Ghost conducted him through several streets familiar to his feet; and as they went along, Scrooge looked here and there to find himself, but nowhere was he to be seen. They entered poor Bob Cratchit's house; the dwelling he had visited before; and found the mother and the children seated round the fire.

Quiet. Very quiet. The noisy little Cratchits were as still as statues in one corner; and sat looking up at Peter, who had a book before him. The mother and her daughters were engaged in sewing. But surely they were very quiet!

"And He took a child, and set him in the midst of them."

Where had Scrooge heard those words? He had not dreamed them. The boy must have read them out, as he and the Spirit crossed the threshold. Why did he not go on?

The mother laid her work upon the table, and put her hand up to her face.

'The colour hurts my eyes,' she said.

The colour? Ah, poor Tiny Tim!

'They 're better now again,' said Cratchit's wife. 'It makes them weak by candle-light; and I wouldn't show weak eyes to your father when he comes home, for the world. It must be near his time.'

'Past it rather,' Peter answered, shutting up his book. 'But I think he 's walked a little slower than he used, these few last evenings, mother.'

They were very quiet again. At last she said, and in a steady cheerful voice, that only faltered once:

'I have known him walk with — I have known him walk with Tiny Tim upon his shoulder, very fast indeed.'

'And so have I,' cried Peter. 'Often.'

'And so have I!' exclaimed another. So had all.

'But he was very light to carry;' she resumed, intent upon her work, 'and his father loved him so, that it was no trouble — no trouble. And there is your father at the door!'

She hurried out to meet him; and little Bob in his comforter — he had need of it, poor fellow — came in. His tea was ready for him on the hob, and they all tried who should help him to it most. Then the two young Cratchits got upon his knees and laid, each child a little cheek, against his face, as if they said, 'Don't mind it, father. Don't be grieved!'

Bob was very cheerful with them, and spoke pleasantly to all the family. He looked at the work upon the table, and praised the industry and speed of Mrs. Cratchit and the girls. They would be done long before Sunday he said.

'Sunday! You went to-day then, Robert?' said his wife.

'Yes, my dear,' returned Bob. 'I wish you could have gone. It would have done you good to see how green a place it is. But you 'll see it often. I promised him that I would walk there on a Sunday. My little, little child!' cried Bob. 'My little child!'

He broke down all at once. He couldn't help it. If he could have helped it, he and his child would have been farther apart perhaps than they were.

He left the room, and went up stairs into the room above, which was lighted cheerfully, and hung with Christmas. There was a chair set close beside the child, and there were signs of some one having been there, lately. Poor Bob sat down in it, and when he had thought a little and composed himself, he kissed the little face. He was reconciled to what had happened, and went down again quite happy.

They drew about the fire, and talked; the girls and mother working still. Bob told them of the extraordinary kindness of Mr. Scrooge's nephew, whom he had scarcely seen but once, and who, meeting him in the street that day, and seeing that he looked a little — 'just a little down you know' said Bob, enquired what had happened to distress him. 'On which,' said Bob, 'for he is the pleasantest-spoken gentleman you ever heard, I told him. 'I am heartily sorry for it, Mr. Cratchit,' he said, 'and heartily sorry for your good wife.' By the bye, how he ever knew *that*, I don't know.'

'Knew what, my dear?'

'Why, that you were a good wife,' replied Bob.

'Everybody knows that!' said Peter.

'Very well observed, my boy!' cried Bob. 'I hope they do. 'Heartily sorry,' he said, 'for your good wife. If I can be of service to you in any way,' he said, giving me his card, 'that 's where I live. Pray come to me.' Now, it wasn't,' cried Bob, 'for the sake of anything he might be able to do for us, so much as for his kind way, that this was quite delightful. It really seemed as if he had known our Tiny Tim, and felt with us.'

'I 'm sure he 's a good soul!' said Mrs. Cratchit.

'You would be surer of it, my dear, returned Bob, 'if you saw and spoke to him. I shouldn't be at all surprised, mark what I say, if he got Peter a better situation.'

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'Only hear that, Peter,' said Mrs. Cratchit.

'And then,' cried one of the girls, 'Peter will be keeping company with some one, and setting up for himself.'

'Get along with you!' retorted Peter, grinning.

'It 's jnst as likely as not,' said Bob, 'one of these days; though there 's plenty of time for that, my dear. But however and whenever we part from one another, I am sure we shall none of us forget poor Tiny Tim — shall we — or this first parting that there was among us?'

'Never father!' cried they all.

'And I know,' said Bob, 'I know, my dear, that when we recollect how patient and how mild he was; although he was a little, little child; we shall not quarrel easily among ourselves, and forget poor Tiny Tim in doing it.'

'No, never, father!' they all cried again.

'I am very happy,' said little Bob, 'I am very happy!'

Mrs. Cratchit kissed him, his daughter kissed him, the two young Cratchits kissed him, and Peter and himself shook hands. Spirit of Tiny Tim, thy childish essence was from God!

'Spectre,' said Scrooge, 'something informs me that our parting moment is at hand. I know it, but I know not how. Tell me what man that was whom we saw lying dead?'

The Ghost of Christmas Yet To Come conveyed him, as before — though at a different time, he thought: indeed, there seemed no order in these latter visions, save that they were in the Future — into the resorts of business men, but showed him not himself. Indeed, the Spirit did not stay for anything, but went straight on, as to the end just now desired, until besought by Scrooge to tarry for a moment.

'This court,' said Scrooge, 'through which we hurry now, is where my place of occupation is, and has been for a length of time. I see the house. Let me behold what I shall be, in days to come.'

The Spirit stopped; the hand was pointed elsewhere.

'The house is yonder,' Scrooge exclaimed. 'Why do you point away?'

The inexorable finger underwent no change.

Scrooge hastened to the window of his office, and looked in. It was an office still, but not his. The furniture was not the same, and the figure in the chair was not himself. The Phantom pointed as before.

He joined it once again, and wondering why and whither he had gone, accompanied it until they reached an iron gate. He paused to look round before entering.

A churchyard. Here, then, the wretched man whose name he had now to learn, lay underneath the ground. It was a worthy place. Walled in by houses; overrun by grass and weeds, the growth of vegetation's death, not life; choked up with too much burying; fat with repleted appetite. A worthy place!

The Spirit stood among the graves, and pointed down to One. He advanced towards it trembling. The Phantom was exactly as it had been, but he dreaded that he saw new meaning in its solemn shape.

'Before I draw nearer to that stone to which you point,' said Scrooge, 'answer me one question. Are these the shadows of the things that Will be, or are they shadows of the things that May be, only?'

Still the Ghost pointed downward to the grave by which it stood.

'Men's courses will foreshadow certain ends, to which, if persevered in, they must lead,' said Scrooge. 'But if the courses be departed from, the ends will change. Say it is thus with what you show me!'

The Spirit was immovable as ever.

Scrooge crept towards it, trembling as he went; and following the finger, read upon the stone of the neglected grave his own name, EBENEZER SCROOGE.

'Am *I* that man who lay upon the bed?' he cried, upon his knees.

The finger pointed from the grave to him, and back again.

'No, Spirit! Oh no, no!'

The finger still was there.

'Spirit!' he cried, tight clutching at its robe, 'hear me! I am not the man I was. I will not be the man I must have been but for this intercourse. Why show me this, if I am past all hope?'

For the first time the hand appeared to shake.

'Good Spirit,' he pursued, as down upon the ground he fell before it: 'Your nature intercedes for me, and pities me. Assure me that I yet may change these shadows you have shown me, by an altered life.'

The kind hand trembled.

'I will honour Christmas in my heart, and try to keep it all the year. I will live in the Past, the Present, and the Future. The Spirits of all Three shall strive within me. I will not shut out the lessons that they teach. Oh, tell me I may sponge away the writing on this stone!'

In his agony, he caught the spectral hand. It sought to free itself, but he was strong

in his entreaty, and detained it. The Spirit, stronger yet, repulsed him.

Holding up his hands in one last prayer to have his fate reversed, he saw an alteration in the Phantom's hood and dress. It shrunk, collapsed, and dwindled down into a bedpost.

The end of it.

Yes! and the bedpost was his own. The bed was his own, the room was his own. Best and happiest of all, the Time before him was his own, to make amends in!

'I will live in the Past, the Present, and the Future!' Scrooge repeated, as he scrambled out of bed. 'The Spirits of all Three shall strive within me. Oh Jacob Marley! Heaven, and the Christmas Time be praised for this! I say it on my knees, old Jacob; on my knees!'

He was so fluttered and so glowing with his good intentions, that his broken voice would scarcely answer to his call. He had been sobbing violently in his conflict with the Spirit, and his face was wet with tears.

'They are not torn down,' cried Scrooge, folding one of his bed-curtains in his arms, 'they are not torn down, rings and all. They are here: I am here: the shadows of the things that would have been, may be dispelled. They will be. I know they will!'

His hands were busy with his garments all this time: turning them inside out, putting them on upside down, tearing them, losing them, making them parties to every kind of extravagance.

'I don't know what to do!' cried Scrooge, laughing and crying in the same breath: and making a perfect Laocoön of himself with his stockings. 'I am as light as a feather, I am as happy as an angel, I am as merry as a school-boy. I am as giddy as a drunken man. A merry Christmas to everybody! A happy new year to all the world. Hallo here! Whoop! Hallo!'

He had frisked into the sitting-room, and was now standing there: perfectly winded.

'There 's the saucepan that the gruel was in!' cried Scrooge, starting off again, and frisking round the fire-place. 'There 's the door, by which the Ghost of Jacob Marley entered! There 's the corner where the Ghost of Christmas Present, sat! There 's the window where I saw the wandering Spirits! It 's all right, it 's all true, it all happened. Ha ha ha!'

Really, for a man who had been out of practice for so many years, it was a splendid laugh, a most illustrious laugh. The father of a long, long, line of brilliant laughs!

'I don't know what day of the month it is!' said Scrooge. 'I don't know how long I 've been among the Spirits. I don't know anything. I 'm quite a baby. Never mind. I don't care. I 'd rather be a baby. Hallo! Whoop! Hallo here!'

He was checked in his transports by the churches ringing out the lustiest peals he had ever heard. Clash, clang, hammer, ding, dong, bell. Bell, dong, ding, hammer, clang, clash! O, glorious, glorious!

Running to the window, he opened it, and put out his head. No fog, no mist; clear, bright, jovial, stirring, cold, piping for the blood to dance to; golden sunlight: heavenly sky; sweet fresh air; merry bells. Oh, glorious, glorious!

'What 's to-day?' cried Scrooge, calling downward to a boy in Sunday clothes, who perhaps had loitered in to look about him.

'Eh?' returned the boy, with all his might of wonder.

'What 's to-day, my fine fellow?' said Scrooge.

'To-day'! replied the boy. 'Why, Christmas Day.'

'It 's Christmas Day!' said Scrooge to himself. 'I haven't missed it. The Spirits have done it all in one night. They can do anything they like. Of course they can. Of course they can. Hallo, my fine fellow!'

'Hallo!' returned the boy.

'Do you know the Poulterer's, in the next street but one, at the corner?' Scrooge inquired.

'I should hope I did,' replied the lad.

'An intelligent boy!' said Scrooge. 'A remarkable boy! Do you know whether they 've sold the prize Turkey that was hanging up there? Not the little prize Turkey; the big one?'

'What, the one as big as me?' returned the boy.

'What a delightful boy!' said Scrooge. 'It 's a pleasure to talk to him Yes, my buck!'

'It 's hanging there now,' replied the boy.

'Is it?' said Scrooge. 'Go and buy it.'

'Walk-er!' exclaimed the boy.

'No, no,' said Scrooge, 'I am in earnest. Go and buy it, and tell 'em to bring it here, that I may give them the direction where to take it. Come back with the man, and I 'll give you a shilling. Come back with him in less than five minutes, and I 'll give you half-a-crown.'

The boy was off like a shot. He must

have had a steady hand at a trigger who could have got a shot off half so fast.

'I 'll send it to Bob Cratchit's!' whispered Scrooge, rubbing his hands, and splitting with a laugh. 'He sha'n't know who sends it. It 's twice the size of Tiny Tim. Joe Miller never made such a joke as sending it to Bob's will be!'

The hand in which he wrote the address was not a steady one, but write it he did, somehow, and went down stairs to open the street door, ready for the coming of the poulterer's man. As he stood there, waiting his arrival, the knocker caught his eye.

'I shall love it, as long as I live!' cried Scrooge, patting it with his hand. 'I scarcely ever looked at it before. What an honest expression it has in its face! It 's a wonderful knocker! — Here 's the Turkey. Hallo! Whoop! How are you! Merry Christmas!'

It *was* a Turkey! He never could have stood upon his legs, that bird. He would have snapped 'em short off in a minute, like sticks of sealing-wax.

'Why, it 's impossible to carry that to Camden Town,' said Scrooge. 'You must have a cab.'

The chuckle with which he said this, and the chuckle with which he paid for the Turkey, and the chuckle with which he paid for the cab, and the chuckle with which he recompensed the boy, were only to be exceeded by the chuckle with which he sat down breathless in his chair again, and chuckled till he cried.

Shaving was not an easy task, for his hand continued to shake very much; and shaving requires attention, even when you don't dance while you are at it. But if he had cut the end of his nose off, he would have put a piece of sticking-plaister over it, and been quite satisfied.

He dressed himself 'all in his best,' and at last got out into the streets. The people were by this time pouring forth, as he had seen them with the Ghost of Christmas Present; and walking with his hands behind him, Scrooge regarded every one with a delighted smile. He looked so irresistibly pleasant, in a word, that three or four good-humoured fellows said, 'Good morning, Sir! A merry Christmas to you!' And Scrooge said often afterwards, that of all the blithe sounds he had ever heard, those were the blithest in his ears.

He had not gone far, when coming on towards him he beheld the portly gentleman, who had walked into his counting-house the day before and said, 'Scrooge and Marley's, I believe?' It sent a pang across his heart to think how this old gentleman would look upon him when they met, but he knew what path lay straight before him, and he took it.

'My dear Sir,' said Scrooge, quickening his pace, and taking the old gentleman by both his hands. 'How do you do? I hope you succeeded yesterday. It was very kind of you. A merry Christmas to you, Sir!'

'Mr. Scrooge?'

'Yes,' said Scrooge. 'That is my name, and I fear it may not be pleasant to you. Allow me to ask your pardon. And will you have the goodness' — here Scrooge whispered in his ear.

'Lord bless me!' cried the gentleman, as if his breath were gone. 'My dear Mr. Scrooge, are you serious?'

'If you please,' said Scrooge. 'Not a farthing less. A great many back-payments are included in it, I assure you. Will you do me that favour?'

'My dear Sir,' said the other, shaking hands with him. 'I don't know what to say to such munifi —'

'Don't say anything, please,' retorted Scrooge. 'Come and see me. Will you come and see me?'

'I will!' cried the old gentleman. And it was clear he meant to do it.

'Thank 'ee,' said Scrooge. 'I am much obliged to you. I thank you fifty times. Bless you!'

He went to church, and walked about the streets, and watched the people hurrying to and fro, and patted children on the head, and questioned beggars, and looked down into the kitchens of houses, and up to the windows; and found that everything could yield him pleasure. He had never dreamed that any walk — that anything — could give him so much happiness. In the afternoon, he turned his steps towards his nephew's house.

He passed the door a dozen times, before he had the courage to go up and knock. But he made a dash, and did it:

'Is your master at home, my dear?' said Scrooge to the girl. 'Nice girl! Very.'

'Yes, Sir.'

'Where is he, my love?' said Scrooge.

'He 's in the dining-room, Sir, along with mistress. 'I 'll show you up stairs, if you please.'

'Thank 'ee. He knows me,' said Scrooge, with his hand already on the dining-room lock. 'I 'll go in here, my dear.'

He turned it gently, and sidled his face in, round the door. They were looking at the table (which was spread out in great array); for these young housekeepers are

always nervous on such points, and like to see that everything is right.

'Fred!' said Scrooge.

Dear heart alive, how his niece by marriage started! Scrooge had forgotten, for the moment, about her sitting in the corner with the footstool, or he wouldn't have done it, on any account.

'Why bless my soul!' cried Fred, 'who 's that?'

'It 's I. Your uncle Scrooge. I have come to dinner. Will you let me in, Fred?'

Let him in! It is a mercy he didn't shake his arm off. He was at home in five minutes. Nothing could be heartier. His niece looked just the same. So did Topper when *he* came. So did the plump sister, when *she* came. So did every one when *they* came. Wonderful party, wonderful games, wonderful unanimity, won-der-ful happiness!

But he was early at the office next morning. Oh he was early there. If he could only be there first, and catch Bob Cratchit coming late! That was the thing he had set his heart upon.

And he did it; yes he did! The clock struck nine. No Bob. A quarter past. No Bob. He was full eighteen minutes and a half, behind his time. Scrooge sat with his door wide open, that he might see him come into the Tank.

His hat was off, before he opened the door; his comforter too. He was on his stool in a jiffy; driving away with his pen, as if he were trying to overtake nine o' cloek.

'Hallo!' growled Scrooge, in his accustomed voice as near as he could feign it. 'What do you mean by coming here at this time of day?'

'I 'm very sorry, Sir,' said Bob. 'I *am* behind my time.'

'You are?' repeated Scrooge. 'Yes. I think you are. Step this way, if you please.'

'It's only once a year, Sir,' pleaded Bob, appearing from the Tank. 'It shall not be repeated. I was making rather merry yesterday, Sir.'

'Now, I 'll tell you what, friend,' said Scrooge, 'I am not going to stand this sort of thing any longer. And therefore,' he continued, leaping from his stool, and giving Bob such a dig in the waistcoat that he staggered back into the Tank again: 'and therefore I am about to raise your salary!'

Bob trembled, and got a little nearer to the ruler. He had a momentary idea of knocking Scrooge down with it, holding him, and calling to the people in the court for help and a strait-waistcoat.

'A merry Christmas, Bob!' said Scrooge, with an earnestness that could not be mistaken, as he clapped him on the back. 'A merrier Christmas, Bob, my good fellow, than I have given you, for many a-year! I 'll raise your salary, and endeavour to assist your struggling family, and we will discuss your affairs this very afternoon, over a Christmas bowl of smoking bishop, Bob! Make up the fires, and buy another coal-scuttle before you dot another i, Bob Cratchit!'

Scrooge was better than his word. He did it all, and infinitely more; and to Tiny Tim, who did NOT die, he was a second father. He became as good a friend, as good a master, and as good a man, as the good old city knew, or any other good old city, town, or borough, in the good old world. Some people laughed to see the alteration in him, but he let them laugh, and little heeded them; for he was wise enough to know that nothing ever happened on this globe, for good, at which some people did not have their fill of langhter in the outset; knowing that such as these would be blind anyway, he thought it quite as well that they should wrinkle up their eyes in grins, as have the malady in less attractive forms. His own heart laughed: and that was quite enough for him.

He had no further intercourse with Spirits, but lived upon the Total Abstinence Principle, ever afterwards; and it was always said of him, that he knew how to keep Christmas well, if any man alive possessed the knowledge. May that be truly said of us, and all of us! And so, as Tiny Tim observed, God Bless Us, Every One!

GEORGE P. R. JAMES.

George Prince Regent James was born in 1801. This prolific novelist has chosen historical facts for his compositions and seems to have taken Sir Walter Scott for his model, but his works bear such a strong resemblance to each other, that, after reading one or two, it may be known what to expect from the rest of them. James is particularly well versed in the history of France and in this department of his writings appears to the greatest advantage, particularly in his 'Richelieu'. His style is light and agreeable, and although the author is deficient in the power of depicting character and human passions, he excels in descriptions of incidents and places. Of his numerous works we may mention 'Darnley or the Field of the Cloth of Gold', 'De l'Orme', 'Mary of Burgundy', 'One in a Thousand or the Days of Henry II.,' 'Attila', 'The Huguenots, a Tale of the French Protestants', 'Henry of Guise', 'The King's Highway', 'The ancient Régime', 'Morley Ernstein', 'The False Heir', 'Arabella Stuart' and 'Richelieu'.

THE FISHERMAN OF SCARPHOUT.

Chapter I.

About midway between Ostend and Sluys, exposed to all the fitful wrath of the North Sea, lies a long track of desolate shore, frowning no fierce defiance back upon the waves that dash in fury against it; but — like a calm and even spirit, which repels by its very tranquil humility the heat of passion and the overbearing of pride — opposing nought to the angry billows, but a soft and lowly line of yellow sands. There nothing grows which can add comfort to existence; there nothing flourishes which can beautify or adorn. Torn from the depths of ocean, and cast by the storm upon the shore, sea shells, and variegated weeds will indeed sometimes deck the barren beach, and now and then a green shrub, or a stunted yellow flower, wreathing its roots amidst the shifting sand, will here and there appear upon the low hills called *Dunes*. But with these exceptions, all is waste and bare, possessing alone that portion of the sublime which is derived from extent and desolation. It may be well conceived that the inhabitants of such a spot are few. Two small villages, and half a dozen isolated cottages are the only vestiges of human habitation to be met with in the course of many a mile; and at the time to which this tale refers, these few dwellings were still fewer. That time was long, long ago, at a period when another state of society existed in Europe; and when one class of men were separated from another by barriers which time, the great gravedigger of all things, has now buried beneath the dust of other years. Nevertheless, the inhabitants of that track of sandy country were less different in habits, manners, and even appearance from those who tenant it at present, than might be imagined; and in original character were very much the same, combining in their disposition traits resembling the shore on which their habitations stood, and the element by the side of which they lived — simple, unpolished, yet gentle and humble, and at the same time wild, fearless, and rash as the stormy sea itself.

I speak of seven centuries ago — a long time, indeed! but nevertheless then, even then, there were as warm affections stirring in the world, as bright domestic love, as glad hopes and chilling fears as now — there were all the ties of home and kindred, as dearly felt, as fondly cherished, as boldly defended as they can be in the present day; and out upon the dull imagination and cold heart that cannot feel the link of human sympathy binding us to our fellow beings even of the days gone by!

Upon a dull, cold melancholy evening, in the end of autumn, one of the fishermen of the shore near Scarphout gazed over the gray sea as it lay before his eye, rolling in with one dense line of foaming waves pouring for ever over the other. The sky was bleak and heavy, covered with clouds of a mottled leaden hue, growing darker towards the north-west, and the gusty whistling of the rising wind told of the coming storm. The fisherman himself was a tall, gaunt man, with hair of a grizzled black, strong marked, but not unpleasant features, and many a long furrow across his broad, high brow.

The spot on which he stood was a small sandhill on the little bay formed by a projecting ridge of Dunes, at the extreme of which stood the old castle of Scarphont, even then in ruins, and at the time of high tide separated from the land by the encroaching waves, but soon destined to be swept away altogether, leaving nothing but a crumbling tower here and there rising above the waters. Moored in the most sheltered part of the bay, before his eyes, were his two boats; and behind him, underneath the sand hills that ran out to the old castle, was the cottage in which he and his family had dwelt for ten years.

He stood and gazed; and then turning to a boy dressed in the same uncouth garments as himself, he said, 'No, Peterkin, no! There will be a storm — I will not go to-night. Go, tell your father and the other men I will not go. I expect my son home

from Tournai, and I will not go out on a stormy night when he is coming back after a long absence.'

The boy ran away along the shore to some still lower cottages, which could just be seen at the opposite point, about two miles off; and the fisherman turned towards his own dwelling. Four rooms were all that it contained; and the door which opened on the sands led into the first of these; but the chamber was clean and neat; every thing within it showed care and extreme attention; the brazen vessels above the wide chimney, the pottery upon the shelves, all bore evidence of good housewifery; and as the fisherman of Scarphout entered his humble abode, the warm blaze of the fire, and the light of the resin candles, welcomed him to as clean an apartment as could be found in the palace of princes. He looked round it with a proud and satisfied smile; and the arms of his daughter, a lovely girl of fourteen, were round his neck in a moment, while she exclaimed in a glad tone, speaking to her mother who was busy in the room beyond, 'Oh, mother, he will not go out to sea to-night!'

Her mother, who had once been very beautiful — nay, was so still — came forth, and greeted her husband with a calm glad kiss; and sitting down, the father pulled off his heavy boots, and warmed his strong hands over the cheerful blaze.

The wind whistled louder and louder still, the sea moaned as if tormented by the demon of the storm, and few, but dashing drops of heavy rain, came upon the blast, and rattled on the casements of the cottage.

'It will be a fearful night!' said the fisherman, speaking to his daughter. 'Emiline, give me the book, and we will read the prayer for those that wander in the tempest.'

His daughter turned to one of the wooden shelves; and from behind some very homely articles of kitchen furniture, brought forth one of the splendid books of the Romish church, from which her father read forth a prayer, while mother and daughter knelt beside him.

Higher still grew the storm as the night came on; more frequent and more fierce were the howling gusts of wind; and the waves of the stirred-up ocean, cast in thunder upon the shore, seemed to shake the lowly cottage as if they would fain have swept it from the earth. Busily did Dame Alice, the fisherman's wife, trim the wood fire; eagerly and carefully did she prepare the supper for her husband and her expected son; and often did Emiline listen to hear if, in the lulled intervals of the storm, she could catch the sound of coming steps.

At length, when the rushing of the wind and waves seemed at their highest, there came a loud knocking at the door, and the fisherman started up to open it, exclaiming, 'It is my son!' He threw it wide; but the moment he had done so, he started back, exclaiming, 'Who are you?' and pale as ashes, drenched with rain, and haggard, as if with terror and fatigue, staggered in a man as old as the fisherman himself, bearing in his arms what seemed the lifeless body of a young and lovely woman. The apparel of either stranger had, at one time, cost far more than the worth of the fisherman's cottage and all that it contained; but now, that apparel was rent and soiled, and upon that of the man were evident traces of blood and strife. Motioning eagerly to shut the door — as soon as it was done, he set his fair burden on one of the low settles, and besought for her the aid of the two women whom he beheld. It was given immediately; and although an air of surprise, and a look for a moment even fierce, had come over the fisherman's countenance on the first intrusion of strangers into his cottage, that look had now passed away; and, taking the fair girl, who lay senseless before him, in his strong arms, he bore her into an inner chamber, and placed her on his wife's own bed. The women remained with her; and closing the door, the fisherman returned to his unexpected guest, demanding abruptly, 'Who is that?'

The stranger crossed his question by another — 'Are you Walran, the fisherman of Scarphout?' he demanded, 'and will you plight your oath not to betray me?'

'I am Walran,' replied the fisherman, 'and I do plight my oath.'

'Then that is the daughter of Charles, Count of Flanders!' replied the stranger, 'I have saved her at the risk of my life from the assassins of her father!'

'The assassins of her father!' cried the fisherman, 'Then is he dead?'

'He was slain yesterday in the church — in the very church itself at Bruges! Happily his son was absent, and his daughter is saved, at least if you will lend us that aid which a young man, who is even now engaged in misleading our pursuers, promised in your name.'

'My son!' said the fisherman. 'His promise shall bind his father as if it were my own. But tell me, who are you?'

'I am Baldwin, Lord of Wavrin,' replied the stranger. 'But we have no time for long conferences, good fisherman. A party of assassins are triumphant in Flanders. The count is slain; his son, a youth, yet unable

to recover or defend his own without aid: his daughter is here, pursued by the murderers of her father; she cannot be long concealed, and this night — this very night, I must find means to bear her to the shores of France, so that I may place her in safety; and, as a faithful friend of my dead sovereign, obtain the means of snatching his son's inheritance from the hands of his enemies, ere their power be confirmed beyond remedy. Will you venture to bear us out to sea in your boat, and win a reward such as a fisherman can seldom gain.

'The storm is loud!' said the fisherman; 'the wind is cold; and ere you reach the coast of France, that fair flower would be withered never to revive again. You must leave her here.'

'But she will be discovered and slain by the murderers of her father,' replied Baldwin. 'What, are you a man and a seaman, and fear to dare the storm for such an object?'

'I fear nothing,' answered the fisherman calmly. 'But here is my son! Albert, God's benison be upon you, my boy,' he added, as a young man entered the cottage, with the dark curls of his jetty hair dripping with the night rain. 'Welcome back! but you come in an hour of trouble. Cast the great bar across the door, and let no one enter, while I show this stranger a refuge he knows not.'

'No one shall enter living;' said the young man, after returning his father's first embrace: and the fisherman taking one of the resin lights from the table, passed through the room where the fair unhappy Marguerite of Flanders lay, recovering from the swoon into which she had fallen, to a recollection of all that was painful in existence. 'Should they attempt to force the door,' whispered the fisherman to his wife, 'bring her quick after me, and bid Albert and Emiline follow.' And striding on with the Lord of Wavrin, into the room beyond, he gave his guest the light, while he advanced towards the wall which ended the building on that side. It had formed part of some old tenement, most probably a monastery, which had long ago occupied the spot, when a little town, now no longer existing, had been gathered together at the neck of the promontory on which the fort of Scarphout stood.

This one wall was all that remained of the former habitations; and against it the cottage was built; though the huge stones of which it was composed were but little in harmony with the rest of the low building. To it, however, the fisherman advanced, and placing his shoulder against one of the enormous stones, to the astonishment of the stranger it moved round upon a pivot in the wall, showing the top of a small staircase, leading down apparently into the ground. A few words sufficed to tell that that staircase led, by a passage under the narrow neck of sandhills, to the old castle beyond; and that in that old castle was still one room habitable, though unknown to any but the fisherman himself. 'Here, then, let the lady stay,' he said, 'guarded, fed, and tended by my wife and children; and for you and me, let us put to sea. I will bring you safe to Boulogne, if I sleep not with you beneath the waves; and there, from the King of France, you may gain aid to re-establish rightful rule within the land.'

'To Boulogne,' said the stranger, 'to Boulogne? Nay, let us pause at Bergues or Calais, for I am not loved in Boulogne. I once,' he added boldly, seeing some astonishment in the fisherman's countenance, 'I once wronged the former Count of Boulogne — I scruple not to say it — I did him wrong; and though he has been dead for years, yet his people love me not, and I have had warning to avoid their dwellings.'

'And do you think the love or hate of ordinary people can outlive long years?' demanded the fisherman; 'but, nevertheless, let us to Boulogne; for *there* is even now the King of France: so said a traveller who landed here the other day. And the King, who is come, they say, to judge upon the spot who shall inherit the long vacant county of Boulogne, will give you protection against your enemies, and aid to restore your sovereign's son to his rightful inheritance.'

The Lord of Wavrin mused for a moment, but consented, and all was speedily arranged. The fair Marguerite of Flanders, roused and cheered by the care of the fisherman's family, gladly took advantage of the refuge offered her, and found no terrors in the long damp vaults or ponderous stone door that hid her from the world; and feeling that she herself was now in safety, she scarcely looked round the apartment to which she was led, but gave herself up to the thoughts of her father's bloody death, her brother's situation of peril, and all the dangers that lay before the faithful friend who, with a father's tenderness, had guided her safely from the house of murder and desolation. He, on his part, saw the heavy stone door roll slowly to after the princess, and ascertaining that an iron bolt within gave her the means of securing her retreat, at least in a degree, he left her, with a mind comparatively tranquillized in regard to her, and followed the fisherman towards the beach. There was found already the boat

prepared, with its prow towards the surf, and one or two of the fisherman's hardy companions ready to share his danger. The Lord of Wavrin looked up to the dark and starless sky; he felt the rude wind push roughly against his broad chest; he heard the billows fall in thunder upon the sandy shore; but he thought of his murdered sovereign and of that sovereign's helpless orphans, and springing into the frail bark, he bade them push off, though he felt that there was many a chance those words might be the signals for his death. Watching till the wave had broken, the three strong men pushed the boat through the yielding sand; the next instant she floated; they leaped in, and struggling for a moment with the coming wave, the bark bounded out into the sea, and was lost to the sight of those that watched her from the shore.

Chapter II.

There were tears in the blue eye of the morning, but they were like the tears of a spoiled beauty when her momentary anger has gained all she wishes, and the passionate drops begin to be chequered by smiles not less wayward. Gradually, however, the smiles predominated; the clouds grew less frequent and less heavy, the sun shone out with shorter intervals, and though the wind and the sea still sobbed and heaved with the past storm, the sky was momently becoming more and more serene. Such was the aspect of the coming day, when the unhappy Marguerite of Flanders again opened her eyes, after having for a time forgotten her sorrow in but too brief repose. For a moment she doubted whether the past were not all a dream; but the aspect of the chamber in which she now found herself, very different from that which she had inhabited in her father's palace, soon recalled the sad reality. And yet as she gazed round the room, there was nothing rude or coarse in its appearance. Rich tapestry was still upon the walls; the dressoir was still covered with fine linen and purple, and many a silver vessel — laver, and ewer, and cup, stood ready for her toilet. The small grated windows, with the enormous walls in which they were set, the faded colours of the velvet hangings of the bed in which she had been sleeping, the vaulted roof, showing no carved and gilded oak, but the cold, bare stone, told that she was in the chamber of a lone and ruined fortress; but one that less than a century before had contained persons in whose veins flowed the same blood that wandered through her own. Rising, she gazed out of the window, which looked upon the wide and rushing sea, and she thought of the good old Lord of Wavrin and his dangerous voyage; and, like the figures in a delirious dream, the forms of the old fisherman, and his beautiful daughter, and fair wife, and handsome, dark-eyed son came back upon her memory. A slight knock at the door roused her; but her whole nerves had been so shaken with terror that she hardly dared to bid the stranger enter. At length, however, she summoned courage to do so, and the fair and smiling face of Emiline, the fisherman's daughter, appeared behind the opening of the door. Torn from the fond, accustomed things of early days, left lone and desolate in a wild and unattractive spot, surrounded by dangers, and for the first time exposed to adversity, the heart of Marguerite of Flanders was but too well disposed to cling to whatever presented itself for affection. Emiline she found kind and gentle, but though younger, of a firmer mood than herself, having been brought up in a severer school; and to her Marguerite soon learned to cling. But there was another companion whom fate cast in her way, from whom she could not withhold the same natural attachment, though but too likely to prove dangerous to her peace. Morning and evening, every day, Albert, the fisherman's son, who had been left behind by his father to afford that protection which none but a man could give, visited her retreat in the company of his sister; and Marguerite was soon taught to long for those visits as the brightest hours of her weary concealment.

But in the meantime the fisherman returned no more. Day passed after day; morning broke and evening fell, and the boat which had left the shore of Scarphout on that eventful evening, did not appear again. The eye of the fisherman's wife strained over the waters, and when at eventide the barks of the other inhabitants of the coast were seen approaching the shore, his children ran down to inquire for their parent — but in vain. About the same time, too, fragments of wrecks — masts, sails, and planks, were cast upon the sands, and dark and sad grew the brows of the once happy family at the point of Scarphout. The two other men whom he had chosen to accompany him were unmarried, but their relations at length gave up the last hope, and the priest of Notre Dame de Blankenbergh was besought to say masses for the souls of the departed. The good old man wept as he promised to comply, for though he had seen courts, and lived

in the household of a noble prince, he loved his simple flock, and had ever been much attached to the worthy man whose boat was missing. Marguerite of Flanders, with a fate but too intimately interwoven with that of the unfortunate family at Scarphout, had been made acquainted with the hopes and fears of every day, had mingled her tears with Emiline, and had even clasped the hand of Albert, while she soothed him with sympathetic sorrow for his father's loss. 'Mine is an unhappy fate,' she said, 'to bring sorrow and danger even here, while seeking to fly from it myself.'

'Grieve not, lady, in that respect,' replied Albert, raising her hand to his lips; 'we have but done our duty towards you, and our hearts are not such as to regret that we have done so, even though we lose a father by it. Neither fear for your own fate. The times must change for better ones. In the meanwhile you are in safety here, and should need be, I will defend you with the last drop of my blood.'

The morning that followed, however, wore a different aspect. Scarcely were matins over, when the good old priest himself visited the cottage of the fisherman, and proceeded to those of his companions, spreading joy and hope wherever he came. What, it may be asked, was the source of such joy? It was but a vision! The old man had dreamt, he said, that he had seen the fisherman of Scarphout safe and well, with a net in his hand, in which were an innumerable multitude of fishes. And this simple dream was, in that age, sufficient to dry the eyes of mourning and bring back hope to bosoms that had been desolate. Albert flew to communicate the tale to Marguerite of Flanders, and there was spoken between them many a word of joy — joy that so often entwines its arms with tenderness. He now came oftener than ever, for the old priest by some means had learned that he took an interest in all the changing fortunes of the state of Flanders, and daily the good man brought him tidings, which sometimes he felt it a duty, sometimes a pleasure to tell to the lonely dweller in the ruined castle. He found, too, that his presence cheered her, and that his conversation won her from her grief. She began to cling even more to him than to his sister; for he knew more of the world, and men, and courts than Emiline, and he thought it but kind to afford her every solace and pleasure he could give. Each day his visits became more frequent, and continued longer. Sometimes he would liberate her, after a sort, from her voluntary prison, by taking her, with Emiline, in his boat upon the moonlight sea, or even by leading her along, under the eye of Heaven's queen, upon the smooth sands, when the waves of a calm night rippled up to their feet. At other times he would sit upon the stones of the old battlements, rent and rifted by the warfare of ages, and would wile her thoughts away from herself by tales of other days, when those battlements had withstood the assault of hosts, and those halls had been the resort of the fair and brave, now dust. Then, again, he would give her tidings which he had gained while dwelling at Namur or at Turnay; reciting the gallant deeds of the servants of the Cross in distant Palestine, or telling of the horrors of captivity in Paynimrie; and then, too, he would sing, as they sat above the waters, with a voice, and a skill, and a taste which Marguerite fancied all unequalled in the world. Day by day, and hour by hour, the fair inexperienced princess of Flanders felt that she was losing her young heart to the youth of low degree; and yet what could she do to stay the fugitive, or call him back to her own bosom from his hopeless flight. It was not alone that Albert was, in her eyes at least, the most handsome man she had ever beheld, it was not alone that he was gentle, kind, and tender, but it was that on him alone was she cast for aid, protection, amusement, information, hope; that her fate hung upon his word, and that while he seemed to feel and triumph in the task, yet it was with a deep, earnest, anxious solicitude for her peace and for her security. And did she think, that with all these feelings in her bosom, he had dared to love her in return — to love her, the princess of that land in which he was alone the son of a poor fisherman? She knew he had — she saw it in his eyes, she heard it in every tone, she felt it in the tender touch of the strong hand that aided her in their stolen wanderings. And thus it went on from day to day, till words were spoken that no after-thought could ever recall, and Marguerite owned, that if Heaven willed that her father's lands should never return to her father's house, she could, with a happy heart, see state and dignity pass away from her, and wed the son of the Fisherman of Scarphout.

But still the fisherman himself returned not: days had grown into weeks, and weeks had become months, yet no tiding of him or his companions had reached the shore, and men began to fancy that the vision of the old priest might be no more than an

ordinary dream. Not so, however, the family of the fisherman himself. They seemed to hold the judgment of the good man infallible, and every day he visited their cottage, bringing them tidings of all the events which took place in the struggle that now convulsed the land.

By this time, the King of France had roused himself to chastise the rebels of Flanders, and to reinstate the young count in his dominions. He had summoned his vassals to his standard, and creating two experienced leaders marshals of his host, had entered the disturbed territory with lance in the rest. Little armed opposition had been made to his progress, though two or three detached parties from his army had been cut off and slaughtered. But this only exasperated the monarch still more, and he had been heard to vow that nothing but the death of every one of the conspirators would satisfy him for the blood of Charles the Good, and of the faithful friends who had fallen with him. Such was the tale told by the good priest to Albert, the fisherman's son, one day towards the end of the year, and by him repeated to Marguerite of Flanders, who heard it with very mingled feelings; for if a momentary joy crossed her heart to think that the murderers of her father would meet their just reward, and her brother would recover the coronet of Flanders, the fear, the certainty that she herself would be torn from him she loved, overclouded the brief sunshine, and left her mind all dark. The next day, however, new tidings reached Albert, and filled his heart with consternation and surprise. Burchard, the chief murderer of the dead count, had, it was said, dispatched a messenger to the King of France, to bid him either hold off from Bruges, or send him a free pardon for himself and all his companions, lest another victim should be added to those already gone from the family of the dead count. 'I have in my power,' he had added, 'the only daughter of Charles, called by you the Good. I know her retreat — I hold her as it were in a chain, and I shall keep her as a hostage, whose blood shall flow if a hard measure he dealt to me.'

Albert fell into deep thought. Could it be true, he asked himself, that Burchard had really discovered Marguerite of Flanders? If so, it were time, he thought, to fulfil one part of his father's directions concerning her, at any cost to himself; and as those directions had been, in case danger menaced her in her retreat, to carry her to sea, and landing on the coast of France, to place her in the hands of the king or his representative, it may easily be conceived that the execution thereof would be not a little painful to one for whom each hour of her society was joy. The more he pondered, however, the more he felt that it must be done; but for the last three days four or five strange sails had been seen idly beating about not far from the coast, and Albert determined, in the first instance, to ascertain their purpose. With some young men from the neighbouring cottages, he put to sea, and finding an easy excuse to approach one of the large vessels which he had beheld, he asked, as if accidentally, to whom they belonged, when, with consternation and anxiety, he heard that they were the ships of 'Burchard, Prêvot of St. Donatien.' Returning at once to the shore, he dismissed his companions and sought his father's cottage; but there he found that tidings had come that the King of France had advanced upon Bruges, and that Burchard had fled with his troops; but the same report added, that the rebels, hotly pursued by the chivalry of France, had directed their flight towards the seashore. Time pressed — the moment of danger was approaching; but still great peril appeared in every course of action which could be adopted. The escape by sea was evidently cut off; the retreat of Marguerite of Flanders was apparently discovered; and if a flight by land were attempted, it seemed only likely to lead into the power of the enemy. With her, then, he determined to consult, and passing through the vaults, he was soon by the side of the fair unfortunate girl, whose fate depended upon the decision of the next few minutes. He told her all; but to her as well as to himself, to fly seemed more hazardous than to remain. The high tide was coming up; in less than half an hour the castle would be cut off from the land; the King of France was hard upon the track of the enemy, and various events might tend to favour her there. 'I would rather die,' she said, 'than fall living into their hands; and I can die here as well as anywhere else, dear Albert.'

'They shall pass over my dead body ere they reach you,' answered he. 'Many a thing has been done, Marguerite, by a single arm; and if I can defend you till the King arrives, you are safe.'

'But arms!' she said. 'You have no arms.'

'Oh! yes, I have,' he answered. 'No one knows the secrets of this old castle but my father and myself; and there are arms here too for those who need them. Wait but a moment, and I will return.'

His absence was as brief as might be; but when he came back, Marguerite saw

him armed with shield and helmet, sword and battle axe; but without either hauberk or coat of mail, which, though they might have guarded him from wounds, would have deprived him of a part of that agility which could alone enable one to contend with many.

'If I could but send Emiline,' he said, as he came up, 'to call some of our brave boatmen from the cottages to our assistance here, we might set an army at defiance for an hour or two.'

Marguerite only answered, by pointing with her hand to a spot on the distant sands, where a small body of horsemen, perhaps not a hundred, were seen galloping at full speed towards Scarphout. Albert saw that it was too late to call further aid; and now only turned to discover where he could best make his defence in case of need. There was a large massy wall, which ere the sea had encroached upon the building, ran completely round the castle, but which now only flanked one side of the ruins, running out like a jetty into the waters which had swallowed up the rest. It was raised about twenty feet above the ground on one side, and perhaps twenty-five above the sea on the other; and at the top, between the parapets, was a passage which would hardly contain two men abreast. Upon this wall, about half way between the keep and the sea, was a small projecting turret, and there Albert saw that Marguerite might find shelter, while, as long as he lived, he could defend the passage against any force coming from the side of the land. He told her his plans; and for her only answer, she fell upon his neck and wept. But he wiped her tears away with his fond lips, and spoke words of hope and comfort.

'See!' he said, 'the sea is already covering the *chaussée* between us and the land, and if they do not possess the secret of the vaults, they cannot reach us till the tide falls.' When he turned his eyes to the shore, the body of horsemen were within a mile of the castle; but then, with joy inexpressible, he beheld upon the edge of the sand-hills, scarcely two miles behind them, a larger force hurrying on as if in pursuit with banner and pennon, and standard displayed, and lance beyond lance bristling up against the sky.

'The King of France! the King of France!' he cried; but still the foremost body galloped on. They reached the shore, drew up their horses when they saw that the tide was in; turned suddenly towards the cottage; and the next moment Albert could see his mother and Emiline fly from their dwelling across the sands. The men at arms had other matters in view than to pursue them: but Albert now felt that Marguerite's only hope was in his own valour.

'To the turret, my beloved!' he cried, 'to the turret!' And half bearing, half leading her along, he placed her under its shelter, and took his station in the pass. A new soul seemed to animate him, new light shone forth from his eye; and, in words which might have suited the noblest of the land, he exhorted her to keep her firmness in the moment of danger, to watch around, and give him notice of all she saw from the loop-holes of the turret. Then came a moment of awful suspense, while in silence and in doubt they waited the result; but still the host of France might be seen drawing nearer and more near; and the standard of the king could be distinguished floating on the wind amidst a thousand other banners of various feudal lords. Hope grew high in Albert's breast, and he trusted that ere Burchard could find and force the entrance the avenger would be upon him. He hoped in vain, however, for the murderer was himself well acquainted with the spot, and had only paused to secure the door of the vaults, so that his pursuers could not follow by the same means he himself employed. In another minute loud voices were heard echoing through the ruin, and Albert and Marguerite concealing themselves as best they could, beheld the fierce and blood-thirsty Prêvot with his companions seeking them through the castle. Still onward bore the banners of France; and ere Burchard had discovered their concealment, the shore at half a bow shot distance was lined with chivalry. So near were they, that, uninterrupted by the soft murmur of the waves, could be heard the voice of a herald calling upon the rebels to surrender, and promising pardon to all but the ten principal conspirators. A loud shout of defiance was the only reply; for at that very moment the eye of Burchard lighted on the form of Albert as he crouched under the wall, and the men at arms poured on along the narrow passage. Concealment could now avail nothing; and starting up with his battle-axe in his hand, he planted himself between the rebels and the princess. The French on the shore could now behold him also, as he stood with half his figure above the parapet; and instantly, seeming to divine his situation, some cross-bowmen were brought forward, and poured their quarrels on the men of the Prêvot as they rushed forward to attack him. Two or three were struck down; but the others

hurried on, and the safety of Albert himself required the cross-bowmen to cease, when hand to hand he was compelled to oppose the passage of the enemy. Each blow of his battle-axe could still be beheld from the land; and as one after another of his foes went down before that strong and ready arm, loud and gratulating shouts rang from his friends upon the shore. Still others pressed on, catching a view of Marguerite herself, as, in uncontrollable anxiety for him she loved, she gazed forth from the turret door, and a hundred eager eyes were bent upon her, certain that if she could be taken, a promise of pardon, or a death of vengeance at least, would be obtained; but only one could approach at a time, and Albert was forming for himself a rampart of dead and dying. At that moment, however, Burchard, who stood behind, pointed to the castle-court below, where a number of old planks and beams lay rotting in the sun. A dozen of his men sprang down, caught up the materials which he shewed them, planted them against the wall beyond the turret, and soon raised up a sort of tottering scaffold behind the place where Marguerite's gallant defender stood. He himself, eager in the strife before him, saw not what had happened; but she had marked the fatal advantage their enemy had gained, and, gliding like a ghost from out the turret, she approached close to his side, exclaiming, 'They are coming! — they are coming from the other side! — and we are lost!'

Albert turned his head, and comprehended in a moment. But one hope was left. Dashing to the earth the next opponent who was climbing over the dead bodies between them, he struck a second blow at the one beyond, which made him recoil upon his fellows. Then casting his battle-axe and shield away, he caught the light form of Marguerite in his arms, sprang upon the parapet, and exclaiming, 'Now God befriend us!' plunged at once into the deep sea, while, at the very same moment, the heads of the fresh assailants appeared upon the wall beyond. A cry of terror and amazement rang from the shore; and the King of France himself, with two old knights beside him, rode on till the waters washed their horses' feet. Albert and Marguerite were lost to sight in a moment; but the next instant they appeared again; and, long accustomed to sport with the same waves that now curled gently round him as an old loved friend, bearing the shoulders of Marguerite lifted on his left arm, with his right he struck boldly towards the shore. On — on he bore her! and like a lamb in the bosom of the shepherd, she lay without a struggle, conquering strong terror by strong resolution. On — on he bore her! Glad shouts hailed him as he neared the shore; and with love and valour lending strength, he came nearer and more near. At length his feet touched the ground, and throwing both arms round her, he bore her safe, and rescued, till he trod the soft dry sand. Then kneeling before the monarch, he set his fair burden softly on the ground — but still he held her hand. 'Hold! nobles — hold!' cried the king of France, springing from his horse. 'Before any one greets him, I will give him the greeting he well has won. Advance the standard over us! Albert of Boulogne, I dub thee Knight! Be ever as to-day, gallant, brave, and true. This is the recompense we give. Fair lady of Flanders, we think you owe him a recompense likewise; and we believe that, according to our wise coast laws, that which a fisherman brings up from the sea is his own by right. Is it not so, my good Lord of Boulogne?' and he turned to a tall old man beside him. 'You, of all men, should know best: as for ten years you here enacted the *Fisherman of Scarphout*.'

The nobles laughed loud, and with tears of joy the old Count of Boulogne, for it was no other, embraced his noble son, while at the same time the Lord of Wavrin advanced, and pressed Marguerite's hand in that of her deliverer, saying, 'Her father, sire, by will, as you will find, gave the disposal of her hand to me, and I am but doing my duty to him in bestowing it on one who merits it so well. At the same time it is a comfort to my heart to offer my noble Lord, the Count of Boulogne, some atonement for having done him wrong in years long gone, and for having, even by mistake, brought on him your displeasure and a ten years' exile. He has forgiven me, but I have not forgiven myself; and as an offering of repentance, all my own lands and territories, at my death, I give, in addition, to the dowry of Marguerite of Flanders.'

We will not pause upon the death of Burchard, Prêvot of St. Donatien. It was, as he merited, upon a scaffold. Explanations, too, are tedious, and *the old history* tells no more than we have here told, leaving the imagination of its readers to fill up all minor particulars in the life of the *Fisherman of Scarphout*.

SAMUEL WARREN.

This author — born in 1807 — first appeared before the public in the year 1837, when he published in Blackwood's Magazine some tales under the title of 'Passages from the Diary of a late Physician'. In these stories Warren has with great success taken the disguise of a medical man, and vividly described many cases, which he pretends to have come within his experience. His next publication was 'Ten Thousand a Year', in which he gives us the history of a young ignorant coxcomb who, having been brought up for the station of a shopkeeper, inherits a fortune of £. 10,000 a year. Many of the characters in this book are admirably pourtrayed, and the work contains some excellent descriptions of different ranks of society. He has also written a work entitled: 'Now and Then', which is little more than the history of a murder, and a detailed account of a trial.

THE TURNED HEAD.

You could scarcely look on N — without laughing. There was a sorry sort of humorous expression in his odd and ugly features, which suggested to you the idea that he was always struggling to repel some joyous emotion or other, with painful effort. There was a rich light of intellect in his eye, which was dark and full, you *felt* when its glance was settled upon you — and there it remained concentrated at the expense of all the other features; for the clumsy ridge of eye-bone impending sullenly over his eyes — the Pitt-like nose, looking like a finger-and-thumb-full of dough drawn out from the pliant mass, with two ill-formed holes inserted in the bulbous extremity — and his large, liquorish, shapeless lips, — looked, altogether, any thing but refined or intellectual. He was a man of fortune — an obstinate bachelor — and educated at Cambridge, where he attained considerable distinction; and at the period of his introduction to the reader, was in his thirty-eighth or fortieth year. If I were to mention his name, it would recall to the literary reader many excellent, and some admirable portions of literature, for the perusal of which he has to thank N—.

The prevailing complexion of his mind was sombrous; but played on, occasionally, by an arch humorous fancy, flinging its rays of fun and drollery over the dark surface, like moonbeams on midnight waters. I do believe he considered it sinful to smile! There was a puckering up of the corner of the mouth, and a forced corrugation of the eye-brows, the expression of which was set at nought by the comicality — the solemn drollery—of the eyes. You saw Momus leering out of every glance of them! He said many very witty things in conversation, and had a knack of uttering the quaintest conceits with something like a whine of compunction in his tone, which ensured him roars of laughter. As for his own laugh — when he *did* laugh — there is no describing it — short, sudden, unexpected was it, like a flash of powder in the dark. Not a trace of real merriment lingered on his features an instant after the noise had ceased. You began to doubt whether he had laughed at all, and to look about to see where the explosion came from. Except on such rare occasions of forgetfulness on his part, his demeanour was very calm and quiet. He loved to get a man who would come and sit with him all the evening, smoking, and sipping wine in cloudy silence. He could not endure hustle or obstreperousness: and when he did unfortunately fall foul of a son of noise, as soon as he had had 'a sample of his quality,' he would abruptly rise and take his leave, saying, in a querulous tone, like that of a sick child, 'I 'll go!' (probably these two words will at once recall him to the memory of more than one of my readers) — and he was as good as his word; for all his acquaintance — and I among the number — knew his eccentricities, and excused them.

Such was the man — at least as to the more prominent points of his character — whose chattering black servant presented himself hastily to my notice one morning, as I was standing on my door steps, pondering the probabilities of wet or fine for the day. He spoke in such a spluttering tone of trepidation, that it was some time before I could conjecture what was the matter. At length I distinguished something like the words, 'Oh, Docta, Docta, com-a, and see-a a Massa! Com-a! Him so gashly — him so ill — ver dam bad — him say so — Oh, lorra-lorra-lorra! Come see-a a Massa him ver orrid!'

'Why, what on earth is the matter with you, you sable, eh? Why can't you speak slower, and tell me plainly what 's the matter?' said I impatiently, for he seemed inclined to gabble on in that strain for some minutes longer. '*What 's* the matter with your master, sirrah, eh?' I inquired, jerking his striped morning jacket.

'Oh, Docta! Docta! com-a — Massa ver bad! Him say so! — Him head turned! Him head turned!'

'Him *what*, sirrah?' said I, in amazement.

'Him *head turned*, Docta — him head

turned,' replied the man, slapping his fingers against his forehead.

'Oh, I see how it is, I see; ah, yes,' I replied, pointing to my forehead in turn, wishing him to see that I understood him to say his master had been seized with a fit of insanity.

'Iss, iss, Docta — him Massa *head turned* — him head turned! Dam bad!'

'Where is Mr. N—, Namho, eh!'

'Him lying all 'long in him hed, Massa — him dam bad. But him 'tickler quiet — him head turned' —

'Why, Namho, what makes *you* say your master's head 's turned, eh? What d'ye mean, Sir?'

'Him Massa self say so — him did — him head turned. D — m!' I felt as much at a loss as ever; it was so odd for a gentleman to acknowledge to his Negro servant that his *head was turned.*

'Ah! he 's gone *mad*, you mean, eh? — is that it? Hem! *Mad* — is it so?' said I, pointing, with a wink, to my forehead.

'No, no, Docta — him head turned! — him *head*,' replied Nambo; and raising both his hands to his head, he seemed trying to twist it round! I could make nothing of his gesticulations, so I dismissed him, telling him to take word, that I should make his master's my first call. I may as well say, that I was on terms of friendly familiarity with Mr. N—, and puzzled myself all the way I went, with attempting to conjecture what *new* crotchet he had taken into his odd, and, latterly, I began to suspect, half-addled head. He had never disclosed symptoms of what is generally understood by the word hypochondriasis; but I often thought there was not a likelier subject in the world for it. At length I found myself knocking at my friend's door, fully prepared for some specimen of amusing excentricity — for the thought never crossed my mind, that he might be really ill. Nambo instantly answered my summons, and, in a twinkling, conducted me to his master's bed-room. It was partially darkened, but there was light enough for me to discern that there was nothing unusual in his appearance. The bed was much tossed to be sure, as if with the restlessness of the recumbent, who lay on his back, with his head turned on one side, buried deep in the pillow, and his arms folded together outside the counterpane. His features certainly wore an air of exhaustion and dejection, and his eye settled on me with an alarmed expression from the moment that he perceived my entrance.

'Oh, dear Doctor! — Isn't this frightful? — Isn't it a dreadful piece of business?'

'Frightful! — dreadful business!' I repeated with much surprise. '*What* is frightful? Are you ill — have you had an accident, eh?'

'Ah, ah! — you may well ask that!' he replied; addiug, after a panse, 'it took place this morning, — about two hours ago!'

'You speak in parahles, Mr. N — ! Why, what in the world is the matter with you?

'About two hours ago — yes,' he muttered, as if he had not heard me. 'Doctor, do tell me truly now, for the cnriosity of the thing; what did you think of me on first entering the room, eh? — Feel inclined to laugh, or be shocked — which?'

'Mr. N —, I really have no time for trifling, as I am particularly husy to-day. Do, I heg. be a little more explicit! Why have you sent for me? *What* is the matter with you?'

'Why, God bless me, Doctor!' he replied, with an air of angry surprisc in his manner which I never saw before, 'I think, indeed, it 's *you* who are trifling! Have you lost your eye-sight this morning? Do you pretend to say that you do not see I have undergone one of the most extraordinary alterations in appearance that the body of man is capable of — such as never was heard or read of hefore?'

'Once more, Mr. N —,' I repeated, in a tone of calm astonishment, 'be so good as to be explicit. What are you raving about?'

'Raving! — Egad, I think it 's *you* who are raving, Doctor!' he answered; 'or you must wish to insult me! Do you pretend to tell me you do not see that *my head is turned!*' and he looked me in the face steadily and sternly.

'Ha, ha, ha! Upon my honour, N—, I 've been suspecting as much for these last five or ten minutes! I don't think a patient ever described his disease more accurately before.'

'Don't mock me, Doctor —,' replied N—, sternly. 'Pon my soul, I can't hear it! It 's enough for me to endure the horrid sensations I do!'

'Mr. N —, what do you —,

'Why, confound it, Doctor —! yon 'll drive me mad! Can't you see that the back of my head is in front, and my face looking hackwards! Horrihle!' I hurst into loud laughter.

'Doctor —, it 's time for yon and me to part — high time,' said he, turning his face away from me. 'I 'll let you know that I 'll stand your nonsense no longer! I called yon in to give me your advice, not to sit grinning like a baboon by my bedside! Once more — finally, Doctor —, are you disposed to he serious and rational? If you are not, my man shall show yon to the door the moment you please.' He said this

in such a sober, earnest tone of indignation, that I saw he was fully prepared to carry his threat into execution. I determined, therefore, to humour him a little, shrewdly suspecting some temporary suspension of his sanity — not exactly *madness* but at least some extraordinary hallucination. To adopt an expression which I have several times heard him use, — 'I saw what o'clock it was, and set my watch to the time.'

'Oh — well! — I see now how matters stand! — The fact is, I *did* observe the extraordinary posture of affairs you complain of, immediately I entered the room, but supposed you were joking with me, and twisting your head round in that odd way for the purpose of boaxing me; so I resolved to wait and see which of us could play our parts in the farce longest! Why, good God! how 's all this, Mr. N —? — Is it then *really* the case? — Are you — in — in earnest — in having your head turned?

'*In earnest*, Doctor!' replied Mr. N —, in amazement. 'Why, do you suppose this happened by my own will and agency? — Absurd!'

'Oh, no, no — most assuredly not — it is a phenomenon — hem! hem! — a phenomenon — not unfrequently attending on the *nightmare*,' I answered, with as good a grace as possible.

'Pho, pho, Doctor! — Nonsense — You must really think me a child, to try to mislead me with such stuff as that! I tell you again, I am in as sober possession of my senses as ever I was in my life; and, once more, I assure you, that, in truth and reality, my head is turned — literally so!'

'Well, well! — So I see! — It is, indeed, a very extraordinary case — a very unusual one; but I don't, by any means, despair of bringing all things round again! — Pray tell me how this singular and afflicting accident happened to you?'

'Certainly,' said he, despondingly. 'Last night, or rather this morning, I dreamed that I had got to the West Indies — to Barbadoes — an island where I have, as you know, a little estate, left me by my uncle C —; and that a few moments after I had entered the plantation, for the purpose of seeing the slaves at work, there came a sudden hurricane, a more tremendous one than ever was known in those parts; — trees — canes — huts — all were swept before it! Even the very ground on which we stood seemed whirled away beneath us! I turned my head a moment to look at the direction in which things were going, when, in the very act of turning, the blast suddenly caught my head, and — oh, my God! — blew it completely round on my shoulders, till my face looked quite — directly behind me — over my back! In vain did I almost wrench my head off my shoulders, in attempting to twist it round again; and what with horror, and — and — altogether — in short, I awoke — and found the frightful reality of my situation! — Oh, gracious Heaven!' continued Mr. N —, clasping his hands, and looking upwards, 'what have I done to deserve such a horrible visitation as this!'

Humph! it is quite clear what is the matter *here*, thought I; so assuming an air of becoming professional gravity, I felt his pulse, begged him to let me see his tongue, made many inquiries about his general health, and then proceeded to subject all parts of his neck to a most rigorous examination; before, behind, on each side, over every natural elevation and depression — if such the usual varieties of surface may be termed — did my fingers pass; he all the while sighing, and cursing his evil stars, and wondering how it was that he had not been killed by the 'dislocation!' This little farce over, I continued silent for some moments, scarcely able, the while, to control my inclination to burst into fits of laughter, as if pondering the possibility of being able to devise some means of cure.

'Ah, thank God!' said I, abruptly, — 'I have it, I have it, —'

'What! — what — eh? — what is it?' he inquired with anxiety.

'I 've thought of a remedy, which, if — if — if any thing in the world can bring it about, will set matters right again — will bring back your head to its former position.'

'Oh, God be praised! — Dear — dear Doctor! — if you do but succeed, I shall consider a thousand pounds but the earnest of what I *will* do to evince my gratitude!' he exclaimed, squeezing my hand fervently. 'But I am not absolutely certain that we shall succeed,' said I cautiously. 'We will, however, give the medicine a twenty-four hours' trial; during all which time you must be in perfect repose, and consent to lie in utter darkness. Will you abide by my directions!'

'Oh, yes — yes — yes! — dear Doctor! — What *is* the inestimable remedy? Tell me — tell me the name of my ransomer. I 'll never divulge it — never!'

'That is not consistent with my plans at present, Mr. N—,' I replied, seriously; 'but, if successful — of which I own I have *very* sanguine expectations — I pledge my honour to reveal the secret to you.'

'Well — but — at least you 'll explain the nature of its operation — eh? is it internal — external — what?' The remedy, I told him, would be of both forms; the latter, however, the more immediate agent of his recovery; the former, preparatory — predisposing. I may tell the reader simply what my physic was to be: three *bread-pills* (the ordinary *placebo* in such cases) every hour; a strong laudanum draught in the evening; and a huge bread-and-water poultice for his neck, with which it was to be environed till the parts were sufficiently *mollified* to admit of the neck's being twisted back again into its former position! — and, when that was the case — why — to ensure its permanency, he was to wear a broad band of strengthening plaster for a week!! This was the bright device, struck out by me — all at a heat; and which explained to the poor victim, with the utmost solemnity and deliberation of manner — all the wise winks and knowing nods, and hesitating 'hems' and 'has' of professional usage — sufficed to inspire him with some confidence as to the result. I confess I shared the most confident expectations of success. A sound night's rest — hourly pill-taking — and the clammy saturating sensation about his neck, I fully believed would bring him, or rather his head, round: and, in the full anticipation of seeing him disabused of the ridiculous notion he had taken into his head, I promised to see him the first thing in the morning, and took my departure.

About eleven o' clock the next morning, I paid N— a second visit. The door was opened as usual by his black servant Nambo; by whose demeanour I saw that something or other extraordinary awaited me. His sable swollen features, and dancing white eyeballs, showed that he was nearly bursting with laughter. 'He — he — he!' he chuckled, in a sort of *sotto voce*, 'him Massa head turned! — Him back in front! Him waddle! — he — he — he! — and he twitched his clothes — jerking his jacket and pointing to his breeches, in a way that I did not understand. On entering the room where N—, with one of his favourite silent smoking friends, (M —, the late well known counsel,) were sitting at breakfast, I encountered a spectacle which nearly made me expire with laughter. It is almost useless to attempt describing it on paper — yet I will try. Two gentlemen sat opposite each other at the breakfast table, by the fire: the one with his face to me was Mr. M—; and N— sat with his back towards the door by which I entered. A glance at the former sufficed to show me, that he was sitting in tortures of suppressed risibility. He was quite red in the face — his features were swollen and puffy — and his eyes fixed strainingly on the fire, as though through fear of encountering the ludicrous figure of his friend. They were averted from the fire, for a moment, to welcome my entrance — and then re-directed thither with such a painful effort — such a comical air of compulsory seriousness — as, added to the preposterous fashion after which poor N— had chosen to dress himself, completely overcame me. The thing was irresistible, and my utterance of that peculiar choking sound, which indicates the most strenuous efforts to suppress one's risible emotions, was the unwitting signal for each of us bursting into a long and loud shout of laughter. It was in vain that I bit my under lip, almost till it brought blood, and that my eyes strained till the sparks flashed from them, in the futile attempt to cease laughing; for full before me sat the exciting cause of it, in the shape of N—, his head supported by the palm of his left hand, with his elbow propped against the side of the arm-chair. The knot of his neckerchief was tied with its customary formal precision — but behind — at the nape of his neck; his coat and waistcoat were buttoned down his back; and his trowsers, moreover, to match the novel fashion, buttoned behind, and, of course, the hinder parts of them bulged out ridiculously in front! Only to look at the coat-collar fitting under the chin, like a stiff military stock — the four tail buttons of brass glistening conspicuously before, and the front parts of the coat buttoned carefully over his back — the compulsory handiwork of poor Nambo!

N —, perfectly astounded at our successive shouts of laughter — for we found it impossible to stop — suddenly rose up in his chair, and, almost inarticulate with fury, demanded what we meant by such extraordinary behaviour. This fury, however, was all lost on *me;* I could only point in an ecstasy of laughter almost bordering on frenzy, to his novel mode of dress as my apology. He stamped his foot, uttered volleys of imprecations against us, and then ringing his bell, ordered the servant to show us both to the door. The most violent emotions, however, must in time expend their violence, though in the presence of the same exciting cause; and so it was with Mr. M— and myself. On seeing how seriously affronted N— was, we both sat down, and I entered into examination my

whole frame aching with the prolonged convulsive fits of irrepressible laughter.

It would be in vain to attempt a recital of one of the drollest conversations in which I ever bore part. N—'s temper was thoroughly soured for some time. He declared that my physic was all a humbug, and a piece of quackery; and the 'filthy *pudding* round his neck,' the absurdest farce he ever heard of; he had a great mind to make Nambo eat it, for the pains he had taken in making it and fastening it on — poor fellow!

Presently he lapsed into a melancholy reflective mood. He protested that the laws of locomotion were utterly inexplicable to him — a practical paradox; that his volitions as to progressive and retrogressive motion neutralized each other; and the necessary result was, a cursed circumgyratory motion — for all the world like that of a hen that had lost one of its wings! That henceforward he should be compelled to crawl, crab-like, through life, all ways at once, and none in particular. He could not conceive, he said, which was the nearest way from one given point to another; in short, that all his sensations and perceptions were disordered and confounded. His situation, he said, was an admirable commentary on the words of St. Paul, — 'But I see another law in my members warring against the law of my mind.' He could not conceive how the arteries and veins of the neck could carry and return the blood, after being so shockingly twisted; or how the windpipe went on, affording a free course to the air through its distorted passage. In short, he said, he was a walking lie!

Curious to ascertain the *consistency* of this anomalous state of feeling, I endeavoured once more to bring his delusion to the test of simple sensation, by placing one hand on his nose, and the other on his breast, and asking him which was which, and whether both did not lie in the same direction. He wished to know why I persisted in making myself merry at his expense! I repeated the question, still keeping my hands in the same position; but he suddenly pushed them off, and asked me with indignation, if I was not ashamed to keep his head looking over his shoulder in that way; accompanying the words with a shake of the head, and a sigh of exhaustion, as if it had really been twisted round into the wrong direction. 'Ah!' he exclaimed, after a pause, 'if this unnatural state of affairs should prove permanent — hem! — I 'll put an end to the chapter! He, he, he! — He, he, he!' he continued, bursting suddenly into one of those short abrupt laughs, which I have before attempted to describe. 'He, he, he! — how *very* odd!' We both asked him, in surprise, what he meant, for his eyes were fixed on the fire in apparently a melancholy mood.

'He, he, he! — exquisitely odd!' he continued, without answering us. 'He, he, he!' After repeated inquiries, he disclosed the occasion of his unusual cachinnations.

'I 've just been thinking,' said he, suppose — he, he, he! — suppose it were to come to pass that I should be *hanged* — he, he, he! — he, he, he! — God forbid, by the way — but, suppose I should, how old Ketch would be puzzled! — My face looking one way, and my tied hands and arms poking another! How the crowd would stare! He, he, he! And suppose,' pursuing the train of thought, 'I were to be publicly whipped — how I could superintend operations! And again — how the devil am I to ride on horseback, eh? with my face to the tail, or — to the mane? In short, what is to become of me? I am, in effect, shut out from society! I 'm something else than a mere turn-coat!'

'You have only to *walk circumspectly*,' said M— with an air of solemn waggery — 'and as for *back*-biters — hem!'

'That 's odd — very — but impertinent,' replied the hypochondriac, with a mingled expression of chagrin and humour.

'Come, come, N—, don't look so steadily on the dark side of things,' said I.

'The *dark* side of things?' he inquired; 'I think it is the *back*-side of things I am compelled to look at!'

'Look forward to better days,' said I.

'*Look forward*, again! What nonsense!' he replied, interrupting me; 'impossible! How can I *look forward?* My life will henceforth be spent in wretched *retrospections!*' and he could not help smiling at the conceit. Having occasion, during the conversation, to use his pocket handkerchief, he suddenly reached his hand behind as usual, and was a little confused to find that the unusual position of his coat-pocket required that he should take it from before! This I should have conceived enough to put an end to his delusion, but I was mistaken.

'Ah! it will take some time to reconcile me to this new order of things; but practice — practice makes perfect, you know!' It was amazing to me, that his sensations, so contradictory to the absurd crotchet he had taken into his head, did not convince him of his error, especially when so frequently compelled to act in obedience to long ac-

customed impulses. As, for instance, on my rising to go, he suddenly started from his chair, shook my hands, and accompanied me to the door, as if nothing had been the matter.

'Well now! What do you think of that?' said I triumphantly.

'Ah, ah!' said he, after a puzzled pause, 'but you little know the effort it cost me!'

* * * * *

He did not persevere long in the absurd way of putting on his clothes which I have just described; but, even after he had discontinued it, he alleged his opinion to be, that the front of his clothes ought to be with his face! I might relate many similar absurdities springing from this notion of his turned head, but sufficient has been said already to give the reader a clear idea of the general character of such delusions. My subsequent interviews with him, while under this unprecedented hallucination, were similar to the two which I have attempted to describe. The fit lasted near a month. At length, however, I happened luckily to recollect a device successfully resorted to by a sagacious old English physician, in the case of a royal hypochondriac abroad, who fancied that his nose had swelled into greater dimensions than those of his whole body beside! and forthwith resolved to adopt a similar method of cure with N—. *Electricity* was to be the wonder-working talisman! I lectured him out of all opposition, silenced his scruples, and got him to fix an evening for the exorcisation of the evil spirit—as it might well be called—which had taken possession of him.

Let the reader fancy, then, N—'s sitting-room, about seven o'clock in the evening, illuminated with a cheerful fire, and four mould candles; the awful electryfying machine duly disposed for action: Mr. S— of — Hospital, Dr.—, and myself, all standing round it, adjusting the jars, chains, &c.; and Nambo busily engaged in laying bare his master's neck, N— all the while eyeing our motions with excessive trepidation. I had infinite difficulty in getting his consent to one preliminary — the handaging of his eyes. I succeeded, however, at last, in persuading him to undergo the operation blindfolded, by assuring him that it was essential to success; for that if he was allowed to see the application of the conductor to the precise spot requisite, he might start, and occasion its apposition to a wrong place! The *real* reason will be seen presently; the great manœuvre could not have been practised but on such terms; for how could I give his head a sudden twist round, and S— give him a smart stroke on the crown of the head at the instant of his receiving the shock, if he saw what we were about? I ought to have mentioned that we also prevailed upon him to sit with his arms pinioned, so that he was completely at our mercy. None of us could refrain from an occasional titter at the absurdity of the solemn farce we were playing — fortunately, however, unheard by N—. At length, Nambo being turned out, and the doors locked,—lest seeing the trick, he might disclose it subsequently to his master — we commenced operations. S— worked the machine — round, and round, and round, whizzing — sparkling — crackling — till the jar was moderately charged: it was then conveyed to N—'s neck, Dr. — using the conductor. N—, on receiving a tolerably smart shock, started out of his chair, and I had not time to give him the twist I had intended. After a few moments, however, he protested that he felt 'something loosened about his neck, and was easily induced to submit to another shock considerably stronger than the former. The instant the rod was applied to his neck, I gave the head a sudden excruciating wrench towards the left shoulder, S— striking him, at the same moment, a smart blow on the crown. Poor N—!

'Thank God!' we all exclaimed, as if panting for breath.

'I — i — s it all over?' stammered N— faintly — quite confounded with the effects of the threefold remedy we had adopted.

'Yes — thank God, we have at last brought your head round again, and your face looks forward now as heretofore,' said I.

'Oh, remove the bandage — remove it! Let my own eyesight behold it!—Bring me a glass!'

'As soon as the proper handages have been applied to your neck, Mr. N—.'

'What, eh — a *second* pudding, eh?'

'No, merely a broad hand of diachylum plaster, to prevent—hem — the contraction of the skin,' said I. As soon as that was done, we removed the handkerchiefs from his eyes and arms.

'Oh, my God, how delightful!' he exclaimed, rising and walking up to the mirror over the mantelpiece. 'Ecstasy! all really right again —'

'My dear N—, do not, I beg, do not work your neck about in that way, or the most serious disarrangement of the — the parts,' said I —

'Oh, it 's so, is it? Then, I 'd better get into bed at once, I think, and you 'll call in the morning.'

I did, and found him in bed. 'Well, how does all go on this morning?' I inquired.

'Pretty well — middling,' he replied, with some embarrassment of manner. 'Do you know, Doctor, I 've been thinking about it all night long — and I strongly suspect' — His serious air alarmed me — I began to fear that he had discovered the trick — 'I strongly suspect — hem — hem —' he continued.

'*What?*' I inquired, rather sheepishly.

'Why, that it was my *brains* only that were turned — and — that — that — most ridiculous piece of business —'

'Why, to be sure, Mr. N—' * * * —and he was so ashamed about it, that he set off for the country immediately, and, among the glens and mountains of Scotland, endeavoured to forget ever having dreamed that his HEAD WAS TURNED.

W. M. THACKERAY.

William Makepeace Thackeray was born in the East Indies in 1810. He spent 7 or 8 terms at Cambridge with the intention of becoming a barrister, however at the expiration of that time he gave up all idea of following such a profession and travelled to Paris in order to study painting. Here he afforded his companions much amusement by his pen-and ink-skotches; however after two or three years of great industry he determined to devote himself to literature. He originated a weekly publication on the plan of the 'Athenaeum' and 'Literary Gazette' but notwithstanding the ability with which it was edited it was not able to compete with its contemporaries. He wrote several articles in 'Frasers Magazine' and 'Punch' which were so well received that he was induced to publish them in 1840 under the name of 'The Paris Sketch-Book by Michael Angelo Titmarsh', in 1841 'Comic Tales and Sketches' made their appearance and in 1842 followed 'The Irish Sketch-Book' which is considered the best of those yet mentioned.

In 1846 he published 'Notes of a Journey from Cornhill to Grand Cairo by way of Lisbon, Athens, Constantinople and Jerusalem, performed in the steamer of the Peninsular and Oriental Company, by Mr M. A. Titmarsh', but he has obtained his greatest celebrity through his 'Vanity Fair, a novel without hero' which appeared in monthly parts in 1847 — 8 and enabled him to stand upon an equal footing with the most distinguished novelists of England; his style is very similar to that of Dickens with the difference that he describes the actions of the higher classes which he observes acutely, while Dickens takes the doings of the poorer ranks for his subject. The freedom and frankness with which he writes, the thorough absence of affectation, the severity with which he censures all unworthy actions constitute the principal charms of his writings. It has been said, that he has failed of exciting continuous or lively sympathy by interesting incidents or by the display of deep feeling. His remaining works are 'The history of Pendennis 1851' and 'The history of Henry Esmond, Colonel in the service of Queen Anne' a curious publication, being written in the style which was pre-eminent in the eighteenth century. His last work is a valuable series of lectures on 'The English Humorists of the eighteenth Century.'

MISS SHARP.

(From 'Vanity Fair.')

Miss Sharp's father was an artist, and in that quality had given lessons of drawing at Miss Pinkerton's school. He was a clever man; a pleasant companion; a careless student; with a great propensity for running into debt, and a partiality for the tavern. When he was drunk, he used to beat his wife and daughter; and the next morning, with a headache, he used to rail at the world for its neglect of his genius, and abuse, with a good deal of cleverness, and sometimes with perfect reason, the fools, his brother painters. As it was with the utmost difficulty that he could keep himself, and as he owed money for a mile round Soho, where he lived, he thought to better his circumstances by marrying a young woman of the French nation, who was by profession an opera-girl. The humble calling of her female parent, Miss Sharp never alluded to, but used to state subsequently that the Entrechats were a noble family of Gascony, and took great pride in her descent from them. And curious it is, that as she advanced in life this young lady's ancestors increased in rank and splendour.

Rebecca's mother had had some education somewhere, and her daughter spoke French with purity and a Parisian accent. It was in those days rather a rare accomplishment, and led to her engagement with the orthodox Miss Pinkerton. For her mother being dead, her father, finding himself not likely to recover, after his third attack of *delirium tremens*, wrote a manly and pathetic letter to Miss Pinkerton, recommending the orphan child to her protection, and so descended to the grave, after two bailiffs had quarrelled over his corpse. Rebecca was seventeen when she came to Chiswick, and was bound over as an articled pupil; her duties being to talk French, as we have seen, and her privileges to live cost free, and, with a few guineas a year, to gather scraps of knowledge from the professors who attended the school.

She was small and slight in person; pale, sandy-haired, and with eyes habitually cast

down: when they looked up they were very large, odd, and attractive.

By the side of many tall and bouncing young ladies in the establishment, Rebecca Sharp looked like a child. But she had the dismal precocity of poverty. Many a dun had she talked to, and turned away from her father's door; many a tradesman had she coaxed and wheedled into good-humour, and into the granting of one meal more. She sate commonly with her father, who was very proud of her wit, and heard the talk of many of his wild companions — often but ill suited for a girl to hear. But she never had been a girl, she said; she had been a woman since she was eight years old. O why did Miss Pinkerton let such a dangerous bird into her cage?

The fact is, the old lady thought Rebecca to be the meekest creature in the world: so admirably, on the occasions when her father brought her to Chiswick, used Rebecca to perform the part of the *ingénue*. She thought her a modest and innocent little child; and only a year before the arrangement by which Rebecca had been admitted into her house, and when Rebecca was sixteen years old, Miss Pinkerton majestically, and with a little speech, made her a present of a doll — which was, by the way, the confiscated property of Miss Swindle, discovered surreptitiously nursing it in school-hours. How the father and daughter laughed as they trudged home together after the evening party (it was on the occasion of the speeches, when all the professors were invited), and how Miss Pinkerton would have raged had she seen the caricature of herself which the little mimic, Rebecca, managed to make out of her doll! She used to go through dialogues with it; it formed the delight of Newman Street, Gerard Street, and the artists' quarter: and the young painters, when they came to take their gin-and-water with their lazy, dissolute, clever, jovial senior, used regularly to ask Rebecca if Miss Pinkerton was at home: she was well known to them, poor soul! as Mr. Lawrence or President West. Once she had the honour to pass a few days at Chiswick; after which she brought back Jemima, and erected another doll as Miss Jemmy; for though that honest creature had made and given her jelly and cake enough for three children, and a seven-shilling piece at parting, the girl's sense of ridicule was far stronger than her gratitude, and she sacrificed Miss Jemmy quite as pitilessly as her sister.

The catastrophe came, and she was brought to the Mall as to her home. The rigid formality of the place suffocated her: the prayers and the meals, the lessons and the walks, which were arranged with a conventual regularity, oppressed her almost beyond endurance: and she looked back to the freedom and the beggary of the old studio in Soho with so much regret, that everybody, herself included, fancied she was consumed with grief for her father. She had a little room in the garret, where the maids heard her walking and sobbing at night; but it was with rage, and not with grief. She had not been much of a dissembler, until now her loneliness taught her to feign. She had never mingled in the society of women: her father, reprobate as he was, was a man of talent; his conversation was a thousand times more agreeable to her than the talk of such of her own sex as she now encountered. The pompous vanity of the old school-mistress, the foolish good-humour of her sister, the silly chat and scandal of the elder girls, and the frigid correctness of the governesses equally annoyed her; and she had no soft maternal heart, this unlucky girl, otherwise the prattle and talk of the younger children, with whose care she was chiefly intrusted, might have soothed and interested her; but she lived among them two years, and not once was sorry that she went away. The gentle tender-hearted Amelia Sedley was the only person to whom she could attach herself in the least; and who could help attaching herself to Amelia?

The happiness the superior advantages of the young women round about her, gave Rebecca inexpressible pangs of envy. 'What airs that girl gives herself, because she is an Earl's grand-daughter,' she said of one. 'How they cringe and bow to that Creole, because of her hundred thousand pounds! I am a thousand times cleverer and more charming than that creature, for all her wealth. I am as well bred as the Earl's grand-daughter, for all her fine pedigree; and yet every one passes me by here. And yet, when I was at my father's, did not the men give up their gayest balls and parties in order to pass the evening with me?' She determined at any rate to get free from the prison in which she found herself, and now began to act for herself, and for the first time to make connected plans for the future.

She took advantage, therefore, of the means of study the place offered her; and as she was already a musician and a good linguist, she speedily went through the little course of study which was considered necessary for ladies in those days. Her music she practised incessantly, and one day, when the girls were out, and she had remained at home, she was overheard to play a piece

so well, that Minerva thought wisely, she could spare herself the expense of a master for the juniors, and intimated to Miss Sharp that she was to instruct them in music for the future.

The girl refused; and for the first time, and to the astonishment of the majestic mistress of the school. 'I am here to speak French with the children,' Rebecca said abruptly, 'not to teach them music, and save money for you. Give me money, and I will teach them.'

Minerva was obliged to yield, and, of course, disliked her from that day. 'For five-and-thirty years,' she said, and with great justice, 'I never have seen the individual who has dared in my own house to question my authority. I have nourished a viper in my bosom.'

'A viper — a fiddlestick,' said Miss Sharp to the old lady, almost fainting with astonishment. 'You took me because I was useful. There is no question of gratitude between us. I hate this place, and want to leave it. I will do nothing here, but what I am obliged to do.'

It was in vain that the old lady asked her if she was aware she was speaking to Miss Pinkerton? Rebecca laughed in her face, with a horrid sarcastic demoniacal laughter, that almost sent the schoolmistress into fits. 'Give me a sum of money,' said the girl, 'and get rid of me — or, if you like better, get me a good place as governess in a nobleman's family — you can do so if you please.' And in their further disputes she always returned to this point, 'Get me a situation — we hate each other, and I am ready to go.'

Worthy Miss Pinkerton, although she had a Roman nose and a turban, and was as tall as a grenadier, and had been up to this time an irresistible princess, had no will or strength like that of her little apprentice, and in vain did battle against her, and tried to overawe her. Attempting once to scold her in public, Rebecca hit upon the before-mentioned plan of answering her in French, which quite routed the old woman. In order to maintain authority in her school, it became necessary to remove this rebel, this monster, this serpent, this firebrand; and hearing about this time that Sir Pitt Crawley's family was in want of a governess, she actually recommended Miss Sharp for the situation, firebrand and serpent as she was. 'I cannot, certainly,' she said, 'find fault with Miss Sharp's conduct, except to myself; and must allow that her talents and accomplishments are of a high order. As far as the head goes, at least, she does credit to the educational system pursued at my establishment.'

And so the schoolmistress reconciled the recommendation to her conscience, and the indentures were cancelled, and the apprentice was free. The battle here described in a few lines, of course, lasted for some months. And as Miss Sedley, being now seventeen years of age, was about to leave school, and had a friendship for Miss Sharp ("t is the only point in Amelia's behaviour,' said Minerva, 'which has not been satisfactory to her mistress,') Miss Sharp was invited by her friend to pass a week with her at home, before she entered upon her duties as governess in a private family.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

Goldsmith's father was no doubt the good Doctor Primrose, whom we all of us know. Swift was yet alive, when the little Oliver was born at Pallas, or Pallasmore, in the county of Longford, in Ireland. In 1730, two years after the child's birth, Charles Goldsmith removed his family to Lissoy, in the county Westmeath, that sweet 'Auburn,' which every person who hears me has seen in fancy. Here the kind parson brought up his eight children; and loving all the world, as his son says, fancied all the world loved him. He had a crowd of poor dependents besides those hungry children. He kept an open table; round which sate flatterers and poor friends, who laughed at the honest rector's many jokes, and ate the produce of his seventy acres of farm. Those who have seen an Irish house in the present day, can fancy that one of Lissoy. The old beggar still has his allotted corner by the kitchen turf; the maimed old soldier still gets his potatoes and buttermilk; the poor cottier still asks his honour's charity, and prays God bless his Reverence for the sixpence: the ragged pensioner still takes his place by right and sufferance. There 's still a crowd in the kitchen, and a crowd round the parlour-table, profusion, confusion, kindness, poverty. If an Irishman comes to London to make his fortune, he has a half dozen of Irish dependents who take a percentage of his earnings. The good Charles Goldsmith left but little provision for his hungry race when death summoned him: and, one of his daughters being engaged to a Squire of rather superior dignity, Charles Goldsmith impoverished the rest of his family to provide the girl with a dowry.

The small-pox, which scourged all Europe at that time, and ravaged the roses

off the cheeks of half the world, fell foul of poor little Oliver's face, when the child was eight years old, and left him scarred and disfigured for his life. An old woman in his father's village taught him his letters, and pronounced him a dunce: Paddy Byrne, the hedge-schoolmaster, took him in hand; and from Paddy Byrne, he was transmitted to a clergyman at Elphin. When a child was sent to school in those days, the classic phrase was that he was placed under Mr. So and So's *ferule*. Poor little ancestors! It is hard to think how ruthlessly you were hirched; and how much of needless whipping and tears our small forefathers had to undergo! A relative, kind uncle Contarine, took the main charge of little Noll; who went through his schooldays righteously doing as little work as he could: robbing orchards, playing at ball, and making his pocket money fly about whenever fortune sent it to him. Everybody knows the story of that famous 'Mistake of a Night,' when the young schoolboy, provided with a guinea and a nag, rode up to the 'best house' in Ardagh, called for the landlord's company over a bottle of wine at supper, and for a hot cake for breakfast in the morning; and found when he asked for the bill, that the best house was Squire Featherstone's, and not the inn for which he mistook it. Who does not know every story about Goldsmith? That is a delightful and fantastic picture of the child dancing and capering about in the kitchen at home, when the old fiddler gibed at him for his ugliness — and called him Æsop, and little Noll made his repartee of 'Herolds proclaim aloud this saying — see Æsop dancing and his monkey playing.' One can fancy a queer pitiful look of humour and appeal upon that little scarred face — the funny little dancing figure, the funny little brogue. In his life, and his writings which are the honest expression of it, he is constantly bewailing that homely face and person; anon he surveys them in the glass ruefully; and presently assumes the most comical dignity. He likes to deck out his little person in splendour and fine colours. He presented himself to be examined for ordination in a pair of scarlet breeches, and said honestly that he did not like to go into the church because he was fond of coloured clothes. When he tried to practise as a doctor, he got by hook or by crook a black-velvet suit, and looked as big and grand as he could, and kept his hat over a patch on the old coat: in better days he bloomed out in plum-colour, in blue silk, and in new velvet. For some of those splendours the heirs and assignees of Mr. Filby, the tailor, have never been paid to this day; perhaps the kind tailor and his creditor have met and settled the little account in Hades.

They showed until lately a window at Trinity College, Dublin, on which the name of O. Goldsmith was engraved with a diamond. Whose diamond was it? Not the young Sizar's who made but a poor figure in that place of learning. He was idle, penniless, and fond of pleasure: he learned his way early to the pawnbroker's shop. He wrote ballads, they say, for the street singers, who paid him a crown for a poem: and his pleasure was to steal out at night and hear his verses sung. He was chastised by his tutor for giving a dance in his rooms, and took the box on the ear so much to heart, that he packed up his all, pawned his books and little property, and disappeared from college and family. He said he intended to go to America, but when his money was spent, the young prodigal came home ruefully, and the good folks there killed their calf — it was but a lean one — and welcomed him back.

After College, he hung about his mother's house, and lived for some years the life of a huckeen — passed a month with this relation and that, a year with one patron, a great deal of time at the public-house. Tired of this life, it was resolved that he should go to London, and study at the Temple; but he got no farther on the road to London and the woolsack than Dublin, where he gambled away the fifty pounds given him for his outfit, and whence he returned to the indefatigable forgiveness of home. Then he determined to be a doctor, and Uncle Contarine helped him to a couple of years at Edinburgh. Then from Edinburgh he felt that he ought to hear the famous professors of Leyden and Paris, and wrote most amusing pompous letters to his uncle about the great Farheim, Du Petit and Duhamel du Monceau, whose lectures he proposed to follow. If Uncle Contarine believed those letters — if Oliver's mother believed that story which the youth related of his going to Cork, with the purpose of embarking for America, of his having paid his passage-money, and having sent his kit on board; of the anonymous captain sailing away with Oliver's valuable luggage, in a nameless ship, never to return; if Uncle Contarine and the mother at Ballymahon believed his stories, they must have been a very simple pair; as it was a very simple rogue indeed who cheated them. When the lad, after failing in his clerical examination, after failing in his plan for

studying the law, took leave of these projects and of his parents, and set out for Edinburgh, he saw mother, and uncle, and lazy Ballymahon, and green native turf, and sparkling river for the last time. He was never to look on old Ireland more, and only in fancy revisit her.

'But me not destined such delights to share,
My prime of life in wandering spent and care,
Impelled, with step unceasing, to pursue
Some fleeting good that mocks me with the view;
That like the circle bounding earth and skies
Allures from far, yet, as I follow, flies:
My fortune leads to traverse realms unknown,
And find no spot of all the world my own.'

I spoke in a former lecture of that high courage which enabled Fielding, in spite of disease, remorse, and poverty, always to retain a cheerful spirit and to keep his manly benevolence and love of truth intact, as if these treasures had been confided to him for the public benefit, and he was accountable to posterity for their honourable employ; and a constancy equally happy and admirable I think was shown by Goldsmith, whose sweet and friendly nature bloomed kindly always in the midst of a life's storm, and rain, and bitter weather. The poor fellow was never so friendless but he could befriend some one; never so pinched and wretched but he could give of his crust, and speak his word of compassion. If he had but his flute left, he could give that, and make the children happy in the dreary London court. He could give the coals in that queer coal-scuttle we read of to his poor neighbour: he could give away his blankets in college to the poor widow, and warm himself as he best might in the feathers: he could pawn his coat to save his landlord from gaol: when he was a schoolusher, he spent his earnings in treats for the boys, and the good-natured schoolmaster's wife said justly that she ought to keep Mr. Goldsmith's money as well as the young gentlemen's. When he met his pupils in later life, nothing would satisfy the Doctor but he must treat them still. 'Have you seen the print of me after Sir Joshua Reynolds?' he asked of one of his old pupils. 'Not seen it? not bought it? Sure, Jack, if your picture had been published, I'd not have been without it half-an-hour.' His purse and his heart were everybody's, and his friends' as much as his own. When he was at the height of his reputation, and the Earl of Northumberland, going as Lord-Lieutenant to Ireland, asked if he could be of any service to Dr. Goldsmith? Goldsmith recommended his brother, and not himself, to the great man. 'My patrons,' he gallantly said, 'are the booksellers, and I want no others.' Hard patrons they were, and hard work he did; but he did not complain much: if in his early writings some bitter words escaped him, some allusions to neglect and poverty, he withdrew these expressions, when his works were republished, and better days seemed to open for him; and he did not care to complain that printer or publisher had overlooked his merit, or left him poor. The Court face was turned from honest Oliver, the Court patronised Beattie; the fashion did not shine on him — fashion adored Sterne. Fashion pronounced Kelly to be the great writer of comedy of his day. A little — not ill-humour, but plaintiveness — a little betrayal of wounded pride which he showed rendered him not the less amiable. The author of the 'Vicar of Wakefield' had a right to protest when Newbery kept back the MS. for two years; had a right to be a little peevish with Sterne; a little angry when Colman's actors declined their parts in his delightful comedy, when the manager refused to have a scene painted for it, and pronounced its damnation before hearing. He had not the great public with him; but he had the noble Johnson, and the admirable Reynolds, and the great Gibbon, and the great Burke, and the great Fox — friends and admirers illustrious indeed, as famous as those who, fifty years before, sate round Pope's table.

Nobody knows, and I dare say Goldsmith's buoyant temper kept no account of all the pains which he endured during the early period of his literary career. Should any man of letters in our day have to bear up against such, Heaven grant he may come out of the period of misfortune with such a pure kind heart as that which Goldsmith obstinately bore in his breast. The insults to which he had to submit are shocking to read of, — slander, contumely, vulgar satire, brutal malignity perverting his commonest motives and actions: he had his share of these, and one's anger is roused at reading of them, as it is at seeing a woman insulted or a child assaulted, at the notion that a creature so very gentle and weak, and full of love, should have had to suffer so. And he had worse than insult to undergo — to own to fault, and deprecate the anger of ruffians. There is a letter of his extant to one Griffiths, a bookseller, in which poor Goldsmith is forced to confess, that certain books sent by Griffiths are in the hands of a friend from whom Goldsmith had been forced to borrow money.

'He was wild, Sir,' Johnson said, speaking of Goldsmith to Boswell, with his great, wise benevolence and noble mercifulness of heart, 'Dr. Goldsmith was wild, Sir; but he is so no more.' Ah! if we pity the good and weak man who suffers undeservedly, let us deal very gently with him from whom misery extorts not only tears, but shame: let us think humbly and charitably of the human nature that suffers so sadly and falls so low. Whose turn may it be to-morrow? What weak heart, confident before trial, may not succumb under temptation invincible? Cover the good man who has been vanquished — cover his face and pass on.

For the last half dozen years of his life, Goldsmith was far removed from the pressure of any ignoble necessity: and in the receipt, indeed, of a pretty large income from the booksellers, his patrons. Had he lived but a few years more, his public fame would have been as great as his private reputation, and he might have enjoyed alive a part of that esteem which his country has ever since paid to the vivid and versatile genius who has touched on almost every subject of literature, and touched nothing that he did not adorn. Except in rare instances a man is known in our profession, and esteemed as a skilful workman, years before the lucky hit, which trebles his usual gains, and stamps him a popular author. In the strength of his age, and the dawn of his reputation, having for backers and friends the most illustrious literary men of his time, fame and prosperity might have been in store for Goldsmith, had fate so willed; and, at forty-six, had not sudden disease carried him off. I say prosperity rather than competence, for it is probable that no sum could have put order into his affairs or sufficed for his irreclaimable habits of dissipation. It must be remembered that he owed 2000 *l.* when he died. 'Was ever poet,' Johnson asked, 'so trusted before?' As has been the case with many another good fellow of his nation, his life was tracked and his substance wasted by crowds of hungry beggars and lazy dependents. If they came at a lucky time, (and he sure they knew his affairs better than he did himself, and watched his pay day) he gave them of his money: if they begged on empty-purse days he gave them his promissory bills: or he treated them to a tavern where he had credit; or he obliged them with an order upon honest Mr. Filby for coats, for which he paid as long as he could earn, and until the shears of Filby were to cut for him no more. Staggering under a load of debt and labour, tracked by bailiffs and reproachful creditors, running from a hundred poor dependents, whose appealing looks were perhaps the hardest of all pains for him to bear, devising fevered plans for the morrow, new histories, new comedies, all sorts of new literary schemes, flying from all these into seclusion, and out of seclusion into pleasure — at last, at five and forty, death seized him and closed his career. I have been many a time in the chambers in the Temple which were his, and passed up the stair-case, which Johnson, and Burke, and Reynolds trod to see their friend, their poet, their kind Goldsmith — the stair on which the poor women sate weeping bitterly when they heard that greatest and most generous of all men was dead within the black oak door. Ah, it was a different lot from that for which the poor fellow sighed, when he wrote with heard yearning for home those most charming of all fond verses, in which he fancies he revisits Auburn —

'Here as I take my solitary rounds,
Amidst thy tangled walks and ruined grounds,
And, many a year elapsed, return to view
Where once the cottage stood, the hawthorn grew.
Remembrance wakes, with all her busy train,
Swells at my heart, and turns the past to pain.
In all my wanderings round this world of care,
In all my griefs — and God has given my share,
I still had hopes my latest hours to crown,
Amidst these humble bowers to lay me down;
To husband out life's taper at the close,
And keep the flame from wasting by repose;
I still had hopes — for pride attends us still —
Amidst the swains to show my book-learned skill,
Around my fire an evening group to draw,
And tell of all I felt and all I saw;
And, as a hare, whom hounds and horns pursue,
Pants to the place from whence at first she flew —
I still had hopes — my long vexations past,
Here to return, and die at home at last.

O blest retirement, friend to life's decline!
Retreats from care that never must be mine —
How blest is he who crowns in shades like these
A youth of labour with an age of ease;
Who quits a world where strong temptations try,
And, since 'tis hard to combat, learns to fly!
For him no wretches born to work and weep
Explore the mine or tempt the dangerous deep;
No surly porter stands in guilty state
To spurn imploring famine from his gate:
But on he moves to meet his latter end,
Angels around befriending virtue's friend;
Sinks to the grave with unperceived decay,
Whilst resignation gently slopes the way;
And all his prospects brightening at the last,
His heaven commences ere the world be past.'

In these verses, I need not say with what

melody, with what touching truth, with what exquisite beauty of comparison — as indeed in hundreds more pages of the writings of this honest soul — the whole character of the man is told — his humble confession of faults and weakness; his pleasant little vanity, and desire that his village should admire him; his little scheme of good in which everybody was to be happy — no beggar was to be refused his dinner — nobody in fact was to work much, and he to be the harmless chief of the Utopia, and the monarch of the Irish Yvetôt. He would have told again, and without fear of their failing, those famous jokes which had hung fire in London; he would have talked of his great friends of the Club — of my Lord Clare and my Lord Bishop, my Lord Nugent — sure he knew them intimately, and was hand and glove with some of the best men in town — and he would have spoken of Johnson and of Burke, from Cork, and of Sir Joshua who had painted him — and he would have told wonderful sly stories of Ranelagh and the Pantheon, and the masquerades at Madame Cornely's: and he would have toasted, with a sigh, the Jessamy Bride — the lovely Mary Horneck.

The figure of that charming young lady forms one of the prettiest recollections of Goldsmith's life. She and her beautiful sister, who married Bunbury, the graceful and humorous amateur artist of those days, when Gilray had but just begun to try his powers, were among the kindest and dearest of Goldsmith's many friends; they cheered and pitied him, travelled abroad with him, made him welcome at their home, and gave him many a pleasant holiday. He bought his finest clothes to figure at their country house at Barton — he wrote them droll verses. They loved him, laughed at him, played him tricks, and made him happy. He asked for a loan from Garrick, and Garrick kindly supplied him, to enable him to go to Barton — but there were to be no more holidays, and only one brief struggle more for poor Goldsmith — a lock of his hair was taken from the coffin and given to the Jessamy Bride. She lived quite into our time. Hazlitt saw her an old lady, but beautiful still, in Northcote's painting room, who told the eager critic how proud she always was that Goldsmith had admired her. The younger Colman has left a touching reminiscence of him. Vol. i. 63, 64.

'I was only five years old,' he says, 'when Goldsmith took me on his knee one evening whilst he was drinking coffee with my father, and began to play with me, which amiable act I returned, with the ingratitude of a peevish brat, by giving him a very smart slap on the face: it must have been a tingler, for it left the marks of my spiteful paw on his cheek. This infantile outrage was followed by summary justice, and I was locked up by my indignant father in an adjoining room to undergo solitary imprisonment in the dark. Here I began to howl and scream most abominably, which was no bad step towards my liberation, since those who were not inclined to pity me might be likely to set me free for the purpose of abating a nuisance.

'At length a generous friend appeared to extricate me from jeopardy, and that generous friend was no other than the man I had so wantonly molested by assault and battery — it was the tender-hearted Doctor himself, with a lighted candle in his hand, and a smile upon his countenance, which was still partially red from the effects of my petulance. I skulked and sobbed as he fondled and soothed, till I began to brighten. Goldsmith seized the propitious moment of returning good-humour, when he put down the candle and began to conjure. He placed three hats, which happened to be in the room, and a shilling under each. Two shillings he told me were England, France, and Spain. 'Hey presto cockalorum!' cried the Doctor, and lo, on uncovering the shillings, which had been dispersed each beneath a separate hat, they were all found congregated under one. I was no politician at five years old, and therefore might not have wondered at the sudden revolution which brought England, France, and Spain all under one crown; but, as also I was no conjuror, it amazed me beyond measure From that time, whenever the Doctor came to visit my father, 'I plucked his gown to share the good man's smile;' a game at romps constantly ensued, and we were always cordial friends and merry playfellows. Our unequal companionship varied somewhat as to sports as I grew older; but it did not last long: my senior playmate died in his forty-fifth year, when I had attained my eleventh In all the numerous accounts of his virtues and foibles, his genius and absurdities, his knowledge of nature and ignorance of the world, his 'compassion for another's woe' was always predominant; and my trivial story of his humouring a froward child weighs but as a feather in the recorded scale of his benevolence.'

Think of him reckless, thriftless, vain if you like — but merciful, gentle, generous,

full of love and pity. He passes out of our life, and goes to render his account beyond it. Think of the poor pensioners weeping at his grave; think of the noble spirits that admired and deplored him; think of the righteous pen that wrote his epitaph — and of the wonderful and unanimous response of affection with which the world has paid back the love he gave it. His humour delighting us still; his song fresh and beautiful as when first he charmed with it: his words in all our mouths: his very weaknesses beloved and familiar — his benevolent spirit seems still to smile upon us: to do gentle kindnesses: to succour with sweet charity: to soothe, caress, and forgive: to plead with the fortunate for the unhappy and the poor.

IV. HISTORIANS.

JOHN PINKERTON.

John Pinkerton, born in Edinburgh 1758, was educated for the law, which however, in 1783 he left, the profession not agreeing with his taste; he then published a collection of 'Select Scottish Ballads' and wrote an 'Essay on Medals' in the following year. The principal among his historical works are 'An Inquiry into the History of Scotland preceding the Reign of Malcolm III.' and a 'History of Scotland during the Reign of the Stuarts': also a 'dissertation on the Origin and Progress of the Scythians or Goths.' He wrote besides the beforementioned volumes several other literary and scientific pamphlets. He died in Paris 1825.

JAMES I. OF SCOTLAND.

After two weak and inactive reigns, and two regencies of no superior character, a monarch is to succeed, whose government is to be distinguished for its novelty and vigour; and the house of Stuart is at last to know a sovereign. James had now attained his thirtieth year; and his prime of life was yet further recommended by every advantage, which natural talents and a complete education could bestow. In person he was rather under the middle size, but endued with such firmness and agility as to excel in every manly exercise. In wrestling, in the management of the bow or the spear, in throwing the quoit, in running, in horsemanship, he yielded to none. But his mental abilities were yet more conspicuous. A man of science and learning, an excellent poet, a master of music, the fame of his accomplishments reflected glory even on the throne. Illustrious in every personal virtue, free from any personal vice, his very amusements adorned his character; his hours of leisure being frequently dedicated to elegant writing, and miniature painting, to mechanical arts, and to the cultivation of the garden and the orchard.

The features of his government it is more difficult to discriminate. If we believe some writers, not less than three thousand men were put to death in the two first years of his reign; and after the inroad of Donald Balloch, three hundred highland banditti met with the same fate. Happily these matters are quite unknown to contemporary and authentic monuments of our history: the justice of James fell only on a few nobles and some chiefs of clans; but the numerous dependents of those victims of equitable severity embraced every occasion to excite discontents, and propagate falsehoods against the government, falsehoods which have even passed into the page of history, for one of the misfortunes of the house of Stuart has consisted in the prejudices of several Scottish historians. If any blame must fall, let it fall where it ought, upon the misrule of the house of Albany. To a people who had lived half a century under a loose and delegated government, and who had been accustomed to regard licence as liberty, it is no wonder that the punishment of crimes seemed quite a new and strange cruelty: that a salutary strength of government appeared despotism; that a necessary and legal taxation assumed the shape of tyrannic extortion. The commons, led by the nobles, absurdly regarded the cause of the latter as their own, and saw not that the king in crushing the aristocracy was doing the most essential service to his people. The plans of James were sagacious and profound, but sometimes incur the charge of temerity; and while they partake of the greatness of genius, they are limited by the want of a sufficient power in the Scottish monarchy for their complete execution. In a word,

James is fully entitled to the uncommon character of a great sovereign in the arts of government and of peace.

JAMES II. OF SCOTLAND.

His actions proclaim him a prince of decisive, and sometimes even violent spirit. In war he was a valiant and popular leader; and surpassed his father in a marked attention to military discipline. Negligent of pomp, the equal of every soldier, he shared the mean repast of the march, confident that poison is seldom administered in vessels of wood, and reposing absolute faith on the love of his people. The power of his abilities, the excellence of his intentions in peace, are best displayed by the laws of his reign, always the most instructive and valuable portion of history. His wisdom appears conspicuous, in his reverence for the counsels of the wise, in guiding his most important actions by the experience of Crichton, and the benign and patriotic prudence of Kennedy. The perdition of the aristocratic and tyrannic house of Douglas was to be a spirited exertion of justice to himself and to his people. But that any fixed plan yet existed, for the destruction of the aristocracy, seems a refined theory, incongruous with the ignorance and spirit and manners of the times; and is best confuted by the plain facts, that the families abased are ever remarkable for important crimes, and that the property and power, which were withdrawn from one house, were ever to be bestowed on another. Even when Louis XI. and Henry VII. were, towards the termination of this century, in countries of greater civilization, and political science, to humble the aristocracy, an unprejudiced reader will be ready to infer that the events proceed rather from chance and circumstances, and the rotation of society, than from design. As to the person of the second James, we only know that it was robust; and that a red tinge, which deformed one of his cheeks, gave him the vulgar appellation of James with the fiery face.

JAMES III. AND HIS BROTHERS.

His person was elegant, his mind weak. In attachment to favourites, in superstition, in love of retirement and literature, he not a little resembled James VI. The other chief features of his character were avarice, caprice, and a delight in architecture, music, and astrology, too violent to leave room for the duties of a monarch. His aversion to the severity of public business rendered the relaxation of his government obnoxious to the united evils of anarchy and tyranny; for, besides a fixed inclination to despotism, his impatience of slow and moderate measures prompted him to sudden acts of outrage; and his favourites oppressed the people, while the indolence of the king abandoned the reins of justice; and his levity to the bad was cruelty to the good. His sceptre was so little stained with blood, that the fate of his brother may excite doubt or astonishment; yet oppression may proceed by rapid, though silent steps, while the fears and weakness of the sovereign constrain him to shrink from sanguinary violence.

* * * *

The character of James was strongly contrasted by those of his brothers, Alexander duke of Albany, and John earl of Mar. While the king, in solitary retirement, indulged his favourite studies of music, architecture, and astrology, he forgot the duties, amid the idle amusements of a monarch. The nobles, in the feudal ages, seldom visiting the court, except upon occasions of business or high festivals, and being ignorant of the arts in which James delighted, he had recourse to the conversation of those who excelled in them; but forgot the majesty of the sovereign so far as to make companions and favourites of men of mean origin: imitating Louis XI. who had raised his barber, Oliver le Dain, to great wealth and high dignities; but a stranger to the standing army, large revenue, and other resources, which enabled that king to crush the lofty and exalt the humble. Cochran, a mason or architect, and Rogers, the English master of music, were respectable names among the favourites of the Scottish king, when followed by those of Leonard, a smith; Hommil, a tailor; and Torpichan, a fencing master. The contempt and indignation of the nobility were extreme, when they beheld the public favour of the sovereign to those minions, joined with a pointed neglect of their haughty order.

Albany was a sensible and spirited prince, fond of martial exercises, of fine horses, and of attendants tall and vigorous. In person he was of a middle stature, strong, and well proportioned: his broad shoulders, and blooming yet stern countenance, engaged the praise of a martial age; and his known courage, if we believe an historian, was the only cause why the nobles did not rebel against James, while he lived in amity with this brother. Mar added superior stature to youth, beauty, and elegance of person: his gentle manners won every heart; nor did he yield to his brother in the favourite exercises of the nobility, or in his attention to the breed of his war horses:

and in hunting, hawking, and every knightly pastime, his skill and grace were admired.

* * * *

As the king, in his flight, was about to pass the rivulet Bannockburn, at the hamlet of Miltown, a woman, who was drawing water, alarmed at his appearance and rapidity, fled, and left her pitcher, which startled the steed, or disordered career, so that the unexpected rider fell from the saddle, and, oppressed with the weight of his armour, fainted away. A miller and his wife conveyed their unknown sovereign into the mill; and, to conceal the stranger from any pursuers, they covered him with a cloth. Some time after he resumed his senses; but perceiving himself much hurt, and very weak, he called for a priest to hear his confession: and to his blunt hosts, who inquired his name and quality, his impatience answered, 'I was your king this morning.' The woman upon this ran into the road, wringing her hands, and calling aloud for a priest to the king. It so chanced that some of the rebels were in the neighbourhood engaged in disorderly pursuit; and a priest, one of Lord Gray's followers, as is said, riding up, exclaimed, 'I am a priest, where is the king?' Being conducted to the place, he knew his sovereign; and, kneeling, inquired if he thought he might survive, by the help of surgery; to which James answered, 'I believe that I might; but let me have a priest to hear my confession, and to bring me the eucharist.' The priest, it is averred, heard his confession; and then stabbed the unfortunate monarch; whose weakness deserved a milder fate than to fall the victim of a lawless aristocracy, more inimical to public order and prosperity than the feeble despotism of their sovereign.

On this important event some reflections naturally arise. Had James been victorious, the power of the Scottish aristocracy might have been crushed for ever; and, weak and despotic as he was, it would have been better for the people to have one tyrant than many. But this monarch (if we set the dubious murder of his brother aside), was more weak than vicious; and even when his feebleness and impolicy are mentioned, it is rather in a relative than a positive view; for his conduct was chiefly blameable, because ill adapted to the ferocious times and people, which required, in the character of a sovereign, the duties of a magistrate, and the valour and skill of a general. Had James lived a century or two later, his faults would perhaps have escaped observation. But the conduct of the rebellious peers, whose sanguinary lust of power, and eagerness to continue their lawless rapine, opposed the son in open combat against his father, that last infamy of civil war, cannot be too severely reprobated. They excite horror, while the monarch attracts a reverential compassion.

JAMES IV. OF SCOTLAND.

At length a reign arises, undisturbed by the disorders of a minority; and forming a strong contrast to the preceding in spirit and ability. The young monarch was soon to develop a character brightened with many illustrious qualities, and darkened with few shades. His strict administration of justice, by which the realm was maintained in a tranquillity long unknown, his uniform concord with his nobles, his magnificence, his generosity, his patronage of useful arts and sciences, particularly navigation, which had been strangely neglected by the Scottish monarchs, and even his spirit of chivalry, were to render his reign popular and glorious. Nor has it been unjustly asserted, that the period of his domination was that of the greatest wealth and power of Scotland, while a separate kingdom. Yet some of his qualities were rather specious than solid, and rather belonged to chivalrous romance than to real life: in the high regal duties of a politician, and of a general, he was extremely defective; his natural impetuosity predominating alike in his smaller pursuits and in his most important affairs. The avarice of the preceding reign he contrasted by a profusion which secured the attachment of the peers at the expense of the people. That superstitious devotion which, with a few exceptions, was inherent in his family, from its first elevation to his final descent from the throne, was in the fourth James much increased by his remorse for the death of his father; and the mass formed one of his chief daily offices. The resources of his magnificence were not exempt from a charge of extortion: but his gentleness and affability won all hearts, and stifled all murmurs. Just in his decrees, the severity of punishment was softened by his visible reluctance to chastise. To admonition, or even reproach, his ear was open; and his sense of an innocent conscience such that he listened without the smallest emotion. By a neglected education he was ignorant of letters; but his mind was acute; he excelled in music, in horsemanship, and other exercises; and a firm constitution enabled him to support every fatigue. His person

was of the middle size, and elegant; his countenance majestic.

THE REGENT, DUKE OF ALBANY.

John, Duke of Albany, son of that Alexander who has been seen attempting to wrest the Scottish sceptre from his brother James III., whom he termed a bastard, cannot be supposed to have been warmly attached to the royal race; and there were not wanting some whose malice already saw the crown of Scotland on his head, tinged with infant blood. But such a prospect probably never existed, save in the jealous eye, or wanton calumny, of faction. His character is so mixed, that it is very difficult to delineate it with precision. To Surrey and to Wolsey he appeared a coward and a fool, as they bluntly express their sensations; and his government in Scotland so inconsistent, so constantly foiled in every scheme, rather seems to warrant the harshness of the appellations. Yet Francis I., a good judge of merit, was afterwards to employ him in important affairs: when that king was before Pavia, in 1525, Albany was to be detached with a part of the army to conquer the kingdom of Naples, an enterprise demanding a general of supreme talents, but the defeat and capture of Francis rendered the plan abortive: in 1533, when that monarch was to meet the pontiff Clement VII. at Marseilles, Albany was to be distinguished by the appointment of conducting by sea Catherine de Medici, the destined wife of Henry, second son of the king, afterwards Henry II.; an office at least implying confidence and favour, and a brother of Albany was, according to Guicciardini, created a cardinal upon occasion of that service. The friendship of Francis I. is itself a recommendation: yet an intimate acquaintance with the actions and papers of Albany may authorize the following character of his government. It was artful, yet weak; profuse, yet unfriended; tyrannic, yet inefficient: while love and attachment were estranged by caprice, fear and awe were not supported by uniform rigour: opinionative obstinacy disconcerted the prudence of friends, and prevented the conciliation of enemies. A stranger to the arts of empire, Albany, whom just policy ought to have transformed into a complete Scottishman, never forgot his French birth; and the haughty vanity of that nation, which he displayed without a veil, yet further disgusted the Scots, a people then, from remote situation, and want of intercourse, inimical to foreigners, when they beheld their regent surrounded with French officers and confidents, and heard him submit to term the king of France his master, an epithet he frequently used even in his dispatches; nor was the very signature of his name in French regarded as a trifle. Even his private faults contributed to disgrace him. Surrey, in a letter to Wolsey, mentions upon the authority of Dacre, that the regent was so opinionative that no counsel but his own was followed even when among his familiar friends; and his wilfulness was such that, upon the slightest contradiction, he would throw his bonnet into the fire, in which mode of argument he had consumed near a dozen of those missive syllogisms. Surrey adds, with the prophetic eye of skill, 'if he be such a man, with God's grace, we shall speed the better;' a prediction soon fulfilled. Of Albany's person little is remarked: even his age is unknown; though he appears to have exceeded his thirtieth year. His mother was the daughter of the Earl of Bologne, his father's second wife; but by the first, a daughter of the Earl of Orkney, a son was alive, Alexander Stuart, educated to the church, commendator of Inchaffray, afterwards abbot of Scone, and bishop of Moray. The regent had himself been married, in 1505, to Anne de la Tour, sole heiress of the countess d'Auvergne, the maternal aunt of the future Catherine de Medici; his wife's estate in France was great, and secured his allegiance to that country, while his connexion with the house of Medici gave him great influence with the Popes Leo X. and Clement VII. sprung of that illustrious family.

JAMES V. OF SCOTLAND.

Of this monarch all our early historians present one uniform character; and their general voice proclaims his excellence. His education, as usual with princes who ascend the throne in infancy, had been neglected or erroneous; corrupted by flattery; rendered deficient in its tasks from the preceptor's fear of displeasing. Yet his mind was great, his affections warm, his discernment acute. His vices were few, and never interrupted the happiness of his people. His propensity to vague amour was palliated by his general affability: his sternness to the nobles, by his favour to the common people, which was so eminent that he received from his affectionate subjects the glorious appellation of King of the Poor. To the voice of poverty, to the prayer of distress, the gates of his palace stood ever open: with one hand he raised the indigent, while with the other he crushed the proud oppressor. In the knowledge of the laws

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and customs of his kingdom he was so completely versed that his decisions were as exact as they were expeditious; and from horseback he often pronounced decrees worthy of the sagest seat of justice. Of indubitable valour, of remarkable strength of constitution, he exposed his life and health, without hesitation, at any season when it became necessary to curb the marauding borderers, or highlanders, rendered lawless during the disorders of a long minority. The dangers of the wilderness, the gloom of night, the tempests of winter, could not prevent his patient exertions to protect the helpless, to punish the guilty, to enforce the observance of the laws. A stranger to pride, he despised it in the others; and his speech was ever sprinkled with humanity.

The faults of his government, though not minute, are more to be ascribed to the times than to the character of the monarch. His avarice naturally arose from the penury of his education, the dissipation of his finances, and even of the furniture of his palaces, by the unprincipled duke of Albany. But his amassed treasure was employed in the construction of magnificent works of architecture, and of a navy; and in other plans of general utility and glory. His political designs were long studied; yet as he died in his thirtieth year, he could not have acquired the experience of age; and the period of his reign presented combinations too intricate for the most skilful prudence to foresee or define. The progress of the protestant religion was dubious: and dangerous it is for a prince to embrace a new system before it be approved by a great majority of his subjects. Untaught by the glorious concord between his father and the nobles, James entertained a fixed enmity against the aristocracy, which had effected great usurpations during his minority; and his attachment to the eminent clergy, who alone could balance their power, was unavoidable.

Of the person, and domestic life, of James V. the features are well known. His frame was of the middle size, and robust, capable of every exertion of agility or fatigue. In elegance of form and countenance he equalled any prince of his time. His oval face, blue eyes of piercing splendour, aquiline nose, yellow hair, and small beard forked in the fashion of that period, impressed the beholders with ideas of sweetness joined with majesty. In dress he was rather elegant than magnificent: yet his palaces were replete with decoration. The repast of a peasant he would share; and, even from a sumptuous board, the royal meal was plain and frugal;* nor did he entrust his dignity to the intemperance of wine. Eminently patient he was of labour, of hunger and thirst, of heat and cold. His attachment to the arts was decided: he reared palaces of good architecture; and composed some fugitive pieces of poetry, though it be doubtful if any have reached our times. He replenished his country with artillery and military weapons; and the beauty of his gold coins bespeaks his attention even to the minutest improvements, to be gained by the employment of foreign artists. The Scottish navy, ruined by Albany, began to resume some importance: and the subsequent voyage of James to the Orkneys and Hebrides, accompanied by men of skill, in order to examine the dangers and advantages of the circumjacent seas, will ever deserve the applause of the philosopher, as an enterprise equally rare and meritorious.

SIR JAMES MACKINTOSH.

Sir James Mackintosh, born at Aldourichouse in Inverness-shire 1765, was educated at Aberdeen and studied the law in London. He published in 1791 his 'Vindiciæ Gallicæ', a defence of the French Revolution. In 1795 he was called to the bar, and distinguished himself in that capacity. In 1803 he was knighted and left England to become Recorder of Bombay. In this office he remained seven years, at the end of which time he returned to England, entered parliament and became an advocate of the Whig party. In 1827 Mr. Canning raised him to the rank of a privy counsellor: at this period he contributed much to the Edinburgh Review, wrote a dissertation on the Progress of Ethical Philosophy for the Encyclopædia Britannica, and three volumes of a History of England for 'Lardner's Cabinet Encyclopædia'; he was also the author of a short 'life of Sir Thomas More', and at his death in 1832, left unfinished a History of the Revolution of 1688. His style is learned, but not elegant: he is however reported to have been one of the most brilliant conversers of his time.

THE RIGHT HON. C. J. FOX.

Mr. Fox united in a most remarkable degree the seemingly repugnant characters of the mildest of men and the most vehement of orators. In private life he was gentle, modest, placable, kind, of simple manners, and so averse from dogmatism, as to be not only unostentatious, but even something inactive in conversation. His superiority was never felt but in the in-

struction which he exposed, or in the attention which his generous preference usually directed to the more obscure members of company. The simplicity of his manners was far from excluding that perfect urbanity and amenity which flowed still more from the mildness of his nature, than from familiar intercourse with the most polished society of Europe. The pleasantry, perhaps, of no man of wit had so unlabonred an appearance. It seemed rather to escape from his mind than to be produced by it. He had lived on the most intimate terms with all the contemporaries distinguished for politeness, or philosophy, or learning, or the talents of public life. In the course of thirty years he had known almost every man in Europe whose intercourse could strengthen, or enrich, or polish the mind. His own literature was various and elegant. In classical erudition, which by the custom of England is more peculiarly called learning, he was inferior to few professed scholars. Like all men of genius, he delighted to take refuge in poetry from the vulgarity and irritation of business. His own verses were easy and pleasant, and might have claimed no low place among those which the French call *vers de société*. The poetical character of his mind was displayed by his extraordinary partiality for the poetry of the two most poetical nations, or, at least, languages of the west, those of the Greeks and of the Italians. He disliked political conversation, and never willingly took any part in it. To speak of him justly as an orator would require a long essay. Every where natural, he carried into public something of that simple and negligent exterior which belonged to him in private. When he began to speak, a common observer might have thought him awkward; and even a consummate judge could only have been struck with the exquisite justness of his ideas, and the transparent simplicity of his manners. But no sooner had he spoken for some time than he was changed into another being: he forgot himself and every thing around him: he thought only of his subject: his genius warmed and kindled as he went on. He darted fire into his audience. Torrents of impetuous and irresistible eloquence swept along their feelings and convictions. He certainly possessed above all moderns that union of reason, simplicity, and vehemence which formed the prince of orators. He was the most Demosthenean speaker since the days of Demosthenes. 'I knew him,' says Mr. Burke, in a pamphlet written after their unhappy difference, 'when he was nineteen: since which time he has risen by slow degrees to be the most brilliant and accomplished debater that the world ever saw.' The quiet dignity of a mind roused only to great objects, but the absence of petty bustle, the contempt of show, the abhorrence of intrigue, the plainness and downrightness, and the thorough good nature which distinguished Mr. Fox, seem to render him no unfit representative of the old English character, which, if it ever changed, we should be sanguine indeed to expect to see it succeeded by a better. The simplicity of his character inspired confidence, the ardour of his eloquence roused enthusiasm, and the gentleness of his manners invited friendship. 'I admired,' says Mr. Gibbon, 'the powers of a superior man, as they are blended, in his attractive character, with all the softness and simplicity of a child: no human being ever was more free from any taint of malignity, vanity, or falsehood.' From these qualities of his public and private character it probably arose, that no English statesman ever preserved, during so long a period of adverse fortune, so many affectionate friends, and so many zealous adherents. The union of ardour in public sentiment, with mildness in social manners, was in Mr. Fox an hereditary quality. The same fascinating power over the attachment of all who came within his sphere is said to have belonged to his father; and those who know the survivors of another generation will feel this delightful quality is not yet extinct in the race.

Perhaps nothing can more strongly prove the deep impression made by this part of Mr. Fox's character than the words of Mr. Burke, who, in January, one thousand seven hundred and ninety-seven, six years after all intercourse between them had ceased, speaking to a person honoured with some degree of Mr. Fox's friendship, said 'To be sure, he is a man to be loved!' And these emphatical words were uttered with a fervour of manner which left no doubt of their heart-felt sincerity. These few hasty and honest sentiments are sketched in a temper too sober and serious for intentional exaggeration, and with too pious an affection for the memory of Mr. Fox to profane it with any intermixture with the factious brawls and wrangles of the day. His political conduct belongs to history. The measures which he supported or opposed may divide the opinions of posterity, as they have divided those of the present age. But he will most certainly command the unanimous reverence of future generations by his pure

sentiments toward the commonwealth, by his zeal for the civil and religious rights of all men, by his liberal principles favourable to mild government, to the unfettered exercise of the human faculties, and the progressive civilisation of mankind; by his ardent love for a country of which the wellbeing and greatness were, indeed, inseparable from his own glory; and by his profound reverence for that free constitution which he was universally admitted to understand better than any other man of his age, both in an exactly legal and in a comprehensively philosophical sense.

JOHN LINGARD.

Dr. John Lingard, born 1769, one of the most distinguished British historians, published in 1819 three volumes of a 'History of England from the Invasion of the Romans' which history he brought down to the end of the reign of James II. in eight volumes. The book contains a great amount of solid information for which the author has industriously searched in all the best sources, yet being a Roman catholic priest, he has shown considerable partiality to his religion, and this has in some places led him into error, though in general his history is more to be relied upon with regard to exactness, than that of Hume. His style is eloquent, vigorous, and concise and he possessed great power of description. Besides his history, he has written 'The Antiquities of the Anglo-Saxon Church' and 'The Vindication of the Romish Church from the Attacks of Dr. Huntingford Bishop of Gloucester.' He died in 1851.

HENRY I.

A contemporary writer has left us the character of Henry as it was differently drawn by his friends and enemies after his death. By the former he was ranked among the wisest, richest, and bravest of our monarchs: the latter loaded his memory with the reproach of cruelty, avarice, and incontinence. To an indifferent observer at the present day his reign will offer little worthy of praise, unless it be the severity with which he punished offences. This was a real benefit to his people, as it not only contributed to extirpate the robbers by profession, but also checked the rapacity and violence of the barons. Still his merit will be very equivocal. As long as each conviction brought with it a fine or forfeiture to the royal exchequer, princes were stimulated to the execution of the laws by a sense of personal interest. Henry, at the same time that he visited the injustice of others, scrupled not to commit injustice himself. Probably in both cases he had in view the same object, his own emolument.

The great aim of his ambition was to aggrandize his family by augmenting his possessions on the continent. His success in this favourite project obtained for him the reputation of political wisdom; but it was purchased at the expense of enormous sums wrung from a suffering and impoverished people. If, however, the English thus paid for acquisitions in which they had little interest, they derived from them one advantage; the king's attention to foreign politics rendered him anxious to preserve peace with his more immediate neighbours. He lived on the most friendly terms with Alexander and David, successively kings of Scotland. The former had married his natural daughter Sybilla: both were the brothers of his wife Matilda. It was more difficult to repress the active and predatory disposition of the Welsh: but as often as he prepared to chastise this presumption, they pacified his resentment by submission and presents. As a check to his restless people, he planted among them a powerful colony of foreigners. Many natives of Flanders had found settlements in England, under the protection of his mother Matilda: and the number was now doubled by a crowd of emigrants, who had been driven from their homes by an inundation of the Rhine. Henry placed them at first on the right bank of the Tweed; but afterwards, collecting the old and new comers into one body, allotted to them for their residence the town of Haverfordwest, with the district of Ross in Pembrokeshire. They were a martial and industrious people: by attention to the cultivation of the soil, and the manufacture of cloth, they grew in numbers and opulence: and under the protection of the English kings, to whom they always remained faithful, defeated every attempt of the Welsh princes to root them out of the country.

Henry was naturally suspicious; and his disposition had been greatly encouraged by his knowledge of the clandestine attempts of his enemies. On one occasion the keeper of his treasure was convicted of a design on his life: on another, while he was marching in the midst of his army towards Wales, an arrow from an unknown hand struck him on the breast, but was repelled by the temper of his cuirass. Alarmed by these incidents, he always kept on his guard, frequently changed his apartments, and, when he retired to rest, ordered sen-

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tinels to be stationed at the door, and his sword and shield to be placed near his pillow.

The suspicions are generally dissembling and revengeful. Henry seldom forgot an injury, though he would disguise his enmity under the mask of friendship. Fraud, and treachery, and violence, were employed to ensnare those who had greatly offended him; and their usual portion was death, or blindness, or perpetual imprisonment. After his decease it was discovered that his cousin the Earl of Moretoil, whom he had long kept in confinement, had also been deprived of sight. Luke de Barré, a poet, who had fought against him, was made prisoner at the close of the last war, and sentenced by the king to lose his eyes. Charles the Good, earl of Flanders, was present, and remonstrated against so direful a punishment. It was not, he observed, the custom of civilized nations to inflict bodily punishment on knights who had drawn the sword in the service of their lord. 'It is not,' replied Henry, 'the first time that he has been in arms against me. But what is worse, he has made me the subject of his satire; and in his poems has held me up to the derision of my enemies. From his example let other versifiers learn what they may expect, if they offend the king of England.' The cruel mandate was executed: and the troubadour, in a paroxysm of agony, bursting from the hands of the officers, dashed out his brains against the wall.

His dissimulation was so well known that he was mistrusted even by his favourites. When Blott, bishop of Lincoln, who had for many years been one of his principal justiciaries, was told that the king had spoken of him in terms of the highest commendation: 'Then,' he replied, 'I am undone; for I never knew him praise a man whom he did not intend to ruin.' The event justified his apprehensions. In an unguarded moment the prelate had boasted that the monastery which he was building at Eyrsham should equal that which Henry had founded at Reading. The words were carried to the king, and the fall of the favourite was consummated. He was immediately deprived of the office of justiciary; vexatious prosecutions were commenced against him; by fines and extortions all his wealth was drawn to the royal exchequer: and the bishop would probably have been compelled to resign his dignity, had he not died by a sudden fit of apoplexy, as he was speaking to Henry.

Malmesbury has allotted to the king the praise of temperance and continency. Perhaps his claim to the first, certainly his claim to the second, of these virtues, rests on no other ground than the partiality of his panegyrist. If, as many writers affirm, his death was occasioned by the excess with which he ate of a dish of lampreys, we may fairly doubt of his temperance: nor can the continency of that man be much commended, who is known to have been attached to several mistresses; and of whose illegitimate children no fewer than seven sons and eight daughters lived to the age of puberty.

HENRY III.

Gentle and credulous, warm in his attachments, and forgiving in his enmities, without vices, but also without energy, he was a good man, and a weak monarch. In a more peaceful age, when the empire of the laws had been strengthened by habits of obedience, he might have filled the throne with decency, perhaps with honour: but his lot cast him into one of the most turbulent periods of our history, without the talents to command respect, or the authority to enforce submission. Yet his incapacity was productive rather of inconvenience to himself than of misery to his subjects. Under his weak but pacific sway the nation grew more rapidly in wealth and prosperity than it had done under any of his military progenitors. Out of the fifty-six years, through which he extended his reign, but a very small portion was marked by the calamities of war: the tenants of the crown were seldom dragged by him into foreign countries, or impoverished by scutages for the support of mercenary armies: the proprietors, deprived of two sources of wealth, the plunder of an enemy, and the ransom of captives, turned their attention to the improvement of their estates: salutary enactments invigorated the spirit of commerce: and there scarcely existed a port from the coast of Norway to the shores of Italy that was not annually visited by English merchants. This statement may perhaps surprise those who have listened only to the remonstrances of factious barons, or the complaints of discontented historians: but the fact is, that of all the kings since the conquest, Henry received the least money from the tenants of the crown. According to the most accurate calculation, the average amount of his expenses did not exceed twenty-four thousand marks per annum: and we are assured that in the course of a reign which continued half a century, the only extraordinary aids levied by him on the nation were two

fifteenths, one thirtieth, and one fortieth for himself, and one twentieth for the relief of the Holy Land. His great resource was the tenth of the ecclesiastical revenues, which he received for some years; an impost which, though insufficient to rescue him from the pressure of poverty, was calculated from its partial operation to exasperate the minds of those who were compelled to pay it. The clergy struggled in vain to shake off the burden; their writers have laboured more successfully to interest in their favour the feelings of posterity by the description, probably the exaggerated description, of their wrongs.

EDWARD I.

Edward (at his accession) had now reached his thirty-sixth year. In his person he was tall, but well proportioned: the length of his arm gave additional force to his stroke; and when he was once placed in his saddle, no struggle of his horse, no violence of the enemy could dislodge him from his seat. In temper he was warm and irascible, impatient of injury, and reckless of danger: but his anger might be disarmed by submission, and his temerity seemed to be justified by success. During the late contest with the barons he had proved the solidity of his judgment, and the resolution of his mind: and his reputation had been established among the admirers of chivalry by his prowess in battles, in tournaments, and in his expedition to Palestine. In ambition he did not yield to any of his predecessors: but his ambition aimed at a very different object. They had exhausted their strength in attempting conquests on the continent, which might be wrested from them at any time by a fortunate neighbour: he aspired to unite in himself the sovereignty of the whole island of Great Britain. Nor was he entirely disappointed. Wales was incorporated with England: and the independence of Scotland sought an asylum in the midst of morasses, forests, and mountains.

EDWARD II.

The first Edward had been in disposition a tyrant. As often as he had dared, he had trampled on the liberties, or invaded the property of his subjects; and yet he died in his bed, respected by his barons and admired by his contemporaries. His son, the second Edward, was of a less injurious character: no acts of injustice or oppression were imputed to him by his greatest enemies: yet he was deposed from the throne, and murdered in a prison. Of this difference between the lot of the father and the son, the solution must be sought in the manners and character of the age. They both reigned over proud and factious nobles, jealous of their own liberties, but regardless of the liberties of others; and who, though they respected the arbitrary sway of a monarch as haughty and violent as themselves, despised the milder and more equitable administration of his successor. That successor, naturally easy and indolent, fond of the pleasures of the table and the amusements of the chase, willingly devolved on others the cares and labours of government. But in an age unacquainted with the more modern expedient of a responsible minister, the barons considered the elevation of the favourite as their own depression, his power as the infringement of their rights. The result was what we have seen, a series of associations, having for their primary object the removal of evil counsellors, as they were called, from the person of the prince, but which gradually invaded the legitimate rights of the crown, and terminated in the dethronement and assassination of the sovereign.

EDWARD III.

In personal accomplishments Edward is said to have been superior, in mental powers to have been equal, to any of his predecessors. More than usual care had been bestowed on his education: and he could not only speak the English and French, but also understand the German and Latin languages. His elocution was graceful; his conversation entertaining; his behaviour dignified, but also attractive. To the fashionable amusements of hunting and hawking he was much addicted: but to these he preferred the more warlike exercise of the tournament: and his subjects, at the conclusion of the exhibition, often burst into transports of applause, when they found that the unknown knight, whose prowess they had admired, proved to be their own sovereign. Of his courage as a combatant, and his abilities as a general, the reader will have formed a competent opinion from the preceding pages. The astonishing victories, which cast so much glory on one period of his reign, appear to have dazzled the eyes both of his subjects and foreigners, who placed him in the first rank of conquerors: but the disasters, which clouded the evening of his life, have furnished a proof that his ambition was greater than his judgment. He was at last convinced that the crowns of France and Scotland were beyond

his reach; but not till he had exhausted the strength of the nation by a series of gigantic but fruitless efforts. Before his death all his conquests, with the exception of Calais, had slipped from his grasp: the greater part of his hereditary dominions on the continent had been torn from him by a rival, whom he formerly despised: and a succession of short and precarious truces was sought and accepted as a boon by the monarch, who in his more fortunate days had dictated the peace of Bretigni.

RICHARD II.

The features of Richard were handsome, but feminine; his manners abrupt; his utterance embarrassed. He possessed some taste for literature, and occasionally gave indications of resolution and spirit. But he was passionately fond of parade and pleasure: and the loss of his crown has been sometimes attributed to his extravagance and pecuniary exactions. It would, however, be difficult to prove, that his expenses were greater than those of his predecessors: it is certain, that his demands on the purses of his subjects were considerably less. 'What concern have you,' he once observed to the commons, 'with the establishment of my household, as long as I maintain it without asking you for assistance?' His misfortunes may be more correctly traced to the early age at which he mounted the throne, and to the precaution taken by his mother and her friends to defeat the supposed designs of his uncles. By these he was estranged from the princes of his blood, whose pride refused to pay court to a boy; and whose neglect compelled him to fix his affections on his ministers and companions. Jealousies and rivalry ensued, which ended in the celebrated commission of government, and the ruin, perhaps originally undeserved, of the royal favourites. When the king had recovered the exercise of his authority, he reigned in comparative tranquillity for a long period; but his conduct in the twenty-first and twenty-second years of his reign betrayed such a thirst for revenge, and habit of dissimulation, such despotic notions of government, and so fixed a purpose to rule without control, that no reader can be surprised at the catastrophe which followed. We may indeed abhor the wiles by which he was ensnared; may sympathize with him in his prison; and may condemn the policy which afterwards bereaved him of life: but at the same time we must acknowledge, that he deserved to be abandoned by the people, on whose liberties he had trampled; and to forfeit that authority which he sought to exalt above the laws and constitution of his country.

HENRY V.

The splendour which conquest threw round the person of Henry during his life still adheres to his memory four centuries after his death. But he was not only a warrior; he was also a statesman. The praise of constitutional courage he may share with many of his predecessors: he surpassed most of them in the skill with which he fomented the dissensions among his antagonists, and improved to the best advantage the unexpected events which chequered the busy scene of French politics. Success, however, gave a tinge of arrogance to his character. He did not sufficiently respect the prejudices, or spare the feelings of his new subjects: the pomp and superiority, which he displayed, mortified their vanity! and the deference which he exacted from the proudest of the French nobility was reluctantly yielded by men, who, under the weak reign of Charles, had been accustomed to trample on the authority of their sovereign. Continually engaged in war, he had little leisure to discharge the duties of a legislator; but he has been commended for his care to enforce the equal administration of justice; and was beloved by the lower classes, both in France and England, for the protection which he afforded them against the oppression of their superiors. To those who served him, if he were a stern, he was also a bountiful master: and though he punished severely, he rewarded with munificence. By military men he was beloved and adored: and the officers of the army in France resolved to prove the sincerity of that attachment which they professed for him while living, by the extraordinary pomp with which they paid the last duties to his remains.

HENRY VI.

On that day expired the reign of Henry VI., a prince whose personal character commanded the respect of his very enemies, and whose misfortunes still claim the sympathy of the reader. He was virtuous and religious; humane, forgiving, and benevolent; but nature had denied him that health of body and fortitude of mind which could have enabled him to struggle through the peculiar difficulties of his situation. It would be unjust to attribute those difficulties to his misconduct: they arose from

causes over which he had no control, the original defect in his descent, the duration of his minority, the dissensions of his uncles, and the frequent recurrence of corporal debility, generally accompanied with the privation of reason.

EDWARD IV.

Edward is said to have been the most accomplished, and, till he grew too unwieldy, the most handsome man of the age. The love of pleasure was his ruling passion. Few princes have been more magnificent in their dress, or more licentious in their amours: few have indulged more freely in the luxuries of the table. But such pursuits often interfered with his duties, and at last incapacitated him for active exertion. Even in youth, while he was fighting for the throne, he was always the last to join his adherents: and in manhood, when he was firmly seated on it, he entirely abandoned the charge of military affairs to his brother, the Duke of Gloucester. To the chief supporters of the opposite party he was cruel and unforgiving: the blood which he shed intimidated his friends no less than his foes: and both lords and commons during his reign, instead of contending, like their predecessors, for the establishment of rights, and the abolition of grievances, made it their principal study to gratify the royal pleasure. He was as suspicious as he was cruel. Every officer of government, every steward on his manors and farms, was employed as a spy on the conduct of all around him: they regularly made to the king reports of the state of the neighbourhood; and such was the fidelity of his memory, that it was difficult to mention any individual of any consequence, even in the most distant counties, with whose character, history, and influence he was not accurately acquainted. Hence every project of opposition to his government was suppressed almost as soon as it was formed; and Edward might have promised himself a long and prosperous reign, had not continual indulgence enervated his constitution, and sown the seeds of that malady which consigned him to the grave in the forty-first year of his age. He was buried with the usual pomp in the new chapel at Windsor.

HENRY VIII.

To form a just estimate of the character of Henry we must distinguish between the young king, guided by the counsels of Wolsey, and the monarch of more mature age, governing by his own judgment, and with the aid of ministers selected and fashioned by himself. In his youth the beauty of his person, the elegance of his manners, and his adroitness in every martial and fashionable exercise, were calculated to attract the admiration of his subjects. His court was gay and splendid; a succession of amusements seemed to absorb his attention; yet his pleasures were not permitted to encroach on his more important duties: he assisted at the council, perused his dispatches, and corresponded with his generals and ambassadors: nor did the minister, trusted and powerful as he was, dare to act till he had asked the opinion, and taken the pleasure of his sovereign. His natural abilities had been improved by study; and his esteem for literature may be inferred from the learned education which he gave to his children, and from the number of eminent scholars to whom he granted pensions in foreign states, or on whom he conferred promotion in his own. The immense treasure which he inherited from his father was perhaps a misfortune; because it engendered habits of expense not to be supported from the ordinary revenue of the crown: and the soundness of his politics may be doubted, which, under the pretence of supporting the balance of power, repeatedly involved the nation in continental hostilities. Yet even these errors served to throw a lustre round the English throne, and raised its possessor in the eyes of his own subjects and of the different nations of Europe. But as the king advanced in age, his vices gradually developed themselves: after the death of Wolsey they were indulged without restraint. He became as rapacious as he was prodigal; as obstinate as he was capricious; as fickle in his friendships as he was merciless in his resentments. Though liberal of his confidence, he soon grew suspicious of those whom he had ever trusted; and, as if he possessed no other right to the crown than that which he derived from the very questionable claim of his father, he viewed with an evil eye every remote descendant of the Plantagenets; and eagerly embraced the slightest pretexts to remove those whom his jealousy represented as future rivals to himself or his posterity. In pride and vanity he was, perhaps, without a parallel. Inflated with the praises of interested admirers, he despised the judgment of others; acted as if he deemed himself infallible in matters of policy and religion; and seemed to look upon dissent from his opinions as equivalent to a breach of allegiance. In his estimation,

to submit and to obey, were the great, the paramount duties of subjects: and this persuasion steeled his breast against remorse for the blood which he shed, and led him to trample without scruple on the liberties of the nation.

When he ascended the throne, there still existed a spirit of freedom, which, on more than one occasion, defeated the arbitrary measures of the court, though directed by an able minister, and supported by the authority of the sovereign: but in the lapse of a few years that spirit had fled, and before the death of Henry the king of England had grown into a despot, the people had shrunk into a nation of slaves. The cause of this important change in the relation between the sovereign and his subjects, may be found not so much in the abilities or passions of the former, as in the obsequiousness of his parliaments, the assumption of the ecclesiastical supremacy, and the servility of the two religious parties which divided the nation.

EDWARD VI.

It would be idle to delineate the character of a prince, who lived not till his passions could develop themselves, or his faculties acquire maturity. His education, like that of his two sisters, began at an early age. In abilities he was equal, perhaps superior, to most boys of his years; and his industry and improvement amply repaid the solicitude of his tutors. But the extravagant praises which have been lavished on him by his panegyrists and admirers may be received with some degree of caution. In the French and Latin letters, to which they appeal, it is difficult to separate the composition of the pupil from the corrections of the master: and since, to raise his reputation, deceptions are known to have been employed on some occasions, it may be justifiable to suspect that they were practised on others. The boy of twelve or fourteen years was accustomed to pronounce his opinion in the council with all the gravity of a hoary statesman. But he had been previously informed of the subjects to be discussed; his preceptors had supplied him with short notes, which he committed to memory: and while he delivered their sentiments as his own, the lords, whether they were aware or not of the artifice, admired and applauded the precocious wisdom with which heaven had gifted their sovereign.

Edward's religious belief could not have been the result of his own judgment. He was compelled to take it on trust from those about him, who moulded his infant mind to their own pleasure, and infused into it their own opinions or prejudices. From them he derived a strong sense of piety, and a habit of daily devotion, a warm attachment to the new, and a violent antipathy to the ancient doctrines. He believed it to be the first of his duties to extirpate what he had been taught to deem the idolatrous worship of his fathers; and with his last breath he wafted a prayer to heaven for the preservation of his subjects from the infection of 'papistry.' Yet it may be a question whether his early death has not proved a benefit to the Church of England, as it is at present established. His sentiments, like those of his instructors, were tinged with Calvinism: attempts were made to persuade him that episcopacy was an expensive and unnecessary institution; and the courtiers, whose appetite for church property had been whetted rather than satisfied by former spoliations, looked impatiently towards the entire suppression of the bishoprics and chapters. Of the possessions belonging to these establishments, one half had already been seized by the royal favourites: in the course of a few years their rapacity would have devoured the remainder.

MARY.

The foulest blot on the character of this queen is the long and cruel persecution of the reformers. The sufferings of the victims naturally begot an antipathy to the woman, by whose authority they were inflicted. It is, however, but fair to recollect what I have already noticed, that the extirpation of erroneous doctrines was inculcated as a duty by the leaders of every religious party. Mary only practised what *they* taught. It was her misfortune, rather than her fault, that she was not more enlightened than the wisest of her contemporaries.

With this exception, she has been ranked by the more moderate of the reformed writers, among the best, though not the greatest of our princes. They have borne honourable testimony to her virtues; have allotted to her the praise of piety and clemency, of compassion to the poor, and liberality to the distressed; and have recorded her solicitude to restore to opulence the families that had been unjustly deprived of their possessions by her father and brother, and to provide for the wants of the parochial clergy, who had been reduced to penury by the spoliations of the last government. It is acknowledged that her moral character was beyond reproof. It extorted

respect from all, even from the most virulent of her enemies. The ladies of her household copied the conduct of their mistress: and the decency of Mary's court was often mentioned with applause by those who lamented the dissoluteness which prevailed in that of her successor.

The queen was thought by some to have inherited the obstinacy of her father: but there was this difference, that before she formed her decisions, she sought for advice and information, and made it an invariable rule to prefer right to expediency. One of the outlaws, who had obtained his pardon, hoped to ingratiate himself with Mary by devising a plan to render her independent of parliament. He submitted it to the inspection of the Spanish ambassador, by whom it was recommended to her consideration. Sending for Gardiner, she bade him peruse it, and then adjured him, as he should answer at the judgment seat of God, to speak his real sentiments. 'Madam,' replied the prelate, 'it is a pity so virtuous a lady should be surrounded by such sycophants. The book is naught; it is filled with things too horrible to be thought of.' She thanked him, and threw the paper into the fire.

Her natural abilities had been improved by education. She understood the Italian, she spoke the French and Spanish languages; and the ease and correctness with which she replied to the foreigners, who addressed her in Latin, excited their admiration. Her speeches in public, and from the throne, were delivered with grace and fluency; and her conferences with Noailles, as related in his dispatches, show her to have possessed an acute and vigorous mind, and to have been on most subjects a match for that subtle and intriguing negotiator.

HENRY HALLAM.

Henry Hallam is the author of several highly finished works of which a 'View of the State of Europe during the Middle ages' was the first published and appeared in 1818. The book contains a history of those kingdoms and states which flourished after Rome was reduced to ashes, and is written with much care and in a very elegant style. In 1827 he issued 'The Constitutional History of England from the Accession of Henry VII. to the death of George II.'; and in 1837 an 'Introduction to the Literature of Europe in the Fifteenth, Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries', both of which are standard and solid historical works.

FINAL REDUCTION OF IRELAND AFTER THE WAR OF 1689.

The revolution in England was followed by a war in Ireland of three years' duration, and a war on both sides, like that of 1641, for self-preservation. In the parliament held by James at Dublin in 1690, the act of settlement was repealed, and above 2000 persons attainted by name; both, it has been said, perhaps with little truth, against the king's will, who dreaded the impetuous nationality that was tearing away the bulwarks of his throne. But the magnanimous defence of Derry, and the splendid victory of the Boyne, restored the protestant cause; though the Irish, with the succour of French troops, maintained for two years a gallant resistance, they could not ultimately withstand the triple superiority of military talents, resources, and discipline. Their bravery, however, served to obtain the articles of Limerick on the surrender of that city; conceded by their noble-minded conqueror, against the disposition of those who longed to plunder and persecute their fallen enemy. By the first of these articles, 'the Roman catholics of this kingdom shall enjoy such privileges in the exercise of their religion as are consistent with the laws of Ireland, or as they did enjoy in the reign of king Charles II; and their majesties, as soon as their affairs will permit them to summon a parliament in this kingdom, will endeavour to procure the said Roman catholics such further security in that particular as may preserve them from any disturbance upon the account of their said religion.' The second secures to the inhabitants of Limerick and other places then in possession of the Irish, and to all officers and soldiers then in arms, who should return to their majesties' obedience, and to all such as should be under their protection in the counties of Limerick, Kerry, Clare, Galway, and Mayo, all their estates, and all their rights, privileges, and immunities, which they held in the reign of Charles II., free from all forfeitures or outlawries incurred by them.

This second article, but only as to the garrison of Limerick or other persons in arms, is confirmed by statute some years afterwards. The first article seems, however, to be passed over. The forfeitures on account of the rebellion, estimated at 1,060,792 acres, were somewhat diminished by restitutions to the ancient possessors

under the capitulation; the greater part were lavishly distribnted to English grandees. It appears from hence, that at the end of the seventeenth century, the Irish or Anglo-Irish catholics, could hardly possess above one-sixth or one-seventh of the kingdom. They were still formidable from their numbers and their sufferings; and the victorious party saw no security but in a system of oppression, contained in a series of laws during the reigns of William and Anne, which have scarce a parallel in European history, unless it be that of the protestants in France, after the revocation of the edict of Nantes, who yet were hut a feeble minority of the whole people. No papist was allowed to keep a school, or to teach any in private houses, except the children of the family. Severe penalties were denounced against such as shonld go themselves or send others for edncation heyond seas in the Romish religion; and, on probable information given to a magistrate, the burthen of proving the contrary was thrown on the accused; the offence not to be tried hy a jury, hut hy justices at quarter sessions. Intermarriages between persons of different religion, and possessing any estate in Ireland, were forbidden; the children, in case of either parent heing protestant, might be taken from the other, to be educated in that faith. No papist could he guardian to any child; hut the court of chaucery might appoint some relation or other person to hring up the ward in the protestant religion. The eldest son, being a protestant, might turn his father's estate in fee simple into a tenancy for life, and thus secnre his own inheritance. Bnt, if the children were all papists, the father's lands were to be of the nature of gavelkind, and descend equally among them. Papists were disahled from purchasing lands, except for terms of not more than thirty-one years, at a rent not less than two-thirds of the full value. They were even to conform within six months after any title shonld accrue hy descent, devise, or settlement, on pain of forfeitnre to the next protestant heir; a provision which seems intended to exclude them from real property altogether, and to render the others almost supererogatory. Arms, says the poet, remain to the plundered; bnt the Irish legislature knew that the plunder would be imperfect and insecnre while arms remained; no papist was permitted to retain them, and search might be made at any time by two justices. The bare celebration of catholic rites was not subjected to any fresh penalties; hut regular priests, hishops, and others claiming jurisdiction, and all who should come into the kingdom from foreign parts, were banished on pain of transportation, in case of neglecting to comply, and of high treason in case of returning from banishment. Lest these provisions should be evaded, priests were required to be registered; they were forhidden to leave their own parishes; and rewards were held out to informers who should detect the violations of these statutes, to be levied on the popish inhabitants of the country. To have exterminated the catholics by the sword, or expelled them, like the Moriscoes of Spain, would have been little more repugnant to justice and humanity, but incomparahly more politic.

It may easily be supposed, that no political privileges would he left to those who were thus debarred of the common rights of civil society. The Irish parliament had never adopted the act passed in the 5th of Elizaheth, imposing the oath of supremacy on the memhers of the commons. It had been full of catholics under the qneen and her two next successors. In the second session of 1641, after the flames of rebellion had enveloped almost all the island, the house of commons were induced to exclude, hy a resolution of their own, those who would not take that oath; a step which can only be judged in connexion with the general circumstances of Ireland at that awful crisis. In the parliament of 1661, no catholic, or only one, was returned; but the house addressed the lords justices to issue a commission for administering the oath of supremacy to all its members. A hill passed the commons in 1663, for imposing that oath in future, which was stopped by a prorogation; and the duke of Ormond seems to have heen adverse to it. An act of the English parliament after the revolution, reciting that 'great disquiet and many dangerous attempts have been made to deprive their majesties and their royal predecessors of the said realm of Ireland hy the liberty which the popish recusants there have had and taken to sit and vote in parliament,' requires every member of hoth honses of parliament to take the new oaths of allegiance and supremacy, and to snhscribe the declaration against transsubstantiation before taking his seat. This statute was adopted and enacted hy the Irish parliament in 1782, after they had renounced the legislative supremacy of England under which it had been enforced. The elective franchise, which had been rather singularly spared in an act of Anne, was taken away from the Roman catholics of Ireland in 1715; or, as some think, not absolntely till 1727.

These tremendous statntes had in some measure the effect which their framers designed. The wealthier families, against whom they were principally levelled, conformed in many instances to the protestant church. The catholics were extinguished as a political body; and, though any willing allegiance to the house of Hanover would have been monstrous, and it is known that their bishops were constantly nominated to the pope by the Stuart princes, they did not manifest at any period, or even during the rebellions of 1715 and 1745, the least movement towards a disturbance of the government. Yet for thirty years after the accession of George I. they continued to be insulted in public proceedings under the name of the common enemy, sometimes oppressed by the enactment of new statutes, or the stricter execution of the old; till in the latter years of George II. their peaceable deportment, and the rise of a more generous spirit among the Irish protestants, not only sheathed the fangs of the law, but elicited expressions of esteem from the ruling powers, which they might justly consider as the pledge of a more tolerant policy. The mere exercise of their religion in an obscure manner had long been permitted without molestation.

Thus in Ireland there were three nations, the original natives, the Anglo-Irish, and the new English; the two former catholic, except some chiefly of the upper classes, who had conformed to the church; the last wholly protestant. There were three religions, the Roman catholic, the established or Anglican, and the presbyterian; more than one half of the protestants, according to the computation of those times, belonging to the latter denomination. These however, in a less degree were under the ban of the law as truly as the catholics themselves; they were excluded from all civil and military offices by a test act, and even their religious meetings were denounced by penal statutes. Yet the house of commons after the revolution always contained a strong presbyterian body, and unable, as it seems, to obtain an act of indemnity for those who had taken commissions in the militia, while the rebellion of 1715 was raging in Great Britain, had recourse to a resolution, that whoever should prosecute any dissenter for accepting such a commission is an enemy to the king and the protestant interest. They did not even obtain a legal toleration till 1720. It seems as if the connexion of the two islands, and the whole system of constitutional laws in the lesser, subsisted only for the sake of securing the privileges and emoluments of a small number of ecclesiastics, frequently strangers, who performed no duties, and rendered no sort of return for their enormous monopoly. A great share, in fact, of the temporal government under George II. was thrown successively into the hands of two primates, Boulter and Stone; the one a worthy but narrow-minded man, who showed his egregious ignorance of policy in endeavouring to promote the wealth and happiness of the people, whom he at the same time studied to depress and discourage in respect of political freedom; the other an able, but profligate and ambitious statesman, whose name is mingled, as an object of odium and enmity, with the first great struggles of Irish patriotism.

The new Irish nation, or rather the protestant nation, since all distinctions of origin have, from the time of the great rebellion, been merged in those of religion, partook in large measure of the spirit that was poured out on the advocates of liberty and the revolution in the sister kingdom. Their parliament was always strongly whig, and scarcely manageable during the later years of the queen. They began to assimilate themselves more and more to the English model, and to cast off by degrees the fetters that galled and degraded them. By Poyning's celebrated law, the initiative power was reserved to the English council. This act, at one time popular in Ireland, was afterwards justly regarded as destructive of the rights of their parliament, and a badge of the nation's dependence. It was attempted by the commons in 1641, and by the catholic confederates in the rebellion, to procure its repeal; which Charles I. steadily refused, till he was driven to refuse nothing. In his son's reign, it is said that 'the council framed bills altogether; a negative alone on them and their several provisoes was left to parliament; only a general proposition for a bill by way of address to the lord lieutenant and council came from parliament; nor was it till after the revolution that heads of bills were presented; these last in fact resembled acts of parliament or bills, with only the small difference of 'We pray that it may be enacted,' instead of 'Be it enacted.' They assumed about the same time the examination of accounts, and of the expenditure of public money.

Meanwhile, as they gradually emancipated themselves from the ascendancy of the crown, they found a more formidable power to contend with in the English parliament. It was acknowledged, by all at least of the

protestant name, that the crown of Ireland was essentially dependent on that of England, and subject to any changes that might affect the succession of the latter. But the question as to the subordination of her legislature was of different kind. The precedents and authorities of early ages seem not decisive; so far as they extend, they rather countenance the opinion that English statutes were of themselves valid in Ireland. But from the time of Henry VI. or Edward IV. it was certainly established that they had no operation, unless enacted by the Irish parliament. This however would not legally prove that they might not be binding, if express words to that effect were employed; and such was the doctrine of lord Coke and of other English lawyers. This came into discussion about the eventful period of 1641. The Irish in general protested against the legislative authority of England, as a novel theory which could not be maintained; and two treatises on the subject, one ascribed to lord chancellor Bolton, or more probably to an eminent lawyer, Patrick Darcy, for the independence of Ireland, another, in answer to it, by serjeant Mayart, may be read in the Hibernica of Harris. Very few instances occurred before the revolution, wherein the English parliament thought fit to include Ireland in its enactments, and none perhaps wherein they were carried into effect. But after the revolution several laws of great importance were passed in England to bind the other kingdom, and acquiesced in without express opposition by its parliament. Molyneux, however, in his celebrated 'Case of Ireland's being bound by Acts of Parliament in England stated,' published 1697, set up the claim of his country for absolute legislative independency. The house of commons at Westminster came to resolutions against this book; and, with their high notions of parliamentary sovereignty, were not likely to desist from a pretension which, like the very similar claim to impose taxes in America, sprung in fact from the semi-republican scheme of constitutional law established by means of the revolution. It is evident that while the sovereignty and enacting power was supposed to reside wholly in the king, and only the power of consent in the two houses of parliament, it was much less natural to suppose a control of the English legislature over other dominions of the crown having their own representation for similar purposes, than after they had become, in effect and in general sentiment, though not quite in the statute-book, co-ordinate partakers of the supreme authority. The Irish parliament, however, advancing as it were in a parallel line, had naturally imbibed the same sense of its own supremacy, and made at length an effort to assert it. A judgment from the court of exchequer in 1719 having been reversed by the house of lords, an appeal was brought before the Lords in England, who affirmed the judgment of the exchequer. The Irish lords resolved that no appeal lay from the court of exchequer in Ireland to the king in parliament in Great Britain; and the barons of that court having acted in obedience to the order of the English lords, were taken into the custody of the black rod. That house next addressed the king, setting forth their reasons against admitting the appellant jurisdiction. But the lords in England, after requesting the king to confer some favour on the barons of the exchequer who had been censured and illegally imprisoned for doing their duty, ordered a bill to be brought in for better securing the dependency of Ireland upon the crown of Great Britain, which declares 'that the king's majesty, by and with the advice and consent of the lords spiritual and temporal and commons of Great Britain in parliament assembled, had, hath, and of right ought to have, full power and authority to make laws and statutes of sufficient force and validity to bind the people and the kingdom of Ireland; and that the house of lords of Ireland have not, nor of right ought to have, any jurisdiction, to judge of, reverse, or affirm any judgment, sentence or decree, given or made in any court within the said kingdom; and that all proceedings before the said house of lords upon any such judgment, sentence or decree, are, and are hereby declared to be, utterly null and void, to all intents and purposes whatsoever.'

The English government found no better method of counteracting this rising spirit of independence than by bestowing the chief posts in the state and church on strangers, in order to keep up what was called the English interest. This wretched policy united the natives of Ireland in jealousy and discontent, which the later years of Swift were devoted to inflame. It was impossible that the kingdom should become, as it did under Georg II., more flourishing through its great natural fertility, its extensive manufacture of linen, and its facilities for commerce, though much restricted, (the domestic alarm from the papists also being allayed by their utter prostration,) without writhing under the indignity of its subordination; or that a house of

commons, constructed so much on the model of the English, could hear patiently of liberties and privileges it did not enjoy. These aspirations for equality first, perhaps, broke out into audible complaints in the year 1753. The country was in so thriving a state that there was a surplus revenue after payment of all charges. The house of commons determined to apply this to the liquidation of a debt. The government, though not unwilling to admit of such an application, maintained that the whole revenue belonged to the king, and could not be disposed of without his previous consent. In England, where the grants of parliament are appropriated according to estimates, such a question could hardly arise; nor would there, I presume, be the slightest doubt as to the control of the house of commons over a surplus income. But in Ireland, the practice of appropriation seems never to have prevailed, at least so strictly; and the constitutional right might perhaps not unreasonably be disputed. After long and violent discussions, wherein the speaker of the commons and other eminent men bore a leading part on the popular side, the crown was so far victorious as to procure some motions to be carried, which seemed to imply its authority; but the house took care, by more special applications of the revenue, to prevent the recurrence of an undisposed surplus. From this era the great parliamentary history of Ireland begins, and is terminated after half a century by the union: a period fruitful of splendid eloquence, and of ardent, though not always uncomprising, patriotism.

ISAAC D'ISRAELI.

Isaac D'Israeli was one of England's most eminent literary men; his writings are chiefly historical; he published 1791 his 'Curiosities of Literature', a very interesting work, and since its appearance he has occupied himself in compositions upon different authors and their works. In 1841 D'Israeli although partly blind studied diligently, and brought forward a large work in three volumes entitled 'The Amenities of Literature', in which he exhibited all the careful research peculiar to his earlier writings. His other works are 'Literary Miscellanies', 'Quarrels of Authors', 'Calamities of Authors', 'Character of James I.' and 'The Literary Character'

CHARLES THE FIRST.

There was an interval, a short interval, between the dissolution of the third Parliament in 1628, and the rising troubles in Scotland in 1638, when we may describe the King as at peace with himself, as no longer daily harassed by a discontented Parliament, and as yet a stranger to adversities unparalleled in the history of princes. During these ten years, Charles indulged more uninterruptedly a passion for the arts of imagination. Picture, sculpture, architecture, and music, and not less literature, charmed these few happier years. Nor were these tastes a late acquirement with Charles the First: they were no feeble pursuit, taken up as the resource of the idler; — no cold reflected taste, caught up from others. They were the virgin fancies of his studious days; and when banished from them, in his wanderings, and in the camp or in the prison, they still occupied his musings.

Many evidences of such recollections still exist. I have seen a written order by Charles the First, when in confinement in the Isle of Wight, addressed to the learned Patrick Young, his librarian, about the books at St. James's, and to the great antiquary, Sir Symonds D'Ewes, the keeper of his medals, concerning their respective objects; so intent was his elegant mind on those treasures of literature and art, of which being deprived, he accounted these deprivations not among the least of the many he now endured. Mr. Upcott has also a note of Charles to Secretary Nicholas, at the time the King was with the Scots, in which he orders certain volumes to be sent to him, and points out their particular situation in one of his apartments at Whitehall.

The domestic habits of this Sovereign seem ennobled by their intellectual refinement. Ingenious himself in all the arts of ingenuity, his sensibility to art was that of an artist, his critical discernment that of the connoisseur. With some Monarchs, pride or pomp have shed a golden patronage over Art, as over one of their lesser glories: with Charles the First, the passion was the devotion of a votary, loving Art only for itself. Though avowedly neither a painter nor a poet, he could handle the pencil and compose a verse. He suggested subjects to the two great painters of his age, to his great architect, and to dramatic poets. Secret history only reveals this softening feature in the grave and king-like character of Charles the First. A prince without art

and literature is only one of the people on the throne.

Charles the First unquestionably was the first English monarch who opened galleries of paintings and statues; domiciliated the genius of Italian architecture; and in the ardour of his capacious designs, meditated at no distant day, to call around his throne, what lay scattered in Europe, a world of glory as yet unconquered by his people. To have overcome the difficulties which the efforts of this Prince had to contend with, is not less admirable than the grand object which he did realise, and the still grander ones which he has left to our imagination. Had Whitehall Palace been completed as it was contemplated by Charles the First, and conceived by Inigo Jones, the Louvre and the Escurial would have found in our calumniated island, among 'the clouds of the North,' a more magnificent rival. The ceiling of the Banqueting-room, at Whitehall, was painted by Rubens; and it was the intention of Charles that Vandyke should have covered the walls with the history of the order of the Garter, in a friendly emulation with his master. This hall of audience for ambassadors, is stated to be only the fifty-fifth part of this gorgeous palace. But the paintings of Vandyke for the edifice of Inigo Jones exist only in a sketch in chiaro-scuro; by the civil wars the nation lost the glory of the paintings and the palace.

The first collector of the productions of the fine arts in our country, was that Earl of Arundel, whose memorable marbles perpetuate his name. Before his day we cannot discover in England any single gallery of pictures and statues, nor cabinets of medals and engraved gems. A collection of Queen Elizabeth's rarities, exhibited the lowest tastes of elaborate toys and frivolous curiosities. This travelled Earl, who had repeatedly visited the Continent, and more particularly the land of his admiration and his love, Italy, exhausted his wealth and his magnificence in the prodigality of his fine tastes. Of this father of our arts, Walpole tells, that 'He was the first who discovered the genius of Inigo Jones; and in his embassy to Vienna, he found Hollar at Prague' — and did not leave him there! To this Earl, as Peacham has felicitously expressed it, 'This angle of the world oweth the first sight of Grecian and Roman statues;' and Lily notices, that 'this Earl brought the new way of building with brick in the city.' The tastes of the noble collector were caught by the aspiring genius of Prince Henry, who left a considerable collection of medals. Thus the germs of a cultivated taste for the arts were first scattered in the gardens and the galleries of Arundel-house. Charles succeeded to his brother with a more decided propensity, and with a royal decision, that all the arts of invention, or of imagination, should no longer be foreign to England.

We discover Charles when Prince of Wales deeply busied with the arts; and at that early period, he designed inviting great artists to England. Offers of this nature he never ceased to make to those great foreigners whose immortal names still attest that there was no mediocrity in the Royal taste. The history of a manufacture of fine gold and silver tapestry shows this early ardour. This manufacture introduced into this country by Sir Francis Crane, and established at Mortlake, in Surrey, the young Prince not only patronised, but conceived the idea of improving the splendid material by finer designs. Sir Henry Wotton, our ambassador at Venice, by order of the Prince, procured Cleyne, the painter, to reside in England, for the purpose of inventing the designs. Charles built a residence for the artist, whose subjects, both in history and grotesque, were a great improvement on the rude gothic figures which they had hitherto worked on. Fine and rich tapestries were the most valued of domestic ornaments, and to raise to the utmost perfection the Mortlake tapestry, was so favourite an object with the young Prince, that when at Madrid, amidst love and revels, the Mortlake tapestry was still in his thoughts, for he wrote to his council to pay 700 *l.* for some Italian drawings for tapestry. The taste of the youthful patron was rising faster than the genius of Cleyne could advance; for Charles now sought for subjects which were of a higher character of art than the grotesque fancy of Cleyne invented. Rubens was afterwards employed, when Charles was King, in painting sketches of the history of Achilles, to be copied in tapestry at Mortlake, and Charles purchased the seven Cartoons of Raphael for the purpose of supplying more elevated subjects for this tapestry. It was no fault of Charles the First that we did not anticipate the gobelins of Louis XIV.

It was on the accession to his throne that Charles made the greatest effort for the acquisition of pictures and statues. The sum may seem to us trivial for a royal purchase, yet it was an effort which the King could never repeat. Charles purchased the entire cabinet of the Duke of Mantua for a sum supposed to be under twenty thousand pounds: which, Mr. Dallaway ob-

serves, the King found no very easy business to pay. It should, however, be observed, that such noble productions of art had not then reached the large prices which afterwards the possessors, never the artists, could obtain. It was the taste of Charles the First, and the splendour of Philip the Fourth of Spain, which first raised their value in the estimation of Europe. At the dispersion of the collection of paintings of Charles the First, their number amounted to about five hundred pictures, besides many which had been embezzled. When we consider the straitened means of the King, and the short space of fifteen years in which that collection had been formed, we have evidence how earnestly it occupied the Royal attention, and the whole may be considered as his own creation. The foundation of this royal collection of pictures was a few Italian and Flemish paintings, which, in the days of Henry the Eighth, had been scattered among our palaces, lying unregarded as old furniture, and which, we are told, had received scarcely a single accession in the succeeding reigns. At all times Charles had in his mind his collection, and called the attention of his friends, or his agents to his aid. When the Marquis of Hamilton was acting under the King of Sweden, in a campaign in Germany, the King adds this postscript to one of his letters, 'I hope shortly you will be in a possibility to perform your promise concerning pictures and statues of Muncken; therefore now in earnest do not forget it.' Nor was the Monarch less careful in their preservation; for when the Queen's great masque was to be performed at Whitehall, Charles ordered a temporary building to be erected for this spectacle at a considerable charge, lest his pictures in the Banqueting-house should be damaged by the lights.

Charles the First acknowledged that he had learned much by conversation. It is certain that he encouraged a familiar intercourse with travellers, artists, mechanics, and men of science. With such persons he threw off the habitual reserve of his character. The good sense of his inquiries inspired the confidence of communication, and this Monarch rarely left ingenious men, without himself contributing some information on the objects of their own pursuits. Charles could suggest a touch, even a hint, to the unfinished canvass of Rubens and Vandyke. The King himself pursued with delight the arts of design, and it has been recorded that Rubens corrected some of his drawings, and that the King handled, not without skill, the pencil of that great master. The libellous author of the 'None-such Charles,' notices his general inclination to all arts and sciences; 'his excelling so far in them as that he might have got a livelihood by them.' Lily contents himself with telling us 'that Charles was not unskilful in music — the truth is, that his ear and his hand were musical. The King had been taught the Viol di Gamba, and was a pupil of Coperario, or John Cooper, a celebrated English musician, who, on his return from Italy, assumed this fantastic appellative. Playford, who had frequent opportunities to observe the delight of Charles the First in music, tells us, that the King would often appoint the service and anthems himself, and accompany them, 'especially those incomparable fancies of Mr. Coperario to the organ.'

Charles could plan a palace with Inigo Jones, and decide on the age of a medal with Selden. Such, indeed, had been his early studies, that a learned man has described him as 'that great antiquary Charles the First.' The illustrious Harvey in one of his writings, recounts with singular gratification the delight Charles received from observations made by that great anatomist, while dissecting before the King the deer in Hampton-court. The numerous works which this King suggested to authors, and the critical judgment with which he decided on works of literature, place Charles the First among the most literary monarchs. His critical conceptions were quick; for when Sir Edward Walker was reading his manuscript Memoirs to the King, in recording an incident of the soldiers stripping some of the Parliamentary troopers of their clothes, he had expressed himself with levity 'Our soldiers freed them of the burthen of their clothes,' the King instantly interrupted the reader, observing, 'Fie! that is ill said, and it was worse done!' We know that the King read the manuscript plays, and once corrected a rant which Massinger had put in the mouth of a tyrant against the freedom of his subjects. The folio Shakespeare of Charles, with the motto he frequently wrote in his books, has at length become the possession of his present Majesty; the King altered some of the titles of the plays, and the motto, *Dum Spiro Spero*, was prompted at moments, perhaps, when the Monarch, in trouble, or in prison, indulged some bright vision. He was fond of leaving these testimonies of his elevated feelings among his books, for another has been noticed —

Rebus in adversis facile est contemnere vitam
Fortiter ille facit, qui miser esse potest.

Charles suggested to the poet Shirley the plot of 'The Gamesters.' May's version of Lucan was received with all the favour of Royalty, a circumstance alluded to by Ben Jonson by comparing the fate of the English bard with Lucan's —

'Thy fame is equal, happier is thy fate,
Thou hast got Charles's love, he, Nero's hate.'

There are some delightful literary anecdotes of Charles. The King had been harassed by the zealot Obadiah Sedgwick repeatedly pressing the King for his opinion on his fanatical 'Leaves of the Tree of Life;' a mystical explanation of the second verse of the twenty-second chapter of the Revelations. The King, having read part of the manuscript, returned it, with his opinion, that, 'After such a work, he believed the composer stood in some need of sleep.' The happy ambiguity of this playful criticism, accepted in the better sense, gratified this Parliamentary preacher. There was some Cervantic humour in Charles's gravity. When pressed by a Parliamentary Commissioner to conclude the treaty, the King ingeniously replied, 'Mr. Buckley, if you call this a treaty, consider if it be not like the fray in the comedy, where the man comes out, and says, There has been a fray, and no fray; and being asked how that could be, Why, says he, there hath been three blows given, and I had them all! Look, therefore, if this be not a parallel case.' The conversation of Charles, on many occasions, shows that he was a far superior man than his enemies have chosen to acknowledge. The famous Oceana Harrington, when commissioned by Parliament, attending on the King, his ingenuousness and his literature attracted the King's notice. Harrington was a Republican in principle, and the King and he often warmly disputed on the principles of a good Government. One day Charles recited to him some well-known lines of Claudian, descriptive of the happiness of the Government under a just King. Harrington was struck by the King's abilities, and from that moment never ceased admiring the man whom he had so well known. Charles displayed the same ability at the Treaty of the Isle of Wight, where he conducted the negotiation alone, his lords and gentlemen standing behind his chair in silence. That occasion called forth all his capacity; and it was said, that the Earl of Salisbury, on the Parliament's side observed, that 'the King was wonderfully improved:' to which Sir Philip Warwick replied, 'No, my Lord! the King was always the same, but your Lordship has too late discovered it.' We cannot doubt that Charles the First possessed a rate of talent and intellectual powers, to which his historians have rarely alluded.

In a conversation on writing plays in rhyme, one party affirming that the bondage of rhyme would confine the fancy, and Lord Orrery being of a contrary opinion, as arbiter, Charles commanded his Lordship to employ some of his leisure in a dramatic composition, in rhyme, which produced 'The Black Prince.' But it was not only in the lighter graces of poesy that the fine taste of Charles delighted: more serious and elevated objects equally engaged his attention. Charles was desirous that the national history should be composed by a man of genius. He had been pleased with the historical Essay of Lord Bacon's Henry VII. With great judgment he fixed on Sir Henry Wotton for a complete history: and to stimulate that very elegant writer, granted him a munificent pension of five hundred pounds. Charles unquestionably was himself a writer of the history of his own times; and however we may determine on the authenticity of the much disputed Icon Basilike, there will be found some portions, and some peculiar expressions, which, it is not probable, perhaps possible, that any one could have written but himself. Certain it is, that the manuscripts of the King were numerous. No Monarch has had his pen so constantly in his hand. During his long confinement at Carisbrooke Castle, his life offers a beautiful picture of the imprisonment of a literary character. The King had his constant hours for writing, and he read much. We have an interesting catalogue of the books he called for during this period. Yet there exist no autographs of Charles, except some letters. This seems to indicate some purposed destruction. We know that the King revised the folio Memoirs of Sir Edward Walker, and that he supplied Clarendon, from his own memorials and journals, with two manuscripts, fairly written, on the transactions of the years 1645 and 1646. What became of these originals, with others, which were seized in the royal cabinet taken at Naseby? If it be true, as it appears, that Charles instigated Clarendon to compose his history, posterity may admire the King's exquisite discernment. There was not another man of genius in the Royal circle, who could have been more happily selected.

Charles appears to have designed that his Court should resemble the literary Court of the Medici. He assembled about him

the great masters of their various arts; and while they acquired the good fortune of the royal patronage, and were dignified by his honours, they more largely participated in this sort of affection which the real lovers of art experience for the persons of great artists. We may rate Charles's taste at the supreme degree, by observing, that this Monarch never patronized mediocrity: the artist who was honoured by his regard was ever a master-spirit. Father of art in our country, Charles seemed ambitious of making English denizens of every man of genius in Europe; and of no monarch have been recorded such frequent instances of the deep personal interest entertained for individuals. Charles, with his own hand, wrote to Albano, to invite that joyous painter of childhood to reside at the Court of England. When an other artist, Terrentius, was condemned to perpetual imprisonment, Charles, in the excess of his admiration for his works, interceded for the wretched man; pleading only for the artist, the rarity and excellence of his works were alone dwelt on by the King. Rubens and Vandyke, with other illustrious names, Charles had made his own; and we cannot read a history of foreign art without meeting with the name of Charles the First, — so closely had his patronage or his kindness connected this Monarch with his contemporary artists in every country.

No royal history opens domestic scenes of equal fascination with those which occurred in the constant intercourse of the grave and stately Charles with his favourite companions, the artists themselves. His conversations with them were familiar and unreserved. In the breakfast-room of Charles the First were hung, by his special order, the portraits of his three favourites, Rubens, Mytens and Vandyke. Vandyke, by the desire of Charles, married an English lady, and resided in England. The King would frequently go by water to the painter's house in Blackfriars to his studio, and often sitting to Vandyke himself, would commission the Queen, his family, and his courtiers, to allow no rest to his facile and unwearied pencil; they delighted to view themselves in the unshadowy splendour of his portraits. A traditional story was floating in the last century, the probability of which seems to authenticate the fact. Vandyke was painting the portrait of Charles the First, while the Monarch was complaining in a low voice to the Duke of Norfolk of the state of his finances. The King perceiving that Vandyke was listening, said to him laughingly, 'And you, Sir! do you know what it is to want five or six thousand pounds?' 'Yes, Sir', Vandyke replied; 'an artist who keeps open house for his friends, and whose purse is always at the command of mistresses, feels too often the emptiness of his strong-box.' In this unreserved manner Charles indulged himself with the artists. Beck, whose facility in composition was extraordinary, was aptly complimented, by Charles familiarly observing to him, 'Faith, Beck! I believe that you could paint riding!' It is not wonderful that a Monarch, who so well knew how to maintain his personal dignity, and was even coldly formal in the court circle, should have been tenderly remembered by every man of genius, who had enjoyed the flattering equality of this language of the heart, and this sympathy of companionship. A celebrated performer on the flute, who afterwards became so eminent during the Protectorate, as to be appointed music professor at the University of Oxford, Dr. Thomas Wilson, with equal pride and affection, remembered, that he was often in attendance on Charles, who, in the intensity of his delight, used to lean over his shoulder while he played. Old Nicholas Laniere, who subscribed one of his plates as being 'done in my youthful age of 74,' was one of those artists, as Lord Oxford designates them, 'whose various talents were so happy as to suit the taste of Charles the First, musician, painter, and engraver.' Laniere was one of the King's active agents for the selection of works of art, while he himself could add to them. He outlived the persecution of that political period, and shed tears many years after in the funereal hymn on his royal master, set by himself.

But if it be delightful to view Charles the First indulging the most kindly feelings to artists, it is more so to find that he knew and entered into their wounded feelings, and could even forgive their caprices. The King's earliest 'Picturer,' as he is styled in the royal warrant, was Daniel Mytens, a Flemish artist, who has left us one of the finest heads of Charles the First in his happier days, ere care and thought had stamped their traces on his majestic countenance. On the arrival of Vandyke, great as was Mytens' reputation and the favour he enjoyed, the artist fancied that his sun had set, his 'Occupation had gone!' In a sullen humour, Mytens requested his Majesty's permission to retire to his native home. Charles having learned the cause of this sudden attack of spleen, used the wayward genius with all a brother's tenderness. The King healed the infirmity of

genius, assuring the jealous artist, that 'He could find sufficient employment both for him and Vandyke.' It was no doubt after this, that Charles hung the portrait of his old artist between the two greatest masters of art; and it is pleasing to record, that the brothers in art, with the Monarch as their common friend, became brothers in their affections; for Vandyke painted the portrait of Mytens. The King's constant attendance on Rubens, the honours he bestowed on him, and the noble offers he made him, are not sufficiently known. This great painter found, and felt in Charles the First, a congenial spirit. Having painted the history of St. George, representing Charles, 'wherein, if it be possible, he had exceeded himself,' says a contemporary writer; Rubens would not part with the original, till he had finished a copy for himself, that, as he said, the picture might remain in his house of Antwerp, 'as a perpetual monument of his affection for the English King.' This interesting anecdote seems authenticated by the circumstance that such a picture appears in the mortuary catalogue of the collection of Rubens.

This deep sympathy for arts and artists, flowed from the truest source, that of consummate knowledge. Charles the First possessed that refined discernment which is the faculty of 'the Few,' in detecting the manner, and the habitual work of any individual master. Painters call this 'a knowledge of hands.' Lord Oxford gives a remarkable story of Charles the First inspecting a collection of portraits at which were present several 'picture drawers.' The King enquired by whose hand was a particular picture? Some attempted to guess, none were positive. The King declared it to be the work of such a man's hand. 'I know it,' said Charles, 'as well as if I had seen him draw it; but is there but one man's hand in this picture?' They did not discover this, while the King persisted in asserting that 'there were two hands in it; for I know the hand which drew the heads, but the hand which drew the rest I never saw before.' It appears afterwards that a gentleman, who had been at Rome, mentioned that he had seen this very picture with the heads, but the rest unfinished, for the painter dying, the widow procured another to complete the work for sale, the best way he could. This is but a blind story, and the gentleman was, no doubt, a good courtier, observes our polished cynic, though not unwilling to allow that Charles, at least, was an excellent judge of the style of the great masters. The story is probably true; for Charles was an admirable connoisseur, as well as an antiquary. Another incident will confirm the probability of this story. In one of his unhappy flights, when passing a night at the singular monastic institution of the family of the Ferrars at Gidding, an illustrated Bible containing a vast collection of prints, was placed before the King and the Palsgrave. The latter had more curiosity than knowledge. Even at a moment when the mind of Charles could have little ease, and when the business of the early morning was an early flight, Charles largely descanted on the invention of the masters, and the characters of the engravers. Their works had long been lost to him; but these departed enjoyments of his cultivated tastes lingered in his fond recollections, and could steal an hour from five years of his sorrows.

This fervid devotion to art in Charles the First was acknowledged abroad, as well as at home. Cardinal Barberini, in his character of the protector of the English at Rome, conceived a project of obtaining, by the novel and silent bribery of works of art, those concessions in favour of the English Catholics from Charles the First, which the King in his political capacity had denied. It was on this occasion that Panzani, the secret agent of the Court of Rome, was introduced to the King, as an agent for procuring him pictures, statues, and curiosities; and the earnest enquiries and orders given by Charles the First, evince his perfect knowledge of the most beautiful existing remains of ancient arts. Once Charles expressed a wish to purchase a particular statue of Adonis in the villa Ludovisia. As the statue could not be obtained for money, every exertion was made to procure it for the protestant Monarch. But the possessor, the Duchess of Fiano, was as inexorable as might have been Venus herself to preserve her Adonis, and even the chance conversion of a whole nation of heretics was considered by her as not tantamount to the deprivation of her enamouring statue.

Had the reign of Charles the First proved as peaceful as that of his father, this monarch, in 1640, would have anticipated those tastes, and inspired that enthusiasm for the world of art, which were so long foreign to the nation, and which have not yet reached to those ranks of society, where they ought to be familiar; however Institutions have been nobly opened for the public. The mind of Charles the First was moulded by the graces. His favourite Buckingham was probably a greater favourite from cherishing those con-

genial tastes. He courted his monarch and his friend, by the frequent exhibitions of those splendid masques and entertainments, which delighted by all the rivalries of the most beautiful arts; combining the picture of ballet-dances with the voice of music, the most graceful poetry of Johnson, the scenic machinery of Inigo Jones, or the fanciful devices of Gerbier, the Duke's architect, the pupil and friend of Rubens, and the confidential agent of Charles the First. The costly magnificence of the fêtes at York-house, the Duke's residence, eclipsed the splendour of the French court; for Bassompierre confesses that he had never witnessed a similar magnificence. The King himself delighted in them, but this monarch was too poor to furnish those splendid entertainments. They were not unusual with the great nobility. The literary Duchess of Newcastle mentions one, which the Duke gave to Charles the First, which cost five thousand pounds. The ascetic Puritan in those peevish times, as in our own, would indeed abhor these scenes, but the emulous encouragement they offered to some of the great artists, could not fail to have infused into the national character more cultivated feelings, and more elegant tastes. They charmed even those fiercer Republican spirits themselves in their ingenious youth. Milton owed his Arcades and his Comus to a masque at Ludlow Castle, and Whitelocke, who had been himself an actor and a manager in 'a splendid royal masque of the four Inns of Court joining together' to go to court, at a later day when drawing up his 'Memorials of the English affairs', and occupied by far graver concerns, dwelt with all the fondness of reminiscence on these stately shows and masques; and in a chronicle which contracts many an important event into a single paragraph, has poured forth six folio columns of a minute description of 'these dreams passed, and these vanished pomps.'

After reading these anecdotes of the private life of Charles the First, and recollecting the great national design which he had already commenced, we must recollect the limited means which contracted these noble efforts. The King, from the earliest period of his reign, was denied the personal enjoyments of a nobleman: and the truth is, that it was only by economical contrivances, with the aid of occasional presents, that Charles the First obtained that fine collection, which was so barbarously inventoried at his death, suffered to be pillaged by the meanest hands, and dispersed at most blundering estimates, to furnish the cabinets of France and Spain. Such often was the exhausted state of the exchequer, that it is a curious fact, that when Inigo Jones was appointed Master of the Board of Works, the funds were so low, that the great architect nobly remitted his own pay; nor is it less curious, that Charles, amidst his distress for money, condescended to enter into partnership for the small purchase of some pictures. This singular document is an evidence not only of his prudential expedients, but of his love of the arts. The monarch who entered into this humble contract, and adopted such equality of conditions, must have had some notion of that justice which has been too often denied him. Charles the First was here, at least, a lion who abstained from portioning out a lion's share.

But it was not for this unfortunate Prince, with all these finer tastes, to mitigate the growing barbarism of the times by one short age of taste. We had not yet emerged from our rude and neglected state of the elegant arts. Among the list of the grievances of the Commons in 1625, we find one complaint of 'the building of all houses in London in one uniform way, with a face of brick towards the streets.' To this grievance Charles replied, that a reformation in buildings was a good reformation, and he was resolved to proceed with that work. No doubt the good citizens of London were then destitute of any architectural taste; since even the decent appearance of bricking their fronts, and improving the salubrity of the city, where wooden houses were huddled together in all inconvenient forms, nests for their scourge the plague, which was so often breathing in their faces, was considered as a national grievance. The penurious and grave citizen, the ascetic puritan, felt no ambition to leave their city of brick, which they had found a city of timber. Palladian streets never entered in their imagination

An affection for the fine arts was yet entirely confined to Charles's own court. Scotland, by her vulgar notions of 'superstition' and idolatry, seemed to have exiled the arts from her bleak clime. The elegant poet Drummond, in his history of Scotland, (Bishop Hacket insinuates,) had in view Charles the First, when he drew the character of James the Third. The passage will attest that even the imagination of a Scotch poet, formed too on the most fanciful models of Italian poesy, could not conceive any thing higher of art or its curiosities, than an idling amusement. 'It is allowable in men that have not much to do, to be taken with

admiration of watches, clocks, dials, automates, pictures, statues; hut the art of priuces is to give laws, and govern their people with wisdom in peace, and glory in war; to spare the humhle, and prostrate the proud.' The public mind was vulgar, and even the genius of the poet, which confonnds the knick-knacks of a virtuoso with pictures and statues, had not advanced much beyond it. Drummond might have learnt in hetter times, that the arts would not incapacitate a great military character, or a great legislator from excelling in their talent; since some of the most illustrious have heen among the earliest collectors of the works of art. But it was now still worse at London than at Edinhurgh. Among the harharians, who, like a second irruption of the Goths and Vandals, hecame those of England, the avowed enemies of art and artists; the Puritans on one side, and the Levellers on the other, excite onr indignation as much for their hrutalising ignorance, as their calumnies. In that remarkahle, yet curious libel on Charles the First, entitled 'the None-snch Charles,' the writer accuses his late Sovereign, among other enormities, of 'squandering away millions of pounds on hraveries and vanities, on old rotten pictures and hroken-nosed marhles.' Millions of pounds! Charles was never master of a quarter of one! Such was the style and grossness of the times, and of that people who were now to he the rulers of England! Even in the King's lifetime, a puritan expressed his nneasiness that Con, a Scotchman, called the Pope's Legate, was enticing Charles with many various baits, and whom he sought to delude 'with gifts of pictures, antique idols, and such like trumperies brought from Rome.' Alas! how painful will it ever be in noticing vulgar spirits as these, to add the great name of Milton! In 'evil times' only, indeed, would that illustrious man have seemed to reproach the King of England, for having for his 'closet-companion,' the great Bard of the nation.

Milton, in his *Iconoclastes* insolently wrote: 'I shall not instance an ahstruse anthor, wherein the King might be less conversant, but one whom we well know was the closet companion of these his solitudes, William Shakspeare.' Little did Milton imagine that what at the time seemed to cast contempt on the character of the King, would he cited, at a more enlightened period, as a certain evidence of the elegance of the mind of Charles the First.

It has been said that Charles the First was adapted to he greater as a private gentleman than a Sovereign. There may he some truth in the ohservation; yet it is not so evident that the domestic virtues of the man are insufficient to constitute an excellent Monarch. Unquestionably, had not peculiar difficulties arisen in his reign, Charles the First would have been that monarch. Nor can we justly conclude that he was destitute of kingly qualities, who so long and so ahly contended for what he deemed his kingly rights; and voluntarily perished to vindicate his sovereignty. Charles, indeed, loved the privacy of domestic life, and the quiet occupations of study and art. When his trouhles began, in 1637, Garrard, the correspondent of the Earl of Strafford, kissed hands on his election to the Mastership of the Charter-house. The King hade him be a good Governor, and impressively assured him that he considered him the happiest man in England. Charles appears to have alluded to his own situation, deeming the Government of the Charter-house, in its dominion of ohedient suhjects, and in its husiness of literature, offered a more enviahle life, than the days which were clouding over his throne.

— — the pangs that rend the royal breast,
Those wounds that lurk heneath the tissued vest:

or, as Sir Philip Sidney first expressed it: — 'Tragedy openeth the greatest wounds, and sheweth forth the ulcers that are covered with tissue.'

The ohservation of Addison, that a reader is delighted to learn whether the person whose story is engaging his attention, be either a hrown or a fair man, with other personal peculiarities, was new in its day, and since the philosophy of hiography has been carried to a perfection unknown to that pleasing writer, its truth has often been confirmed. Nothing is trivial in the narrative of history which assists the reality of its scene, and places its personage hy our side. By these natural touches something of the charm of fiction is thrown into the historical composition.

There is a fine and large portrait of Charles the First, by his first favourite Mytens, splendidly engraved hy Delphius, the King's engraver. In that portrait, as well as in a miniatnre which I had copied from a large picture hy Vandyke, now in the Pitti Palace of Florence, the expression is quite of another character from the portraits taken at a later period. No secret sorrows, no deepened melancholy, had yet left the traces of painful thoughts over the countenance whose peculiar expression afterwards was so faithfully, perhaps so religiously, transmit-

ted to us. Contrast this portrait of Mytens on Charles's accession to the throne, with the one so care-worn, so haggard and lean, when the ill-fated Sovereign appeared at his trial, and you touch both the extremities of his life, — the whole history of Charles seems told!

The intermediate period in this Monarch's life is equally remarkable. Vandyke painted in one picture the head of Charles in three positions. This was sent by the Queen to Bernini, in order to model his celebrated bust. The well-known anecdote of the sculptor is authentic. Bernini was a great physiognomist, and after contemplating the portraits, for a while, he exclaimed that he had never seen a portrait, whose countenance showed so much greatness and such marks of sadness: the man who was so strongly charactered, and whose dejection was so visible, was doomed to be unfortunate! Had the physiognomical predicter examined the two portraits of the happier days of Charles, he might have augured a happier fate. It is therefore evident that what was peculiar in the countenance of Charles was not discoverable till after his thirtieth year.

Charles the First was of a middle stature, his complexion brown, 'inclined to a paleness,' his forehead not wide, his brows large, his eyes grey, they were quick and penetrating, and their vivacious glances were remarked on the opening of his trial, for Charles, considering himself to be a skilful physiognomist, was a keen observer of persons: his nose was somewhat large and rather round at the tip. The visage on the whole was long, and the lips seem to have been thick. His stammering was a defect which he could never entirely get rid of, though at his trial, the intensity of his feelings carried on his voice without faltering. His hair was of a chesnut colour, falling on his shoulders in large curls, and when young he nourished one luxuriant lock on his left side which floated there; this natural ornament was a fashion abhorred by the puritanic Roundheads; who, having read in the Testament 'If a man have long hair it is a shame,' cut their hair short. This unlucky tress of royalty, excited Prynne's invective against 'lovelocks.' His beard curtailed of ancient dimensions, he wore peaked, with monstachios, in his happier days, but in his troubles, negligent of exterior ornament, his beard covered much of his face. His pace in walking was quick and hurried, somewhat indicative of the usual condition of his mind. In going from St. James's through the park to the scaffold at Whitehall, one of the papers of the day notices that the King 'pleasantly' called to the guard 'March apace!' It is said he was not graceful in his motions: a coarse libeller tells us, that 'He did not ride like a Prince, but like a post-boy.' There was a good deal of earnest impetuosity in his temper, and he seems to have preserved his personal dignity, by a rigid decency in the gravity of his manners and the measured style of his speech, sparing of words.

There was a family likeness in the Stuarts, even to their long fingers, but there was no Stuart whose countenance resembled that of Charles the First. Whence then the effect which is still produced by contemplating the pensive and melancholy physiognomie of this Monarch? It seems an ideal head.

Parallels have been more than once drawn between the tragical afflictions to the martyred Monarch and the tribulations of 'the Saviour' when on earth. In human records, no princely names could be found but which seemed too low to rival his magnanimous sufferings. Stricken by sympathies, stronger and more elevated than they had ever experienced, some divines dared to compare Charles to Christ. Tickell has happily alluded to their disturbed piety. They found

'All parallels were wrong, or blasphemy.'

The difficulty of combining the ideas of a human with a divine nature, has formed the despair of the greatest artists. The pencil has never yet pourtrayed the celestial head of 'the Saviour' in the form of humanity. It is, however, singular that artists of genius have considered that the head of this Monarch is the only portrait which they could venture to place before them, as a model for the head of Christ, so peculiar is its mixture of majesty and sadness. Thus it happens that in looking on the portrait of Charles, with all its numerous associations, whether some behold 'the King in chains, and the Prince bound in fetters,' or others 'a man of sorrows acquainted with grief,' there is no portrait of any other Sovereign, which awakens such powerful emotions as does the head of Charles the First.

THOMAS B. MACAULAY.

Born 1800.

THE DUKE OF MONMOUTH.

Towards the close of the reign of Charles the Second, some Whigs who had been deeply implicated in the plot so fatal to their party, and who knew themselves to be marked out for destruction, had sought an asylum in the Low Countries.

These refugees were in general men of fiery temper and weak judgment. They were also under the influence of that peculiar illusion which seems to belong to their situation. A politician driven into banishment by a hostile faction generally sees the society which he has quitted through a false medium. Every object is distorted and discoloured by his regrets, his longings, and his resentments. Every little discontent appears to him to portend a revolution. Every riot is a rebellion. He cannot be convinced that his country does not pine for him as much as he pines for his country. He imagines that all his old associates, who still dwell at their homes and enjoy their estates, are tormented by the same feelings which make life a burden to himself. The longer his expatriation, the greater does this hallucination become. The lapse of time, which cools the ardour of the friends whom he has left behind, inflames his. Every month his impatience to revisit his native land increases; and every month his native land remembers and misses him less. This delusion becomes almost a madness when many exiles who suffer in the same cause herd together on a foreign shore. Their chief employment is to talk of what they once were, and of what they may yet be, to goad each other into animosity against the common enemy, to feed each other with extravagant hopes of victory and revenge. Thus they become ripe for enterprises which would at once be pronounced hopeless by any man whose passions had not deprived him of the power of calculating chances.

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Ardent and intrepid on the field of battle, the Duke of Monmouth was everywhere else effeminate and irresolute. The accident of his birth, his personal courage, and his superficial graces, had placed him in a post for which he was altogether unfitted. After witnessing the ruin of the party of which he had been the nominal head, he had retired to Holland. The Prince and Princess of Orange had now ceased to regard him as a rival. They received him most hospitably; for they hoped that, by treating him with kindness, they should establish a claim to the gratitude of his father. They knew that paternal affection was not yet wearied out, that letters and supplies of money still came secretly from Whitehall to Monmouth's retreat, and that Charles frowned on those who sought to pay their court by speaking ill of his banished son. The Duke had been encouraged to expect that, in a very short time, if he gave no new cause of displeasure, he would be recalled to his native land, and restored to all his high honours and commands. Animated by such expectations he had been the life of the Hague during the late winter. The sullen gravity which had been characteristic of the Stadtholder's court seemed to have vanished before the influence of the fascinating Englishman. Even the stern and pensive William relaxed into good humour when his brilliant guest appeared.

Monmouth meanwhile carefully avoided all that could give offence in the quarter to which he looked for protection. He saw little of any Whigs, and nothing of those violent men who had been concerned in the worst part of the Whig plot. He was therefore loudly accused, by his old associates, of fickleness and ingratitude.

While he was dancing and skating at the Hague, and expecting every day a summons to London, he was overwhelmed with misery by the tidings of his father's death and of his uncle's accession. During the night which followed the arrival of the news, those who lodged near him could distinctly hear his sobs and his piercing cries. He quitted the Hague the next day, having solemnly pledged his word, both to the Prince and to the Princess of Orange, not to attempt anything against the government of England, and having been supplied by them with money to meet immediate demands.

The prospect which lay before Monmouth was not a bright one. There was no probability that he would be recalled from banishment. On the Continent his life could no longer be passed amidst the splendour and festivity of a court. His cousins at the Hague seem to have really regarded him with kindness; but they could

no longer countenance him openly without serious risk of producing a rupture between England and Holland. William offered a kind and judicious suggestion. The war which was then raging in Hungary, between the Emperor and the Turks, was watched by all Europe with interest almost as great as that which the Crusades had excited five hundred years earlier. Many gallant gentlemen, both Protestant and Catholic, were fighting as volunteers in the common cause of Christendom. The Prince advised Monmouth to repair to the imperial camp; and assured him that, if he would do so, he should not want the means of making an appearance befitting an English nobleman. This counsel was excellent: but the Duke could not make up his mind. He retired to Brussels.

But he was not suffered to remain quiet. Ferguson employed all his powers of temptation. Grey, who knew not where to turn for a pistole, and was ready for any undertaking, however desperate, lent his aid. No art was spared which could draw Monmouth from retreat. To the first invitations which he received from his old associates he returned unfavourable answers. He pronounced the difficulties of a descent on England insuperable, protested that he was sick of public life, and begged to be left in the enjoyment of his newly found happiness. But he was little in the habit of resisting skilful and urgent importunity. It is said, too, that he was induced to quit his retirement by the same powerful influence which had made that retirement delightful. Lady Wentworth wished to see him a King. Her rents, her diamonds, her credit were put at his disposal. Monmouth's judgment was not convinced; but he had not firmness to resist such solicitations

It had been agreed among the refugees that Monmouth should sail from Holland six days after the departure of the Scots. He had deferred his expedition a short time, probably in the hope that most of the troops in the south of the island would be moved to the north as soon as war broke out in the Highlands, and that he should find no force ready to oppose him. When at length he was desirous to proceed, the wind had become adverse and violent.

The weather was bad: the voyage was long; and several English men of war were cruising in the Channel. But Monmouth escaped both the sea and the enemy. As he passed by the cliffs of Dorsetshire, it was thought desirable to send a boat to the beach with one of the refugees named Thomas Dare. This man, though of low mind and manners, had great influence at Taunton. He was directed to hasten thither across the country, and to apprise his friends that Monmouth would soon be on English ground.

On the morning of the eleventh of June the Helderenbergh, accompanied by two smaller vessels, appeared off the port of Lyme. That town is a small knot of steep and narrow alleys, lying on a coast wild, rocky, and beaten by a stormy sea. The place was then chiefly remarkable for a pier which, in the days of the Plantagenets, had been constructed of stones, unhewn and uncemented. This ancient work, known by the name of the Cob, inclosed the only haven where, in a space of many miles, the fishermen could take refuge from the tempests of the Channel.

The appearance of the three ships, foreign built and without colours, perplexed the inhabitants of Lyme; and the uneasiness increased when it was found that the Custom-house officers, who had gone on board according to usage, did not return. The town's people repaired to the cliffs, and gazed long and anxiously, but could find no solution of the mystery. At length seven boats put off from the largest of the strange vessels, and rowed to the shore. From these boats landed about eighty men, well armed and appointed. Among them were Monmouth, Grey, Fletcher, Ferguson, Wade, and Anthony Buyse, an officer who had been in the service of the Elector of Brandenburg.

Monmouth commanded silence, kneeled down on the shore, thanked God for having preserved the friends of liberty and pure religion from the perils of the sea, and implored the divine blessing on what was yet to be done by land. He then drew his sword and led his men over the cliffs into the town.

As soon as it was known under what leader and for what purpose the expedition came, the enthusiasm of the populace burst through all restraints. The little town was in an uproar with men running to and fro, and shouting 'A Monmouth! a Monmouth! the Protestant religion!' Meanwhile the ensign of the adventurers, a blue flag, was set up in the market place. The military stores were deposited in the town hall; and a Declaration setting forth the objects of the expedition was read from the Cross.

This Declaration, the masterpiece of Ferguson's genius, was not a grave manifesto such as ought to be put forth by a leader drawing the sword for a great public cause, but a libel of the lowest class, both in sentiment and language. It contained undoubtedly many just charges against the govern-

ment. But these charges were set forth in the prolix and inflated style of a bad pamphlet; and the paper contained other charges of which the whole disgrace falls on those who made them. The Duke of York, it was positively affirmed, had burned down London, had strangled Godfrey, had cut the throat of Essex, and had poisoned the late King. On account of those villainous and unnatural crimes, but chiefly of that execrable fact, the late horrible and barbarous parricide, — such was the copiousness and such the felicity of Ferguson's diction, — James was declared a mortal and bloody enemy, a tyrant, murderer, and an usurper. No treaty should be made with him. The sword should not be sheathed till he had been brought to condign punishment as a traitor. The government should be settled on principles favourable to liberty. All Protestant sects should be tolerated. The forfeited charters should be restored. Parliaments should be held annually, and should no longer be prorogued or dissolved by royal caprice. The only standing force should be the militia. The militia should be commanded by the Sheriffs; and the Sheriffs should be chosen by the freeholders. Finally Monmouth declared that he could prove himself to have been born in lawful wedlock, and to be, by right of blood, King of England, but that, for the present, he waived his claims, that he would leave them to the judgment of a free Parliament, and that, in the meantime, he desired to be considered only as the Captain General of the English Protestants who were in arms against tyranny and Popery.

Disgraceful as this manifesto was to those who put it forth, it was not unskilfully framed for the purpose of stimulating the passions of the vulgar. In the West the effect was great. The gentry and clergy of that part of England were indeed, with few exceptions, Tories. But the yeomen, the traders of the towns, the peasants, and the artisans were generally animated by the old Roundhead spirit.

The roads were strewn with boughs and flowers. The multitude, in their eagerness to see and touch their favourite, broke down the palings of parks, and besieged the mansions where he was feasted. When he reached Chard his escort consisted of five thousand horsemen. At Exeter all Devonshire had been gathered together to welcome him. One striking part of the show was a company of nine hundred young men who, clad in a white uniform, marched before him into the city. The turn of fortune which had alienated the gentry from his cause had produced no effect on the common people. To them he was still the good Duke, the Protestant Duke, the rightful heir whom a vile conspiracy kept out of his own. They came to his standard in crowds. All the clerks whom he could employ were too few to take down the names of the recruits. Before he had been twenty-four hours on English ground he was at the head of fifteen hundred men. Dare arrived from Taunton with forty horsemen of no very martial appearance, and brought encouraging intelligence as to the state of public feeling in Somersetshire. As yet all seemed to promise well.

But a force was collecting at Bridport to oppose the insurgents. On the thirteenth of June the red regiment of Dorsetshire militia came pouring into that town. The Somersetshire, or yellow regiment, of which Sir William Portman, a Tory gentleman of great note, was Colonel, was expected to arrive on the following day. The Duke determined to strike an immediate blow. A detachment of his troops was preparing to march to Bridport when a disastrous event threw the whole camp into confusion.

Fletcher of Saltoun had been appointed to command the cavalry under Grey. Fletcher was ill mounted; and indeed there were few chargers in the camp which had not been taken from the plough. When he was ordered to Bridport, he thought that the exigency of the case warranted him in borrowing, without asking permission, a fine horse belonging to Dare. Dare resented this liberty, and assailed Fletcher with gross abuse. Fletcher kept his temper better than any who knew him expected. At last Dare, presuming on the patience with which his insolence was endured, ventured to shake a switch at the high born and high spirited Scot. Fletcher's blood boiled. He drew a pistol and shot Dare dead. Such sudden and violent revenge would not have been thought strange in Scotland, where the law had always been weak, where he who did not right himself by the strong hand was not likely to be righted at all, and where, consequently, human life was held almost as cheap as in the worst governed provinces of Italy. But the people of the southern part of the island were not accustomed to see deadly weapons used and blood spilled on account of a rude word or gesture, except in duel between gentlemen with equal arms. There was a general cry for vengeance on the foreigner who had murdered an Englishman. Monmouth could not resist the clamour. Fletcher, who, when his first burst of rage had spent itself, was

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overwhelmed with remorse and sorrow, took refuge on board of the Helderenbergh, escaped to the Continent, and repaired to Hungary, where he fought bravely against the common enemy of Christendom.

Situated as the insurgents were, the loss of a man of parts and energy was not easily to be repaired. Early on the morning of the following day, the fourteenth of June, Grey, accompanied by Wade, marched with about five hundrod men to attack Bridport. A confused and indecisive action took place, such as was to be expected when two bands of ploughmen, officered by country gentlemen and barristers, were opposed to each other. For a time Monmouth's men drove the militia before them. Then the militia made a stand, and Monmouth's men retreated in some confusion. Grey and his cavalry never stopped till they were safe at Lyme again: but Wade rallied the infantry, and brought them off in good order.

There was a violent outcry against Grey; and some of the adventurers pressed Monmouth to take a severe course. Monmouth, however, would not listen to this advice. His lenity has been attributed by some writers to his good nature, which undoubtedly often amounted to weakness. Others have supposed that he was unwilling to deal harshly with the only peer who served in his army. It is probable, however, that the Duke, who, though not a general of the highest order, understood war very much better than the preachers and lawyers who were always obtruding their advice on him, made allowances which people altogether inexpert in military affairs never thought of making. In justice to a man who has had few defenders, it must be observed that the task, which, throughout this campaign, was assigned to Grey, was one which, if he had been the boldest and most skilful of soldiers, he could scarcely have performed in such a manner as to gain credit. He was at the head of the cavalry. It is notorious that a horse soldier requires a longer training than a foot soldier, and that the war horse requires a longer training than his rider. Something may be done with a raw infantry which has enthusiasm and animal courage: but nothing can be more helpless than a raw cavalry, consisting of yeomen and tradesmen mounted on cart horses and post horses; and such was the cavalry which Grey commanded. The wonder is, not that his men did not stand fire with resolution, not that they did not use their weapons with vigour, but that they were able to keep their seats.

Still recruits came in by hundreds. Arming and drilling went on all day. Meantime the news of the insurrection had spread fast and wide. On the evening on which the Duke landed, Gregory Alford, Mayor of Lyme, a zealous Tory, and a most bitter persecutor of Nonconformists, sent off his servants to give the alarm to the gentry of Somersetshire and Dorsetshire, and himself took horse for the West. Late at night he stopped at Honiton, and thence despatched a few hurried lines to London with the ill tidings. He then pushed on to Exeter, where he found Christopher Monk, Duke of Albemarle. This nobleman, the son and heir of George Monk, the restorer of the Stuarts, was Lord Lieutenant of Devonshire, and was then holding a muster of militia. Four thousand men of the trainbands were actually assembled under his command. He seems to have thought that, with this force, he should be able at once to crush the rebellion. He therefore marched towards Lyme.

But when, on the afternoon of Monday the fifteenth of June, he reached Axminster, he found the insurgents drawn up there to encounter him. They presented a resolute front. Four field pieces were pointed against the royal troops. The thick hedges, which on each side overhung the narrow lanes, were lined with musketeers. Albemarle, however, was less alarmed by the preparations of the enemy than by the spirit which appeared in his own ranks. Such was Monmouth's popularity among the common people of Devonshire that, if once the trainbands had caught sight of his well known face and figure, they would probably have gone over to him in a body.

Albemarle, therefore, though he had a great superiority of force, thought it advisable to retreat. The retreat soon became a rout. The whole country was strewn with the arms and uniforms which the fugitives had thrown away; and, had Monmouth urged the pursuit with vigour, he would probably have taken Exeter without a blow. But he was satisfied with the advantage which he had gained, and thought it desirable that his recruits should be better trained before they were employed in any hazardous service. He therefore marched towards Taunton, where he arrived on the eighteenth of June, exactly a week after his landing.

The Court and the Parliament had been greatly moved by the news from the West. At five in the morning of Saturday the thirteenth of June, the King had received the letter which the Mayor of Lyme had despatched from Honiton. The Privy Coun-

cil was instantly called together. Orders were given that the strength of every company of infantry and of every troop of cavalry shonld be increased. Commissions were issued for the levying of new regiments. Alford's communication was laid before the Lords; and its snbstance was commnnicated to the Commons by a message. The Commons examined the conriers who had arrived from the West, and instantly ordered a bill to be bronght in for attainting Monmouth of high treason. Addresses were voted assnring the King that hoth his peers and his peoplo were determined to stand hy him with life and fortnno against all his enemies. At the next meeting of the Houses they ordered the declaration of the rebels to be burned by the hangman, and passed the hill of attainder through all its stages. That bill received the royal assent on the same day, and a reward of five thousand pounds was promised for the apprehension of Monmouth.

Whilo the Parliament was devising sharp laws against Monmouth and his partisans, he found at Taunton a reception which might well encourage him to hope that his enterprise would have a prosperons issue. When Monmouth marched into Taunton it was an eminently prosperous place. Its markets were plentifully snpplied. It was a celebrated seat of the woollen manufacture. The people boasted that they lived in a land flowing with milk and honey. Nor was this language held only by partial natives; for every stranger who climbed the graceful tower of St. Mary Magdalene owned that he saw beneath him the most fertile of English valleys. It was a country rich with orchards and green pastures, among which were scattered, in gay abundance, manor houses, cottages, and village spires. The townsmen had long leaned towards Presbyterian divinity and Whig politics.

The children of tho men who, forty years before, had manned tho ramparts of Taunton against the Royalists, now welcomed Monmouth with transports of joy and affection. Every door and window was adorned with wreaths of flowers. No man appeared in the streets without wearing in his hat a green bough, the hadge of the popnlar cause. Damsels of the best families in the town wove colonrs for the insurgents. One flag in particular was embroidered gorgeously with emblems of royal dignity, and was offered to Monmouth by a train of young girls. He received the gift with the winning courtesy which distinguished him. The lady who headed the procession presented him also with a small Bible of great price. He took it with a show of reverence. 'I come,' he said, 'to defend the truths contained in this book, and to seal them, if it must he so, with my blood.'

But, while Monmouth enjoyed tho applause of the multitnde, he could not hut perceive, with concern and apprehension, that the higher classes were, with scarcely an exception, hostile to his nndertaking, and that no rising had taken place except in the counties where he had himself appeared. He had been assured hy agents, who professed to have derived their information from Wildman, that the whole Whig aristocracy was eager to take arms. Nevertheless more than a week had now elapsed since the blue standard had been set up at Lyme. Day labourers, small farmers, shopkeepers, apprentices, dissenting preachers, had flocked to the rebel camp: hut not a single peer, baronet, or knight, not a single member of the House of Commons, and scarcely any esquire of sufficient note to have ever been in the commission of the peace, had joined the invaders. Ferguson who, ever since the death of Charles, had been Monmouth's evil angel, had a suggestion ready. The Duke had put himself into a false position hy declining the royal title. Had he declared himself sovereign of England, his cause would have worn a show of legality. At present it was impossible to reconcile his Declaration with the principles of the constitution. It was clear that either Monmouth or his uncle was rightful King. Monmouth did not venture to pronounce himself the rightful King, and yet denied that his uncle was so. Those who fought for James fought for the only person who ventured to claim the throne, and were therefore clearly in their duty, according to the laws of the realm. Those who fought for Monmouth fought for some unknown polity, which was to be set up hy a convention not yet in existence. None could wonder that men of high rank and ample fortnno stood aloof from an enterprise which threatened with destruction that system in the permanence of which they were deeply interested. If the Duke would assert his legitimacy and assume the crown, he would at once remove this objection. The question would cease to be a question between tho old constitution and a new constitution. It would he merely a question of hereditary right hetween two princes.

On snch gronnds as these Ferguson, almost immediately after the landing, had

earnestly pressed the Duke to proclsim himself King; and Grey was of the same opiuion. Monmouth had heen very willing to take this advice; hut Wade and other republicans had heen refractory; and their chief, with his usual pliability, had yielded to their arguments. At Taunton the subject was revived. Monmouth talked in private with the dissentients, assured them that he saw no other way of obtaining the support of any portion of the aristocracy, and succeeded in extorting their reluctant consent. On the morning of the twentieth of June he was proclaimed in the market place of Taunton. His followers repeated his new title with affectionate delight. But, as some confusion might have arisen if he had been called King James the Second, they commonly used the strange appellation of King Monmouth; and hy this name their unhappy favourite was often mentioned in the western counties, within the memory of persons still living.

Within twenty-four hours after he had assumed the regal title, he put forth several proclamations headed with his sign manual. By one of these he set a price on the head of his rival. Another declared the Parliament then sitting at Westminster an unlawful assemhly, and commanded the members to disperse. The third forbade the people to pay taxes to the usurper. The fourth pronounced Alhemarle a traitor.

Alhemarle transmitted these proclamations to London merely as specimens of folly and impertinence. They produced no effect, except wonder and contempt; nor had Monmouth any reason to think that the assumption of royalty had improved his position. Only a week had elapsed since he had solemnly bound himself not to take the crown till a free Parliament should have acknowledged his rights. By breaking that engagement he had incurred the imputation of levity, if not of perfidy. The class which he had hoped to conciliate still stood aloof. The reasons which prevented the great Whig lords and gentlemen recognising him as their King were at least as strong as those which had prevented them from rallying round him as their Captain General. They disliked indeed the person, the religion, and the politics of James. But James was no longer young. His eldest daughter was justly popular. She was attached to the reformed faith. She was married to a prince who was the hereditary chief of the Protestants of the Continent, to a prince who had been bred in a repuhlic, and whose sentiments were supposed to be such as became a constitutional King. Was it wise to incur the horrors of civil war, for the mere chance of being able to effect immediately what nature would, without bloodshed, without any violation of law, effect, in all probability, before many years should have expired?

It was not only hy the inaction of the Whig aristocracy that the invaders were disappointed. The wealth and power of London had sufficed in the preceding generation, and might again suffice, to turn the scale in a civil conflict. The Londoners had formerly given many proofs of their hatred of Popery and of their affection for the Protestant Duke. He had too readily believed that, as soon as he landed, there would be a rising in the capital. But, though advices came down to him that many thousands of the citizens had been enrolled as volunteers for the good cause, nothing was done. The plain truth was that the agitators who had urged him to invade England, who had promised to rise on the first signal, and who had perhaps imagined, while the danger was remote, that they should have the courage to keep their promise, lost heart when the critical time drew near.

On the day following that on which Monmouth had assumed the regal title he marched from Taunton to Bridgewater. His own spirits, it was remarked, were not high. The acclamations of the devoted thousands who surrounded him wherever he turned could not dispel the gloom which sate on his hrow. Those who had seen him during his progress through Somersetshire five years hefore could not now observe without pity the traces of distress and anxiety on those soft and pleasing features which had won so many hearts.

It was proposed to enter Wiltshire. Persons who professed to know that county well assured the Duke that he would be joined there by such strong reinforcements as would make it safe for him to give hattle.

He took this advice, aud turned towards Wiltshire. He first summoned Bath. But Bath was strongly garrisoned for the King; and Feversham was fast approaching. The rehels, therefore, made no attempt on the walls, but hastened to Philip's Norton, where they halted on the evening of the twenty-sixth of June.

Feversham followed them thither. Early on the morning of the twenty-seventh they were alarmed by tidings that he was close at hand. They got into order, and lined the hedges leading to the town.

The advanced guard of the royal army soon appeared. It consisted of about five

nundred men, commanded hy the Duke of Grafton, a youth of bold spirit and rough manners, who was probahly eager to show that he had no share in the disloyal schemes of his half hrother. Grafton soon found himself in a deep lane with fences on both sides of him, from which a galling fire of musketry was kept np. Still he pushed boldly on till he came to the entrance of Philip's Norton. There his way was crossed hy a harricade, from which a third fire met him full in front. Ilis men now lost heart, and made the hest of their way back. Before they got out of the lane more than a hundred of them had been killed or wounded. Grafton's retreat was intercepted hy some of the rehel cavalry: but he cut his way gallantly through them, and came off safe.

The advanced guard, thus repulsed, fell back on the main hody of the royal forces. The two armies were now face to face; and a few shots were exchanged that did little or no execution. Neither side was impatient to come to action. Feversham did not wish to fight till his artillery came up, and fell hack to Bradford. Monmouth, as soon as the night closed in, quitted his position, marched southward, and hy daybreak arrived at Frome, where he hoped to find reinforcements.

Frome was as zealous in his cause as either Tannton or Bridgewater, but could do nothing to serve him. There had heen a rising a few days hefore; and Monmonth's Declaration had been posted up in the market place. Bnt the news of this movement had been carried to the Earl of Pembroke, who lay at no great distance with the Wiltshire militia. Ile had instantly marched to Frome, had routed a moh of rustics who, with scythes and pitchforks, attempted to oppose him, had entered the town and had disarmed the inhahitants. No weapons, therefore, were left there; nor was Monmouth ahle to furnish any.

The rehel army was in evil case. The march of the preceding night had been wearisome. The rsin had fallen in torrents; and the roads had been mere quagmires. Nothing was heard of the promised succours from Wiltshire. One messenger hrought news that Argyle's forces had heen dispersed in Scotland. Another reported that Feversham, having been joined by his artillery, was about to advance. Monmouth understood war too well not to know that his followers, with all their courage and all their zeal, were no match for regular soldiers. He had till lately flattered himself with the hope that some of thoso regiments which he had formerly commanded would pass over to his standard: hut that hope he was now compelled to relinquish. His heart failed him. He could scarcely muster firmness enough to give orders. In his misery he complained bitterly of the evil counsellors who had induced him to quit his happy retreat in Brabant. Against Wildman in particular he hroke forth into violent imprecations. And now an ignominious thought rose in his weak and agitated mind. He would leave to the mercy of the government the thousands who had, at his call and for his sake, ahandoned their quiet fields and dwellings. He would steal away with his chief officers, wonld gain some seaport hefore his flight was suspected, would escape to the Continent, and would forget his ambition and his shame in the arms of Lady Wentworth. Ile seriously discussed this scheme with his leading advisers. Some of them, tremhling for their necks, listened to it with approhation: hut Grey, who, by the admission of his detractors, was intrepid everywhere except when swords were clashing and guns going off around him, opposed the dastardly proposition with great ardour, and implored the Duke to face every danger rather than requite with ingratitude and treachery the devoted attachment of the Western peasantry.

The scheme of flight was abandoned: hut it was not now easy to form any plan for a campaign. To advance towards London wonld have heen madness; for the road lay right across Salishury Plain; and on that vast open space regular troops, and above all regular cavalry, would have acted with every advantage against undisciplined men. At this juncture a report reached the camp that the rustics of the marshes near Axbridge had risen in defence of the Protestant religion, had armed themselves with flails, bludgeons, and pitchforks, and were assembling by thousands at Bridgewater. Monmouth determined to return thither, and to strengthen himself with these new allies.

The rehels accordingly proceeded to Wells, and arrived there in no amiable temper. They were, with few exceptions, hostile to Prelacy; and they showed their hostility in a way very little to their honour. They not only tore the lead from the roof of the magnificent Cathedral to make hullets, an act for which they might fairly plead the necessities of war, but wantonly defaced the ornaments of the huilding. Grey with difficulty preserved the altar from the insults of some ruffians who wished to carouse

round it, by taking his stand before it with his sword drawn.

On Thursday, the second of July, Monmouth again entered Bridgewater, in circumstances far less cheering than those in which he had marched thence ten days before. The reinforcement which he found there was inconsiderable. The royal army was close upon him. At one moment he thought of fortifying the town; and hundreds of labourers were summoned to dig trenches and throw up mounds. Then his mind recurred to the plan of marching into Cheshire, a plan which he had rejected as impracticable when he was at Keynsham, and which assuredly was not more practicable now that he was at Bridgewater.

While he was thus wavering between projects equally hopeless, the King's forces came in sight. They consisted of about two thousand five hundred regular troops, and of about fifteen hundred of the Wiltshire militia. Early on the morning of Sunday, the fifth of July, they left Somerton, and pitched their tents that day about three miles from Bridgewater, on the plain of Sedgemoor.

Monmouth, having observed the disposition of the royal forces, and having been apprised of the state in which they were, conceived that a night attack might be attended with success. He resolved to run the hazard, and preparations were instantly made.

It was Sunday; and his followers, who had, for the most part, been brought up after the Puritan fashion, passed a great part of the day in religious exercises. The Castle Field, in which the army was encamped, presented a spectacle such as, since the disbanding of Cromwell's soldiers, England had never seen. The dissenting preachers who had taken arms against Popery, and some of whom had probably fought in the great civil war, prayed and preached in red coats and huge jackboots, with swords by their sides. Ferguson was one of those who harangued. He took for his text the awful imprecation by which the Israelites who dwelt beyond Jordan cleared themselves from the charge ignorantly brought against them by their brethren on the other side of the river. 'The Lord God of Gods, the Lord God of Gods, he knoweth; and Israel he shall know. If it be in rebellion, or if in transgression against the Lord, save us not this day.'

The clock struck eleven; and the Duke with his body guard rode out of the Castle. He was not in the frame of mind which befits one who is about to strike a decisive blow. The very children who pressed to see him pass observed, and long remembered that his look was sad and full of evil augury. His army marched by a circuitous path, near six miles in length, towards the royal encampment on Sedgemoor. Part of the route is to this day called War Lane. The foot were led by Monmouth himself. The horse were confided to Grey, in spite of the remonstrances of some who remembered the mishap at Bridport. Orders were given that strict silence should be preserved, that no drum should be beaten, and no shot fired. The word by which the insurgents were to recognise one another in the darkness was Soho. It had doubtless been selected in allusion to Soho Fields in London, where their leader's palace stood.

At about one in the morning of Monday the sixth of July, the rebels were on the open moor. But between them and the enemy lay three broad rhines filled with water and soft mud. Two of these, called the Black Ditch and the Langmoor Rhine, Monmouth knew that he must pass. But, strange to say, the existence of a trench, called the Bussex Rhine, which immediately covered the royal encampment, had not been mentioned to him by any of his scouts.

The wains which carried the ammunition remained at the entrance of the moor. The horse and foot in a long narrow column, passed the Black Ditch by a causeway. There was a similar causeway across the Langmoor Rhine: but the guide, in the fog, missed his way. There was some delay and some tumult before the error could be rectified. At length the passage was effected: but, in the confusion, a pistol went off. Some men of the Horse Guards, who were on watch, heard the report, and perceived that a great multitude was advancing through the mist. They fired their carbines, and galloped off in different directions to give the alarm. Some hastened to Weston Zoyland, where the cavalry lay. One trooper spurred to the encampment of the infantry, and cried out vehemently that the enemy was at hand. The drums of Dumbarton's regiment beat to arms; and the men got fast into their ranks. It was time; for Monmouth was already drawing up his army for action. He ordered Grey to lead the way with the cavalry, and followed himself at the head of the infantry. Grey pushed on till his progress was unexpectedly arrested by the Bussex Rhine. On the opposite side of the ditch the King's foot were hastily forming in order of battle.

'For whom are you?' called out an officer of the Foot Guards. 'For the King,'

replied a voice from the ranks of the rebel cavalry. 'For which King?' was then demanded. The answer was a shout of 'King Monmouth,' mingled with the war cry, which forty years before had been inscribed on the colours of the parliamentary regiments, 'God with us.' The royal troops instantly fired such a volley of musketry as sent the rebel horse flying in all directions. The world agreed to ascribe this ignominious rout to Grey's pusillanimity. Yet it is by no means clear that Churchill would have succeeded better at the head of men who had never before handled arms on horseback, and whose horses were unused, not only to stand fire, but to obey the rein.

A few minutes after the Duke's horse had dispersed themselves over the moor, his infantry came up running fast, and guided through the gloom by the lighted matches of Dumbarton's regiment.

Monmouth was startled by finding that a broad and profound trench lay between him and the camp which he had hoped to surprise. The insurgents halted on the edge of the rhine, and fired. Part of the royal infantry on the opposite bank returned the fire. During three quarters of an hour the roar of the musketry was incessant. The Somersetshire peasants behaved themselves as if they had been veteran soldiers, save only that they levelled their pieces too high.

But now the other divisions of the royal army were in motion. The Life Guards and Blues came pricking fast from Weston Zoyland, and scattered in an instant some of Grey's horse, who had attempted to rally. The fugitives spread a panic among their comrades in the rear, who had charge of the ammunition. The waggoners drove off at full speed, and never stopped till they were many miles from the field of battle. Monmouth had hitherto done his part like a stout and able warrior. He had been seen on foot, pike in hand, encouraging his infantry by voice and by example. But he was too well acquainted with military affairs not to know that all was over. His men had lost the advantage which surprise and darkness had given them. They were deserted by the horse and by the ammunition waggons. The King's forces were now united and in good order. Feversham had been awakened by the firing, had got out of bed, had adjusted his cravat, had looked at himself well in the glass, and had come to see what his men were doing. Meanwhile, what was of much more importance, Churchill had rapidly made an entirely new disposition of the royal infantry. The day was about to break. The event of a conflict on an open plain, by broad sunlight, could not be doubtful. Yet Monmouth should have felt that it was not for him to fly, while thousands whom affection for him had hurried to destruction were still fighting manfully in his cause. But vain hopes and the intense love of life prevailed. He saw that if he tarried the royal cavalry would soon intercept his retreat. He mounted and rode from the field.

Yet his foot, though deserted, made a gallant stand. The Life Guards attacked them on the right, the Blues on the left: but the Somersetshire clowns, with their scythes and the butt ends of their muskets, faced the royal horse like old soldiers. Oglethorpe made a vigorous attempt to break them and was manfully repulsed. Sarsfield, a brave Irish officer, whose name afterwards obtained a melancholy celebrity, charged on the other flank. His men were beaten back. He was himself struck to the ground, and lay for a time as one dead. But the struggle of the hardy rustics could not last. Their powder and ball were spent. Cries were heard of 'Ammunition! for God's sake ammunition!' But no ammunition was at hand. And now the King's artillery came up. The cannon, though ill served, brought the engagement to a speedy close. The pikes of the rebel battalions began to shake; the ranks broke; the King's cavalry charged again, and bore down everything before them; the King's infantry came pouring across the ditch. Even in that extremity the Mendip miners stood bravely to their arms, and sold their lives dearly. But the rout was in a few minutes complete. Three hundred of the soldiers had been killed or wounded. Of the rebels more than a thousand lay dead on the moor.

So ended the last fight, deserving the name of battle, that has been fought on English ground. The impression left on the simple inhabitants of the neighbourhood was deep and lasting. That impression, indeed, has been frequently renewed. For even in our own time the plough and the spade have not seldom turned up ghastly memorials of the slaughter, skulls, and thighbones, and strange weapons made out of implements of husbandry. Old peasants related very recently that, in their childhood, they were accustomed to play on the moor at the fight between King James's men and King Monmouth's men, and that King Monmouth's men always raised the cry of Soho.

What seems most extraordinary in the battle of Sedgemoor is that the event should

have been for a moment doubtful, and that the rebels should have resisted so long. That five or six thousand colliers and ploughmen should contend during an hour with half that number of regular cavalry and infantry would now be thought a miracle. Our wonder will, perhaps, be diminished when we remember that, in the time of James the Second, the discipline of the regular army was extremely lax, and that, on the other hand, the peasantry were accustomed to serve in the militia. The difference, therefore, between a regiment of the foot guards and a regiment of clowns just enrolled, though doubtless considerable, was by no means what it now is. Monmouth did not lead a mere mob to attack good soldiers. For his followers were not altogether without a tincture of soldiership; and Feversham's troops, when compared with English troops of our time, might almost be called a mob.

It was four o'clock: the sun was rising; and the routed army came pouring into the streets of Bridgewater. The uproar, the blood, the gashes, the ghastly figures which sank down and never rose again, spread horror and dismay through the town. The pursuers, too, were close behind. Those inhabitants who had favoured the insurrection expected sack and massacre, and implored the protection of their neighbours who professed the Roman Catholic religion, or had made themselves conspicuous by Tory politics; and it is acknowledged by the bitterest of Whig historians that this protection was kindly and generously given.

During that day the conquerors continued to chase the fugitives. The neighbouring villagers long remembered with what a clatter of horsehoofs and what a storm of curses the whirlwind of cavalry swept by. Before evening five hundred prisoners had been crowded into the parish church of Weston Zoyland. Eighty of them were wounded; and five expired within the consecrated walls. Great numbers of labourers were impressed for the purpose of burying the slain. A few, who were notoriously partial to the vanquished side, were set apart for the hideous office of quartering the captives. The tithing men of the neighbouring parishes were busied in setting up gibbets and providing chains. All this while the bells of Weston Zoyland and Chedzoy rang joyously, and the soldiers sang and rioted on the moor amidst the corpses. For the farmers of the neighbourhood had made haste, as soon as the event of the fight was known, to send hogsheads of their best cider as peace offerings to the victors.

Feversham passed for a good-natured man but he was a foreigner, ignorant of the laws and careless of the feelings of the English. He was accustomed to the military license of France, and had learned from his great kinsman, the conqueror of the Palatinate, not indeed how to conquer, but how to devastate. A considerable number of prisoners were immediately selected for execution. The next day a long line of gibbets appeared on the road leading from Bridgewater to Weston Zoyland. On each gibbet a prisoner was suspended. Four of the sufferers were left to rot in irons.

Meanwhile Monmouth, accompanied by Grey, by Buyse, and by a few other friends, was flying from the field of battle. At Chedzoy he stopped a moment to mount a fresh horse and to hide his blue ribband and his George. He then hastened towards the Bristol Channel. From the rising ground on the north of the field of battle he saw the flash and the smoke of the last volley fired by his deserted followers. Before six o'clock he was twenty miles from Sedgemoor. Some of his companions advised him to cross the water, and to seek refuge in Wales; and this would undoubtedly have been his wisest course. He would have been in Wales long before the news of his defeat was known there; and, in a country so wild and so remote from the seat of government, he might have remained long undiscovered. He determined, however, to push for Hampshire, in the hope that he might lurk in the cabins of deer stealers among the oaks of the New Forest, till means of conveyance to the Continent could be procured. He therefore, with Grey and the German, turned to the south east. But the way was beset with dangers. The three fugitives had to traverse a country in which every one already knew the event of the battle, and in which no traveller of suspicious appearance could escape a close scrutiny. They rode on all day, shunning towns and villages. Nor was this so difficult as it may now appear. For men then living could remember the time when the wild deer ranged freely through a succession of forests from the banks of the Avon in Wiltshire to the southern coast of Hampshire. At length, on Cranbourne Chase, the strength of the horses failed. They were therefore turned loose. The bridles and saddles were concealed. Monmouth and his friends procured rustic attire, disguised themselves, and proceeded on foot towards the New Forest. They passed the night in the open air: but before morning they were surrounded on every side by toils. Lord Lumley, who lay

at Ringwood with a strong body of the Sussex militia, had sent forth parties in every direction. Sir William Portman, with the Somerset militia, had formed a chain of posts from the sea to the northern extremity of Dorset. At five in the morning of the seventh, Grey, who had wandered from his friends, was seized by two of the Sussex scouts. He submitted to his fate with the calmness of one to whom suspense was more intolerable than despair. 'Since we landed,' he said, 'I have not had one comfortable meal or one quiet night.' It could hardly be doubted that the chief rebel was not far off. The pursuers redoubled their vigilance and activity. The cottages scattered over the heathy country on the boundaries of Dorsetshire and Hampshire were strictly examined by Lumley; and the clown with whom Monmouth had changed clothes was discovered. Portman came with a strong body of horse and foot to assist in the search. Attention was soon drawn to a place well fitted to shelter fugitives. It was an extensive tract of land separated by an inclosure from the open country, and divided by numerous hedges into small fields. In some of these fields the rye, the pease, and the oats were high enough to conceal a man. Others were overgrown with fern and brambles. A poor woman reported that she had seen two strangers lurking in this covert. The near prospect of reward animated the zeal of the troops. It was agreed that every man who did his duty in the search should have a share of the promised five thousand pounds. The outer fence was strictly guarded: the space within was examined with indefatigable diligence; and several dogs of quick scent were turned out among the bushes. The day closed before the work could be completed: but careful watch was kept all night. Thirty times the fugitives ventured to look through the outer hedge: but everywhere they found a sentinel on the alert: once they were seen and fired at; they then separated and concealed themselves in different hiding places.

At sunrise the next morning the search recommenced, and Buyse was found. He owned that he had parted from the Duke only a few hours before. The corn and copsewood were now beaten with more care than ever. At length a gaunt figure was discovered hidden in a ditch. The pursuers sprang on their prey. Some of them were about to fire: but Portman forbade all violence. The prisoner's dress was that of a shepherd; his beard, prematurely grey, was of several days' growth. He trembled greatly, and was unable to speak. Even those who had often seen him were at first in doubt whether this were truly the brilliant and graceful Monmouth. His pockets were searched by Portman, and in them were found, among some raw pease gathered in the rage of hunger, a watch, a purse of gold, a small treatise on fortification, an album filled with songs, receipts, prayers, and charms, and the George with which, many years before, King Charles the Second had decorated his favourite son. Messengers were instantly despatched to Whitehall with the good news, and with the George as a token that the news was true. The prisoner was conveyed under a strong guard to Ringwood.

And all was lost; and nothing remained but that he should prepare to meet death as became one who had thought himself not unworthy to wear the crown of William the Conqueror and of Richard the Lion-hearted, of the hero of Cressy and of the hero of Agincourt. The captive might easily have called to mind other domestic examples, still better suited to his condition. Within a hundred years, two sovereigns whose blood ran in his veins, one of them a delicate woman, had been placed in the same situation in which he now stood. They had shown, in the prison and on the scaffold, virtue of which, in the season of prosperity, they had seemed incapable, and had half redeemed great crimes and errors by enduring with Christian meekness and princely dignity all that victorious enemies could inflict. Of cowardice Monmouth had never been accused; and, even had he been wanting in constitutional courage, it might have been expected that the defect would be supplied by pride and by despair. The eyes of the whole world were upon him. The latest generations would know how, in that extremity, he had borne himself. To the brave peasants of the West he owed it to show that they had not poured forth their blood for a leader unworthy of their attachment. To her who had sacrificed everything for his sake he owed it so to bear himself that, though she might weep for him, she should not blush for him. It was not for him to lament and supplicate. His reason, too, should have told him that lamentation and supplication would be unavailing. He had done that which could never be forgiven. He was in the grasp of one who never forgave.

But the fortitude of Monmouth was not that highest sort of fortitude which is derived from reflection and from self-respect; nor had nature given him one of those stout

hearts from which neither adversity nor peril can extort any sign of weakness. His courage rose and fell with his animal spirits. It was sustained on the field of battle by the excitement of action, by the hope of victory, by the strange influence of sympathy. All such aids were now taken away. The spoiled darling of the court and of the populace, accustomed to be loved and worshipped wherever he appeared, was now surrounded by stern gaolers in whose eyes he read his doom. Yet a few hours of gloomy seclusion, and he must die a violent and shameful death. His heart sank within him. Life seemed to be worth purchasing by any humiliation; nor could his mind, always feeble, and now distracted by terror, perceive that humiliation must degrade, but could not save him.

As soon as he reached Ringwood he wrote to the King. The letter was that of a man whom a craven fear had made insensible to shame. He professed in vehement terms his remorse for his treason. He affirmed that, when he promised his cousins at the Hague not to raise troubles in England, he had fully meant to keep his word. Unhappily he had afterwards been seduced from his allegiance by some horrid people who had heated his mind by calumnies and misled him by sophistry: but now he abhorred them: he abhorred himself. He begged in piteous terms that he might be admitted to the royal presence. There was a secret which he could not trust to paper, a secret which lay in a single word, and which, if he spoke that word, would secure the throne against all danger. On the following day he despatched letters, imploring the Queen Dowager and the Lord Treasurer to intercede in his behalf.

When it was known in London how he had abased himself the general surprise was great; and no man was more amazed than Barillon, who had resided in England during two bloody proscriptions, and had seen numerous victims, both of the Opposition and of the Court, submit to their fate without womanish entreaties and lamentations.

Monmouth and Grey remained at Ringwood two days. They were then carried up to London, under the guard of a large body of regular troops and militia. In the coach with the Duke was an officer whose orders were to stab the prisoner if a rescue were attempted. At every town along the road the train-bands of the neighbourhood had been mustered under the command of the principal gentry. The march lasted three days, and terminated at Vauxhall, where a regiment, commanded by George Legge, Lord Dartmouth, was in readiness to receive the prisoners. They were put on board of a state barge, and carried down the river to Whitehall Stairs. Lumley and Portman had alternately watched the Duke day and night till they had brought him within the walls of the palace.

Both the demeanour of Monmouth and that of Grey, during the journey, filled all observers with surprise. Monmouth was altogether unnerved. Grey was not only calm but cheerful, talked pleasantly of horses, dogs, and field sports, and even made jocose allusions to the perilous situation in which he stood.

The King cannot be blamed for determining that Monmouth should suffer death. Every man who heads a rebellion against an established government stakes his life on the event: and rebellion was the smallest part of Monmouth's crime. He had declared against his uncle a war without quarter. In the manifesto put forth at Lyme, James had been held up to execration as an incendiary, as an assassin who had strangled one innocent man and cut the throat of another, and, lastly, as the poisoner of his own brother. To spare an enemy who had not scrupled to resort to such extremities would have been an act of rare, perhaps of blamable generosity. But to see him and not to spare him was an outrage on humanity and decency. This outrage the King resolved to commit. The arms of the prisoner were bound behind him with a silken cord; and, thus secured, he was ushered into the presence of the implacable kinsman whom he had wronged.

Then Monmouth threw himself on the ground, and crawled to the King's feet. He wept. He tried to embrace his uncle's knees with his pinioned arms. He begged for life, only life at any price. He owned that he had been guilty of a great crime, but tried to throw the blame on others, particularly on Argyle, who would rather have put his legs into the boots than have saved his own life by such baseness. By the ties of kindred, by the memory of the late King, who had been the best and truest of brothers, the unhappy man adjured James to show some mercy. James gravely replied that this repentance was of the latest, that he was sorry for the misery which the prisoner had brought on himself, but that the case was not one for lenity. A Declaration, filled with atrocious calumnies, had been put forth. The regal title had been assumed. For treasons so aggravated there could be no pardon on this side

of the grave. The poor terrified Duke vowed that he had never wished to take the crown, but had been led into that fatal error by others. As to the Declaration, he had not written it: he had not read it: he had signed it without looking at it: it was all the work of Ferguson, that bloody villain Ferguson. 'Do you expect me to believe,' said James, with contempt but too well merited, 'that you set your hand to a paper of such moment without knowing what it contained?' One depth of infamy only remained; and even to that the prisoner descended. He was preeminently the champion of the Protestant religion. The interest of that religion had been his plea for conspiring against the government of his father, and for bringing on his country the miseries of civil war: yet he was not ashamed to hint that he was inclined to be reconciled to the Church of Rome. The King eagerly offered him spiritual assistance, but said nothing of pardon or respite. 'Is there then no hope?' asked Monmouth. James turned away in silence. Then Monmouth strove to rally his courage, rose from his knees, and retired with a firmness which he had not shown since his overthrow.

Grey was introduced next. He behaved with a propriety and fortitude which moved even the stern and resentful King, frankly owned himself guilty, made no excuses, and did not once stoop to ask his life. Both the prisoners were sent to the Tower by water. There was no tumult; but many thousands of people, with anxiety and sorrow in their faces, tried to catch a glimpse of the captives. The Duke's resolution failed as soon as he had left the royal presence. On his way to his prison he bemoaned himself, accused his followers, and abjectly implored the intercession of Dartmouth. 'I know, my Lord, that you loved my father. For his sake, for God's sake, try if there be any room for mercy.' Dartmouth replied that the King had spoken the truth, and that a subject who assumed the regal title excluded himself from all hope of pardon.

Soon after Monmouth had been lodged in the Tower, he was informed that his wife had, by the royal command, been sent to see him. She was accompanied by the Earl of Clarendon, Keeper of the Privy Seal. Her husband received her very coldly, and addressed almost all his discourse to Clarendon, whose intercession he earnestly implored. Clarendon held out no hopes: and that same evening two prelates, Turner, Bishop of Ely, and Ken, Bishop of Bath and Wells, arrived at the Tower with a solemn message from the King. It was Monday night. On Wednesday morning Monmouth was to die.

He was greatly agitated. The blood left his cheeks; and it was some time before he could speak. Most of the short time which remained to him he wasted in vain attempts to obtain, if not a pardon, at least a respite. He wrote piteous letters to the King and to several courtiers, but in vain. Some Catholic divines were sent to him from court. But they soon discovered that, though he would gladly have purchased his life by renouncing the religion of which he had professed himself in an especial manner the defender, yet, if he was to die, he would as soon die without their absolution as with it.

The hour drew near: all hope was over; and Monmouth had passed from pusillanimous fear to the apathy of despair. His children were brought to his room that he might take leave of them, and were followed by his wife. He spoke to her kindly, but without emotion. Though she was a woman of great strength of mind, and had little cause to love him, her misery was such that none of the bystanders could refrain from weeping. He alone was unmoved.

It was ten o'clock. The coach of the Lieutenant of the Tower was ready. Monmouth requested his spiritual advisers to accompany him to the place of execution; and they consented: but they told him that, in their judgment, he was about to die in a perilous state of mind, and that, if they attended him, it would be their duty to exhort him to the last. As he passed along the ranks of the guards he saluted them with a smile, and mounted the scaffold with a firm tread. Tower Hill was covered up to the chimney tops with an innumerable multitude of gazers, who, in awful silence, broken only by sighs and the noise of weeping, listened for the last accents of the darling of the people. 'I shall say little,' he began. 'I come here, not to speak, but to die. I die a Protestant of the Church of England.' The Bishops interrupted him, and told him that, unless he acknowledged resistance to be sinful, he was no member of their church. When they reminded him of the ruin which he had brought on his brave and loving followers, of the blood which had been shed, of the souls which had been sent unprepared to the great account, he was touched, and said, in a softened voice, 'I do own that. I am sorry that it ever happened.' They prayed with him long and fervently; and he joined in their petitions till they invoked a blessing on the

King. He remained silent. 'Sir,' said one of the assistants, 'do you not pray for the King with us?' Monmouth paused some time, and, after an internal struggle, exclaimed 'Amen.' But it was in vain that the prelates implored him to address to the soldiers and to the people a few words on the duty of obedience to the government. 'I will make no speeches,' he exclaimed. 'Only ten words, my Lord.' He turned away, called his servant, and put into the man's hand a toothpick case, the last token of ill starred love. 'Give it,' he said, 'to that person.' He then accosted John Ketch the executioner, a wretch who had butchered many brave and noble victims, and whose name has, during a century and a half, been vulgarly given to all that have succeeded him in his odious office. 'Here,' said the Duke, 'are six guineas for you. Do not hack me as you did my Lord Russell. I have heard that you struck him three or four times. My servant will give you some more gold if you do the work well.' He then undressed, felt the edge of the axe, expressed some fear that it was not sharp enough, and laid his head on the block. The divines in the meantime continued to ejaculate with great energy; 'God accept your repentance; God accept your imperfect repentance.'

The hangman addressed himself to his office. But he had been disconcerted by what the Duke had said. The first blow inflicted only a slight wound. The Duke struggled, rose from the block, and looked reproachfully at the executioner. The head sank down once more. The stroke was repeated again and again; but still the neck was not severed, and the body continued to move. Yells of rage and horror rose from the crowd. Ketch flung down the axe with a curse. 'I cannot do it,' he said; 'my heart fails me.' 'Take up the axe, man,' cried the sheriff. 'Fling him over the rails,' roared the mob. At length the axe was taken up. Two more blows extinguished the last remains of life; but a knife was used to separate the head from the shoulders. The crowd was wrought up to such an ecstasy of rage that the executioner was in danger of being torn in pieces, and was conveyed away under a strong guard.

In the meantime many handkerchiefs were dipped in the Duke's blood; for, by a large part of the multitude he was regarded as a martyr who had died for the Protestant religion. The head and body were placed in a coffin covered with black velvet, and were laid privately under the communion table of St. Peter's Chapel in the Tower. In truth there is no sadder spot on the earth than that little cemetery. Death is there associated, not, as in Westminster Abbey and Saint Paul's, with genius and virtue, with public veneration and with imperishable renown; not, as in our humblest churches and churchyards, with everything that is most endearing in social and domestic charities; but with whatever is darkest in human nature and in human destiny, with the savage triumph of implacable enemies, with the inconstancy, the ingratitude, the cowardice of friends, with all the miseries of fallen greatness and of blighted fame. Thither have been carried, through successive ages, by the rude hands of gaolers, without one mourner following, the bleeding relics of men who had been the captains of armies, the leaders of parties, the oracles of senates, and the ornaments of courts. Thither was borne, before the window where Jane Grey was praying, the mangled corpse of Guilford Dudley. Edward Seymour, Duke of Somerset, and Protector of the realm, reposes there by the brother whom he murdered. There has mouldered away the headless trunk of John Fisher, Bishop of Rochester and Cardinal of Saint Vitalis, a man worthy to have lived in a better age, and to have died in a better cause. There are laid John Dudley, Duke of Northumberland, Lord High Admiral, and Thomas Cromwell, Earl of Essex, Lord High Treasurer. There, too, is another Essex, on whom nature and fortune had lavished all their bounties in vain, and whom valour, grace, genius, royal favour, popular applause, conducted to an early and ignominious doom. Not far off sleep two chiefs of the great house of Howard, Thomas, fourth Duke of Norfolk, and Philip, eleventh Earl of Arundel. Here and there, among the thick graves of unquiet and aspiring statesmen, lie more delicate sufferers; Margaret of Salisbury, the last of the proud name of Plantagenet, and those two fair Queens who perished by the jealous rage of Henry. Such was the dust with which the dust of Monmouth mingled.

ROBERT CHAMBERS.

William (1800) and Robert (1802) Chambers, brothers, the heads of a celebrated book establishment in Edinburgh, are natives of Peebles on the Tweed. Their family having been impoverished, the two brothers found themselves obliged to procure their subsistence by their own exertions. After William had been some time apprenticed to a bookseller, he opened a shop on his own account in 1819, which his brother had done some time before. Their business succeeded through their untiring diligence and care, and in 1832 upon their entering into partnership their establishment became one of the first in Edinburgh. In 1824 Robert wrote the 'Traditions of Edinburgh', a work of considerable local interest: then followed his 'Popular rhymes of Scotland', Picture of Scotland and the 'History of the rebellion of 1745' which latter was read with great interest. In 1827 William published the 'Book of Scotland' and in the following year the 'Gazetteer of Scotland' a very valuable work. All these books have been penned in the midst of their shop occupations. The two brothers are now the editors of several excellent periodicals among which are the following: 'Chambers' Edinburgh Journal', 'Miscellany of useful and entertaining tracts', 'Library for young People'. Their volumes published under the title of 'Educational course' have been widely circulated and are much used for the instruction of beginners.

PRESENT STATE OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE.

The British empire, as at present constituted, is universally acknowledged to be one of the greatest that exists, or ever has existed, on the face of the globe. Its territories are of vast extent; embracing England, Scotland, and Ireland, which form what is termed the mother-country, and a range of colonies and dependencies in all quarters of the world.

The total area of the British islands is about 77 millions of acres, of which 47 millions are under cultivation. The population is estimated at about 28 millions.

The metropolis of the empire is LONDON, with a population (in 1851) of above two millions; and here are situated the palaces of the sovereign and royal family, the Houses of Parliament, the chief law-courts, and numerous institutions of a national character. Edinburgh, the capital of Scotland, and Dublin, the capital of Ireland, have been only of secondary importance since the union of these countries with England. Both are still, however, the seats of their respective national law-courts; the latter, moreover, exhibiting a reflex of the royal presence, in the person of a viceroy or lord-lieutenant, who, assisted by a privy-council and chief-secretary, maintains a certain amount of state dignity.

The superficial features of England, though not devoid of variety and picturesque beauty, are, upon the whole, less varied than those of Scotland and Ireland. Generally speaking, its western side — as in Cumberland, Westmoreland, Wales, and Cornwall — is hilly, while the eastern side, sloping from these heights down to the German Ocean (as evidenced by the direction of its principal rivers), is of an undulating, flat, and sometimes monotonous character. On the whole, the surface presents much amenity, being diversified by trees and hedgerows, well-cultured fields and rich pastures, sunny slopes and fertile river-valleys. The country abounds likewise with nobiemen and gentlemen's seats of handsome architecture; old castles, cathedrals, and churches; and its cottage-homes and hamlets are considered more neat and attractive than those of any other nation. No country of the same extent possesses such a number of busy, populous towns; and these, especially in the manufacturing districts, are increasing with astonishing rapidity.

Scotland, or the northern part of Britain, is more rugged and hilly than England, much indented by arms of the sea, studded with lakes, and intersected by numerous glens or mountain-valleys. Its naturally inferior soil has been prodigiously improved by art in modern times, and the surface greatly beautified by plantations, and the operations of the agriculturist. It is allowed that the Lowland Districts, latterly, have advanced in social and physical improvement at a more rapid pace than any other part of the civilised world, some of the states of the North American Union alone excepted.

Ireland, which, from the introduction of steam-navigation, is now within a few hours' sail of the west coast of Great Britain, is a moderately hilly and beautiful green island. Though disfigured in many places by extensive bogs and morasses, the soil, generally speaking, is extremely fertile, and only wants drainage and culture to render it superior even to that of England. The country possesses many excellent harbours, and is finely situated for trade either with the continent of Europe or America. All that is wanting to give to Ireland the same degree of prosperity enjoyed by the other parts of the empire, appears to be energy, industry, enterprise, and a spirit of self-reliance on the part of the people.

The people of England, Scotland, and Ireland, respectively, possess certain national peculiarities of character; but these, from the general intercourse which now

prevails, are gradually disappearing, and a uniform British character is becoming daily more apparent. In this general and happy assimilation, the English qualities of mind and habits predominate.

The chief feature in the English character is an ardent love of liberty, which renders the people extremely tenacious of their civil rights, stern advocates of justice, and patriotic in the highest degree. In their manners, they are grave rather than gay, blunt rather than ceremonious. In their habits, they are enterprising, industrious, and provident; in their feelings, humane. In all mercantile transactions the greatest integrity exists, and promises are faithfully performed. In the middle and upper classes, the highest civilisation prevails, and all the social virtues and comforts of domestic life are sedulously cultivated. There are some favourite field-sports and boisterous amusements; but the enjoyments of the English are chiefly within doors, in their own well-regulated homes. A love of home is a marked peculiarity in the affections of the British.

The eminent importance attained by the British in the scale of nations, appears to depend mainly upon two features of the common character — the high moral and intellectual inclination of the people at large, and their extraordinary skill in producing articles of necessity and luxury, as well as their dexterity in the commerce by which these are diffused over the world.

About one-third of the population is agricultural, and it is believed that the annual value of the produce of fields, gardens, pasture, and woodlands, is nearly 220 millions sterling. The farmers or leasers of the ground are in general much superior in wealth and style of living to the farmers of any other country in the world; being generally, to a certain extent, capitalists, who employ labourers to perform the actual business of rural economy.

In manufactures and commerce, Britain has long enjoyed a superiority over all other countries. For this the people are indebted not only to their naturally industrious dispositions, and to the enlightened men who have in the course of time invented machinery for increasing and cheapening the products of labour, but to the extraordinary abundance of mineral substances requisite for manufactures, and to the insular nature of the country, which admits of ready maritime communication with other regions. In consequence of these advantages combined, Britain has for a long time furnished articles of clothing and household convenience to many parts of the world, receiving in exchange either money or raw produce which its own soil and climate do not permit of being grown.

The commerce of Britain is conducted by vessels belonging to private parties within the realm, or in other countries. In 1849, the mercantile navy of the home country and its colonies consisted of above thirty-four thousand vessels, of more than four millions of aggregate tonnage. We obtain, however, a more distinct idea of the extent of the national commerce, from a calculation of the number of vessels, British and foreign, which in 1847 entered and departed from British harbours. These were: of British, twenty-four thousand; of foreign, nearly fifteen thousand; comprehending an aggregate of above seven millions of tonnage. The chief mercantile port of Britain is London; after which, Liverpool, Dublin, Bristol, Leith, Hull, Glasgow, Newcastle, Greenock, Belfast, Cork, and Limerick, rank in succession. Duties exceeding eleven millions are annually paid to government for goods imported into London; and harbour-dues, to the amount of Sterl. 224,000, were collected in 1849 for vessels in the docks at Liverpool, which have a water-room of one hundred and eleven acres, and a quay-space of eight miles.

Besides tea, wine, and sugar, the imports of Britain consist chiefly of raw materials for manufactures, while the exports are almost exclusively manufactured goods. The greatest quantity of imports is from America; the greatest quantity of exports to the same part of the world. Tea, to the weight of forty-four million lbs., is obtained from China. Wine, to the amount of nearly eight millions of gallons (in 1849), chiefly from Portugal and Spain. Sugar, to the value of seven millions sterling, is exclusively imported from the West Indies. Cotton, in its raw state, is obtained chiefly from the United States, and in smaller quantities from Brazil, the East Indies, and Egypt. Of wool, the coarser kind is obtained at home, while the finer kinds are imported from Germany and the colonies of Australia. Tallow, hemp, and timber, to the value of above four millions, are imported from Russia.

The government of this large, industrious, and wealthy empire, is conducted according to forms and principles which have come into operation in the course of the events detailed in the earlier part of the present volume. The executive — that is, the power by which the laws are enforced — is intrusted by the nation to a hereditary

monarch, who rules under considerable limitations, and forms only one branch of the legislature. The legislature — that is, the power by which the laws are created — consists of three distinct but combined powers: (1.) A *House of Commons*, composed of six hundred and fifty-six gentlemen, elected by certain portions of the people to serve for a period not exceeding seven years; (2.) A *House of Peers*, composed of the hereditary nobles of England, the English archbishops and bishops, a certain number of lords representing the Scottish and Irish peerage, and a certain number of spiritual lords representing the Irish hierarchy; and, finally, (3.) The *King* or *Queen*. The Houses of Commons and Peers, otherwise styled the Lower and Upper Houses, form a compound deliberative body called *Parliament*, which is liable to be called together, and prorogued or dissolved at the sovereign's pleasure.

These law-giving and law-executing powers combine, in one system called the *British Constitution*, a variety of political principles, which elsewhere are oftener found acting singly. The House of Commons, as a representation of the people, may be said to be founded on the principle of democracy, or people-sovereignty; the House of Peers, which is independent of direct popular control, presents the principle of aristocracy, or noble-sovereignty; while the king contributes the monarchical principle, or sovereignty of one. It must be allowed, in explanation of a system so extraordinary, that the particular portions of the constitution have not always borne the same relative power, and that principles naturally so inconsistent could never perhaps have been combined at all, except by a process extending over many ages.

In early times, the king possessed the chief influence, while the Parliament, in general, was rather an obsequious council of the sovereign than an independent body. At the Revolution of 1688, the strength of the monarchy was diminished by a breach of the hereditary line, and the Parliament became the predominant power. As the nobility and superior gentry had then the chief influence in both Houses of Parliament, it might be said that the aristocratic principle had become ascendant. It continued to be so till the passing of the Reform Bill in 1832, when the power of electing the majority of the House of Commons being extended to the middle-classes of the people, the democratic principle was, for the first time, brought into any considerable degree of force.

The number of members in the House of Lords (1852) is 448; namely, 3 princes of the blood-royal, 20 dukes, 21 marquises, 114 earls, 22 viscounts, 194 barons, 16 peers of Scotland, 28 peers of Ireland, 26 English prelates, and 4 Irish representative prelates.

The House of Commons consists of 656 members; of whom 253 are chosen by counties, 6 by universities, and 397 by cities, boroughs, and towns. England returns 469 members, Wales 29, Ireland 105, and Scotland 53. The number of persons entitled to vote in the election of these members is somewhat above a million; of whom about 620,000 vote for county members, 5000 for representatives of universities, and 440,000 for members for cities, boroughs, and towns.

The qualification of an elector for a member of the House of Commons in counties, is the having been entitled to vote on a freehold qualification before the passing of the Reform Act (1832); or the holding land in copyhold of the clear annual value of ten pounds; or the possessing land or houses of ten pounds annual value in property, or on a lease of not less than sixty years in England, and fifty-seven in Scotland; or the occupation of lands or tenements in England for any period, and in Scotland for nineteen years, at an annual rent of not less than fifty pounds. The qualification of a borough elector, is the occupation of a house of ten pounds annual rent; the resident freemen in English and Irish boroughs being also allowed to vote. The utmost duration to which a Parliament can extend, is seven years; and a new House of Commons must be elected within six months after the commencement of every new reign. The king, however, frequently exercises his prerogative of dissolving Parliament a considerable time before the expiration of the full time allowed to it by law.

The members of the House of Lords enjoy their seats from hereditary privilege. The sovereign possesses the power of creating peers, and of nominating bishops. The Scottish representative peers are elected by the whole body of the peerage of that country, at the commencement of every new Parliament, or on the occurrence of a vacancy; the Irish representative peers are elected also by the whole body of the peerage of their country, but for life. The Irish spiritual peers sit in rotation. Several of the Scotch and Irish peers are also peers of England, by virtue of which they enjoy seats in the House of Lords, at the same time that they exercise their

elective functions in Scotland or Ireland, as the case may be.

The king is not only at the head of the executive; he is also the head of the church, the commander of the army, the dispenser of all titles of honour, and even, by a fiction of the law, the person of whom all the landed property in his dominions is held. In the right of appointing the bishops, the judges, the lords-lieutenant and justices of peace of counties, the officers of the army and navy, and many other officers and public servants, he possesses a large amount of patronage, which conduces in no small degree, to the maintenance of his authority. He has also the sole right of declaring war, though he is effectually controlled by the House of Commons, which may give or withhold the requisite funds, as it seems proper. Out of respect for the hereditary principle and the royal character, it is held that the king cannot of himself do any wrong, or be personally called to account for his actions. The responsibility for the performance of his functions rests with a body of servants, chosen by himself, and designated his *Ministers*, who cannot continue in that character without the approbation of Parliament, and are liable to be impeached by that body if they commit any grievous error.

Twelve of these officers, named the First Lord of the Treasury, the Lord Chancellor, the Lord Privy Seal, the President of the Council, the Secretary of State for the Home Department, the Secretary of State for the Foreign Department, the Secretary of State for the Colonies, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, the First Lord of the Admiralty, the Master-General of the Ordnance, the President of the Board of Control, and the Chancellor of the Dutchy of Lancaster, usually constitute what is called the *Cabinet Council*, or Council of the King's Cabinet, to deliberate upon all matters of importance. Besides this body, the king has a *Privy Council*, consisting of persons eminent from rank, office, or personal character, who may be at variance with the Cabinet Council, but take no share in the government, except when summoned by the royal authority. They are then in the same situation with the Cabinet Ministers, and responsible for the advice they give.

The two Houses of Parliament usually sit, during a considerable portion of every year, in deliberation upon the affairs of the country, and for the enactment of new, or the repeal of old laws. Any member of either House may propose a new law; but this duty is chiefly undertaken by the king's ministers, and it is to the Lower or Commons' House that new laws are usually first proposed. When a proposed law has been introduced in the shape of a bill, and sanctioned in one House, it passes on to the other, which may receive, reject, or modify it. If it passes both, it is submitted to the king, who may give or withhold his approbation. When it has received the sanction of all the three branches of the legislature, it is called an Act of Parliament, and becomes part of the laws of the country. The bills for the pecuniary supplies necessary for the public service, are introduced exclusively by the House of Commons: they may be rejected by the House of Lords; but for that House to alter them, or to introduce any bill which involves pecuniary supply to the government, is considered a breach of the privileges of the Lower House.

The public revenue of the United Kingdom is at present derived principally from five sources — namely customs, excise, stamp-duties, assessed taxes, and property and income tax. *Custom-duties* are charged on most articles imported into, or exported from, the country. *Excise-duties* are charged on certain commodities produced or manufactured at home. *Stamp-duties* are mostly laid on the parchment or paper on which certain deeds, receipts, newspapers, bills, and promissory-notes, are written or printed, and derive their name from the parchment or paper being impressed with a stamp, stating the amount of the duty. *Assessed taxes* include the duties on various things of personal possession and use, from lands and houses to dogs and hair-powder. There are some other inferior sources of revenue, such as the Post-office.

The revenue of the United Kingdom amounted in the year ending April 5, 1851, to upwards of Sterl. 52,000,000, and the expenditure to a somewhat smaller sum.

The public expenditure is made up of a vast variety of items, the most important of which are the interest of the National Debt, and the maintenance of the army and navy. The amount of the debt in 1851 was nearly Sterl. 800,000,000, chiefly composed of various stocks, or loans at certain rates of interest. Lenders of money to the public are called stock or fund-holders. The interest payable on the debt in 1851 was above Sterl. 28,000,000.

The home territories of the empire are alone concerned in maintaining and controlling the government. It has been seen that an attempt to raise taxes in the colonies of North America, which sent no parliamentary representatives to join in imposing

them, was the means of separating these colonies from the parent state. Since then, no similar attempt has been made in any other colonies of Great Britain. The most important of these, exclusive of India, are managed under the supreme direction of the British government, by governors appointed by the king, and by legislative bodies, raised within themselves, and resembling the British Parliament. The revenue of the home-country is, nevertheless, employed in protecting and fostering these dependencies, which have been ascertained to cost considerably more, year by year, than any direct profit which can be derived from the commerce which they carry on with British merchants.

The army of Great Britain has always maintained a high reputation for good conduct, valour, and fortitude; and her navy, unequalled in the annals of the world, has afforded the means of protecting her commerce, and securing her possessions in the most distant quarters of the globe. The average annual expense of the army is Sterl. 7,500,000; and that of the navy, Sterl. 8,000,000.

The British army numbers nearly 130,000 men; the fleet is composed of 678 vessels, with 180,000 guns. Of the land-forces, a fifth is employed in the East Indies, the rest in the United Kingdom and on foreign stations. Though the naval force is always kept in an efficient state to the extent mentioned, only a small proportion of it is employed in time of peace. Ships of the first rate are all three-decked, and carry at least 100 guns, and 800 men; those of the second rate carry at least 80 guns, and 700 men; the third at least 70 guns, and 600 men; the fourth at least 50 guns, and 400 men; the fifth at least 36 guns, and 250 men; and the sixth at least 24 guns, and under 250 men.

A distinguishing feature in the organisation of the British army and navy, is the care taken of the men. Few nations so generously as Britain clothe, feed, and pay their soldiers and sailors, and otherwise render them so comfortable.

Justice, civil and criminal, is administered in England and Ireland according to laws and forms which took their rise in the former country, and were in time extended to the latter. The English law, as it is comprehensively termed, is of two kinds — written or *statute* law, consisting of the laws established by acts of Parliament, and *consuetudinary* law, consisting of customs which have existed from time immemorial, and have received the sanction of the judges. Consuetudinary law is again divided into common law and equity — the former is administered by courts which profess to adhere strictly to the old laws of England, except in so far as they are altered by statute; the latter was founded upon the principle that the king, in cases of hardship, was entitled to give relief from the strictness of the common law. Equity, though thus originated, has now become also a fixed kind of law, and is administered in courts which decide according to established rules.

The peculiar boast of the criminal law of the British empire is *Trial by Jury*. In England and Ireland, where the principle of the criminal law requires the injured party or his representative to prosecute, he can only do so by permission of a jury of accusation, called the Grand Jury; another jury sits for the purpose of deciding whether the evidence against the accused has established the guilt. These juries consist in England of twelve men, whose verdict must be unanimous. In Scotland, there is no grand jury, and there the jury upon the charge consists of fifteen men, who decide by a majority of votes. The jury is an institution of Scandinavian origin, transmitted to Britain through the Danes and Saxons, and it is justly considered as a most efficient protection of the subject from the vindictiveness of power. Civil cases, turning upon matters of fact, are also decided by juries in all parts of the United Kingdom.

The House of Lords, as the great council of the sovereign, acts as a court of final appeal from the civil tribunals of Britain and Ireland. Practically, the business of hearing these appeals is undertaken by some law lord, such as the Lord Chancellor, who, as there must be three persons present, is usually accompanied by a temporal peer and a bishop. Before deciding, the House sometimes demands the opinions of the English judges.

Next in point of value to the privilege of trial by jury, the British subject places the *right of petition* to the Houses of Parliament, either for an improvement in the laws, or a redress of grievances. As this involves the right of assembling publicly in a peaceful manner, or of *meeting constitutionally*, to discuss measures of government and legislation, it is allowed to form the impregnable bulwark of British political freedom.

All classes of religious thinkers receive toleration from the British government, except those who openly offend against public decency and the public peace. In England and Ireland, the Protestant Episcopalian

form of church government and worship is established in intimate alliance with the state, the sovereign being its supreme head, with a hierarchy composed of archbishops, bishops, deans, archdeacons, and other clergy; in Scotland, the established religion is the Protestant Presbyterian, the clergy of which are all equal in status, and have no authorities but those which they form collectively in their own courts.

In England, the Established Church comprehends above 12,000 places of worship. The church in Ireland numbers nearly 1400 benefices, distributed over above 2000 parishes; while the Scottish Presbyterian establishment embraces above 1200 churches, in about 1000 parishes. The established clergy of the three kingdoms are supported by public funds, chiefly arising from the fruits of the earth; hence their congregations, in general, enjoy their ministrations gratuitously. Nevertheless, a large proportion of the middle and lower classes of the people in the three kingdoms prefer supporting, by voluntary contribution, religious ministrations more accordant with their peculiar opinions.

The chief institutions for education in England are — the ancient national universities of Oxford and Cambridge; the more recent colleges of London, Durham, and Lampeter in Wales; the classical schools of Eton, Westminster, Winchester, Harrow, Charterhouse, and Rugby; the military college of Sandhurst; and the East India Company's seminaries at Haileybury and Addiscombe; the colleges of various dissenting denominations; and the elementary schools of the National and British and Foreign Societies. There are numerous schools for elementary instruction, which are conducted by private exertion, and supported by fees, along with, in some instances, aid from the state. After all that is done, however, there is still a great and lamentable deficiency in educational establishments. Latterly, some Schools of Design, for conferring instruction in regard to ornamental drawing, have been instituted in the chief towns, and are supported by government. Much useful instruction is also now imparted by Mechanics' Institutions, through the agency of public lectures.

Ireland possesses six collegiate establishments, in which the higher departments of science and literature are taught — namely, Trinity College, Dublin; the Roman Catholic College of Maynooth; and three provincial Queen's Colleges, with their common central University, erected under a recent act of Parliament, unrestricted by religious tests, and open to students of every denomination. The elementary schools consist chiefly of those superintended by government commissioners, and supported by parliamentary grants.

The chief educational establishments in Scotland are — the universities of St. Andrews, Aberdeen, Glasgow, and Edinburgh, open to students of all denominations; the recent and minor colleges connected with the Episcopalian, Catholic, and Free churches; a number of academies and grammar-schools established in the cities and boroughs; several excellent institutions endowed by private bequests; and the elementary schools which have long been established in every parish. These parish schools are considered an important feature in the system of public instruction in Scotland.

Britain possesses upwards of thirty dependencies in different parts of the world, which it acquired by virtue of discovery or conquest. The dependencies are of two kinds — military establishments, useful for the concentration of naval forces, such as Gibraltar, Helgoland, Bermuda, and St. Helena; and colonial possessions, valuable for trade and the reception of emigrant settlers, but still more important as the means of extending the English language, arts, and civilised usages. The chief colonies are geographically connected with America and the West Indies, and with Australasia.

The Spaniards and Portuguese were the first European nations that colonised the New World, and, when the native Indians perished before them, imported negroes from Africa to perform the agricultural labour as slaves. The English were not slow to follow in their steps. Sir Walter Raleigh formed a settlement in North America about the year 1607, and called it Virginia, in honour of Queen Elizabeth. Two companies of merchants enlarged the British territory, part of which received the name of New England; and, subsequently, numerous bands of religious and political refugees sought a home on its shores; but, as has already been mentioned, when these colonies rose in wealth and strength, they found themselves in a position to maintain their independence of the mother-country, and before the close of the last century, achieved that independence; so that they are now no longer known to us as our colonies, but as the independent republic of the United States of America.

The settlements in the West Indian Islands began to flourish in the half of the seventeenth century, when factories were

established by private companies in Barbadoes and St. Christopher's, and the culture of the sugar-cane, transplanted from Brazil, was found to succeed. During the Protectorate of Cromwell, Jamaica was conquered from Spain, and opened a new source of wealth. Trinidad; the smaller islands; the district of Honduras or Belize, on the adjacent coast of North America; and Guiana, in South America, have been acquired at various periods since, and chiefly by conquest from Spain, Holland, and France. All these territories are together denominated the British West Indies. They are the oldest of our existing colonies, and are rich in every tropical product, yielding sugar, coffee, tobacco, cotton, cabinet timber, spices, fruits, drugs, and dye-stuffs. Jamaica, the largest and most important of the islands, has an area of more than five thousand square miles, with a population of more than four hundred thousand, of which only about thirty-eight thousand are whites, the majority being negroes, most of whom were originally slave labourers. Trinidad, St. Lucia, Dominica, Barbadoes, and the other islands belonging to Britain, may contain an aggregate area of eighty-three thousand square miles, with a population of about four hundred and sixty thousand, of which the greater proportion are negroes and creoles. Belize is comparatively a small territory; but Guiana has an area of sixty-seven thousand square miles, with a population of more than one hundred thousand.

Since the abolition of slavery by the British government, the want of labourers has been severely felt, the coloured population being generally disinclined to hired labour, and the work to be done being unsuitable to European constitutions. These colonies are, therefore, somewhat on the decline.

Since the independence of the North American states in 1776, the British possessions in that continent have been wholly in the northern section, embracing the province of *Canada*, the colonies of *Nova Scotia, Cape Breton, Prince Edward's Island, New Brunswick*, and *Newfoundland*; and the vast region stretching to the Arctic Ocean, at present occupied by savage tribes and the trappers of the Hudson's Bay Company. The whole population amounts to nearly three millions.

India is not, strictly speaking, a colony; it is a great military possession under the immediate government of the East India Company, who retain it for purposes of revenue and trade. The crown, however, exercises a certain control over the affairs of India; and from time to time gives the Company a charter which defines its privileges and authority.

The rise of the British power in India is reckoned one of the most surprising things in history. It originated in a charter granted in 1600 by Queen Elizabeth to a body of English merchants, since known as the East India Company. In 1611, they received permission from the native government at Delhi to establish factories at Surat, and other spots in Eastern Hindostan. About the middle of the seventeenth century, a settlement was formed at Madras; and by the marriage of Charles II. with a princess of Portugal, the valuable position of Bombay was also obtained. At the beginning of the eighteenth century, the French influence in India was considerable, and their settlements superior to the English; but from about the year 1750, when the forces of the two nations came into collision, the French gradually gave way, while our territories rapidly extended; and a succession of conquests, almost forced upon us, placed one district of India after another in our power.

In 1773, it was deemed proper to place a check on the rapidly increasing power of the Company, by the appointment of a governor-general on behalf of the Crown. At a later period, a council and a Board of Control were added. In 1780, Hyder Ali, the sultan of Mysore, suddenly burst into the Carnatic with an overwhelming force, and ravaged all before him. The war, which was continued with various success under his son, Tippoo Saib, terminated at length in the capture of Seringapatam and the death of Tippoo, whose kingdom became the spoil of the English. Early in the present century, the jealousy of some of the Mahratta rulers led to another war of conquest, which gave the victor extensive territories in Central India, including Delhi, the Mogul capital, and Agra, with the custody of the Mogul emperor. A war provoked by the Burmese government in 1826, added Assam and other provinces east of the Bay of Bengal to British India. During the war with Affghanistan, which lasted from 1839 till 1842, it was felt to be very desirable for the British to command the navigation of the Indus; and Lord Ellenborough was induced to attempt the acquisition of territory in Scindia. Here, also, the natives were forced to yield before the superior prowess of Britain. In the adjacent kingdom of the Punjaub, events were still more remarkable. A number of chiefs among the Sikhs contending for the vacant throne, provoked a collision with the English forces in 1845. The war terminated in

1849, by their unconditional surrender, and the Punjaub was by proclamation annexed to British India.

The extent of country now under the immediate control of the East India Company is upwards of 1,000,000 square miles — nearly four times the area of France, and containing a population of above 140 millions. The Company's exclusive right of trading to India was abolished at the expiration of their charter in 1833; but by an act which remains in force till 1854, they still enjoy the revenue, and hold the patronage of the civil and military appointments connected with the government of the country. This revenue, which amounts to about 21 millions sterling, is almost wholly derived from assessments on the land; and though these are so high as to bear hard on the cultivators of the soil, yet the condition of the people is said to be much better than it was under the unsteady governments of their native princes. The army, which is maintained by the Company, is composed partly of British troops, and partly of native sepoys with British officers.

Besides the above, a very large portion of Hindostan is under the protection, though not the direct government, of the Company. The island of *Ceylon*, situated off the southern promontory of Hindostan, and containing an area of 24,664 square miles, with a population of nearly a million and a half, is now one of the most valuable of British possessions. It received European colonists first from Portugal in 1520. These were superseded by the Dutch in the seventeenth century, and these and the French settlers by the English towards the close of the eighteenth. Finally, in 1815, the British government, at the invitation of the native chiefs, assumed the sovereignty of the whole island. It is a free colony, not connected with the East India Company, but administered by officers of the British crown. It is celebrated for its extensive cinnamon and coffee plantations, and its valuable pearl-fishery. The gross revenue in Sterl. 408,000.

The whole of these territories lying in or near Hindostan, are known by the common appellation of *East Indies;* and from their geographical position, yield every species of tropical produce, as sugar, coffee, tea, rice, silk, cotton, hardwoods, ivory, spices, fruits, drugs, dye-stuffs, and other similar commodities. Goods to the value of more than eight millions sterling are annually exported from Britain to the East Indies; while goods to the value of more than fourteen millions are imported from the East Indies to Britain.

In *Australasia*, the British settlements are those of New South Wales, of which that of Sydney, on the south shore of Port Jackson, was established in 1788; Western Australia or Swan River, of which the capital is Perth, in 1829; South Australia, of which Adelaide is the capital; and Port Philip, or Victoria, of which Melbourne is the capital, established in 1837. North Australia was colonised in 1838, and Australind, on the western coast, about eighty miles south of Swan River, was settled in 1841. The Colonisation of this part of the world began by the practice of depositing criminals on the coast of Australia, after the American war of independence put a stop to their being transported to the plantations of the New World. One spot, from the profusion of flowers found on it, was called Botany Bay, long used as a penal settlement; and thus the town of Port Jackson or Sydney had its origin. But the advantages of the place tempted free emigrants to settle in it, and Van Diemen's Land became the penal settlement instead of New South Wales. Many of the inhabitants of Sydney removed to other parts of the coast, and were joined by new emigrants. Thus arose the settlement of Port Philip, at the southern extremity; of Swan River, far to the west; and Adelaide, with many smaller ones between them. Still more recently, Port Essington became the nucleus of settlements in the north, but they have not succeeded like the rest. The staple productions have hitherto been the wool, tallow, and hides of the numerous flocks of sheep fed on the natural pasture. But the recent discovery of gold is likely to change the aspect of affairs. The adjacent island of *Van Diemen's Land* (which contains 24,000 square miles, or somewhat less than Ireland) is the seat of another British colony, planted in 1824, and is altogether a thriving settlement — being more hilly and better watered than Australia. Its principal towns are Hobart-Town, the capital, and Launceston. *New Zealand*, composed of three contiguous islands, ranging from 1100 miles in length, with a breadth varying from 5 to 200, is also the seat of a British colony; and if its internal management were once fairly adjusted, it would probably rise to first-rate importance. Two centuries have passed since these islands were first discovered by the Dutch; but little was known of the natives till the voyages of Captain Cook. They were fierce, warlike, cannibal tribes, whom Europeans

cared not to meddle with. In 1837, however, a New Zealand Company was formed, and land bought from the chiefs. The mother-country has since provided means of protection and government for the colonists.

At the *Cape of Good Hope*, *Sierra Leone*, *Cape Coast*, and other parts of Africa, Britain possesses upwards of 200,000 square miles, with a population of 400,000. Cape Colony, taken from the Dutch in 1806, has been a thriving settlement, and the recent colony at Port Natal gave high promise; but a recent war with the Caffres has been productive of much injury. The *Mauritius*, and some minor islands in the Indian Ocean; the rocky islets of *St. Helena* and *Ascension*, in the Atlantic; and *Fernando Po*, in the Gulf of Guinea, complete the sum of British possessions connected with Africa. Their principal products are ivory, gold, hides, horns, sugar, coffee, palm-oil, teak-wood, aloes, and articles of minor importance.

Other less extensive colonies and dependencies of Great Britain are the *Ionian Islands*, the isles of *Malta* and *Gozzo*, and the town and fortress of *Gibraltar*, in the Mediterranean; the islet of *Helgoland*, in the German Ocean; the peninsula of *Aden*, on the south coast of Arabia; the islet of *Hong-Kong*, at the mouth of the Canton River, in China; *Labuan*, off the coast of Borneo; and the *Falkland Islands*, in the South Atlantic.

The laws and judicial usages of England are extended to the chief colonial possessions, along with all the rights and privileges which are common to British subjects. Hence the inhabitants of the most distant part of the empire, whatever be their origin, rank, or colour, are entitled by the constitution to enjoy the same degree of civil and religious liberty, and the same careful protection of life and property as their fellow-subjects in the mother-country. This is an invaluable boon, for in no nation do the people practically enjoy greater rational liberty of speech or action, and in none is the press more free. In India, the natives are subject to their own laws, and in this privilege they are carefully protected by the British authorities. Uninterrupted, likewise, in the exercise of their own peculiar religious usages, sheltered from the oppression of native chiefs, and instructed at schools which have been recently planted amongst them, the inhabitants of India are really more happy and prosperous under a foreign rule than they were under the dominion of the former sovereigns of the country.

According to the constitution, wherever Britain establishes her civil authority, there also is established the Protestant Episcopalian form of church government and worship, except in cases where provision to the contrary has been made by terms of capitulation. Practically, however, there is perfect freedom in the exercise of religious belief and worship in all parts of the empire. In Lower Canada and Malta, Roman Catholicism; in Hindostan, Brahminism and Mohammedanism; and in Ceylon, the religion of Buddha, prevail. The Protestant Presbyterian form of church government and worship, similar to that of Scotland, predominates in the Cape of Good Hope, according to agreement with the former Dutch occupants. In all the colonial possessions, much is done by means of missionaries, to introduce a knowledge of Christianity among the natives.

The English language now predominates over the whole United Kingdom, with the exception of a portion of the Highlands of Scotland, part of Ireland, part of the Isle of Man, and Wales; but in all these places it is gradually superseding the native Celtic dialects. It has been extended, by means of numerous dependencies abroad, over nearly the whole of North America and the West India Islands; also the Australian continent and islands, the Cape of Good Hope, part of Hindostan and Ceylon, and various other places, including several islands in the Pacific. This diffusion of the English tongue, and with it the Christian religion, as well as English literature and habits of thought, over so large a portion of the earth's surface, is perhaps the most extraordinary fact connected with the history of modern civilisation.

V. PARLIAMENTARY ORATORS.

WILLIAM PITT, EARL OF CHATHAM.

William Pitt so distinguished for his oratorical power, was born in 1708 and studied at Oxford, after which he was for a short time in the army. At the age of twenty one he became a member of parliament, and was soon celebrated for his extraordinary eloquence and considered the first orator and politician in England; he was the champion of the liberal party: his speeches, full of energy and fire, overthrew all opposition. In 1766 he was created a member of the peerage, but still adhered to his former opinions, and relaxed his exertions in no way even until a few weeks before his death which occurred May 11th 1778 when he had attained his 70th year. His correspondence has been published in four volumes: many of these letters are addressed to his nephew and show the amiability and at the same time the learning and loftiness of sentiment of the writer.

ON AMERICAN AFFAIRS.

I cannot, my lords, I will not, join in congratulation on misfortune and disgrace. This, my lords, is a perilous and tremendous moment: it is not a time for adulation; the smoothness of flattery cannot save us in this rugged and awful crisis. It is now necessary to instruct the throne in the language of truth. We must, if possible, dispel the delusion and darkness which envelop it; and display, in its full danger and genuine colours, the ruin which is brought to our doors. Can ministers still presume to expect support in their infatuation? Can parliament be so dead to its dignity and duty, as to give their support to measures thus obtruded and forced upon them? measures, my lords, which have reduced this late flourishing empire to scorn and contempt! But yesterday, and England might have stood against the world; now, none so poor as to do her reverence! The people, whom we at first despised as rebels, but whom we now acknowledge as enemies, are abetted against us, supplied with every military store, their interest consulted, and their ambassadors entertained by our inveterate enemy; — and ministers do not, and dare not, interpose with dignity or effect. The desperate state of our army abroad is in part known. No man more highly esteems and honours the English troops than I do: I know their virtues and their valour: I know they can achieve any thing but impossibilities; and I know that the conquest of English America is an impossibility. You cannot, my lords, you cannot conquer America. What is your present situation there? We do not know the worst: but we know that in three campaigns we have done nothing, and suffered much. You may swell every expense, accumulate every assistance, and extend your traffic to the shambles of every German despot; your attempts will be for ever vain and impotent; — doubly so, indeed, from this mercenary aid on which you rely; for it irritates, to an incurable resentment, the minds of your adversaries, to overrun them with the mercenary sons of rapine and plunder, devoting them and their possessions to the rapacity of hireling cruelty.

But, my lords, who is the man, that, in addition to the disgraces and mischiefs of the war, has dared to authorise and associate to our arms, the tomahawk and scalping knife of the savage? — to call into civilized alliance, the wild and inhuman inhabitants of the woods? — to delegate to the merciless Indian, the defence of disputed rights, and to wage the horrors of his barbarous war against our brethren? My lords, these enormities cry aloud for redress and punishment. But, my lords, this barbarous measure has been defended, not only on the principles of policy and necessity, but also on those of morality; 'for it is perfectly allowable,' says Lord Suffolk, 'to use all the means which God and nature have put into our hands.' I am astonished, I am shocked, to hear such principles confessed; to hear them avowed in this house, or in this country. My lords, I did not intend to encroach so much on your attention; but I cannot repress my indignation — I feel myself impelled to speak. My lords, we are called upon as members of this house, as men, as Christians, to protest against such horrible barbarity! — 'That God and nature have put into our hands!' What ideas of God and nature that noble lord may entertain, I know not; but I know, that such detestable principles are equally abhorrent to religion and humanity. What! to attribute the sacred sanction of God and nature to the massacres of the Indian scalping knife! to the savage, torturing and murdering his unhappy victims! Such notions shock every precept of morality, every

feeling of humanity, every sentiment of honour. These abominable principles, and this more abominable avowal of them, demand the most decisive indignation. I call upon that right reverend, and this most learned Bench, to vindicate the religion of their God, to support the justice of their country. I call upon the bishops to interpose the unsullied sanctity of their lawn, — upon the judges to interpose the purity of their ermine, to save us from this pollution. I call upon the honour of your lordships, to reverence the dignity of your ancestors, and to maintain your own. I call upon the spirit and humanity of my country, to vindicate the national character. I invoke the genius of the constitution. From the tapestry that adorns these walls, the immortal ancestor of this noble lord frowns with indignation at the disgrace of his country. In vain did he defend the liberty, and establish the religion of Britain, against the tyranny of Rome, if these worse than Popish cruelties and inquisitorial practices, are endured among us. To send forth the merciless Indian, thirsting for blood! against whom? — your protestant brethren! — to lay waste their country, to desolate their dwellings, and extirpate their race and name, by the aid and instrumentality of these ungovernable savages! — Spain can no longer boast preeminence in barbarity. She armed herself with bloodhounds to extirpate the wretched natives of Mexico; we, more ruthless, loose those brutal warriors against our countrymen in America, endeared to us by every tie that can sanctify humanity. I solemnly call upon your lordships, and upon every order of men in the state, to stamp upon this infamous procedure the indelible stigma of the public abhorrence. More particularly, I call upon the venerable prelates of our religion, to do away this iniquity; let them perform a lustration to purify the country from this deep and deadly sin.

My lords, I am old and weak, and at present unable to say more; but my feelings and indignation were too strong to have allowed me to say less. I could not have slept this night in my bed, nor even reposed my head upon my pillow, without giving vent to my steadfast abhorrence of such enormous and preposterous principles.

WILLIAM PITT.

William Pitt, second son of the immortal Earl of Chatham, born 1759 and died 1806, became Chancellor of the Exchequer at twenty-three years of age, and continued prime minister until his death. He embraced the opinions of the Tories, and displayed his talents against Lord North and the American war; in his speeches he so convinced his hearers, as to make them fancy they were only following the impulse of their own reason: while Fox, his rival, exercised his influence upon the heart. Very different opinions exist upon the subject of the policy of Pitt's administration, but of the absence of all selfish views there can be no doubt, for although he had it in his power to accumulate riches at the public expence, he left debts to the amount of £. 40,000 which Parliament gratefully paid, besides bestowing upon his remains the honour of a public funeral.

ON THE ABOLITION OF THE SLAVE-TRADE.

* * * I come to Africa. That is the ground on which I rest, and here it is that I say my right honourable friends do not carry their principles to their full extent. Why ought the slave-trade to be abolished? Because it is incurable injustice. How much stronger then is the argument for immediate than gradual abolition! By allowing it to continue even for one hour, do not my right honourable friends weaken, do not they desert their own argument of its injustice? If on the ground of injustice it ought to be abolished at last, why ought it not now? Why is injustice to be suffered to remain for a single hour? From what I hear without doors, it is evident that there is a general conviction entertained of its being far from just; and from that very conviction of its injustice, some men have been led, I fear, to the supposition, that the slave-trade never could have been permitted to begin, but from some strong and irresistible necessity; a necessity, however, which, if it was fancied to exist at first, I have shown cannot be thought by any man whatever to exist now. This plea of necessity thus presumed, and presumed, as I suspect, from the circumstance of injustice itself, has caused a sort of acquiescence in the continuance of this evil. Men have been led to place it among the rank of those necessary evils, which are supposed to be the lot of human creatures, and to be permitted to fall upon some countries or individuals rather than upon others, by that Being, whose ways are inscrutable to us, and whose dispensations, it is conceived, we ought not to look into. The origin of evil is indeed a subject beyond the reach of

human understanding; and the permission of it by a Supreme Being, is a subject into which it belongs not to us to inquire. But where the evil in question is a moral evil which a man can scrutinize, and where that moral evil has its origin with ourselves, let us not imagine that we can clear our consciences by this general, not to say irreligious and impious way of laying aside the question. If we reflect at all on this subject, we must see that every necessary evil supposes that some other and greater evil would be incurred were it removed; I therefore desire to ask, what can be that greater evil, which can be stated to overbalance the one in question? — I know of no evil that ever has existed, nor can imagine any evil to exist, worse than the tearing of seventy or eighty thousand persons annually from their native land by a combination of the most civilized nations inhabiting the most enlightened part of the globe, but more especially under the sanction of the laws of that nation which calls herself the most free and the most happy of them all. Even if these miserable beings were proved guilty of every crime before you take them off, (of which, however, not a single proof is adduced), ought we to take upon ourselves the office of executioners? And even if we condescend so far, still can we be justified in taking them, unless we have clear proof that they are criminals?

But if we go much further, — if we ourselves tempt them to sell their fellow-creatures to us, we may rest assured, that they will take care to provide by every method, by kidnapping, by village-breaking, by unjust wars, by iniquitous condemnations, by rendering Africa a scene of bloodshed and misery, a supply of victims increasing in proportion to our demand. Can we then hesitate in deciding whether the wars in Africa are their wars or ours? It was our arms in the river Cameroon put into the hands of the trader, that furnished him with the means of pushing his trade; and I have no more doubt that they are British arms, put into the hands of Africans, which promote universal war and desolation, than I can doubt their having done so in that individual instance.

I have shown how great is the enormity of this evil, even on the supposition that we take only convicts and prisoners of war. But take the subject in the other way; take it on the grounds stated by the right honourable gentlemen over the way, and how does it stand? Think of EIGHTY THOUSAND persons carried away out of their country by we know not what means! for crimes imputed! for light or inconsiderable faults; for debt perhaps! for the crime of witchcraft! or a thousand other weak and scandalous pretexts; besides all the fraud and kidnapping, the villanies and perfidy, by which the slave-trade is supplied! Reflect on these eighty thousand persons thus annually taken off! There is something in the horror of it that surpasses all the bounds of imagination. Admitting that there exists in Africa something like to courts of justice; yet what an office of humiliation and meanness is it in us, to take upon ourselves to carry into execution the partial, the cruel, iniquitous sentences of such courts, as if we also were strangers to all religion, and to the first principles of justice! But that country, it is said, has been in some degree civilized, and civilized by us. It is said they have gained some knowledge of the principles of justice. What, sir, have they gained principles of justice from us? Their civilization brought about by us! Yes, we give them enough of our intercourse to convey to them the means, and to initiate them in the study, of mutual destruction. We give them just enough of the forms of justice to enable them to add the pretext of legal trials to their other modes of perpetrating the most atrocious iniquity. We give them just enough of European improvements to enable them the more effectually to turn Africa into a ravaged wilderness. Some evidences say that the Africans are addicted to the practice of gambling; that they even sell their wives and children, and ultimately themselves. Are these then the legitimate sources of slavery? Shall we pretend that we can thus acquire an honest right to exact the labour of these people? Can we pretend that we have a right to carry away to distant regions men of whom we know nothing by authentic inquiry, and of whom there is every reasonable presumption to think, that those who sell them to us, have no right to do so? But the evil does not stop here. I feel that there is not time for me to make all the remarks which the subject deserves, and I refrain from attempting to enumerate half the dreadful consequences of this system. Do you think nothing of the ruin and the miseries in which so many other individuals, still remaining in Africa, are involved in consequence of carrying off so many myriads of people? Do you think nothing of their families which are left behind? of the connexions which are broken? of the friendships, attachments, and relationships that are hurst asunder? Do you think nothing of the miseries in consequence, that are felt

from generation to generation? of the privation of that happiness which might be communicated to them by the introduction of civilization, and of mental and moral improvement? A happiness which you withhold from them so long as you permit the slave-trade to continue. What do you know of the internal state of Africa? You have carried on a trade to that quarter of the globe from this civilized and enlightened country; but such a trade, that, instead of diffusing either knowledge or wealth, it has been the check to every laudable pursuit. Instead of any fair interchange of commodities; instead of conveying to them, from this highly favoured land, any means of improvement; you carry with you that noxious plant by which every thing is withered and blasted; under whose shade nothing that is useful or profitable to Africa will ever flourish or take root. Long as that continent has been known to navigators, the extreme line and boundaries of its coasts is all with which Europe is yet become acquainted; while other countries in the same parallel of latitude, through a happier system of intercourse, have reaped the blessings of a mutually beneficial commerce. But as to the whole interior of that continent you are, by your own principles of commerce, as yet entirely shut out: Africa is known to you only in its skirts. Yet even there you are able to infuse a poison that spreads its contagious effects from one end of it to the other, which penetrates to its very centre, corrupting every part to which it reaches. You there subvert the whole order of nature; you aggravate every natural barbarity, and furnish to every man living on that continent, motives for committing, under the name and pretext of commerce, acts of perpetual violence and perfidy against his neighbour.

Thus, sir, has the perversion of British commerce carried misery instead of happiness to one whole quarter of the globe. False to the very principles of trade, misguided in our policy, and unmindful of our duty, what astonishing — I had almost said, what *irreparable* mischief, have we brought upon that Continent! I would apply this thought to the present question. How shall we ever repair this mischief? How shall we hope to obtain, if it be possible, forgiveness from Heaven for those enormous evils we have committed, if we refuse to make use of those means which the mercy of Providence hath still reserved to us for wiping away the guilt and shame with which we are now covered? If we refuse even this degree of compensation, if, knowing the miseries we have caused, we refuse even now to put a stop to them, how greatly aggravated will be the guilt of Great Britain! and what a blot will the history of these transactoins for ever be in the history of this country! Shall we then DELAY to repair these injuries, and to begin rendering this justice to Africa? Shall we not count the days and hours that are suffered to intervene and to delay the accomplishment of such a work? Reflect, what an immense object is before you — what an object for a nation to have in view, and to have a prospect, under the favour of Providence, of being now permitted to attain! I think the house will agree with me in cherishing the ardent wish to enter without delay upon the measures necessary for these great ends: and I am sure that the immediate abolition of the slave-trade is the first, the principal, the most indispensable act of policy, of duty, and of justice, that the legislature of this country has to take, if it is indeed their wish to secure those important objects to which I have alluded, and which we are bound to pursue by the most solemn obligations.

There is, however, one argument set up as an universal answer to every thing that can be urged on our side; whether we address ourselves to gentlemen's understandings, or to their hearts and consciences. It is necessary I should remove this formidable objection; for though not often stated in distinct terms, I fear it is one which has a very wide influence. The slave-trade system, it is supposed, has taken so deep root in Africa, that it is absurd to think of its being eradicated; and the abolition of that share of trade carried on by Great Britain (and especially if her example is not followed by other powers) is likely to be of very little service. Give me leave to say, in answer to so dangerous an argument, that we ought to be extremely sure indeed of the assumption on which it rests, before we venture to rely on its validity; before we decide that an evil which we ourselves contribute to inflict is incurable, and on that very plea, refuse to desist from bearing our part in the system which produces it. You are not sure, it is said, that other nations will give up the trade, if you should renounce it. I answer, if this trade is as criminal as it is asserted to be, or if it has in it a thousandth part of the criminality, which I, and others, after thorough investigation of the subject, charge upon it, God forbid that we should hesitate in determining to relinquish so iniquitous a traffic; even though it should be retained by other countries! God forbid, however, that we

should fail to do our utmost towards inducing other countries to abandon a bloody commerce which they have probably been in great measure led by our example to pursue! God forbid, that we should be capable of wishing to arrogate to ourselves the glory of being singular in renouncing it!

I tremble at the thought of gentlemen's indulging themselves in this argument (an argument as pernicious as it is futile) which I am combating. 'We are friends,' say they, 'to humanity. We are second to none of you in our zeal for the good of Africa, — but the French will not abolish — the Dutch will not abolish. We wait, therefore, on prudential principles, till they join us, or set us an example.'

How, sir, is this enormous evil ever to be eradicated, if every nation is thus prudentially to wait till the concurrence of all the world shall have been obtained? — Let me remark too, that there is no nation in Europe that has, on the one hand, plunged so deeply into this guilt as Britain; or that is so likely, on the other, to be looked up to as an example, if she should have the manliness to be the first in decidedly renouncing it. But, sir, does not this argument apply a thousand times more strongly in a contrary way? How much more justly may *other* nations point to *us*, and say, 'Why should we abolish the slave-trade when Great Britain has not abolished? Britain, free as she is, just and honourable as she is, and deeply also involved as she is in this commerce above all nations, not only has not abolished, but has refused to abolish. — She has investigated it well; she has gained the completest insight into its nature and effects; she has collected volumes of evidence on every branch of the subject. Her senate has deliberated — has deliberated again and again — and what is the result? She has gravely and solemnly determined to sanction the slave-trade. She sanctions it at least for a while — her legislature, therefore, it is plain, sees no guilt in it, and has thus furnished us with the strongest evidence that she can furnish, — of the justice unquestionably, — and of the policy also, in a certain measure and in certain cases at least, of permitting this traffic to continue.'

This, sir, is the argument with which we furnish the other nations of Europe, if we again refuse to put an end to the slave-trade. Instead, therefore, of imagining, that by choosing to presume on their continuing it, we shall have exempted ourselves from guilt, and have transferred the whole criminality to them; let us rather reflect that, on the very principle urged against us, we shall henceforth have to answer for their crimes, as well as our own. We have strong reasons to believe that it depends upon us, whether other countries will persist in this bloody trade or not. Already we have suffered one year to pass away, and now that the question is renewed, a proposition is made for gradual, with the view of preventing immediate abolition. I know the difficulty that exists in attempting to reform long-established abuses; and I know the danger arising from the argument in favour of delay, in the case of evils which nevertheless are thought too enormous to be borne, when considered as perpetual. But by proposing some other period than the present, by prescribing some condition, by waiting for some contingency, or by refusing to proceed till a thousand favourable circumstances unite together; perhaps until we obtain the general concurrence of Europe (a concurrence which I believe never yet took place at the commencement of any one improvement in policy or in morals); year after year escapes, and the most enormous evils go unredressed. We see this abundantly exemplified, not only in public, but in private life. Similar observations have been applied to the case of personal reformation. If you go into the street, it is a chance but the first person who crosses you is one, '*Vivendi recte qui prorogat horam.*' We may wait; we may delay to cross the stream before us, till it has run down; but we shall wait for ever, for the river will still flow on, without being exhausted. We shall be no nearer the object which we profess to have in view, so long as the step, which alone can bring us to it, is not taken. Until the actual, the only remedy is applied, we ought neither to flatter ourselves that we have as yet thoroughly laid to heart the evil we affect to deplore; nor that there is as yet any reasonable assurance of its being brought to an actual determination.

It has also been occasionally urged, that there is something in the disposition and nature of the Africans themselves, which renders all prospect of civilization on that continent extremely unpromising. 'It has been known,' says Mr. Frazer, in his evidence, 'that a boy has been put to death, who was refused to be purchased as a slave.' This single story was deemed by that gentleman a sufficient proof of the barbarity of the Africans, and of the inutility of abolishing the slave-trade. My honourable friend, however, has told you, that this boy had previously run away from his master

three several times; that the master had to pay his value, according to the custom of his country, every time he was brought back; and that, partly from anger at the boy for running away so frequently, and partly to prevent a still further repetition of the same expense, he determined to put him to death. Such was the explanation of the story given in the cross-examination. This, sir, is the signal instance that has been dwelt upon of African barbarity. — This *African*, we admit, was *unenlightened*, and altogether barbarous: but let us now ask what would a *civilized* and *enlightened West-Indian*, or a body of West-Indians, have done in any case of a parallel nature? I will quote you, sir, a law passed in the West-Indies, in the year 1722, which, in turning over the book, I happened just now to cast my eye upon; by which law, this very same crime of running away, is, by the legislature of the island, — by the grave and deliberate sentence of that enlightened legislature, punished with death: and this, not in the case only of the third offence, but even in the very first instance. It is enacted, 'that if any negro or other slave shall withdraw himself from his master, for the term of six months; or any slave that was absent shall not return within that time, it shall be adjuged felony, and every such person shall suffer death.' There is also another West-Indian law, by which every negro's hand is armed against his fellow negroes, by his being authorised to kill a run-away slave, and even having a reward held out to him for doing so. Let the house now contrast the two cases. Let them ask themselves which of the two exhibits the greater barbarity? Let them reflect, with a little candour and liberality, whether on the ground of any of those facts, and loose insinuations as to the sacrifices to be met with in the evidence, they can possibly reconcile to themselves the excluding of Africa from all means of civilization? whether they can possibly vote for the continuance of the slave-trade upon the principle, that the Africans have shown themselves to be a race of *incorrigible barbarians?*

I hope, therefore, we shall hear no more of the moral impossibility of civilizing the Africans, nor have our understandings and consciences again insulted, by being called upon to sanction the slave-trade, until other nations shall have set the example of abolishing it. While we have been deliberating upon the subject, one nation, not ordinarily taking the lead in politics, nor by any means remarkable for the boldness of its councils, has determined on a gradual abolition; a determination, indeed, which, since it permits for a time the existence of the slave-trade, would be an unfortunate pattern for our imitation. France, it is said, will take up the trade, if we relinquish it. What? Is it supposed that in the present situation of St. Domingo, of an island which used to take three-fourths of all the slaves required by the colonies of France, she, of all countries, will think of taking it up? What countries remain? The Portuguese, the Dutch, and the Spaniards. Of those countries let me declare it as my opinion, that if they see us renounce the trade, after full deliberation, they will not be disposed, even on principles of policy, to rush further into it. But I say more; How are they to furnish the capital necessary for carrying it on? If there is any aggravation of our guilt, in this wretched business, greater than another, it is that we have stooped to be the carriers of these miserable beings from Africa to the West Indies for all the other powers of Europe. And now, sir, if we retire from the trade altogether, I ask, where is that fund which is to be raised at once by other nations, equal to the purchase of 30 or 40,000 slaves? A fund which, if we rate them at 40 *l.* or 50 *l.* each, cannot make a capital of less than a million and a half, or two millions of money. From what branch of their commerce is it that these European nations will draw together a fund to feed this monster? — to keep alive this detestable commerce? And even if they should make the attempt, will not that immense chasm, which must instantly be created in the other parts of their trade, from which this vast capital must be withdrawn in order to supply the slave-trade, be filled up by yourselves? — Will not these branches of commerce which they must leave, and from which they must withdraw their industry and their capitals, in order to apply them to the slave-trade, be then taken up by British merchants? — Will you not even in this case find your capital flow into these deserted channels? — Will not your capital be turned from the slave-trade to that natural and innocent commerce from which they must withdraw their capitals, in proportion as they take up the traffic in the flesh and blood of their fellow-creatures?

The committee sees, I trust, how little ground of objection to our proposition there is in this part of our adversaries' argument.

Having now detained the house so long, all that I will further add, shall be on that important subject, the civilization of Africa, which I have already shown that I consider

as the leading feature in this question. Grieved am I to think that there should be a single person in this country, much more that there should be a single member in the British parliament, who can look on the present dark, uncultivated, and uncivilized state of that continent, as a ground for continuing the slave-trade, — as a ground not only for refusing to attempt the improvement of Africa, but even for hindering and intercepting every ray of light which might otherwise break in upon her, — as a ground for refusing to her the common chance and the common means with which other nations have been blessed, of emerging from their native barbarism.

Here, as in every other branch of this extensive question, the argument of our adversaries pleads against them; for, surely, sir, the present deplorable state of Africa, especially when we reflect that her chief calamities are to be ascribed to us, calls for our generous aid, rather than justifies any despair on our part of her recovery, and still less any further repetition of our injuries.

I will not much longer fatigue the attention of the house; but this point has impressed itself so deeply on my mind, that I must trouble the committee with a few additional observations. Are we justified, I ask, on any one ground of theory, or by any one instance to be found in the history of the world, from its very beginning to this day, in forming the supposition which I am now combating? Are we justified in supposing that the particular practice which we encourage in Africa, of men's selling each other for slaves, is any symptom of a barbarism that is incurable? Are we justified in supposing that even the practice of offering up human sacrifices proves a total incapacity for civilization? I believe it will be found, and perhaps much more generally than is supposed, that both the trade in slaves, and the still more savage custom of offering human sacrifices, obtained in former periods throughout many of those nations which now, by the blessings of Providence, and by a long progression of improvements, are advanced the farthest in civilization. I believe, sir, that, if we will reflect an instant, we shall find that this observation comes directly home to our own selves; and that, on the same ground on which we are now disposed to proscribe Africa for ever from all possibility of improvement, we ourselves might, in like manner, have been proscribed and for ever shut out from all the blessings which we now enjoy.

There was a time, sir, which it may be fit sometimes to revive in the remembrance of our countrymen, when even human sacrifices are said to have been offered in this island. But I would peculiarly observe on this day, for it is a case precisely in point, that the very practice of the slave-trade once prevailed among us Slaves, as we may read in Henry's History of Great Britain, were formerly an established article of our export. 'Great numbers,' he says, 'were exported like cattle, from the British coast, and were to be seen exposed for sale in the Roman market.' It does not distinctly appear by what means they were procured; but there was unquestionably no small resemblance, in this particular point, between the case of our ancestors and that of the present wretched natives of Africa — for the historian tells you that 'adultery, witchcraft, and debt were probably some of the chief sources of supplying the Roman market with British slaves — that prisoners taken in war were added to the number — and that there might be among them some unfortunate gamesters, who, after having lost all their goods, at length staked themselves, their wives, and their children.' Every one of these sources of slavery has been stated, and almost precisely in the same terms, to be at this hour a source of slavery in Africa. And these circumstances, sir, with a solitary instance or two of human sacrifices, furnish the alleged proofs, that Africa labours under a natural incapacity for civilization; that it is enthusiasm and fanaticism to think that she can ever enjoy the knowledge and the morals of Europe; that Providence never intended her to rise above a state of barbarism; that Providence has irrevocably doomed her to be only a nursery for slaves for us free and civilized Europeans. Allow of this principle, as applied to Africa, and I should be glad to know why it might not also have been applied to ancient and uncivilized Britain. Why might not some Roman senator, reasoning on the principles of some honourable gentlemen, and pointing to *British barbarians*, have predicted with equal boldness, '*There* is a people that will never rise to civilization — *there* is a people destined never to be free — a people without the understanding necessary for the attainment of useful arts; depressed by the hand of nature below the level of the human species; and created to form a supply of slaves for the rest of the world.' Might not this have been said, according to the principles which we now hear stated, in all respects as fairly and as truly of Britain herself, at that period of her history, as it can now be said by us of the inhabitants of Africa?

We, sir, have long since emerged from barbarism — we have almost forgotten that we were once barbarians — we are now raised to a situation which exhibits a striking contrast to every circumstance by which a Roman might have characterized us, and by which we now characterize Africa. There is indeed one thing wanting to complete the contrast, and to clear us altogether from the imputation of acting even to this hour as barbarians; for we continue to this hour a barbarous traffic in slaves; we continue it even yet in spite of all our great and undeniable pretensions to civilization. We were once as obscure among the nations of the earth, as savage in our manners, as debased in our morals, as degraded in our understandings, as these unhappy Africans are at present. But in the lapse of a long series of years, by a progression slow, and for a time almost imperceptible, we have become rich in a variety of acquirements, favoured above measure in the gifts of Providence, unrivalled in commerce, preeminent in arts, foremost in the pursuits of philosophy and science, and established in all the blessings of civil society: we are in the possession of peace, of happiness, and of liberty; we are under the guidance of a mild and beneficent religion; and we are protected by impartial laws, and the purest administration of justice: we are living under a system of government, which our own happy experience leads us to pronounce the best and wisest which has ever yet been framed; a system which has become the admiration of the world. From all these blessings we must for ever have been shut out, had there been any truth in those principles which some gentlemen have not hesitated to lay down as applicable to the case of Africa. Had those principles been true, we ourselves had languished to this hour in that miserable state of ignorance, brutality, and degradation, in which history proves our ancestors to have been immersed. Had other nations adopted these principles in their conduct towards us; had other nations applied to Great Britain the reasoning which some of the senators of this very island now apply to Africa; ages might have passed without our emerging from barbarism: and we, who are enjoying the blessings of British civilization, of British laws, and British liberty, might at this hour have been little superior, either in morals, in knowledge, or refinement, to the rude inhabitants of the coast of Guinea.

If then we feel that this perpetual confinement in the fetters of brutal ignorance would have been the greatest calamity which could have befallen us; if we view with gratitude and exultation the contrast between the peculiar blessings we enjoy, and the wretchedness of the ancient inhabitants of Britain; if we shudder to think of the misery which would still have overwhelmed us, had Great Britain continued to the present times to be the mart for slaves to the more civilized nations of the world, through some cruel policy of theirs, God forbid that we should any longer subject Africa to the same dreadful scourge, and preclude the light of knowledge, which has reached every other quarter of the globe, from having access to her coasts!

I trust we shall no longer continue this commerce, to the destruction of every improvement on that wide continent; and shall not consider ourselves as conferring too great a boon, in restoring its inhabitants to the rank of human beings. I trust we shall not think ourselves too liberal, if, by abolishing the slave-trade, we give them the same common chance of civilization with other parts of the world, and that we shall now allow to Africa the opportunity — the hope — the prospect of attaining to the same blessings which we ourselves, through the favourable dispensations of Divine Providence, have been permitted, at a much more early period, to enjoy. If we listen to the voice of reason and duty, and pursue this night the line of conduct which they prescribe, some of us may live to see a reverse of that picture, from which we now turn our eyes with shame and regret. We may live to behold the natives of Africa engaged in the calm occupations of industry, in the pursuits of a just and legitimate commerce. We may behold the beams of science and philosophy breaking in upon their land, which, at some happy period in still later times, may blaze with full lustre; and joining their influence to that of pure religion, may illuminate and invigorate the most distant extremities of that immense continent. Then may we hope that even Africa, though last of all the quarters of the globe, shall enjoy at length, in the evening of her days, those blessings which have descended so plentifully upon us in a much earlier period of the world. Then also will Europe, participating in her improvement and prosperity, receive an ample recompense for the tardy kindness, (if kindness it can be called) of no longer hindering that continent from extricating herself out of the darkness which, in other more fortunate regions, has been so much more speedily dispelled.

—Nos primus equis oriens afflavit anhelis;
Illic sera rubens accendit lumina Vesper.

Then, sir, may be applied to Africa those words, originally used indeed with a different view:

His demum exactis ——————
Devenere locos lætos, et amœna vireta
Fortunatorum nemorum, sedesque beatas:
Largior hic campos Æther, et lumine vestit
Purpureo.

It is in this view, sir, — it is in atonement for our long and cruel injustice towards Africa, that the measure proposed by my honourable friend most forcibly recommends itself to my mind. The great and happy change to be expected in the state of her inhabitants, is, of all the various and important benefits of the abolition, in my estimation, incomparably the most extensive and important.

I shall vote, sir, against the adjournment; and I shall also oppose to the utmost every proposition, which in any way may tend either to prevent, or even to postpone for an hour the total abolition of the slave-trade· a measure which, on all the various grounds which I have stated, we are bound by the most pressing and indispensable duty to adopt.

CHARLES JAMES FOX.

Charles James Fox, born 1748 died 1806, second son of Lord Holland, was the greatest master of the art of discussion that England has ever produced and the rival of Pitt. He embraced the opinions of the Whig party and by his exertions in the cause of freedom earned a never-dying reputation in the annals of his country. As an orator he possessed extraordinary intellectual and physical powers. His speeches were concise and energetic, and his arguments few but invincible. During his periods of relaxation from business he employed himself in writing a history of the reign of James II. left unfinished at his death, but published in 1808 by Lord Holland. The history is plainly written, but the style is far from being perfect and shows a great want of force and vivacity. The principles contained in the work are however worthy of his liberal mind

ON AMERICAN AFFAIRS. — 1778.

You have now two wars before you, of which you must choose one; for, both you cannot support. The war against America has hitherto been carried on against her alone, unassisted by any ally whatever: notwithstanding she stood alone, you have been obliged uniformly to increase your exertions, and to push your efforts in the end to the extent of your power, without being able to bring it to an issue: you have exerted all your force hitherto without effect, and you cannot now divide a force found already inadequate to its object. My opinion is for withdrawing your forces from America entirely; for, a defensive war you can never think of there of any sort; a defensive war would ruin this nation at any time, and in any circumstances: offensive war is pointed out as proper for this country; our situation points it out, and the spirit of the nation impels us to attack rather than defence: — attack France then, for she is your object. The nature of the wars is quite different: the war against America is against your own countrymen — you have stopped me from saying against your fellow-subjects; that against France is against your inveterate enemy and rival. Every blow you strike in America is against yourselves; it is against all ideas of reconciliation, and against your own interest, though you should be able, as you never will, to force them to submit. Every stroke against France is of advantage to you: the more you lower the scale in which France lays in the balance, the more your own rises, and the more the Americans will be detached from her as useless to them. Even your own victories over America are in favour of France, from what they must cost you in men and money: your victories over France will be felt by her ally. America must be conquered in France: France never can be conquered in America.

The war of the Americans is a war of passion; it is of such a nature as to be supported by the most powerful virtues — love of liberty and of their country; and, at the same time, by those passions in the human heart, which give courage, strength, and perseverance to man — the spirit of revenge for the injuries you have done them; of retaliation for the hardships you have inflicted on them; and of opposition to the unjust powers you have exercised over them. Every thing combines to animate them to this war, and such a war is without end; for, whatever obstinacy enthusiasm ever inspired man with, you will now find it in America; no matter what gives birth to that enthusiasm, whether the name of religion or of liberty, the effects are the same; it inspires a spirit that is unconquerable, and solicitous to undergo difficulty, danger, and hardship: and as long as there is a man in

America, a being formed such as we are, you will have him present himself against you in the field. The war of France is a war of another sort; the war of France is a war of interest: it was her interest first induced her to engage in it, and it is by that interest that she will measure its continuance. Turn your face at once against her; attack her wherever she is exposed, crush her commerce wherever you can, make her feel heavy and immediate distress throughout the nation: the people will soon cry out to their government. Whilst the advantages she promises herself are remote and uncertain, inflict present evils and distresses upon her subjects: the people will become discontented and clamorous: she will find it a bad bargain, having entered into this business; and you will force her to desert any ally that brings so much trouble, and distress, and misfortune, the advantages of whose alliance may never take effect; or, if they should, be subject always to disturbance from his country, which it always ought to be, and which I know you are able to give, if you once get your hands clear of America. What is become of the ancient spirit of this nation? Where is the national spirit that ever did honour to this country? Have the present ministry spent that too, with almost the last shilling of your money? Are they not ashamed of the temporizing conduct they have used towards France? Her correspondence with America has been clandestine: compare that with their conduct towards Holland some time ago; — but it is the characteristic of little minds to be exact in little things, whilst they shrink from their rights in great ones.

The conduct of France is called clandestine: look back but a year ago to a letter from one of your secretaries of state to Holland; 'it is with surprise and indignation' your conduct is seen, in something done by a petty governor of an island, while they affect to call the measures of France clandestine. This is the way that ministers support the character of the nation, and the national honour and glory! But, look again how that same Holland is spoken of to-day: even in your correspondence with her your littleness appears: —

——————Pauper et exul uterque,
Projicit ampullas, et sesquipedalia verba.

From this you may judge of your situation, from this you may know what a state you are reduced to. How will the French party in Holland exult over you, and grow strong! She will never continue your ally when you meanly crouch to France, and do not dare to stir in your defence! But it is nothing extraordinary that she should not, while you keep the ministers you have: no power in Europe is blind; there is none blind enough to ally itself with weakness, and become partner in bankruptcy; there is no one blind enough to ally themselves to obstinacy, absurdity, and imbecility.

SPEECH ON GENERAL FITZPATRICK'S MOTION RELATIVE TO M. DE LA FAYETTE. DECEMBER 16, 1796.

* * * Good God, sir! what sentiments and what doctrines have we not heard this night! What arguments has not the right honourable gentleman (Mr. Windham) advanced! 'Well or ill intentioned,' M. de la Fayette ought not to be pardoned because he was the beginner of the French revolution — he is not to be pardoned because thousands have fallen through his means. If he is not to be pardoned because thousands have fallen, what must become of the right honourable gentleman himself, and of the minister of England, who have caused rivers of blood to flow by their wild and horrid enterprises? But the beginners of revolutions are the persons to be punished, however moderate and honourable in their views, however patriotic in their conduct, and whatever benefits they may have rendered to their country! Those who come after the beginners, and who may tarnish the cause of liberty by their excesses, are to be pardoned, but not the first beginners! According to this new doctrine, our great ancestors, to whom we have been accustomed to pay almost divine honours, for the glorious services they have rendered to man, were men to be execrated and abhorred. Cromwell is a man to be excused by the right honourable gentleman, because he found things prepared, and only took advantage of circumstances; but Hampden, Pym, Lord Falkland, the Earl of Bedford, and all the illustrious men whom we have been accustomed to reverence, as having not merely rescued their country from intolerable evils, but pursued in their reforms the principle of the most generous humanity, and the most disinterested moderation, are objects of eternal execration. Hume is, I think, severe enough upon Hampden when he says, that he probably died at the favourable moment for his fame, since, if he had lived, he might perhaps have betrayed principles of violent ambition. But this is nothing to the argument of the honourable gentleman; since the men who blackened the cause of liberty by their crimes were virtuous in comparison of those who desired only to rescue

their country from tyranny, corruption, and abuse. Such is the whole gist of his argument. Collot d'Herbois, according to him, is no object of royal persecution equal to La Fayette: for Collot is a monster whose crimes will defile the cause. Liberty so tarnished can never be attractive, nor recommend itself by the purity and benevoleuce of its principles. It is not therefore the Collots that they hate, but the Fayettes, who, by the unsullied patriotism of their motives, and the undeviating rectitude of their conduct, prove that true liberty is the parent and companion of all the milder virtues of the heart.

SPEECH ON THE OVERTURES OF PEACE FROM THE FIRST CONSUL. FEB. 3, 1800.

* * * Now, sir, what was the conduct of your own allies to Poland? Is there a single atrocity of the French, in Italy, in Switzerland, in Egypt if you please, more unprincipled and inhnman than that of Russia, Austria, and Prussia, in Poland? What has there been in the condnct of the French to foreign powers; what in the violation of solemn treaties; what in the plunder, devastation, and dismemberment of unoffending countries; what in the horrors and mnrders perpetrated upon the subdued victims of their rage in any district which they have overrun; worse than the conduct of those three great powers in the miserable, devoted, and trampled-on kingdom of Poland, and who have been, or are, our allies in this war for religion, social order, and the rights of nations? 'Oh! but we regretted the partition of Poland!' Yes, regretted! You regretted the violence, and that is all you did; you united yourselves with the actors; you, in fact, by your acquiescence, confirmed the atrocity. But they are your allies; and though they overran and divided Poland, there was nothing, perhaps, in the manner of doing it, which stamped it with peculiar infamy and disgrace. The hero of Poland, perhaps, was merciful and mild! He was as much superior to Buonaparte in bravery, and in the discipliue which he maintained, as he was superior in virtue and humanity! He was animated by the purest principles of Christianity, and was restrained in his career by the benevolent precepts which it inculcates! Was he? Let unfortunate Warsaw, and the miserable inhabitants of the snburb of Praga in particular, tell! What do we understand to have been the conduct of this magnanimous hero, with whom, it seems, Buonaparte is not to be compared? He entered the suburb of Praga, the most populous suburb of Warsaw, and there he let his soldiery loose on the niserable, unarmed, and unresisting people! Men, women, and childreu, nay, infants at the breast, were doomed to one indiscriminate massacre! Thousands of them were inhumanly, wantonly butchered! And for what? Because they had dared to join in a wish to meliorate their own condition as a people, and to improve their constitution, which had been confessed by their own sovereign to be in want of amendment. And such is the hero upon whom the cause of 'religion and social order' is to repose! And such is the man whom we praise for his discipline and his virtue, and whom we hold ont as onr boast and our dependence, while the conduct of Buonaparte nnfits him to be even treated with as an enemy! * * *.

HENRY GRATTAN.

Henry Grattan (born in 1750, died in 1820) was a native of Ireland, and highly estimated by his conotrymen as their supporter in the cause of freedom. In 1782 having addressed the king of England respecting the rights of his country and its oppressions, he had the pleasure of exciting the English parliament to remove an obnoxious statute of George I., thus freeing Ireland from foreign jurisdiction. This event was received with so much joy by the nation and gratitude to Grattan, that the Irish parliament immediately granted him fifty thousand pounds as a reward for his untiring exertions. He continued many years in the English parliament exerting himself for the good of his impoverished country.

SPEECH AGAINST NAPOLEON.

The proposition that we should not interfere with the government of other nations is true, but true with qualifications. If the government of any other country contains an insurrectionary principle, as France did, when she offered to aid the insurrection of her neighbours, your interference is warranted; if the government of another country contains the principle of universal empire, as France did, and promulgated, your interference is justifiable. Gentlemen may call this internal government, but I call this conspiracy. If the government of another country maintains a predatory army, such as Buonaparte's, with a view to hostility and

conquest, your interference is just. He may call this internal government, but I call this a preparation for war. No doubt he will accompany this with offers of peace, but such offers of peace are nothing more than one of the arts of war, attended, most assuredly, by charging on you the odium of a long and protracted contest, and with much common place, and many good saws and sayings of the miseries of bloodshed, and the savings and good husbandry of peace, and the comforts of a quiet life: but if you listen to this, you will be much deceived; not only deceived, but you will be beaten. Again, if the government of another country covers more ground in Europe, and destroys the balance of power, so as to threaten the independence of other nations, this is a cause of your interference. Such was the principle upon which we acted in the best times: such was the principle of the grand alliance; such was the triple alliance, and such the quadruple; and by such principles has Europe not only been regulated, but protected. If a foreign government does any of those acts I have mentioned, we have a cause of war; but if a foreign power does all of them, — forms a conspiracy for universal empire, keeps up an army for that purpose, employs that army to overturn the balance of power, and attempts the conquest of Europe, — attempts do I say? in a great degree achieves it, (for what else was Buonaparte's dominion before the battle of Leipsic?) — and then receives an overthrow; owes its deliverance to treaties which give that power its life, and these countries their security, (for what did you get from France but security?) — if this power, I say, avails itself of the conditions in the treaties, which give it colonies, prisoners, and deliverance, and breaks those conditions which give you security, and resumes the same situation which renders this power capable of repeating the same atrocity. — has England, or has she not, a right of war?

Having considered the two questions, that of ability and that of right, and having shown that you are justified on either consideration to go to war, let me now suppose that you treat for peace. First, you will have peace upon a war establishment, and then a war without your present allies. It is not certain that you will have any of them, but it is certain that you will not have the same combination, while Buonaparte increases his power by confirmation of his title, and by further preparation: so that you will have a bad peace and a bad war. Were I disposed to treat for peace I would not agree to the amendment, because it disperses your allies and strengthens your enemy, and says to both, we will quit our alliance to confirm Napoleon on the throne of France, that he may hereafter more advantageously fight us, as he did before, for the throne of England.

Gentlemen set forth the pretensions of Buonaparte; gentlemen say, that he has given liberty to the press; he has given liberty to publication, to be afterwards tried and punished according to the present constitution of France, as a military chief pleases; that is to say, he has given liberty to the French to hang themselves. Gentlemen say, he has in his dominions abolished the slave-trade: I am unwilling to deny him praise for such an act; but if we praise him for giving liberty to the African, let us not assist him in imposing slavery on the European. Gentlemen say, will you make war upon character? but the question is, will you trust a government without one? What will you do if you are conquered, say gentlemen? I answer, the very thing you must do, if you treat, — abandon the Low Countries. But the question is, in which case are you most likely to be conquered, with allies or without them. Either you must abandon the Low Countries, or you must preserve them by arms, for Buonaparte will not be withheld by treaty. If you abandon them, you will lose your situation on the globe; and instead of being a medium of communication and commerce between the new and the old, you will become an anxious station between two fires, — the continent of America, rendered hostile by the intrigues of France, and the continent of Europe, possessed by her arms. It then remains for you to determine, if you do not abandon the Low Countries, in what way you mean to defend them, alone or with allies.

Gentlemen complain of the allies, and say, they have partitioned such a country, and transferred such a country, and seized on such a country. What! will they quarrel with their ally, who has possessed himself of a part of Saxony, and shake hands with Buonaparte, who proposes to take possession of England? If a prince takes Venice, we are indignant; but if he seizes on a great part of Europe, and stands covered with the blood of millions and the spoils of half mankind, our indignation ceases; vice becomes gigantic, conquers the understanding, and mankind begin by wonder, and conclude by worship. The character of Buonaparte is admirably calculated for this effect: he invests himself with much theatrical gran-

deur; he is a great actor in the tragedy of his own government; the fire of his genius precipitates on universal empire, certain to destroy his neighbonrs or himself; — better formed to acquire empire than to keep it, he is a hero and a calamity, formed to punish France and to perplex Europe.

The authority of Mr. Fox has been allnded to; a great authority, and a great man; his name excites tenderness and wonder. To do justice to that immortal person, you must not limit your view to this conntry: his genius was not confined to England, it acted three hundred miles off, in breaking the chains of Ireland; it was seen three thousand miles off, in communicating freedom to the Americans; it was visible, I know not how far off, in ameliorating the condition of the Indian; it was discernible on the coast of Africa, in accomplishing the abolition of the slave-trade. You are to measure the magnitude of his mind by parallels of latitude. His heart was as soft as that of a woman, his intellect was adamant; his weaknesses were virtues, — they protected him against the hard habit of a politician, and assisted nature to make him amiable and interesting. The question discussed by Mr. Fox in 1792 was, whether you would treat with a revolutionary government; the present is, whether you will confirm a military and a hostile one. You will observe, that when Mr. Fox was ready to treat, the French, it was understood, were ready to evacuate the Low Countries. If you confirm the present government, you must expect to lose them. Mr. Fox objected to the idea of driving France upon her resources, lest yon should make her a military government. The question now is, whether you will make that military government perpetual. I therefore do not think the theory of Mr. Fox can be quoted against us; and the practice of Mr. Fox tends to establish our proposition, for he treated with Buonaparte, and failed. Mr. Fox was tenacious of England, and would never yield an iota of her superiority; but the failure of the attempt to treat was to be found, not in Mr. Fox, but in Buonaparte.

On the French subject, speaking of authority, we cannot forget Mr. Burke, — Mr. Burke, the prodigy of nature and acquisition! He read every thing, he saw every thing, he foresaw every thing. His knowledge of history amounted to a power of foretelling; and when he perceived the wild work that was doing in France, that great political physician, intelligent of symptoms, distinguished between the access of fever and the force of health; and what other men conceived to be the vigour of her constitution, he knew to be no more than the paroxysm of her madness; and then, prophet-like, he pronounced the destinies of France, and in his prophetic fury admonished nations.

Gentlemen speak of the Bourbon family. I have already said, we should not force the Bourbon upon France; but we owe it to departed (I would rather say to interrupted) greatness to observe, that the House of Bourbon was not tyrannical: under her, every thing, except the administration of the country, was open to animadversion; every subject was open to discussion, philosophical, ecclesiastical, and political, so that learning, and arts, and sciences, made progress. Even England consented to borrow not a little from the temperate meridian of that government. Her court stood controlled by opinion, limited by principles of honour, and softened by the influence of manners; and, on the whole, there was an amenity in the condition of France, which rendered the French an amiable, an enlightened, a gallant and accomplished race. Over this gallant race you see imposed an oriental despotism. Their present court (Buonaparte's court) has gotten the idiom of the East as well as her constitution; a fantastic and barbaric expression; an unreality, which leaves in the shade the modesty of truth, and states nothing as it is, and every thing as it is not. The attitude is affected, the taste is corrupted, and the intellect perverted. Do you wish to confirm this military tyranny in the heart of Europe? A tyranny founded on the triumph of the army over the principles of civil government; tending to universalize throughout Europe the domination of the sword, and to reduce to paper and parchment Magna Charta and all our civil constitutions? An experiment such as no country ever made, and no good country would ever permit — to relax the moral and religious influences; to set heaven and earth adrift from one another; and make God Almighty a tolerated alien in his creation; an insurrectionary hope to every bad man in the community, and a frightful lesson of profit and power, vested in those who have pandered their allegiance from king to emperor, and now found their pretensions to domination on the merit of breaking their oaths and deposing their sovereign. Should you do any thing so monstrous as to leave your allies in order to confirm such a system; should you forget your name, forget your ancestors, and the inheritance they have left you of morality and renown; should you astonish Europe, by quitting

your allies to render immortal such a composition; would not the nations exclaim, 'You have very providently watched over our interests, and very generously have you contributed to our service, and do you falter now? In vain have you stopped in your own person the flying fortunes of Europe; in vain have you taken the eagle of Napoleon, and snatched *invincibility* from this standard; if now, when confederated Europe is ready to march, you take the lead in the desertion, and preach the penitence of Buonaparte and the poverty of England.'

As to her poverty, you must not consider the money you spend in her defence, but the fortune you would lose if you were not defended; and further, you must recollect you will pay less to an immediate war, than to a peace with a war establishment, and a war to follow it. Recollect further, that whatever be your resources, they must outlast those of all your enemies; and further, that your empire cannot be saved by a calculation. Besides, your wealth is only a part of your situation. The name you have established, the deeds you have achieved, and the part you have sustained, preclude you from a second place among nations; and when you cease to be the first, you are nothing.

GEORGE CANNING.

George Canning was born in 1770, and although his family had little influence in the country, he rose to the office of Prime Minister of England. He distinguished himself at Eton, by his classical acquirements. In 1793 he entered parliament: was appointed Under-secretary of state in 1796, and from this time rose in rank till he reached the office of Prime Minister. Mr. Canning's compositions appeared chiefly in a weekly paper called the Anti-Jacobin, which was directed against the principles of the French Revolution. Of his works we may mention 'The Rovers' a burlesque drama, and 'New Morality' a satirical paper against the supporters of the principles of the French Revolution. As a statesman, and an orator in the cause of freedom he is well known; and had he not devoted himself with such earnestness to public affairs, he would probably have left a much greater literary reputation. He died in the year 1827.

ON AFFORDING AID TO PORTUGAL, DEC. 12, 1826.

Sir, the present state of Portugal is so unusual in the history of nations, its history is crowded with events so extraordinary, that I hope I shall not be considered as unnecessarily wasting the time of the House, if I enter shortly, and as succinctly as possible, into a detail of a few of its leading facts, and their effects upon the present position of Europe. It is generally known, that the king of Portugal was anxious to raise Brazil from a colony to metropolitan condition, and that upon his majesty's return to Portugal, that colony became anxious to achieve her independence, and it was apprehended that the two crowns would be separated. The king of Portugal therefore determined to settle the sovereignty of Brazil upon his eldest son. This was hardly done, the ink with which the deed was made out was hardly dried, when the premature death of the king of Portugal again united both crowns upon one head. The advice of this country, and another nation connected with Brazil, was tendered upon the occasion, and not before the king of Portugal had determined to abdicate the crown of Portugal in favour of his eldest daughter. This abdication was accompanied with the offer of a free constitutional charter. It was stated that this had been done by the advice of Great Britain. It was no such thing — England gave no such advice; not because ministers approved or disapproved of such a measure, but because they felt that it formed no part of the duty of an English ministry to interfere with the internal regulations of that or any other country. (Hear, hear.) It is certainly true, that that charter was brought from Brazil by a gentleman who has filled, and continues to fill, an office of high trust from this country. Sir Charles Stewart happened to be at Brazil at that time, and he was requested by the king of Portugal to take that charter to Lisbon as he was returning home. Sir Charles Stewart did bring it to Portugal; but no blame whatever attached to that gentleman in consequence of having done so. But he was ordered to return to England, in order to prevent the suspicion that that charter was advised by British councils or supported by British agency. With respect to that charter, I do not feel called upon to give an opinion — I certainly entertain an opinion upon it; but as an English minister, all I shall say is, May God prosper that attempt at the extension of constitutional liberty; and may the nation to which it is extended prove as fit to receive and cherish it as she is to discharge her other duties amongst the other nations of Europe! (Cheers from both sides of the

House.) It is impossible that we can desert our ancient allies — but at the same time, it is impossible that we could support the Portuguese, if there existed a schism amongst the constituted authorities. We do, however, go to Portugal in faith of our treaty; when there, we shall do nothing forcibly; hut we shall, at the same time, take care that nothing is done hy other nations, to prevent the freest action of the constitution there established. (Cheers.) So much I have felt it necessary to say, relative to the case of Portugal; internally, it is not our intention to interfere with that country, hut external violence shall not be used against her while Great Britain has the power to wield an arm in her defence. (Cheers.) External force, strictly speaking, has not yet been used; but other channels have been tried, and persons who belonged to the internal have now become external assailants, through the instrumentality of another power in their endeavonrs to attain their ends. Whether the aggression complained of was a defect in the government, or arises from the machinations of faction and fanaticism, which defies power in the capital or disobeys it on the frontier, I will not now stop to inquire; hut this I shall state — that any country which has the honour and happiness of being the ally of Great Britain is entitled to her protection, and shall not he assailed, either hy renegadoes or external enemies of whatever description. (Cheers) The question, then, is, has any such conduct been pursued by Spain? Has any force been used by that country, no matter whether directed hy faction or fanaticism, tending to interfere with the freedom and independence of Portugal? It would, perhaps, he unjust in me to say that there exists in Spain an unconquerable hatred of the existence of free institutions. However incredible the phenomenon may appear in this country, I am persuaded that there exists in a vast majority of the Spanish nation a decided love of arbitrary power, and a preference for absolute government. The more liberal institutions of countries in their neighbourhood have not yet extended their influence into Spain; and whether the public authorities there do or do not partake of the same sentiment, no exertion is required to excite and to call it into action among the people. Without blame, therefore, to the government of Spain, out of the natural antipathy between the two nations — the one prizing its freedom, and the other hugging its servitude — may have arisen the mutual inroads, mutual provocations, and mutual aggressions which, perhaps, even the most active and vigilant ministry could not altogether restrain. I am inclined to believe that such was, in fact, the origin of these differences between Spain and Portugal; that in their progress they have been adopted, matured, methodized, combined, and brought into more perfect action, by some authority more united and more powerful than the mere feeling disseminated through the mass of the community, is certain; but I do believe their origin to have been as much in the real sentiment of the Spanish population, as in the opinion or force of the government itself. That is precisely the question between us and Spain, with respect to this message from his majesty regarding our relations with Spain. If, though partaking in the feelings of the Spanish nation, the Spanish government has never intended to embody and give them effect — if its vigilance has been surprised, its confidence betrayed, and its orders neglected — if the repeated and shameless violations of its engagements have been occasioned, not by its own good-will, but against its recommendation and desire — let us see some symptoms of disapprobation, some signs of repentance; let us witness some measures to establish its sorrow and its sincerity. In that case the message to which I propose this night to return a reply will remain only a measure of defence to Portugal, and not necessarily a measure of war against Spain. With these explanations and qualifications, let us now proceed to the facts. Great desertions took place from the Portuguese army into Spain, and some desertions took place from the Spanish army into Portugal. At our earnest advice and exhortation, Portugal refused all countenance to the latter. In the first instance, however, with regard to a few of them, the Portuguese authorities were taken hy surprise; hut as soon as they had an opportunity of exercising a discretion, it is but justice to say, that they have uniformly and manfully discouraged the desertions of the Spanish soldiery; where they could do so without giving up the individuals themselves, and without betraying misplaced confidence, they have given cautions against carrying such an intention into effect. There exist between Spain and Portugal specific treaties, stipulating the mutual surrender of deserters; Portugal had, therefore, a right to claim of Spain that every such deserter should he forthwith returned. I hardly know whether by its own impulse or by our advice, for they were nearly concurrent in point of time, the Por-

tuguese government waved its right under those treaties; it very wisely considered that it would be inconvenient to have those deserters restored, and to be placed in the difficult alternative of either granting a dangerous amnesty, or of ordering numerous and exemplary executions. It therefore took a middle course, and signified to Spain that it would be entirely satisfied if, instead of returning the deserters, it would send back their arms, horses, and equipments; and, separating the men from their officers, remove both from the frontiers into the interior. A solemn engagement was entered into by the Spanish government to this effect — first with Portugal, next with France, and afterwards with England. That undertaking having been concluded one day, was abandoned on the next; and this not only once, but the violation was repeated at least in six or seven different instances. The deserters, instead of being disarmed and dispersed, were allowed to remain together in their depôts — they were enrolled, trained, disciplined, and prepared for action; in fact, they were fitted for the expedition they have since undertaken. I say, that with respect to this proceeding, there was perfidy somewhere; and it rests with the Spanish authorities to show that it was not with them. (Cheers.) It rests with them to prove, that if their engagements have not been fulfilled — if their intentions have been diverted and unexecuted, the fault has not been with them, and that they are ready to make every reparation for the breach of treaty which the case admits. I have mentioned that these promises were made to Portugal and to France, as well as to Great Britain; and I should do an act of injustice to France, if I were not to add, that the representations of that government upon this point have been as urgent, and, alas! as fruitless, as those of the British ministry. (Hear, hear.) Upon the first irruption into the Portuguese territory, the French government, to testify its displeasure, recalled its ambassador, and directed its chargé d'affaires to signify to his catholic majesty that Spain was to look for no support from France against the consequences of this aggression, and again to recommend that he should retrace the steps already taken. I am bound in justice to the French government to state, that with this object it exerted itself to the utmost. I have no right whatever to impute any want of sincerity or good faith to the exertions made by France to force Spain to the execution of her engagement. It will be for Spain, upon a communication of the step now taken by his majesty, to consider in what way she will meet the call. My earnest hope and wish is, that she may meet it in such a manner as to avert the consequences of the message before us. To those consequences I only allude, and beyond that point I will not pursue them, in the hope that they may not be necessary. I set out with saying there were many reasons which induced me to think that nothing short of a point of national faith or national honour — I will not say, would justify, but would make desirable, any approximation to the possibility of a dangerous war. Let me be understood, however, distinctly, as not meaning that I dread a war in a good cause (and in no other may it be the lot of this country to engage!) from a distrust of the strength of the country to commence it, or of her resources to maintain it. I dread it, indeed, but upon far other grounds; I dread it from a consciousness of the tremendous power Great Britain possesses of pushing hostilities in which she may be engaged to consequences which I shudder to contemplate. Some years ago, in the discussion of the negotiations with Spain, I took the liberty of adverting to a topic of this nature — that the position of this country was one of neutrality, not only between contending nations, but between contending principles; and that it was in the position of neutrality alone we could maintain that balance, the preservation of which I believed to be essential to the peace and safety of the world. Four years' experience (it is now more than three years and a half from that date) has confirmed rather than altered my opinion. I fear that the next war to be kindled in Europe, if it spread beyond the narrow limits of Spain and Portugal, will be a war of a most tremendous character — a war not merely of conflicting armies, but conflicting opinions. I know that if into that war this country enters (and if she do engage, I trust it will be with a most sincere desire to mitigate rather than exasperate, and to contend with arms rather than with the more fatal artillery of popular excitation), she will see under her banners, arrayed for the contest, all the discontented and restless spirits of the age — all those who, whether justly or unjustly, are dissatisfied with the present state of their own countries. The consciousness of such a situation excites all my fears; for it shows that there exists a power, to be wielded by Great Britain, more tremendous than was, perhaps, ever yet brought into action in the history of mankind. But though it may be 'excellent to have a giant's strength,' it may be 'tyrannous to use it like a giant.' The knowledge

that we possess this strength is our security; and our business is not to seek opportunities of displaying it, but by a partial and half-shown exhibition of it, to make it felt that it is the interest of exaggerators, on both sides, to shrink from converting their umpire into their competitor. The situation of this country may be compared to that of the ruler of the winds, as described by the poet:

——Celsa sedet Æolus arce
Sceptra tenens: mollitque animos et temperat iras:
Ni faciat, maria ac terras cœlumque profundum [auras.
Quippe ferant rapidi secum, verrantque per

The consequence of letting loose the passions at present chained and confined, would be the production of a scene of desolation which no man can contemplate without horror; and I should not sleep easy on my couch if I thought by a single moment I had participated it. This, then, is the reason — a reason the reverse of fear, — a reason the contrary of disability — why I dread the recurrence of a war. That this reason may be felt by those who are acting on opposite principles, before the time for using our power shall arrive, I would bear much, and I would forbear long; I would almost put up with any thing that did not touch our national faith and national honour, rather than let slip the furies of war, the leash of which is in our hands, while we know not whom they may reach, and doubt where the devastation may end. Such is the love of peace which the British government acknowledges, and such the duty of peace which the circumstances of the world inculcate. In obedience to this conviction, and with the hope of avoiding extremities, I will push no farther the topics of this part of the address. Let us defend Portugal, whoever may be the assailants, because it is a work of duty; and let us end where that duty ends. We go to Portugal, not to rule, not to govern, not to dictate, not to prescribe — but to plant our standard, and to secure her independence. Where the standard of England is planted, there foreign dominion shall not come.

DANIEL O'CONNELL.

Daniel O'Connell was born in 1774; his forefathers the kings of Kerry (Ireland) were among the last patriots who surrendered to conquering England. O'Connell, being a Roman Catholic was not admitted into the English parliament but merely allowed to occupy the office of pleader at the bar, and he exerted all his power to procure the emancipation of the people of his own religion. He entered so firmly into this undertaking, that all the difficulties he met with, seemed only to strengthen his purpose; in 1823 he formed the catholic Association. Through his exertions (for which he was called 'the great Agitator') the Catholics became more and more discontented with their lot, and in a short time procured the object they had so much at heart. At the transactions on Parliamentary reform, his opinions inclined to the Radical party. In 1838 he spoke in favour of the Emancipation of slaves, and did much towards reducing the severity of the laws respecting the Irish disturbances. As an orator O'Connell ranked next to Brougham; his addresses to the people were enthusiastic, admirably patriotic, and worthy of the gratitude of his country. He was the editor of the Dublin Review, and died in 1847.

ON CHURCH RATES AND PARISH CESS.

At the reformation this land was replenished with churches. You cannot now stroll for a mile amidst our green and neglected plains, without seeing the ruins of the ancient church of some parish or monastery. At the time the baleful reformation reached our shores, they were all flourishing and full. No tax was levied to build or sustain them. The revenues of the church supplied an ample and ungrudged fund. But the plundering reformation came. The revenues of the church passed into other hands. — Those who then took to themselves the revenues of the church, let the churches go to ruin, and having first allowed the catholic churches to go to ruin, they then turn round on the catholics, and by act of parliament make us rebuild them. Was there ever in any country under the sun an evil like this?

The reformation was, in my humble judgment, one of the most horrible calamities that ever afflicted the human race. I do not allude to the new articles of faith, or the fantastic doctrines it might have introduced; I speak of it as a political and moral event. It was a monstrous evil; for, in the first place, it corrupted the core of public and private morals. The deluge of immorality and vice that followed it, was its immediate and most striking feature — profligacy and perfidy and crime. The disregard of every law of man, and the contempt for every restraint of the law of God, characterized its infancy and announced its progress. These are truths to which all the leading and prominent reformers bear the most distinct, though unwilling testimony. Luther and Zuinglius, Melancthon, Beza and Calvin, differing as they do in every thing else, all agree in this fact. It is true that they la-

mented and deplored the spread of immorality amongst the followers of the reformation, and stated, that as men became better in faith they grew worse in works. The reformation did not stop here — it took away the revenues of the church, and appropriated them to lay-hands — it robbed the people of their rights — it robbed the poor of their property — it destroyed the funds to relieve the indigent, to solace the sick, to clothe the children of poverty, to sustain the wretched orphan, and to comfort the desolate widow. It applied to the purposes of laymen the property of the church and of charity. In short the reformation gave to a married and heartless clergy, and to a profligate gentry, who controlled that clergy, the inheritance of the Lord and his poor, and entailed new burdens on the people.....

[The house of commons, on Sir John Newport's motion, directed returns to be made of parochial-rates levied in Ireland. Mr. O'Connell, after enumerating several gross and illegal charges made by the vestries, resumes.]

You perceive that Sir John Newport accused the Irish vestries of corruption, of profligate extortion and of a daring violation of every law. He established these charges to the entire conviction of the house of commons. He reduced the supporters of that system to total silence, and the vestries could not find a single advocate. Here they are speculating, and plundering, and robbing. Yes, it was robbery! The poor were robbed to feed the sexton and fatten the organist — to replenish the cellar of the powerful vestryman — and adorn the pew of the wealthy parish lordling. Yes, these men, who thus extorted, were the guardians of the land. I think I see them in holy horror punishing the vices of the lowly and the humble — transporting the pick-pocket — hanging the sheep-stealer — and then returning to their vestry — and there turning the chalice of their sacrament into a receptacle for pilfered property, and an instrument to extort the money of their poor catholic neighbours. There is no act of parliament to make their crime felony; but is it more or less culpable, is it less robbery in the eyes of morality and religion?

This was a frightful picture of the vestries of the established church in Ireland — traced with her own hand — exhibited by her own returns. What! the most awful ceremonies and rites of religion made subservient to corrupt and profligate extortion!!! But let it pass. It is a fact of a family; and the sad story of Ireland's woes is full of many and many an illustration of the effects of that system which makes a political religion the chief instrument for which and by which the state is ruled. Let me not be misunderstood — or rather let me not be misrepresented. My heart tells me, that I mean no disrespect to my protestant countrymen. Some of my near relations, many of my most loved and valued friends are protestants. I therefore cannot intend to insult protestantism, when I refer to those facts; but I call on every honest protestant in the land to blush at this profanation of sacred things, by employing them as the tools of extortion — this converting of the house, which once was dedicated to God, into a den of rapacious thieves....

[Here, Mr. O'Connell proceeded to state that catholics were excluded by this act from voting at all at vestries, and that the power of taxation given to the protestants was unlimited. He animadverted at considerable length upon the illegal charges pointed out by Sir John Newport which were legalized by this act. After showing that 'the catholic, under this act, was in the state of a man who had his hands pinioned behind his back, his pockets unbuttoned, and was simply surrounded by pickpockets,' Mr. O'Connell proceeded.]

But this act, grievous as it is in point of vexation, is still more abominable in point of principle. It outrages every notion of justice and common sense, to take away from us the power of protecting our own properties. It is bad enough to make us, catholics, build and re-build churches, and furnish wine for the sacrament, and pay officers for the regulation of protestant worship. It is doubly severe, when our ancestors dedicated abundant property to these purposes, and that such property is devoted to other and hostile hands. But it is the consummation of cruelty to leave it in the power of a few to say, how much of our property they will vouchsafe to leave us. The first principle of common honesty is the sacred right of private and individual property. The first principle of the British constitution is the sacred right of the individual control of every man over his own property, to the exclusion of every other interposition. A national tax on any article is lawful only because the owners of property are supposed to assent to it by their representatives in parliament. Without that assent, it would be palpable and avowed robbery. It was the violation of this principle that brought one British monarch to the scaffold, and would, it is said by our writers on public law, justify revolution. Yet common honesty and constitu-

tional principle are, in this act of parliament, violated and trampled under foot. We have no control over our own. It is no longer our own. We are the serfs, the slaves of our masters — the protestants, in vestry assembled. For them we plough — for them we reap — or if any part shall hereafter be allowed to us to use, we will owe it to the courtesy or contempt of the vestry.

HENRY LORD BROUGHAM.

Henry Lord Brougham, born in 1779, has distinguished himself principally by his powerful oratory. He is a man of the highest cultivation and learning and of a very mighty intellect. There seems to be scarcely any science in which he is not deeply studied. In his discourses he shows himself to be fully acquainted with the subject upon which he speaks. His wit is always at hand, and his unceasing irony very cutting, while his illustrations are brought from all that is high and learned. The great estimation in which he holds his own powers, causes him to look down with something of contempt upon those of others; thus unfitting him for the office of a critic. He has written several philosophical pamphlets, many of which were published in the magazines of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge. In 1802 Brougham travelled through the north of Europe, in the following year he published his 'Inquiry into the colonial policy of the European powers', and from this time made some very valuable contributions to the 'Edinburgh Review.' In 1824 principally through his exertions the Mechanic's Institution was founded, for the purpose of supplying means for the education of the lower classes. Besides the before mentioned works he has published 'Thoughts upon the aristocracy of England', 'Peter Jenkins' letter to Isaac Tomkins' and his famous 'Historical Sketches of Statesmen who flourished in the time of George III.'

ON THE AFRICAN SLAVE-TRADE.

It is now three years since the abominable traffic has ceased to be sanctioned by the law of the land; and, I thank God, I may therefore now indulge in expressing feelings towards it, which delicacy, rather to the law than the traffic, might, before that period, have rendered it proper to suppress. After a long and most unaccountable silence of the law on this head, which seemed to protect, by permitting, or at least by not prohibiting the traffic, it has now spoken out; and the veil which it appeared to interpose being now withdrawn, it is fit to let our indignation fall on those who still dare to trade in human flesh, not merely for the frauds of common smugglers, but for engaging in crimes of the deepest die; — in crimes always most iniquitous, even when not illegal; but which are now as contrary to law as they have ever been to honesty and justice. I must protest loudly against the abuse of language, which allows such men to call themselves traders or merchants. It is not commerce, but crime, that they are driving. I too well know and too highly respect that most honourable and useful pursuit, that commerce, whose province it is to humanize and pacify the world. So alien in its nature to violence and fraud, — so formed to flourish in peace and in honesty, — so inseparably connected with freedom, and goodwill, and fair dealing, I deem too highly of it to endure that its name should, by a strange perversion, be prostituted to the use of men who live by treachery, rapine, torture and murder! I spoke literally and advisedly; I meant to use no figurative phrase; and I know I was guilty of no exaggeration: I was speaking of the worst form of that crime. For ordinary murders there may even be some excuse. Revenge may have arisen from the excess of feelings honourable in themselves. A murder of hatred or cruelty, or mere blood-thirstiness, can only be imputed to a deprivation of reason; but here we have to do with cool, deliberate, mercenary murder! nay, worse than this; for the ruffians who go on the high way, or the pirates who infest the seas, at least expose their persons, and, by their courage, throw a kind of false glare over their crimes. But these wretches durst not do this; they employ others, as base as themselves, only that they are less cowardly: they set on men to rob and kill, in whose spoils they are willing to share, though not in their dangers. Traders or merchants do they presume to call themselves? and in cities like London and Liverpool, the very creations of honest trade? I, at length, will give them the right name, and call them cowardly suborners of piracy and mercenary murder! What has the divine Legislator said on this subject? There is a most false and unfounded notion, that the sacred writings are silent upon it: — I shall prove the contrary. 'Whosoever,' says the scripture, 'stealeth a man and selleth him, or in whose hands he shall be found, shall surely be put to death.' And what is our gloss or application on this divine text? 'Whosoever,' says the English law, 'stealeth a man, and tortureth him, and killeth him, or selleth him into slavery for all the days of his life, shall surely — pay twenty

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pounds.' I trust that this grievous incongruity will at length be done away.

SPEECH ON PARLIAMENTARY REFORM, 1831.

—I am asked what great practical benefits are to be expected from this measure? And is it no benefit to have the Government strike its roots into the hearts of the people? Is it no benefit to have a calm and deliberative, but a real organ of the public opinion, by which its course may be known, and its influence exerted upon State affairs regularly and temperately, instead of acting convulsively, and as it were by starts and shocks? I will only appeal to one advantage, which is as certain to result from this salutary improvement of our system, as it is certain that I am addressing your Lordships. A Noble Earl (*Lord Winchelsea*) inveighed strongly against the licentiousness of the Press; complained of its insolence; and asserted that there was no tyranny more intolerable than that which its conductors now exercised. It is most true, that the Press has great influence, but equally true, that it derives this influence from expressing, more or less correctly, the opinion of the country. Let it run counter to the prevailing course and its power is at an end. But I will also admit that, going in the same general direction with public opinion, the Press is oftentimes armed with too much power in particular instances; and such power is always liable to be abused. But I will tell the Noble Earl upon what foundation this overgrown power is built. The Press is now the only organ of public opinion. This title it assumes; but it is not by usurpation; it is rendered legitimate by the defects of your Parliamentary constitution; it is erected upon the ruins of real representation. The periodical Press is the rival of the House of Commons; and it is, and it will be, the successful rival, as long as that House does not represent the people — but not one day longer. If ever I felt confident in any prediction, it is in this, that the restoration of Parliament to its legitimate office of representing truly the public opinion will overthrow the tyranny of which Noble Lords are so ready to complain, who, by keeping out the lawful sovereign, in truth, support the usurper. It is you who have placed this unlawful authority on a rock: pass the Bill, it is built on a quicksand. Let but the country have a full and free representation, and to that will men look for the expression of public opinion, and the Press will no more be able to dictate, as now, when none else can speak the sense of the people. Will its influence wholly cease? God forbid! Its just influence will continue, but confined within safe and proper bounds. It will continue — long may it continue — to watch the conduct of public men — to watch the proceedings even of a reformed legislature — to watch the people themselves — a safe, an innoxious, a useful instrument, to enlighten and improve mankind! But its overgrown power — its assumption to speak in the name of the nation — its pretension to dictate and to command, will cease with the abuse upon which alone it is founded, and will be swept away, together with the other creatures of the same abuse, which now 'fright our Isle from its propriety.'

Those portentous appearances, the growth of later times, those figures that stalk abroad, of unknown stature, and strange form — unions, and leagues, and musterings of men in myriads, and conspiracies against the Exchequer — whence do they spring, and how come they to haunt our shores? What power engendered those uncouth shapes — what multiplied the monstrous births, till they people the land? Trust me, the same power which called into frightful existence, and armed with resistless force, the Irish volunteers of 1782 — the same power which rent in twain your empire, and raised up thirteen republics — the same power which created the Catholic Association, and gave it Ireland for a portion. What power is that? Justice denied — rights withheld — wrongs perpetrated — the force which common injuries lend to millions — the wickedness of using the sacred trust of Government as a means of indulging private caprice — the idiotcy of treating Englishmen like the children of the South Sea Islands — the phrenzy of believing, or making believe, that the adults of the nineteenth century can be led like children, or driven like barbarians! This it is that has conjured up the strange sights at which we now stand aghast! And shall we persist in the fatal error of combatting the giant progeny, instead of extirpating the execrable parent? Good God! Will men never learn wisdom, even from their own experience? Will they never believe, till it be too late, that the surest way to prevent immoderate desires being formed, aye, and unjust demands enforced, is to grant in due season the moderate requests of justice? You stand, my Lords, on the brink of a great event — you are in the crisis of a whole nation's hopes and fears. An awful importance

hangs over your decision. Pause, ere you plunge! There may not be any retreat! It behoves you to shape your conduct by the mighty occasion. They tell you not to be afraid of personal consequences in discharging your duty. I too would ask you to banish all fears; but, above all, that most mischievous, most despicable fear, — the fear of being thought afraid. If you won't take counsel from me, take example from the statesmanlike conduct of the Noble Duke (*Wellington*), while you also look back, as you may, with satisfaction upon your own. He was told, and you were told, that the impatience of Ireland for equality of civil rights was partial, the clamour transient, likely to pass away with its temporary occasion, and that yielding to it would be conceding to intimidation. I recollect hearing this topic urged within this Hall in July 1828; less regularly I heard it than I have now done, for I belonged not to your number — but I heard it urged in the self-same terms. The burthen of the cry was — It is no time for concession; the people are turbulent, and the Association dangerous. That summer passed, and the ferment subsided not. Autumn came, but brought not the precious fruit of peace, — on the contrary, all Ireland was convulsed with the unprecedented conflict which returned the great chief of the Catholics to sit in a Protestant Parliament. Winter bound the earth in chains; but it controlled not the popular fury, whose surge, more deafening than the tempest, lashed the frail bulwarks of law founded upon injustice. Spring came — but no etherial mildness was its harbinger, or followed in its train, — the Catholics became stronger by every month's delay, displayed a deadlier resolution, and proclaimed their wrongs in a tone of louder defiance than before. And what course did you, at this moment of greatest excitement, and peril, and menace, deem it most fitting to pursue? Eight months before you had been told how unworthy it would be to yield when men clamoured and threatened. No change had happened in the interval, save that the clamours were become far more deafening, and the threats, beyond comparison, more overbearing. What, nevertheless, did your Lordships do? Your duty — for you despised the cuckoo-note of the season, 'not be intimidated.' You granted all that the Irish demanded, and you saved your country. Was there in April a single argument advanced, which had not held good in July? None, absolutely none, except the new height to which the dangers of longer delay had risen, and the increased vehemence with which justice was demanded — and yet the appeal to your pride which had prevailed in July, was in vain made in April, and you wisely and patriotically granted what was asked and ran the risk of being supposed to yield through fear.

But the history of the Catholic Claims conveys another important lesson. Though in right and policy and justice, the measure of relief could not be too ample, half as much as was received with little gratitude when so late wrung from you, would have been hailed twenty years before with delight; and even the July preceding, the measure would have been received as a boon freely given, which, I fear, was taken with but sullen satisfaction in April, as a right long withheld. Yet, blessed be God, the debt of justice, though tardily, was at length paid, and the Noble Duke won by it civic honours which rival his warlike achievements in lasting brightness — than which there can be no higher praise. What, if he had still listened to the topics of intimidation and inconsistency which had scared his predecessors? He might have proved his obstinacy, and Ireland would have been the sacrifice.

Apply now this lesson of recent history, — I may say of our own experience, to the measure before us. We stand in a truly critical position. If we reject the Bill, through fear of being thought to be intimidated, we may lead the life of retirement and quiet, but the hearts of the millions of our fellow-citizens are gone for ever; their affections are estranged; we and our order and its privileges are the objects of the people's hatred, as the only obstacles which stand between them and the gratification of their most passionate desire. The whole body of the Aristocracy must expect to share this fate, and be exposed to feelings such as these. For I hear it constantly said, that the Bill is rejected by all the Aristocracy. Favour, and a good number of supporters, our adversaries allow it has among the people; the Ministers, too, are for it; but the Aristocracy, say they, is strenuously opposed to it. I broadly deny this silly, thoughtless assertion. What! My Lords, the Aristocracy set themselves in a mass against the people — they who sprang from the people — are inseparably connected with the people — are supported by the people — are the natural chiefs of the people? *They* set themselves against the people, for whom Peers are ennobled — Bishops consecrated — Kings anointed — the people, to serve whom Parliament itself

has an existence, and the Monarchy and all its institutions are constituted, and without whom none of them could exist for an hour? The assertion of unreflecting men is too monstrous to be endured — as a Member of this House, I deny it with indignation. I repel it with scorn, as a calumny upon us all. And yet are there those who even within these walls speak of the Bill, augmenting so much the strength of the democracy, as to endanger the other orders of the State: and so they charge its authors with promoting anarchy and rapine. Why, my Lords, have its authors nothing to fear from democratic spoliation? The fact is, that there are Members of the present Cabinet, who possess, one or two of them alone, far more property than any two administrations within my recollection; and all of them have ample wealth. I need hardly say, I include not myself, who have little or none. But even of myself I will say, that whatever I have depends on the stability of existing institutions; and it is as dear to me as the princely possessions of any amongst you. Permit me to say, that, in becoming a Member of your House, I staked my all on the aristocratic institutions of the State. I abandoned certain wealth, a large income, and much real power in the State for an office of great trouble, heavy responsibility, and very uncertain duration. I say, I gave up substantial power for the shadow of it, and for distinction depending upon accident. I quitted the elevated station of Representative for Yorkshire, and a leading Member of the Commons. I descended from a position quite lofty enough to gratify any man's ambition; and my lot became bound up in the stability of this House. Then, have I not a right to throw myself on your justice, and to desire that you will not put in jeopardy all I have now left?

But the populace only, the rabble, the ignoble vulgar, are for the Bill. Then what is the Duke of Norfolk, Earl Marshal of England? What the Duke of Devonshire? What the Duke of Bedford? (*Cries of Order from the Opposition.*) I am aware it is irregular in any Noble Lord that is a friend to the measure; its adversaries are patiently suffered to call peers even by their christian and surnames. Then I shall be as regular as they were, and ask, does my friend John Russell, my friend William Cavendish, my friend Harry Vane, belong to the mob, or to the Aristocracy? Have they no possessions? Are they modern names? Are they wanting in Norman blood, or whatever else you pride yourselves on? The idea is too ludicrous to be seriously refuted; — that the Bill is only a favourite with the democracy, is a delusion so wild as to point a man's destiny towards St. Luke's. Yet many, both here and elsewhere, by dint of constantly repeating the same cry, or hearing it repeated, have almost made themselves believe that none of the nobility are for the measure. A Noble Friend of mine has had the curiosity to examine the List of Peers, opposing and supporting it, with respect to the dates of their creation, and the result is somewhat remarkable. A large majority of the Peers, created before Mr. Pitt's time, are for the Bill; the bulk of those against it are of recent creation; and if you divide the whole into two classes, those ennobled before the reign of George III. and those since, of the former, fifty-six are friends, and only twenty-one enemies, of the Reform. So much for the vain and saucy boast, that the real nobility of the country are against Reform. I have dwelt upon this matter more than its intrinsic importance deserves, only through my desire to set right the fact, and to vindicate the ancient Aristocracy from a most groundless imputation.

My Lords, I do not disguise the intense solicitude which I feel for the event of this debate, because I know full well that the peace of the country is involved in the issue. I cannot look without dismay at the rejection of the measure. But grievous as may be the consequences of a temporary defeat — temporary it can only be; for its ultimate, and even speedy success is certain. Nothing can now stop it. Do not suffer yourselves to be persuaded, that even if the present Ministers were driven from the helm, any one could steer you through the troubles which surround you, without Reform. But our successors would take up the task in circumstances far less auspicious. Under them, you would be fain to grant a Bill, compared with which, the one we now proffer you is moderate indeed. Hear the parable of the Sybil; for it conveys a wise and wholesome moral. She now appears at your gate, and offers you mildly the volumes — the precious volumes — of wisdom and peace. The price she asks is reasonable; to restore the franchise, which, without any bargain, you ought voluntarily to give; you refuse her terms — her moderate terms, — she darkens the porch no longer. But soon, for you cannot do without her wares, you call her back; — again she comes, but with diminished treasures; the leaves of the book are in part torn away by lawless bands, — in part defaced with characters of blood. But the prophetic maid has risen in her de-

mands — it is Parliaments by the Year — it is Vote by the Ballot — it is Suffrage by the Million! From this you turn away indignant, and for the second time she departs. Beware of her third coming; for the treasure you must have; and what price she may next demand, who shall tell? It may even be the mace which rests upon that woolsack. What may follow your course of obstinacy, if persisted in, I cannot take upon me to predict, nor do I wish to conjecture. But this I know full well, that, as sure as man is mortal, and to err is human, justice deferred, enhances the price at which you must purchase safety and peace; nor can you expect to gather in another crop than they did who went before you, if you preserve in their utterly abominable husbandry, of sowing injustice and reaping rebellion.

But among the awful considerations that now bow down my mind, there is one which stands pre-eminent above the rest. You are the highest judicature in the realm; you sit here as judges, and decide all causes, civil and criminal, without appeal. It is a judge's first duty never to pronounce sentence, in the most trifling case, without hearing. Will you make this the exception? Are you really prepared to determine, but not to hear, the mighty cause upon which a nation's hopes and fears hang? You are. Then beware of your decision! Rouse not, I beseech you, a peace-loving, but a resolute people; alienate not from your body the affections of a whole empire. As your friend, as the friend of order, as the friend of my country, as the faithful servant of my Sovereign, I counsel you to assist with your uttermost efforts in preserving the peace, and upholding and perpetuating the Constitution. Therefore, I pray and I exhort you not to reject this measure. By all you hold most dear, — by all the ties that bind every one of us to our common order and our common country, I solemnly adjure you, — I warn you, — I implore you, — yea, on my bended knees, I supplicate you — Reject not this Bill!

SIR ROBERT PEEL.

Sir Robert Peel, born in 1788, was for many years an ornament to the English parliament, his orations there were distinguished for their impressive and convincing qualities. He studied at Cambridge and was there celebrated for his great classical acquirements. In 1836 upon receiving a high office in the university of Glasgow, he delivered a noble speech expressing the principles of the conservative party in England. Those paragraphs in which he compares the aristocratic and democratic forms of government and gives his opinion concerning their respective advantages for England, and those in which he declares himself to defend the laws and constitution to which the country is indebted for its grandeur and glory, attest him to have been one of the most skilful orators of his time. After spending several years in the service of his country he died in 1850.

SPEECH ON REFORM.

Sir, there is one advantage resulting from the present system of Representation, which has not been prominently referred to in debate — I mean the advantage of ensuring to the minority its fair influence on the public councils. As this House is at present constituted, no opinion, however unpopular, is excluded; nor can any degree of public excitement and enthusiasm, bar altogether the avenues through which those who are uninfected by the prevailing fear, and are prepared to struggle against the current of popular clamour, can ensure access to the deliberations of Parliament — of that advantage I now avail myself — and as a member of that minority, ridiculed as a despairing, and denounced as an unpopular minority, I claim the privilege of being heard with attention — a privilege which ought to be conceded with an indulgence proportioned to the comparative smallness of our number and hopelessness of our cause. I am swayed by no motives of self-interest to take my present course, — I have no borough to protect — I have contracted no obligation to those who possess that influence which the present measure is intended to destroy, and I am about to resist the wishes of a great and overpowering majority — backed by the support of an united Government — and acting in conformity with the supposed opinions and wishes of the King. My opinions therefore — erroneous though they may be — cannot be influenced by considerations of personal or political advantage. While I have been listening to this debate, and have heard the cheers echoed and re-echoed from each side of the House, on the introduction of some topic involving personal allusions, or party criminations, I have more than once lamented, that we allowed ourselves to be diverted by matters of such trifling concern, from the mighty subject of our deliberations,

and that we forgot, even for a moment, amidst the excitement of party conflict, that we are occupied in the establishment of a new system of Representation, involving in its issue the highest and most permanent interests of the country. That is the great question which I wish to discuss, and to which I would willingly confine myself. — I propose to review the main arguments which have been, in the course of this debate, urged in its support, and to attempt the refutation of them when they rest either on unstable foundations of fact — or on conclusions illogically drawn from the premises. I will, in the first place, enumerate the arguments on which the chief stress has been laid — and consider each of those arguments consecutively in the order in which I place them. The main arguments in favour of the Bill are these, first, that the time has arrived when we must correct those defects in our representative system, which have arisen from the lapse of time and change of circumstances — when we must abolish practices which are modern abuses, and must, in the terms of the Speech from the Throne, 'resort to the acknowledged principles of the Constitution,' for the purpose, not of capricious and arbitrary improvement, but of restoring that purer and better system which was originally contemplated, and at a former period actually existed. Secondly, that the House of Commons, as at present constituted, does not practically answer the ends for which alone a popular assembly is established — that it is in arrear of the intelligence of the age — and being less enlightened than the great body of the people, is not their fitting representative. Lastly, that whether theoretically well constituted or not, the House of Commons has lost the confidence of the people — that there is, whether it be rational or not, a demand for Reform, which cannot be resisted — that the question is one not of choice but of necessity — for that, without Reform the country will not submit to be governed. The first is, that there has been a gross encroachment upon popular rights — that nomination boroughs exist in defiance of the acknowledged principles of the Constitution, and that we are adhering to those principles, by establishing an uniform system of popular election. This is the argument of the noble Lord (*J. Russell*). — It may be no reason for maintaining very limited rights of election, or nomination boroughs, that such things have always existed — but if they have always existed, you are not justified in exasperating the public mind by denouncing them as modern corruptions, and as the recent encroachments of a rapacious oligarchy upon popular liberties and privileges. The noble Lord now proves that they have always existed, and I repeat, that by that proof he destroys the foundations of the argument on which he before relied, namely, that he was about to restore a previously existing constitution, and that the people had a right to Reform. Nothing can equal the success of the noble Lord, in the establishment of his second position, and the consequent destruction of his first. He shows triumphantly, that it is nonsense to talk about the acknowledged principles of the Constitution — that our system of Representation conforms to no settled rules, but that it is the work of time and accident, and the varying circumstances of society. Says the noble Lord, in the speech which he made in this debate — 'It will be seen, that during this period there was nothing more irregular or less settled than the right of boroughs to send Members to Parliament.' Now the period to which the noble Lord here alluded is a very remote one, for it comprehends, I think he stated, 250 years before the reign of Henry 6th. We have got the noble Lord's admission, therefore, that for 250 years before the year 1420, nothing could be more unsettled than the system of Representation. His second period extends from the reign of Henry 6th, to the end of the line of the Tudors, during which period, says the noble Lord, it was thought right that there should be some change in the constitution of the House of Commons. Of course we expected to be told, that the changes so made included the return of Members for large, populous, and commercial places. But 'no, no,' says the noble Lord, 'it is a striking fact, that the great proportion of the boroughs summoned within this period were not large and prosperous towns, but, on the contrary, a great many of the small boroughs, particularly in Cornwall, were enabled to send burgesses to Parliament; and of the total number of places now proposed to be disfranchised, of the fifty-five boroughs referred to in Schedule A, no less than forty-five were, according to the noble Lord, created or restored in the reigns of the Tudors.' The modern doctrines of Reform, therefore, were evidently no part of the system of the Tudors, for they selected places to send members, many at least of which were the reverse of flourishing and populous. The noble Lord mentioned another circumstance as a remarkable fact. He said, 'I mention it as a remarkable fact, that the power of sending Members was given to these boroughs by the Tudors, ap-

parently rather with the intention and object, that the Members sent should depend upon the Crown, than with any view of enlarging and improving the Representation of the country.' Well, then, is it not quite clear, from this statement of the noble Lord, that these small boroughs are not modern usurpations by the Peers on the rights of the people, but that they did exist at an early period of our history? In confirmation of this position of the noble Lord, I may refer to a very learned writer upon the Constitution of this country, and one free from the possibility of any imputation of partiality, — I mean Mr. Hallam, who, like the great majority of the literary community, is decidedly opposed to the present Bill. Mr. Hallam says, that sixty-two Members were added, at different times, for petty boroughs — that those Members were under the influence of the Crown; and he adds, that 'Ministers took much pain with the elections for those boroughs; of which many proofs remain.' Does not all this shew, that the mode of conducting public business in this country in former times was not by the operation of three independent checks upon each other — the King, the Lords, and the Commons; but that at an early period the administration of affairs was carried on by a House of Commons in which both the Crown, and members of the House of Peers exercised considerable influence — I say not whether it be right or wrong, that that influence should have existed. I am not arguing, that because it existed, therefore it must continue; but for this I do contend — that the fact of the existence of the influence cannot be denied; and that for the last 400 years the small boroughs have formed a part of the representative system. But it may be said, true, these places existed in former times, but they have decayed, and were anciently much more populous than they are at present. Now this is not the fact; many of those boroughs are as large now as they ever were. With all his research on this subject, does not the noble Lord know what appears with respect to Gatton, on the indisputable authority of the Harleian and Landsdowne manuscripts? In the reign of Elizabeth, Mr. Copley used to nominate the members for Gatton, in default of electors, the proprietor being a minor, and in the custody of the Court of Wards. We find too that Lord Burleigh directed the sheriff to make no return from Gatton without instructions from himself: the instructions were, that the sheriff should cancel the return containing the name of Mr. Francis Bacon, and substitute that of Mr. Edward Brown, there being then no burgesses existing. Finding no precedents for this Bill before the reign of Henry the 6th, and none in the reigns of either the Tudors or the Stuarts — the noble Lord, with not very becoming exultation, relies on the authority of Cromwell. Cromwell effected a Reform in the House of Commons, which received, says the noble Lord, sanction of Lord Clarendon. But does the noble Lord recollect, that before Cromwell reformed the Commons, he had abolished the Lords? and does it follow that the democratic assembly constituted by Cromwell after the extinction of Monarchy, and after the abolition of the House of Lords, is a happy model for a House of Commons which is to co-exist with a limited Monarchy, and with a House of Lords possessing co-ordinate authority? Perhaps, if Cromwell had so to constitute his reformed House of Commons that it should not usurp the functions of the other branches of the Legislature, he might have been a more prudent and moderate Reformer than the noble Lord. There is, at least, among the panegyrics lavished on him by his admirers, one by Waller, which praises him for the caution with which he effected great improvements in the State, through the means of gradual and almost insensible change.

'Still as you rise, the State, exalted too,
Feels no disorder when 'tis changed by you:
Changed like the world's great scene, when without noise,
The rising sun night's vulgar lights destroys.'

But, said the noble Lord, we have the authority of Lord Clarendon in favour of that Reform, forgetting that Lord Clarendon was not speaking his own opinion, but merely referring to a prevailing sentiment as to the changes made by Cromwell. I advise new Members to distrust nothing more than quotations. When I hear Bacon or Burke, or any other great authority cited, I know that sometimes in the next page, and more frequently in the same, a passage might be found, which, if taken separately, might be relied upon as an authority for opposite doctrines. See, in this case, what is the real value of Lord Clarendon's sanction of Cromwell's Reform. When Lord Clarendon comes to speak his own sentiments, we shall find he was not quite so complimentary. There were two Parliaments summoned by the Protector, founded on his new basis: the first sat for a few months, and, as will be the case with many Reformed Parliaments hereafter, I fear, did nothing. Lord Clarendon remarks of it, that 'it spent its time in long debates and wrangling discourses.' Cromwell dissolved it in seven months; and, called another Parliament

on the same principle, which lasted only three months; and when Lord Clarendon, who, according to the noble Lord, is the greatest panegyrist of that Reform, comes to speak of it in his own person, he uses these expressions: — 'The Parliament did not re-assemble with the same temper and resignation with which it parted. It quickly appeared how insecure new institutions are; and when the contrivers of them have provided, as they think, against all mischievous contingencies, they find they have unwarily left a gap open to let their destruction in upon them.' Such is the opinion of the philosophic historian, when speaking his own sentiments upon Cromwell's notable Reform. I have then, at least, as much right to claim Lord Clarendon as an authority against Reform, as this noble Lord can have to rely upon him as an authority in its favour. I think I have said enough on the first branch of the argument, and have, with the aid of the noble Lord, proved, that the projected Reform is not a restoration of the Constitution; and that the House of Commons, as it now exists, is not a novelty and an usurpation. I approach now the second argument, which is in substance this — that whether the House of Commons, as it at present exists, be or be not a novelty or an usurpation, still, that time has effected such changes in the fabric of society, that there must be corresponding changes in the form and mode of Government; that nomination boroughs are odious to the people, that their existence is absurd in theory and pernicious in practice, and that you must widen the basis on which Representation is hereafter to be founded, to the full extent proposed by this Bill. Now I ask two questions connected with this point: first, where is the form of Government ever existing, which has provided such security for the possession of property, and the enjoyment of rational freedom, as that which you are about to disturb in one of its essential elements, *viz.* the constitution of the House of Commons; and secondly, what proof have you in the history of any country, that a popular assembly, formed on the principle of that uniform right of voting which you are about to establish, has practically coexisted with a Monarchy and with an aristocratical body, with powers and functions like the House of Peers. It is only now, since the Revolution of July, that France is about to make a similar experiment. At no former period since the downfall of her absolute Monarchy, has there been a Chamber of Deputies directly returned by an individual right of voting. Up to this time, as was truly said by the noble Lord, the Member for Wootton Basset, (Lord Porchester) in the ablest first speech which I ever heard delivered, there have been breakwaters against the vehemence of popular opinion. When the National Assembly was constituted, it was not returned on any such principle as that of uniform and equal right of voting. A complicated system of election was devised, founded on three bases — geographical, arithmetical, and financial, the basis of territory, the basis of population, and the basis of contribution. The assumption of such bases may have been an absurd one; but two out of the three bases were nevertheless assumed, for the express purpose of controlling popular opinion, and of preventing intelligence and property from being overwhelmed by numbers. How can you hope permanently to preserve the free action of two such authorities in the State, as a limited Monarchy and an hereditary Peerage, if you make the popular assembly the immediate uncontrolled organ of the public will; if you devise no means by which property can exercise a proportionate influence in the election of that popular assembly, but give an equal right to the poorest class of electors, with that you give to the most wealthy? What is the result of this first experiment made by France, of that principle on which we are about to act? France has very recently adopted it — what is the consequence? Why, that the men who headed the Revolution of last July are already become unpopular; their doctrines are too moderate for those of the present constituent body; and in almost every election, they struggle with difficulty against men avowing more democratic and republican opinions. And yet, with this example before us, we are pressed at this moment to adopt the same system as that adopted by France — the same in respect to its uniformity, but much more popular and extensive in respect to the numbers by which the right of voting is to be exercised. It is triumphantly asked, will you not trust the people of England? Do you charge them with disaffection to the Monarchy and to the Constitution under which they live? I answer, that without imputing disaffection to the people, or a deliberate intention on their part to undermine the Monarchy, or destroy the Peerage, my belief is, that neither the Monarchy nor the Peerage can resist with effect the decrees of a House of Commons that is immediately obedient to every popular impulse, and that professes to speak the popular will; and that all the tendencies of such an assembly are towards

the increase of its own power, and the intolerance of any extrinsic control. Among the great majority to whom I find myself reluctantly opposed, I cannot help thinking that there are many who, as the excitement is subsiding, are casting a longing, lingering, look behind, at the ancient institutions of their country, and doubting whether or no there is any such paramount necessity to justify us in incurring the danger of this immense change. — The learned Member opposite (Mr. Macaulay) has contended that the House of Commons is unfit for the purposes for which it is intended. He asserts, that we have consulted the interest of the tax-consumer before that of the taxpayer — that we are in arrear of the intelligence of the age — and, being undeserving of the Representative character, that we must submit to extensive reformation. But, Sir, I deny the fact — I deny that the House of Commons, as at present constituted, neglects its duty, or has become incompetent to perform the functions of a Legislative Assembly — I deny, that it is in arrear of the intelligence of the age; and if I do not prove, to the perfect satisfaction of every unprejudiced mind, that the specific charges brought by the learned Member against the conduct of the House, are utterly unfounded, I will consent to abandon the whole of the case at once, and go to the Second Reading of the Bill. The first charge is, that we have not laid taxes upon property, but have imposed them upon articles of consumption which press upon the poor. But what were the circumstances under which the Property Tax was removed at the close of the last war? The Government was desirous of maintaining that tax — they did, in fact, all in their power to maintain it; but in spite of every effort, it was removed by this House, in consequence of the petitions of the people, demanding its repeal, and charging the House with gross neglect of its duty if that tax was suffered to exist. No less than 400 petitions were presented to the House, to induce it to take off that tax, and, in consequence of those petitions, it was removed. What was the motive for the repeal of the Beer Duty? Did that repeal shew indifference to the comfort of the poor? The complaint is, that we acted too precipitately in the repeal of the duty: and that, in our eagerness to promote the present comfort and enjoyment of the poor, we have overlooked the checks on intemperance and immorality. What pretence is there for saying, that the House is in arrear of the intelligence of the age? Is that charge supported by the conduct of this House on the question of the Currency? Or was this House in arrear of the intelligence of the age, when it passed those laws of commercial intercourse introduced by Mr. Huskisson? If the House of Commons had been a Reformed House, elected as now proposed, is there any one who believes that those laws could have been enacted? The Catholic Question, again, shewed that the House of Commons, in consenting to remove the Catholic disabilities, was not in arrear of the intelligence of the age; and I ask again, if the new House of Commons had existed at the time of the passing of that Bill, whether there is a chance that it would have been carried? In that pamphlet which has been so often quoted — '*Friendly Advice to the Lords*' — is admitted, that the Catholic disabilities were removed against the opinions and wishes of the great majority of the people, of the majority of that very class of voters which you are now about to create. Again, the Test and Corporation Acts were repealed against the wishes of the people. [*No, no.*] Well, I will not rely upon that fact; but at least the Catholic disabilities were. That measure is admitted on all hands to have been passed contrary to the opinions and feelings of a great majority of the people. And if this be the fact, it is rather hard at one time to charge the House of Commons with exceeding the liberality of the people, and acting in contradiction to their feelings and opinions, and at another to represent it as less enlightened and less liberal than the people, and to urge such contradictory statements as grounds for a Reform; and the learned Gentleman says, that the country has been governed so well, that we must have a House of Commons capable of governing it better. This sentiment has met with the applause of the other side of the House, and on it they would build such great and dangerous innovations. It amounts to this, that without Parliamentary Reform, for the space of 400 years, there has been so elastic a principle of improvement in the Government, such a power of accommodating itself to the spirit of the age, and to the circumstances of the people, that this country has been governed better than any other country on earth has ever been governed. Having effected all this, it becomes necessary to do — what? I should have thought, to adhere to a system which had produced such immense benefits; but no — the inference is the very reverse; in these days of illumination, the just conclusion is, that you ought to upset and destroy that system al-

together. The member for Calne says, that looking through the whole habitable world, contemplating society as it now exists in every quarter of the globe, nay, that ever since civil institutions have been formed by man, he cannot find any society so perfect as that of England, so far as concerns the development of intellect, the improvement of science, the cultivation of the land, the enjoyment of liberty, or the protection of property. But, adds the hon. Gentleman, although all this be true, there are certain defects, which are of such a nature and extent as completely to justify a total change in the Representative system. And what are these great defects which require the hazarding of every blessing, for the chance of correcting them? Why, first, there is the state of the penal code; next, the bottomless pit of Chancery; and thirdly, in this flourishing and happy country, a new system of Representation is necessary, because there is a cumbrous legal process of fines and recoveries. Oh, Sir, I am sick of the miserable pedantry which urges, that in consequence of such petty defects the great advantages of our state of society are to be forfeited; the more miserable, since all these defects the House is not only competent, but has repeatedly manifested its anxiety to remove. If the hon. Gentleman can shew, that this is not the case — if he can shew that the House of Commons, as it is now constituted, is unable to apply adequate remedies to evils of such a nature, then I will confess, that the House stands in need of Reform. But how absurd is it to say, here is a Constitution which has given the people every blessing of civil government, but yet cannot remove a few evils which may exist in subordinate institutions. But do I rest here? No. I will prove that these evils being admitted in their fullest extent, you have a better prospect of their remedy by the present House of Commons than you have by a Reformed one. What can your new constituency — the 10*l.* householders, know of Reforms in the Court of Chancery — or of your defective system of fines and recoveries? I am sure that if I were to ask a given number of them what fines and recoveries meant, the majority would answer, that a fine was a pecuniary penalty, and recovery a state of convalescence. What was the mode by which the great advocates for reforming all such abuses found their way into this House? Did not Sir Samuel Romilly sit in Parliament for a close borough? Does not the learned Gentleman himself find his way into this House by a similar avenue? And did not Lord Chancellor Brougham sit for a close borough? In fact, the close boroughs may be said to have generated the Reformers. But what pretence is there for charging the House of Commons collectively with indifference to the reform of these specific abuses? By whom was the bill of Lord Lyndhurst rejected? By the House of Commons. On what ground? Because the House was determined to have a more searching and extensive Reform of the Court of Chancery. By whom was the first blow struck against fines and recoveries? By the House of Commons — and at this moment we have bills before us, originating in an address from this House to the Throne, for the absolute destruction of those very fines and recoveries. Then with respect to the penal code; this House has shewn a disposition to mitigate its severity. With respect to forgery, I introduced a bill remitting the punishment of death in certain cases. The House was not satisfied, but remitted that punishment much more extensively; and though the bill did not ultimately pass in that shape, it was not this House, but the House of Lords, which restored the punishment. The House of Commons rejected the advice of his Majesty's Ministers. It resisted their influence, and insisted upon repealing the punishment of death for the crime of forgery. Why, then, if the arguments of the learned Gentleman have any weight, they prove that the Reform should take place in the House of Lords. It is they who have defeated the benevolent intentions of the House of Commons, and yet we are proposing to Reform not the House of Lords, but the House of Commons, which, in all the instances to which I have referred, has shewn that it is neither behind the intelligence of the age, nor neglectful of the complaints of the people. I say, then, Sir, that the alleged reason for change in this House is utterly destroyed. I will now say a few words with respect to the Bill itself. It may be said to contain two great principles; the first is the principle of disfranchisement; the second is that of constituting a new Representation. Four times have there been essential alterations made in the Bill; and although we see held out the phantom of the 10*l.* right of voting, yet four times has that very matter been subjected to changes, and to changes so important, that my confidence must not be asked for those who have felt it necessary to make them. At first the right of voting was given to resident 10*l.* householders, and residence was insisted on as a necessary qualification for the franchise. Now mark

the alteration which has been made. What is the effect in Manchester? It altered the constituency of that place so much, that instead of giving the right of voting to resident 10*l.* householders, by a little alteration, the great principle of residence is thrown overboard — it is overpowered by non-resident occupiers of warehouses and counting-houses, and thus the original ground of residence is cut away, as forming the condition of qualification. And then, Sir, what is the effect bf the ehange that has last hcen made? When Gentlemen are asked to support this Bill, it is in vain to attempt to conceal the fact from men equally informed and intelligent with ourselves, whose interests and feelings are so deeply affected, that these changes are making alterations hy tens of thonsands in the numbers of the constitnency of the country. I know this may be called mere inadvertency of his Majesty's Government, these changes can be made in a Bill, affecting not less than 100,000 people, let me say, the time is not yet come when we can maturely deliberate upon so grave a matter; we are not yet in a condition to legislate at all upon it, and least of all will this Honse stand excused in hastily passing a law which is brought hcfore us under such circumstances. The projectors of this Bill, after having established the 10*l.* franchise, come forward with suhsequent alterations which totally alter the character of the constituency. As the Bill now stands, every 10*l.* householder is disqualified who pays his rent more frequently than half-yearly. Thc Bill originally gave the right to the weekly and the quarterly tenant. By confining it to the tenant paying half-yearly, you disfranchise many thonsand voters in places that I could name. In Birmingham there is a very numerons class of persons who pay rents of 3*s.* 10*d.* or 4*s.* per week, which amount, of conrse, to 10*l.* a year. By the simple insertion of the words quarterly payments or half-yearly payments, I care not which, there is no use in concealing the fact, the nnmher of such voters would he reduced hy many thousands. Why raise expectations so inconsiderately, and defeat them with eqnal precipitation. What avails it to say that you have acted inadvertently. That yon have been administering prussic acid — and that you forgot to look at the prescription. You have made another, and a most important change. You have by this new Bill admitted land into the value of the 10*l.* holding. It seems a simple and easy matter to insert 'land,' hut will any man deny, that this is a most important change? Without saying whether these changes are good or bad, I do say that these facts destroy my confidence in the ability of his Majesty's Government to conduct such a question to a salntary and happy conclusion. I hope, that hon. Gentleman will consider the effect of the alteration made by the insertion of the word 'land' upon onr rural economy. If one thing more than another would tend to improve the condition of the peasantry, it is the attaching of small gardens to the tenements they occupy. Now, by making the possession of land with a house a qualification, we encourage landlords to take away those small gardens where they are now enjoyed, and to withhold the possession of them when otherwise the possession might hc conferred. It may he said, that landlords will not be influenced hy this consideration, and I know that they ought not, hut I contend, that the policy and the principle of that law must be had which tends to sacrifice the improvement of the condition of the peasantry to electioneering interests. These are the main grounds on which I oppose the second reading of this Bill. The hon. Member who spoke last, expressed his hope that I was prepared to hring forward some scheme of Reform, and has taunted me with being at length a Reformer. But what did I say in the last Session respecting Reform? I said, that having left one Government in consequence of its resistance to Reform, and another Government having been formed pledged to Reform, I would, rather than risk a change of Government — seeing the impossibility to constituting an Administration opposed to Reform — support a measure of Reform introduced by my opponents, provided that measure was perfectly consistent with the safety of the institutions of the country. I said, I might he wrong or I might be right, hut that is the extent of the declaration I made, and which I am prepared to make again. I have been uniformly opposed to Reform upon principle, because I was unwilling to open a door which I saw no prospect of heing able to close; it was not because I thought that the transfer of the franchise from East Retford to Manchester might be in itself injurious, hnt because I was of opinion that a Government which should nnsettle the minds of the people upon this subject, would he responsible for the consequences that must result. I certainly was one of those who opposed the giving Representatives to Manchester, and to other large towns; because I thought the advantage of such a measure not sufficient to counterbalance the evil of altering the constitntion of Parliament, and

agitating the public mind on the question of Reform. And if it be truly said, that the demand for Reform has been a steadily increasing demand, if it he the fact that nothing short of this Bill will give the least satisfaction, surely I was justified in donhting whether the grant of Members to three or four large towns wonld stay the puhlic appetite for Reform, and whether it would not prove the commencement, rather than the close, of the discussion. I do not admit, however, that the settled opinion of this country is fixed, and permanently decided, in favonr of this Bill. I wonld advise those who assert it, not to rely too confidently on the duration of the present excitement; to bear in mind the causes which have combined to foment it — and to consider whether they are of lasting operation. Our sober judgment has been disturbed hy the recent events in France, by sympathy in the triumph of liberal opinions, and hy a natural indignation at the illegal exercise of authority. While those feelings are at their height — a Govornment is formed pledged to Reform, and they redeem that pledge hy a more extensive measure of Reform than was expected by the most sanguine Reformer. They dissolve the Parliament in order to take the opinion of an already excited people, on a qnestion of all others the most requiring sober and dispassionate inquiry, and they superadd to every other cause of agitation, an appeal to the personal wishes and opinions of the King. With regard to the dissolution of the Parliament, it might be right or it might he wrong, hut nothing could he more nnwise than to countenance the popular helief, that the King was personally interested in the qnestion of Reform. I do not for a moment call in question the nndonbted prerogative of the Crown to dissolve the late Parliament, but I do call in qnestion the prudence with which that prerogative was exercised, the time and mode of its exercise, and above all, the lavish use of his Majesty's name and authority, with the view of influencing election contests. I regret, most deeply, that throngh their organs of the Press, the Government condescended to the hnmiliation of propagating tales which could only he addressed and snited to the lowest and most vulgar class of minds. I regret most deeply that they should, for any purpose whatever, have resorted to the dangerous expedient of teaching the people to associate loyalty to their King with hostility to the constitution of Parliament. I do not think it a happy circumstance that the feelings of the people have been thns excited; I doubt the existence of an unanimous feeling as connected with this measure on their part; and I deeply regret that the sober and temperate jndgment of the people has been disturbed by a variety of causes. But, Sir, if this feeling be such as we have heard it represented, and if it shall permanently endure, I am then ready to admit, that no Government can go on without enacting such measures as shall alleviate and remove that intense feeling. But all I ask is, time for deliberation upon a qnestion of such vital importance; I say, do not rely upon this temporary excitement — do not allow that to be your only guide — do not force this Reform Bill upon the country, npon the assumption that the unanimous voice of the people demands it. I doubt the existence of any such ground; and if yon do find hereafter that you have been mistaken — if you find that the people have only been acting under an excitement produced by temporary causes — if they are already sobering down from their enthusiasm for the days of July, let the House remember, that when the steady good sense and reason of the people of England shall return, they will be the first to reproach us with the baseness of having sacrificed the Constitution in the vain hope of conciliating the favour of a temporary burst of popular feeling; they will be the first to blame us for deferring this qnestion to popular opinion, instead of acting npon onr own judgment. For my own part, not seeing the necessity for this Reform, doubting much whether the demand for Reform is so urgent, and doubting still more whether, if carried, this measure can be a permanent one, I give my conscientious opposition to this Bill. In doing this, I feel the more confident, because the Bill does not fulfil the conditions recommended from the Throne — because it is not fonnded on the acknowledged principles of the Constitution — because it does not give security to tho prerogatives of the Crown — because it does not guarantee the legitimate rights, influences, and privileges of both Honses of Parliament — because it is not calcnlated to render secure and permanent the happiness and prosperity of the people — and ahove all, becanse it snhverts a system of Government which has combined secnrity to personal liberty, and protection to property, with vigour in the executive power of the State, in a more perfect degree than ever existed in any age, or in any other country of the world.

VI. MISCELLANEOUS WRITERS.

THOMAS ERSKINE.

Thomas Erskine, born in Scotland 1748, was one of the greatest orators of England. His speeches were strong, earnest, and intent, and his arguments very powerful. He wrote a work entitled 'Considerations on the causes and consequences of the present war with France' in which he protests against England's interference with the French affairs and declares himself to hold the same opinions as the French patriots at the commencement of the first revolution. His speeches have been collected and published in 5 volumes; he has also composed several poems of some merit. He died in 1823.

ON THE ORIGIN OF THE ENGLISH HOUSE OF COMMONS.

The English House of Commons arose gradually out of the feodal tenures, as introdneed at the Conquest.

Many of the wisest and warmest assertors of equal government have heen fond of looking back to the Saxon annals for the origin of the English constitution; and, without the warrant of history or tradition, have considered the rise of our liberties under the Normans, as only the restoration of immunities subverted by the Conquest. This opinion, however, has been propagated by its authors, neither from a decided eonvietion on the one hand, nor a blind admiration of antiquity on the other: a very generous, but mistaken motive has often rendered it popular and energetic; it has heen opposed in time of public danger to the arguments of those enemies to their country, and indeed to all mankind, who have branded the sacred privileges wrested hy our patriot ancestors from the first Norman princes, as the fruits of successful rebellion.

But, although the principle is to be applauded, the error can not, in this enlightened age, happily need not, ho defended: the rights of mankind can never be made to depend on the times of their heing vindicated with success; they are sacred and immutable; they are the gift of Heaven; and whether appropriated for the first time to-day, or enjoyed heyond the reach of annals, the title to them is equally incontrovertihle: one individual may forfeit his property to another from supineness, and usurpation may strengthen into right hy prescription, but human privileges in the gross cannot he so snatched away; there is no statute of limitation to bar the claims of nature: let us not, therefore, from a patriot zeal, involve ourselves in the faint evidences of probability, hut he contented to trace our political constitution from a source within the reach of moral demonstration. There is more honour in having freed ourselves from tyranny than in always having been free.

We know with certainty that the Saxons had parliaments, but we know with equal certainty that the people at large had no representative share in them: the bulk of the nation were either vassals under the feodal lords, or allodii under the king's government: the first, heing absolute slaves to their masters, could not pretend to become political rulers; and the last, being not even united by the feodal hond to the community, could have no suffrages in the feodal councils: the Saxon lords indeed were free, but, for that very reason, there was no public liberty; the government was highly aristocratical, there was no shadow of that equal communion of privileges founded on legislative institutions, which constitutes freedom upon English principles, hy which all, who are the objects of the law, must, personally or hy representation, be the makers of the laws: this principle, which may justly be denominated the very essence of our present government, neither did nor could possibly exist till the proud feodal chieftains, hending nnder an accidental pressure, were obliged to sacrifice their pride to necessity, and their tyranny to self-preservation.

But before our inquiries can be properly begun, at the period I have fixed, — before I can exhibit the elastic force of freedom rebounding under the pressure of the most absolute government, — I must call your attention to the genealogy of our feodal ancestors.

They issued from the northern hive of fierce warriors who overran all Europe at the declension of the Roman empire: a race of men the most extraordinary that ever marked or distinguished the state of nature; a people who, in the absence of every art and science, carried the seeds of future perfection in their national genius and characteristic; visible even then in an

unconquerable fortitude of mind, in an inherent idea of human equality, tempered with a voluntary submission to the most rigid subordination. The trial by jury too was understood and revered by all the northern inhabitants of Europe, when they first appeared among the degenerate nations that had lost it. Liberty, driven from the haunts of science and civilization, seems to have fled with this talisman to the deserts, and to have given it to barbarians, to revenge her injuries, and to redeem her empire. In marking the process of the constitution through the furnace of slavery, it must never be forgotten that such were our ancestors.

When William had gained the victory of Hastings, he marched towards London with his victorious Normans, and found (like other conquerors) an easy passage to the throne when the prince is slain and his army defeated. The English proffered him the peaceable possession of a kingdom which he was in a condition to have seized by force; rather choosing to see the brows of a victor encircled with a crown than with a helmet, and wishing rather to be governed by the sceptre than by the sword. He was therefore installed with all the ceremonies of the Saxon coronation, and immediately afterwards annihilated all those laws which these solemnities were instituted to perpetuate: he established his own feodal system (the only one he understood); he divided all the lands of England into knights' fees, to be holden of himself by military service; and as few or none of the English had any share in this general distribution, their estates being forfeited from their adherence to Harold, and by subsequent rebellions, it is plain they could have no political consequence, since none but vassals of the crown had seats in the feodal parliaments.

Could William have been contented thus to have shared with his Norman barons the spoils of the conquered English, and merely to have transferred his feodal empire from Normandy to Great Britain, the sacred sun of freedom had probably then set upon this island, never to have arisen any more; the Norman lords would have established that aristocracy which then distinguished the whole feodal world; and when afterwards, by the natural progression of that singular system — when, by the inevitable operation of escheats and forfeitures, the crown must have attracted all that property which originally issued from it; when the barons themselves must have dropped like falling stars, into the centre of power, and aristocracy been swallowed up in monarchy; the people, already trained to subjection, without rights, and without even similar grievances to unite them, would have been an easy prey to the prince in the meridian of his authority; and despotism, encircled with a standing army, would have scattered terror through a nation of slaves.

But, happily for us, William's views extended with his dominion: he forgot that his barons (who were not bound by their tenures to leave their own country) had followed him rather as companions in enterprise than as vassals; he confided in a standing army of mercenaries, which he recruited on the continent; riveted even on his own Normans the worst feodal severities; and before the end of his reign, the English saw the oppressors themselves among the number of the oppressed.

This plan, pursued and aggravated by his descendants, assimilated the heterogeneous bodies of which the kingdom was composed: Normans and English, barons and vassals, were obliged to unite in a common cause. Mr. De Lolme, citizen of Geneva, by comparing the rise of liberty in England with the fall of it in France, has so clearly and ingeniously proved, that Magna Charta was obtained from this necessity which the barons were under of forming an union with the people, that I shall venture to consider it as a fact demonstrated, and shall proceed to an inquiry no less curious and important, where he and other writers have left a greater field for originality; I mean, the rise of the English House of Commons, to its present distinct and representative state.

The statute of Magna Charta so often evaded, and so often solemnly re-established, disseminated (it must be confessed) those great and leading maxims on which all the valuable privileges of civil government depend; indeed the twenty-ninth chapter contains every absolute right for the security of which men enter into the relative obligations of society. But privileges thus gained, and only maintained by the sword, cannot be called a constitution. After bearing a summer's blossom, they may perish as they grew, in the field of battle. Of little consequence are even the most solemn charters, confirmed by legislative ratifications, if they who are the objects of them do not compose part of that power without whose consent they cannot be repealed; if they have no peaceable way of preventing their infringement, nor any opportunity of vindicating their claims, till they have lost the benefit of possession.

Liberty, in this state, is not an inheritance; it is little better than an alms from an indulgent or a cautious administration. It remains, therefore, to show by what steps the people of England, without being drawn forth into personal action, were enabled to act with more than personal force; in what manner they acquired a political scale, in which they could deposit the privileges thus bravely and fortunately acquired, and into which every future accumulation of power flowing from the increase of property and the thriving arts of peace, might silently and imperceptibly fall; bringing down the scale without convulsing the balance.

And here those historians must be followed with caution, who have made this new order of the state to start up at the synod of Monfort or of Edward: neglecting the operations of the feodal system, as thinking them, perhaps, more the province of the lawyer than the historian, they have taken the effect for the cause, and have ascribed this memorable event to a sudden political necessity, which was in reality prepared and ripened by a slow and uniform progression. This truth may be easily illustrated.

The law of Edward I. still remains on the records of parliament, by which the crown and the barons, in order to preserve for ever their fond feodal rights, restrained the creation of any new superiorities. By this act, the people were allowed to dispose of their estates, but the original tenure was made to follow the land through all its alienations; consequently, when the king's vassal divided his property, by sale, into smaller baronies, the purchaser had from thenceforth no feodal connexion with the seller, but held immediately of the king, according to the ancient tenure of the land; and if these purchasers alienated to others the lands so purchased, still the tenure continued and remained in the crown.

Now, when we reflect that every tenant of a barony holden of the king *in capite* had a seat in parliament, we see at once the striking operation of this law; we see how little the wisest politicians foresee the distant consequences of ambition: Edward and his barons, by this device, monopolized, it is true, the feodal sovereignties, and prevented their vassals from becoming lords like themselves, but they knew not what they were doing; they knew not that, in the very act of abridging the property of the people, they were giving them a legislative existence, which at a future day would enable them to overthrow whatever stood in the way of their power, and to level that very feodal system which they were thus attempting to perpetuate: for the tenants *in capite* who had a right to be summoned to parliament, soon became so numerous by the alienation of the king's vassals (whose immense territories were divisible into many lesser baronies), that they neither could, nor indeed wished, any longer to assemble in their own rights: the feodal peers were, in fact, become the people; and the idea of representation came forward by a necessary consequence: parliament, from being singly composed of men who sat in their own rights to save the great from the oppression of the crown, and not the small from the oppression of the great, now began to open its doors to the patriot citizen; the feodal and personal changed into natural and corporate privileges; and the people, for the first time in the history of the world, saw the root of their liberties fixed in the centre of the constitution.

As the multiplication of royal tenures for the enfranchisement of boroughs (but chiefly from the operation of this law) first gave rise to popular representation; so it is only in the continued operation of these principles, that we can trace the distinct existence and growing power of the House of Commons: we know that they assembled for a long time in the same chamber with the peers; that the separation was not preconceived by the founders of the constitution, but arose from necessity, when their numbers became too great to form one assembly; and we know that they never thought of assuming popular legislative privileges, till by this necessary division they became a distinct body from the Lords. This, though a political accident, brought the English Commons forth into action; their legislative existence was the natural birth of the feodal system, compressed by the crown.

To prove these truths, we have only to contemplate the history of our sister kingdom of Scotland, governed at that time by the same laws; there being very little difference between the *Regiam Majestatem*, the Scotch code of those days, and the work compiled by Glanville, chief-justice to Henry II. The law of Edward I., which produced these great changes in England, was transcribed by the Scotch parliament into the statute book of their Robert I., but the king of Scotland had not conquered that country as William had subdued England, consequently he was rather a feudal chieftain than a monarch, and had no power to carry this law of Edward's into execution; for the Scotch barons, although

they would not allow their vassals to subinfeud, yet when they sold their own lands, they would not suffer the crown to appropriate the tenure; but obliged the purchasers to hold as vassals to themselves: by this weakness of the Scotch crown, and power of the nobles, the tenancies *in capite* were not multiplied as in England; the right to sit in parliament was consequently not much extended beyond the original numbers; and Scotland never saw a house of commons, nor ever tasted the blessings of equal government. When the boroughs, indeed, in latter days, were enfranchised, they sent their representatives; but their numbers being inconsiderable, they assembled in the same house with the king and the peers; were awed by the pride of the lords, and dazzled by the splendour of the crown; they sat silent in parliament, representing the slavery and not the freedom of the people.

But this dissemination of property, which in every country on earth is sooner or later creative of freedom, met with a severe check in its early infancy from the statute of entails. In this instance even the crown of England had not sufficient strength to ripen that liberty which had sprung up from the force of its rays; for if Edward I. could have resisted this law, wrested from him by his barons to perpetuate their estates in their families, the English constitution, from an early equilibrium of property, had suddenly risen to perfection, and the revolution in the reign of Charles I. had probably happened two centuries higher in our history, or, perhaps, from the gradual circulation of that power which broke in at last with a sudden and projectile force, had never happened at all; but the same effects had been produced without the effusion of civil blood: for no sooner was the statute of entails shaken, in the reign of Henry VII. and finally destroyed by his successor, than we see the popular tide which had ebbed so long, begin to lift up its waves, till the mighty fabrics of prerogative and aristocracy passed away in one ruin together. This crisis, which shallow men then mistook, and still mistake, for anarchy, was but the fermentation of the unconquerable spirit of liberty, infused as early as Magna Charta, which, in working itself free from the impurities that oppressed it, was convulsing every thing around; when the fermentation ceased, the stream ran purer than before, after having, in the tumult, beaten down every bank that obstructed its just and natural course. The consummation of these great events is too recent and notorious to demand further illustration; their best commentary is the happiness and freedom which we enjoy at this day.

The subject proposed is, therefore, brought to its conclusion; but it is a subject too dear and important to be concluded without a reflection that arises very strongly out of it.

The English constitution will probably never more be attacked in front, or its dissolution attempted, by striking at the authority of the laws; and if such attack should ever be made, their foundations are too deeply laid, and their superstructures too firmly cemented, to dread the event of the contest: but the constitution is not therefore immortal, and the sentinel must not sleep: the authority of the laws themselves may be turned against the spirit which gave them birth; and the English government may be dissolved with all the legal solemnities which its outward form prescribes for its preservation. This mode of attack is the more probable, as it affords respect and safety to the besiegers, and infinitely more dangerous to the people, as the consciences of good men are ensnared by it. The virtuous citizen, looking up with confidence to the banners of authority, may believe he is defending the constitution and the laws, while he is trampling down every principle of justice on which both of them are founded. It is impossible, therefore, to conclude, without expressing a fervent wish, that every member of the community (at the same time that he bows with reverence to the supremacy of the state and the majesty of the laws) may keep his eyes for ever fixed on the spirit of the constitution manifested by the Revolution, as the pole star of his political course; that while he pays the tribute of duty and obedience to government, he may know when the reciprocal duty is paid back to the public and to himself.

The concluding wish is, I trust, not misplaced when delivered within these philosophical walls: the sciences ever flourish in the train of liberty, the soul of a slave could never have expanded itself like Newton's over infinite space, and sighed in captivity at the remotest barriers of creation: in no other country under heaven could Locke have unfolded with dignity the operations of an immortal soul, or recorded with truth the duties and privileges of society.

EDWARD DANIEL CLARKE.

Dr. Edward Daniel Clarke, born in 1767, occupies the highest rank amongst English travellers. In 1799 he began to travel through Denmark, Sweden, Lapland, Finland, Russia, Tartary, Circassia, Asia Minor, Syria, Palestine, Egypt, Greece and Turkey and in 1802 returned through Germany and France. From 1810 to 1813 he published an interesting account of his long journey in six volumes written in a lively and graphic manner. He died in 1822.

DESCRIPTION OF THE PYRAMIDS.

We were roused as soon as the sun dawned by Anthony, our faithful Greek servant and interpreter, with the intelligence that the pyramids were in view. We hastened from the cabin: and never will the impression made by their appearance be obliterated. By reflecting the sun's rays, they appear as white as snow, and of such surprising magnitude, that nothing we had previously conceived in our imagination had prepared us for the spectacle we beheld. The sight instantly convinced us that no power of description, no delineation, can convey ideas adequate to the effect produced in viewing these stupendous monuments. The formality of their construction is lost in their prodigious magnitude; the mind, elevated by wonder, feels at once the force of an axiom, which, however disputed, experience confirms — that in vastness, whatsoever be its nature, there dwells sublimity. Another proof of their indescribable power is, that no one ever approached them under other emotions than those of terror, which is another principal source of the sublime. In certain instances of irritable feeling, this impression of awe and fear has been so great as to cause pain rather than pleasure; hence, perhaps, have originated descriptions of the pyramids which represent them as deformed and gloomy masses, without taste or beauty. Persons who have derived no satisfaction from the contemplation of them, may not have been conscious that the uneasiness they experienced was a result of their own sensibility. Others have acknowledged ideas widely different, excited by every wonderful circumstance of character and of situation — ideas of duration, almost endless; of power, inconceivable; of majesty, supreme; of solitude, most awful; of grandeur, of desolation, and of repose.

Upon the 23d of August 1802 we set out for the pyramids, the inundation enabling us to approach within less than a mile of the larger pyramid in our djerm*). Messrs. Hammer and Hamilton accompanied us. We arrived at Djiza at daybreak, and called upon some English officers, who wished to join our party upon this occasion. From Djiza our approach to the pyramids was through a swampy country, by means of a narrow canal, which, however, was deep enough; and we arrived without any obstacle at nine o'clock at the bottom of a sandy slope leading up to the principal pyramid. Some Bedouin Arabs, who had assembled to receive us upon our landing, were much amused by the eagerness excited in our whole party to prove who should first set his foot upon the summit of this artificial mountain. With what amazement did we survey the vast surface that was presented to us when we arrived at this stupendous monument, which seemed to reach the clouds. Here and there appeared some Arab guides upon the immense masses above us, like so many pigmies, waiting to show the way to the summit. Now and then we thought we heard voices, and listened; but it was the wind in powerful gusts sweeping the immense ranges of stone. Already some of our party had begun the ascent, and were pausing at the tremendous depth which they saw below. One of our military companions, after having surmounted the most difficult part of the undertaking, became giddy in consequence of looking down from the elevation he had attained; and being compelled to abandon the project, he hired an Arab to assist him in effecting his descent. The rest of us, more accustomed to the business of climbing heights, with many a halt for respiration, and many an exclamation of wonder, pursued our way towards the summit. The mode of ascent has been frequently described; and yet, from the questions which are often proposed to travellers, it does not appear to be generally understood. The reader may imagine himself to be upon a staircase, every step of which, to a man of middle stature, is nearly breast high, and the breadth of each step is equal to its height, consequently the footing is secure; and although a retrospect in going up be sometimes fearful to persons unaccustomed to look down from any considerable elevation, yet there is *little* danger of falling. In some places, indeed, where the stones are decayed, caution may be required, and an Arab guide is always necessary to avoid a total interruption; but, upon the whole, the means of ascent are

*) Boat of the Nile.

such that almost every one may accomplish it. Our progress was impeded by other causes. We carried with us a few instruments, such as our boat-compass, a thermometer, a telescope, &c.; these could not be trusted in the hands of the Arabs, and they were liable to be broken every instant. At length we reached the topmost tier, to the great delight and satisfaction of all the party. Here we found a platform thirty-two feet square, consisting of nine large stones, each of which might weigh about a ton, although they are much inferior in size to some of the stones used in the construction of this pyramid. Travellers of all ages, and of various nations, have here inscribed their names. Some are written in Greek, many in French, a few in Arabic, one or two in English, and others in Latin. We were as desirous as our predecessors to leave a memorial of our arrival; it seemed to be a tribute of thankfulness due for the success of our undertaking; and presently every one of our party was seen busied in adding the inscription of his name.

Upon this area, which looks like a point when seen from Cairo or from the Nile, it is extraordinary that none of those numerous hermits fixed their abode who retired to the tops of columns and to almost inaccessible solitudes upon the pinnacles of the highest rocks. It offers a much more convenient and secure retreat than was selected by an ascetic, who pitched his residence upon the architrave of a temple in the vicinity of Athens. The heat, according to Fahrenheit's thermometer at the time of our coming, did not exceed 84 degrees; and the same temperature continued during the time we remained, a strong wind blowing from the north-west. The view from this eminence amply fulfilled our expectations; nor do the accounts which have been given of it, as it appears at this season of the year, exaggerate the novelty and grandeur of the sight. All the region towards Cairo and the Delta resembled a sea covered with innumerable islands. Forests of palm-trees were seen standing in the water, the inundation spreading over the land where they stood, so as to give them an appearance of growing in the flood. To the north, as far as the eye could reach, nothing could be discerned but a watery surface thus diversified by plantations and by villages. To the south we saw the pyramids of Saccara; and upon the east of these, smaller monuments of the same kind nearer to the Nile. An appearance of ruins might indeed be traced the whole way from the pyramids of Djiza to those of Saccara, as if they had been once connected, so as to constitute one vast cemetery. Beyond the pyramids of Saccara we could perceive the distant mountains of the Said; and upon an eminence near the Libyan side of the Nile, appeared a monastery of considerable size. Towards the west and southwest, the eye ranged over the great Libyan Desert, extending to the utmost verge of the horizon, without a single object to interrupt the dreary horror of the landscape, except dark floating spots caused by the shadows of passing clouds upon the sand.

Upon the south-east side is the gigantic statue of the Sphinx, the most colossal piece of sculpture which remains of all the works executed by the ancients. The French have uncovered all the pedestal of this statue, and all the cumbent or leonine parts of the figure; these were before entirely concealed by sand. Instead, however, of answering the expectations raised concerning the work upon which it was supposed to rest, the pedestal proves to be a wretched substructure of brickwork and small pieces of stone put together, like the most insignificant piece of modern masonry, and wholly out of character both with respect to the prodigious labour bestowed upon the statue itself, and the gigantic appearance of the surrounding objects. Beyond the Sphinx we distinctly discerned amidst the sandy waste the remains and vestiges of a magnificent building, perhaps the Serapeum.

Immediately beneath our view, upon the eastern and western side, we saw so many tombs that we were unable to count them, some being half buried in the sand, others rising considerably above it. All these are of an oblong form, with sides sloping like the roofs of European houses. A plan of their situation and appearance is given in Pocock's Travels. The second pyramid, standing to the south-west, has the remains of a covering near its vertex, as of a plating of stone which had once invested all its four sides. Some persons, deceived by the external hue of this covering, have believed it to be of marble; but its white appearance is owing to a partial decomposition affecting the surface only. Not a single fragment of marble can be found anywhere near this pyramid. It is surrounded by a paved court, having walls on the outside, and places as for doors or portals in the walls; also an advanced work or portico. A third pyramid, of much smaller dimensions than the second, appears beyond the Sphinx to the south-west; and there are three others, one of which is nearly buried in the sand, between the large pyramid and this statue to the south-east.

WILLIAM HAZLITT.

William Hazlitt, born in 1780, may be classed among that number of modern writers who have introduced a new style into the English literature combining a strong love of the beautiful in nature and art, with the tender in the concerns of human life. This author procured for himself a high degree of distinction by his eccentric criticisms on paintings and poetry and contributed on rather a large scale to different periodicals. He was the author of the following works. 'The Characters of Shakspeare's Plays' 1817, 'A View of the English Stage' 1818, 'Lectures on English Poetry' 1818 and 'A Life of Napoleon Bonaparte' in four volumes. Many of these writings are written in a brilliant, poetic, imaginative style; he seems to possess a renovating influence over the subjects he remarks upon, converting dry and uninviting articles into objects of interest and attraction; he died in 1830.

CHARACTER OF A COCKNEY.

The true Cockney has never travelled beyond the purlieus of the metropolis, either in the body or the spirit. Primrose Hill is the *ultima Thule* of his most romantic desires; Greenwich Park stands him in the stead of the Vales of Arcady. Time and space are lost to him. He is confined to one spot, and to the present moment. He sees every thing near, superficial, little, in hasty succession. The world turns round, and his head with it, like a roundabout at a fair, till he becomes stunned and giddy with the motion. Figures glide by as in a *camera obscura*. There is a glare, a perpetual hubbub, a noise, a crowd about him; he sees and hears a vast number of things, and knows nothing. He is pert, raw, ignorant, conceited, ridiculous, shallow, contemptible. His senses keep him alive; and he knows, inquires, and cares for nothing farther. He meets the Lord Mayor's coach, and, without ceremony, treats himself to an imaginary ride in it. He notices the people going to court or to a city feast, and is satisfied with the show. He takes the walk of a lord, and fancies himself as good as he. He sees an infinite quantity of people pass along the street, and thinks there is no such thing as life or a knowledge of character to be found out of London. 'Beyond Hyde Park all is a desert to him.' He despises the country, because he is ignorant of it; and the town, because he is familiar with it. He is as well acquainted with St. Paul's as if he had built it; and talks of Westminster Abbey and Poets' Corner with great indifference. The King, the House of Lords and Commons, are his very good friends. He knows the members for Westminster or the city by sight, and bows to the sheriffs or sheriffs' men. He is hand and glove with the chairman of some committee. He is, in short, a great man by proxy, and comes so often in contact with fine persons and things, that he rubs off a little of the gilding, and is surcharged with a sort of second-hand, vapid, tingling, troublesome self-importance. His personal vanity is thus continually flattered and perked into ridiculous self-complacency, while his imagination is jaded and impaired by daily misuse. Every thing is vulgarised in his mind. Nothing dwells long enough on it to produce an interest; nothing is contemplated sufficiently at a distance to excite curiosity or wonder. Your true Cockney is your only true leveller. Let him be as low as he will, he fancies he is as good as any body else. He has no respect for himself, and still less (if possible) for you. He cares little about his own advantages, if he can only make a jest at yours. Every feeling comes to him through a medium of levity and impertinence; nor does he like to have this habit of mind disturbed by being brought into collision with any thing serious or respectable. He despairs (in such a crowd of competitors) of distinguishing himself, but laughs heartily at the idea of being able to trip up the heels of other people's pretensions. A Cockney feels no gratitude. This is a first principle with him. He regards any obligation you confer upon him as a species of imposition, of a ludicrous assumption of fancied superiority. He talks about every thing, for he has heard something about it; and, understanding nothing of the matter, concludes he has as good a right as you. He is a politician, for he has seen the Parliament House: he is a critic, because he knows the principal actors by sight; has a taste for music, because he belongs to a glee club at the West End; and is gallant, in virtue of sometimes frequenting the lobbies at half-price. A mere Londoner, in fact, from the opportunities he has of knowing something of a number of objects, (and those striking ones,) fancies himself a sort of privileged person, remains satisfied with the assumption of merits, so much the more unquestionable as they are not his own; and from being dazzled with noise and show and appearances, is less capable of giving a real opinion, or entering into any subject than the meanest peasant. There are greater lawyers, orators, painters, philosophers, players, in London, than in any other part of the United Kingdom: he is a Londoner, and therefore it would be

strange if he did not know more of law, eloquence, art, philosophy, acting, than any one without his local advantages, and who is merely from the country. This is a *non sequitur*, and it constantly appears so when put to the test.

A real Cockney is the poorest creature in the world; the most literal, the most mechanical, and yet he too lives in a world of romance — a fairy land of his own. He is a citizen of London; and this abstraction leads his imagination the finest dance in the world. London is the first city on the habitable globe; and therefore he must be superior to every one who lives out of it. There are more people in London than any where else; and though a dwarf in stature, his person swells out and expands into *ideal* importance and borrowed magnitude. He resides in a garret or in a two pair of stairs' back room; yet he talks of the magnificence of London, and gives himself airs of consequence upon it, as if all the houses in Portman or in Grosvenor Square were his by right or in reversion. 'He is owner of all he surveys.' The Monument, the Tower of London, St. James's Palace, the Mansion House, Whitehall, are part and parcel of his being.

Let us suppose him to be a lawyer's clerk at half-a-guinea a week: but he knows the Inns of Court, the Temple Gardens, and Gray's Inn Passage; sees the lawyers in their wigs walking up and down Chancery Lane; and has advanced within half a dozen yards of the chancellor's chair: — who can doubt that he understands (by implication) every point of law (however intricate) better than the most expert country practitioner? He is a shopman, and nailed all day behind the counter; but he sees hundreds and thousands of gay, well dressed people pass — an endless phantasmagoria — and enjoys their liberty and gaudy fluttering pride. He is a footman — but he rides behind beauty, through a crowd of carriages, and visits a thousand shops. Is he a tailor? The stigma on his profession is lost in the elegance of the patterns he provides, and of the persons he adorns; and he is something very different from a mere country botcher. Nay, the very scavenger and nightman thinks the dirt in the street has something precious in it, and his employment is solemn, silent, sacred, peculiar to London! A barker in Monmouth Street, a slop-seller in Ratcliffe Highway, a tapster at a night cellar, a beggar in St. Giles's, a drab in Fleet Ditch, live in the eyes of millions, and eke out a dreary, wretched, scanty, or loathsome existence from the gorgeous, busy, glowing scene around them. It is a common saying among such persons, that 'they had rather be hanged in London than die a natural death out of it any where else.' Such is the force of habit and imagination. Even the eye of childhood is dazzled and delighted with the polished splendour of the jewellers' shops, the neatness of the turnery ware, the festoons of artificial flowers, the confectionary, the chymists' shops, the lamps, the horses, the carriages, the sedan-chairs: to this was formerly added a set of traditional associations — Whittington and his Cat, Guy Faux and the Gunpowder Treason, the Fire and the Plague of London, and the Heads of the Scotch Rebels that were stuck on Temple Bar in 1745. These have vanished; and in their stead the curious and romantic eye must be content to pore in Pennant for the site of old London Wall, or to peruse the sentimental mile-stone that marks the distance to the place 'where Hicks's Hall formerly stood.'

The Cockney lives in a go-cart of local prejudices and positive illusions; and when he is turned out of it, he hardly knows how to stand or move. He ventures through Hyde Park Corner as a cat crosses a gutter. The trees pass by the coach very oddly. The country has a strange blank appearance: it is not lined with houses all the way, like London. He comes to places he never saw or heard of. He finds the world is bigger than he thought it. He might have dropped from the moon, for any thing he knows of the matter. He is mightily disposed to laugh, but is half afraid of making some blunder. Between sheepishness and conceit, he is in a very ludicrous situation. He finds that the people walk on two legs, and wonders to hear them talk a dialect so different from his own. He perceives London fashions have got down into the country before him, and that some of the better sort are dressed as well as he is. A drove of pigs or cattle stopping the road is a very troublesome interruption: a crow in a field, a magpie in a hedge, are to him very odd animals — he can't tell what to make of them, or how they live. He does not altogether like the accommodation at the inns — it is not what he has been used to in town. He begins to be communicative — says he was 'born within the sound of Bow bell;' and attempts some jokes, at which nobody laughs. He asks the coachman a question, to which he receives no answer. All this is to him very unaccountable and unexpected. He arrives at his journey's end; and instead of being the great man

be anticipated among his friends and country relations, finds that they are barely civil to him, or make a butt of him; have topics of their own which he is as completely ignorant of as they are indifferent to what he says, so that he is glad to get back to London again, where he meets with his favourite indulgences and associates, and fancies the whole world is occupied with what he hears and sees. A Cockney loves a tea-garden in summer, as he loves a play or the cider-cellar in winter; where he sweetens the air with the fumes of tobacco, and makes it echo to the sound of his own voice. This kind of suburban retreat is a most agreeable relief to the close and confined air of a city life. The imagination, long pent up behind a counter or between brick walls, with noisome smells and dingy objects, cannot bear at once to launch into the boundless expanse of the country, but 'shorter excursions tries,' coveting something between the two, and finding it at White Conduit House, or the Rosemary Branch, or Bagnigge Wells. The landlady is seen at a bow-window in near perspective, with punch-bowls and lemons disposed orderly around — the lime-trees or poplars wave overhead to 'catch the breezy air,' through which, typical of the huge dense cloud that hangs over the metropolis, curls up the thin, blue, odoriferous vapour of Virginia or Oronooko; the benches are ranged in rows, the fields and hedge-rows spread out their verdure; Hampstead and Highgate are seen in the background, and contain the imagination within gentle limits — here the holiday people are playing ball — here they are playing bowls — here they are quaffing ale, there sipping tea — here the loud wager is heard, there the political debate. In a sequestered nook a slender youth, with purple face and drooping head, nodding over a glass of gin toddy, breathes in tender accents —

'There's nought so sweet on earth,
As Love's young dream.'

While 'Rosy Ann' takes its turn; and 'Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled' is thundering forth in accents that might wake the dead. In another part sit carpers and critics, who dispute the score of the reckoning or the game, or cavil at the taste and execution of the would-be Brahams and Durusets.

ROBERT MUDIE.

Robert Mudie was born in Forfarshire 1777; he has published a great number of books upon different subjects which prove him to have possessed an extensive knowledge of the sciences. Amongst his works we may mention 'Babylon the Great', 'Modern Athens', 'The British Naturalists', 'A Popular Guide to the Observation of Nature', Man, Physical, Moral, Social, Intellectual', 'The World Described,' &c. &c. He contributed the 'Natural History' to the Encyclopaedia Britannica and also furnished articles to many other periodicals. Mudie possessed fine talents, and although his works are written in too hurried a manner, they show their author to have been a man of extensive learning. He died in 1842.

LONDON.

London may be considered, not merely as the capital of England or the British empire, but as the metropolis of the world, — not merely as the seat of a government which extends its connexions and exercises its influence to the remotest points of the earth's surface, — not merely as it contains the wealth and the machinery by which the freedom and the slavery of nations are bought and sold, — not merely as the heart, by whose pulses and tides intelligence, activity, and commerce are made to circulate throughout every land, — not merely as possessing a freedom of opinion, and a hardihood in the expression of that opinion, unknown to every other city, — not merely as taking the lead in every informing science, and in every useful and embellishing art, — but as being foremost, and without a rival, in every means of aggrandisement and enjoyment, and also of neglect and misery — of every thing that can render life sweet and man happy, or that can render life bitter and man wretched!

Considered by itself, and without reference to the power and influence of that government of which it is the chief locality, or of the extended ramifications of those people of which it forms the connecting link, it is a great nation in respect of the numbers of its people, and a mighty one when their wealth, their intelligence, their concentration, and the prompt and immediate use to which all of them can apply their talents, are taken into the account. Within a circumference, the radius of which does not exceed five miles, there are never fewer than two millions of human beings; and if the great bell of St. Paul's were swung to the full pitch of its tocsin-sound, more ears would hear it than could hear the loudest

roaring of Ætna or Vesuvius, — or, indeed, the mightiest elemental crash that could happen at any other spot upon the earth's surface; and if one were to take one's station in the ball or the upper gallery of that great edifice, the wide horizon, crowded as it is with men and their dwellings, would form a panorama of industry and of life, more astonishing than could be gazed upon from any other point. In the streets immediately below, the congregated multitude of men, of animals, and of machines, diminished as they are by the distance, appear like streams of living atoms reeling to and fro; and, as they are lost in the vapoury distances (rendered murky by the smoke of a million fires), the sublime but sad thought of the clashing and careering streams of life hurrying to, and losing themselves in the impervious gloom of eternity, starts across the mind. Nor is the contemplation of the marvels of man's making, which that horizon displays, less wonderful than the multitudes and the movements of the men themselves. It seems as if the wand of an enchanter had been stretched out, or the fiat of a creating Divinity had gone forth over every foot of the land and of the waters. To-day one may discover a line of hovels; a month passes, and there is a rank of palaces. Now, the eye may haply light upon a few spots of that delicious green which is the native vesture of Old England; but, ere the moon has exhibited all the phases of her brief circle of change, the earth shall have been moulded into abodes for the ever-accumulating multitude. House after house, palace after palace, street after street, and square after square — it stretches on and on, till the eye fails in catching its termination, and the fancy easily pictures it as every where gliding into the infinitude of space. — If the love of moralizing, or even the common reflection of man, shall happen to come upon him who stands upon this airy height, and views the magnificence, the hustle, and the confusion of the great Babylon beneath and around him, there is one subject that he cannot easily overlook; and that is, — Where have gone those countless multitudes, which, during hundreds of years, and, for aught that history tells to the contrary, during hundreds of ages, succeeded one another in this most wonderful of cities? He will look to the places of their residence, — little lowly spots of dull earth, scattered here and there, and deformed by a few crumbling stones, the inscriptions upon which men are forgetting, or have forgotten; and he will remark the vast difference that there is between the stir and hustle and pretence of one generation of living men, and the stilly silence, and unobtruding humility of a thousand generations that are now in the dust. He will think of the atoms of once animated clay, that must be scattered through, and mingled with, every thing in such a place: and he cannot refrain from imagining that the present inhabitants of London trample upon the bodies of their ancestors in the streets, and tenant them in the houses. When the merchant trudges through the mire from his warehouse to his banker's, or from his counting-house to 'Change, one component part of the mire that cleaves to his boots may be the substance of a merchant of the olden times, who was as keen in the pursuit, and as comfortable in the enjoyment of wealth as himself. The foot of the barrister, as he runs from court to court, may fall upon part of the tongue of him after whom he copies his eloquence — the chariot-wheel of the peer may roll over the head of the peer who preceded him — the mud which soils the slipper of the present beauty, may have bloomed in the cheek of one as fair and as fascinating — and the walls of the apartment where aldermen dine, may be plastered with those who in their time dined as copiously and with as fond a zest. — The train of speculation which this single thought opens up, runs into channels into which feeling will not look, and which fancy fears to imagine; and London seems as wonderful in the multitudes which it has lost, as in those which it displays in every shade of station, of conduct, and of character.

JOHN BULL.

The imprint upon John is as deeply stamped as upon a Greek medal; and wherever you find him, whether in London or Calcutta, whatever be his rank, and whether he commands or obeys, he never can be mistaken. Every where he is a blunt matter of fact sort of being, very honest, but cold, and repulsive withal. He has the solidity of a material substance all over: and you can never fail to observe, that wherever he is, or with whomsoever he associates, John always considers himself the foremost man, — nor will he take an advice or a lesson from any body that previously gives him a hint that he needs it. Wherever he is, too, you can perceive that his own comfort — his own immediate personal comfort — is the grand object of all his exertions, and all his wishes.

John Bull, if he thinks there is any

chance of making a profit by it, will bargain with you at first sight; but before you can make an intimate of him, you must court him as you would a lady; and even then, if you be romantic in your friendships, you soon discover that his friendship, like the love of a coquette, is not much worth the having. He gives you cold and polite civility before his courting, and he has not much more to give you after. There is such a mechanical formality, and such a frank avowal of that selfishness which other people may feel just as strongly, but which they are more careful to conceal, that you do not enjoy the luxury of an Englishman's feast with half the zest that you would a handful of dates with the Bedouin in the desert.

But, while he is thus the coldest friend that you can imagine, he is the safest neighbour, and the most fair-dealing and generous enemy: while he keeps his own castle like a bashaw, he never thinks of invading yours. Comfort — meaning thereby the capacity of purchasing whatever he thinks will render himself snug; and independence — that is, feeling that he can do whatever he wishes, and say whatever he thinks, — being the grand objects with him, he cares not a straw for those adventitious, and perhaps ideal distinctions, that so much plague the rest of the world. His pride — and pride he has in great abundance — is not the pride of Haman; he cares not a straw though Mordecai the Jew should sit ever so long at his gate, his only solicitude being that the said Mordecai shall not come within it, without the special permission of the owner, and that granted for something that shall conduce to the said owner's advantage or comfort.

His selfishness is not like the selfishness of most other nations: it does not go out after ideal whims and visionary fancies, but remains constant and attentive to himself. No man can devote himself more entirely or more successfully to the accumulation of wealth than John Bull, nor is any nation so little careful of kicking away and despising the ladder (if an unseemly one) by which he climbs to opulence, as the English. Let it be the humblest profession in the world — the sale of carrion, or the collecting of rags or rubbish, and that in consequence of success in it he is able to retire to his box, and set up his equipage in the purlieus of the metropolis: — John Bull never despises the carrion or the dust; they are the best of all possible things, and, in his estimate, for the best of all possible reasons, 'they made him a warm man, and he is now as snug as a lord.'

His pride, too, is a plant of English growth; and though he boasts a good deal, his boasts are not of the kind met with in the rest of the world. You never hear him giving himself airs on account of his ancestry; for if John be what he calls warm, he cares not a straw whether his grandfather was a duke or a dustman. 'Every man is himself, and no man is his father,' is John's theory; and upon this theory he acts very steadily. It is true that he does boast of being an Englishman, — that he does reckon his being born somewhere between Lowestoff and St. David's, and between Penzance and Berwick, as being a much more fortunate circumstance than if he had drawn his first breath in any other locality in the solar system. Old England is his, and he is Old England's: there is nothing like it in all the world; it can enrich the world, instruct the world, and, if properly provoked, *conquer the world!*

GEORGE CANNING.

Born 1770. Died 1827.

THE RIGHT HON. W. PITT.

The character of this illustrious statesman early passed its ordeal. Scarcely had he attained the age at which reflection commences, when Europe with astonishment beheld him filling the first place in the councils of his country, and manage the vast mass of its concerns with all the vigour and steadiness of the most matured wisdom. Dignity, strength, discretion, these were among the masterly qualities of his mind at its first dawn. He had been nurtured a statesman, and his knowledge was of that kind which always lies ready for practical application. Not dealing in the subtleties of abstract politics, but moving in the slow, steady procession of reason, his conceptions were reflective, and his views correct. Ha-

hitually attentive to the concerns of government, he spared no pains to acquaint himself with whatever was connected, however minntely, with its prosperity. He was devoted to the state: its interests engrossed all his study and engaged all his care: it was the element alone in which he seemed to live and move. He allowed himself hut little recreation from his lahours; his mind was always on its station, and his activity was nnremitted.

He did not hastily adopt a measure, nor hastily ahandon it. The plan struck ont by him for the preservation of Enrope was the result of prophetic wisdom and profound policy. But though defeated in many respects hy the selfish ambition and short-sighted imbecility of foreign powers, whose rulers were too venal or too weak to follow the flight of that mind which would have tanght them to outwing the storm, the policy involved in it has still a secret operation on the conduct of surrounding states. His plans were full of energy, and the principles which inspired them looked heyond the consequences of the hour. In a period of change and convulsion, the most perilous in the history of Great Britain, when sedition stalked abroad, and when the emissaries of France and the abettors of her regicide factions formed a league powerful from their numbor, and formidable hy their talent, in that awful crisis the promptitude of his measures saved his country.

He knew nothing of that timid and wavering cast of mind which dares not abide by its own decision. He never suffered popular prejudice or party clamour to turn him aside from any measure which his deliberate judgment had adopted; he had a proud reliance on himself, and it was justified. Like the sturdy warrior leaning on his own hattle-axe, conscious where his strength lay, he did not readily look heyond it.

As a debater in the House of Commons, his speeches were logical and argumentative: if they did not often abound in the graces of metaphor, or sparkle with the hrilliancy of wit, they were always animated, elegant, and classical. The strength of his oratory was intrinsic; it presented the rich and abundant resource of a clear discernment and a correct taste. His speeches are stamped with inimitable marks of originality. When replying to his opponents, his readiness was not more conspicnons than his energy: he was always prompt and always dignified. He could sometimes have recourse to the sportiveness of irony, but he did not often seek any other aid than was to be derived from an arranged and extensive knowledge of his subject. This qualified him fully to discuss the arguments of others, and forcibly to defend his own. Thus armed, it was rarely in the power of his adversaries, mighty as they were, to heat him from the field. His eloquence, occasionally rapid, electric, vehement, was always chaste, winning, and persuasive, not awing into acquiescence, but arguing into conviction. His understanding was bold and comprehensive: nothing seemed too remote for its reach, or too large for its grasp. Unallured hy dissipation, and unswayed hy pleasure, he never sacrificed the national treasure to the one, or the national interest to the other. To his unswerving integrity the most anthentic of all testimony is to be found in that unbounded publie confidence which followed him throughout the whole of his political career.

Absorbed as he was in the pursuits of public life, he did not neglect to prepare himself in silence for that higher destination, which is at once the incentive and reward of human virtue. His talents, superior and splendid as they were, never made him forgetful of that Eternal Wisdom from which they emanated. The faith and fortitude of his last moments were affecting and exemplary. In his forty-seventh year, and in the meridian of his fame, he died on the twenty-third of January, 1806.

CHARLES LAMB.

Charles Lamb, born at Edmonton in Lincolnshire, 1775, was educated in Christ's Church, where he first formed an acquaintance with Coleridge who remained his most intimate friend during the whole of his life and in conjunction with whom he made a criticism of the Early English literature. He was educated for the ecclesiastical profession, but an impediment in his speech obliged him to give up this idea and he employed himself as a clerk in the India House till 1825, when he devoted himself entirely to literature. He was a celebrated writer of criticism and his remarks under that head show him to have been a man of great imagination and fine poetic feeling. His good humour, force of expression, feeling and wit, give his writings a peculiar character and endear him to the hearts of all who peruse them. His most popular works are his 'Selections from the early dramatists' which appeared in 1818, his charming 'Essays' fancifully signed Elia 1823, and the 'Tales compiled by himself and his sister from Shakspeare' 1833. In 1798 he published 'Blank verses' and in the same year 'Rosamond Gray and old blind Margaret', in 1801 'John Woolvil' a tragedy together with 'Fragments of Burton' and 'Album verses' in 1830. He died much lamented in 1834.

KING LEAR.

Lear, king of Britain, had three daughters: Gonerill, wife to the duke of Albany; Regan, wife to the duke of Cornwall; and Cordelia, a young maid, for whose love the king of France and duke of Burgundy were joint suitors, and were at this time making stay for that purpose in the court of Lear.

The old king, worn out with age and the fatigues of government, he being more than fourscore years old, determined to take no further part in state affairs, but to leave the management to younger strengths, that he might have time to prepare for death, which must at no long period ensue. With this intent he called his three daughters to him, to know from their own lips which of them loved him best, that he might part his kingdom among them in such proportions as their affection for him should seem to deserve.

Gonerill, the eldest, declared that she loved her father more than words could give out, that he was dearer to her than the light of her own eyes, dearer than life and liberty; with a deal of such professing stuff, which is easy to counterfeit where there is no real love, only a few fine words delivered with confidence being wanted in that case. The king, delighted to hear from her own mouth this assurance of her love, and thinking truly that her heart went with it, in a fit of fatherly fondness bestowed upon her and her husband one third of his ample kingdom.

Then calling to him his second daughter, he demanded what she had to say. Regan, who was made of the same hollow metal as her sister, was not a whit behind in her professions, but rather declared that what her sister had spoken came short of the love which she professed to bear for his highness: insomuch that she found all other joys dead, in comparison with the pleasure which she took in the love of her dear king and father.

Lear blest himself in having such loving children, as he thought; and could do no less, after the handsome assurances which Regan had made, than bestow a third of his kingdom upon her and her husband, equal in size to that which he had already given away to Gonerill.

Then turning to his youngest daughter Cordelia, whom he called his joy, he asked what she had to say; thinking no doubt that she would glad his ears with the same loving speeches which her sisters had uttered, or rather that her expressions would be so much stronger than theirs, as she had always been his darling, and favoured by him above either of them. But Cordelia, disgusted with the flattery of her sisters, whose hearts she knew were far from their lips, and seeing that all their coaxing speeches were only intended to wheedle the old king out of his dominions, that they and their husbands might reign in his lifetime, made no other reply but this, that she loved his majesty according to her duty, neither more nor less.

The king, shocked with this appearance of ingratitude in his favourite child, desired her to consider her words, and to mend her speech, lest it should mar her fortunes.

Cordelia then told her father, that he was her father, that he had given her breeding, and loved her, that she returned those duties back as was most fit, and did obey him, love him, and most honour him; but that she could not frame her mouth to such large speeches as her sisters had done, or promise to love nothing else in the world. Why had her sisters husbands, if (as they said) they had no love for anything but their father? If she should ever wed, she was sure the lord to whom she gave her hand would want half her love, half of her care and duty; she should never marry, like her sisters, to love her father all.

Cordelia, who in earnest loved her old father, even almost as extravagantly as her sisters pretended to do, would have plainly told him so at any other time, in more

daughter-like and loving terms, and without these qualifications, which did indeed sound a little ungracious: but after the crafty flattering speeches of her sisters, which she had seen draw such extravagant rewards, she thought the handsomest thing she could do was to love and be silent. This put her affection out of suspicion of mercenary ends, and showed that she loved, but not for gain; and that her professions, the less ostentatious they were, had so much the more of truth and sincerity than her sisters'.

This plainness of speech, which Lear called pride, so enraged the old monarch — who in his best of times always showed much of spleen and rashness, and in whom the dotage incident to old age had so clouded over his reason, that he could not discern truth from flattery, nor a gay painted speech from words that came from the heart — that in a fury of resentment he retracted the third part of his kingdom which yet remained, and which he had reserved for Cordelia, and gave it away from her, sharing it equally between her two sisters, and their husbands, the dukes of Albany and Cornwall; whom he now called to him, and in presence of all his courtiers, bestowing a coronet between them, invested them jointly with all the power, revenue, and execution of government, only retaining to himself the name of king; all the rest of royalty he resigned: with this reservation, that himself, with a hundred knights for his attendants, was to be maintained by monthly course in each of his daughters' palaces in turn.

So preposterous a disposal of his kingdom, so little guided by reason, and so much by passion, filled all his courtiers with astonishment and sorrow: but none of them had the courage to interpose between this incensed king and his wrath, except the earl of Kent, who was beginning to speak a good word for Cordelia, when the passionate Lear, on pain of death, commanded him to desist: but the good Kent was not so to be repelled. He had been ever loyal to Lear, whom he had honoured as a king, loved as a father, followed as a master; and had never esteemed his life further than as a pawn to wage against his royal master's enemies, nor feared to lose it when Lear's safety was the motive; nor now that Lear was most his own enemy did this faithful servant of the king forget his old principles, but manfully opposed Lear, to do Lear good; and was unmannerly only because Lear was mad. He had been a most faithful counsellor in times past to the king, and he besought him now, that he would see with his eyes, (as he had done in many weighty matters,) and go by his advice still, and in his best consideration recall this hideous rashness: for he would answer with his life his judgment, that Lear's youngest daughter did not love him least, nor were those empty-hearted whose low sound gave no token of hollowness. When power bowed to flattery, honour was bound to plainness. For Lear's threats, what could he do to him, whose life was already at his service? that should not hinder duty from speaking.

The honest freedom of this good earl of Kent only stirred up the king's wrath the more, and like a frantic patient who kills his physician, and loves his mortal disease, he banished this true servant, and allotted him but five days to make his preparations for departure; but if on the sixth his hated person was found within the realm of Britain, that moment was to be his death. And Kent bade farewell to the king, and said, that since he chose to show himself in such fashion, it was but banishment to stay there; and before he went, he recommended Cordelia to the protection of the gods, the maid who had so rightly thought, and so discreetly spoken; and only wished that her sisters' large speeches might be answered with deeds of love: and then he went, as he said, to shape his old course to a new country.

The king of France and duke of Burgundy were now called in to hear the determination of Lear about his youngest daughter, and to know whether they would persist in their courtship to Cordelia, now that she was under her father's displeasure, and had no fortune but her own person to recommend her. And the duke of Burgundy declined the match, and would not take her to wife upon such conditions; but the king of France, understanding what the nature of the fault had been which had lost her the love of her father, that it was only a tardiness of speech, and the not being able to frame her tongue to flattery like her sisters, took this young maid by the hand, and saying that her virtues were a dowry above a kingdom, bade Cordelia to take farewell of her sisters, and of her father, though he had been unkind, and she should go with him, and be queen of him and of fair France, and reign over fairer possessions than her sisters: and he called the duke of Burgundy in contempt a waterish duke, because his love for this young maid had in a moment run all away like water.

Then Cordelia with weeping eyes took

leave of her sisters, and besought them to love their father well, and make good their professions: and they sullenly told her not to prescribe to them, for they knew their duty, but to strive to content her husband, who had taken her (as they tauntingly expressed it) as Fortune's alms. And Cordelia with a heavy heart departed, for she knew the cunning of her sisters, and she wished her father in better hands than she was about to leave him in.

Cordelia was no sooner gone, than the devilish dispositions of her sisters began to show themselves in their true colours. Even before the expiration of the first month, which Lear was to spend by agreement with his eldest daughter Gonerill, the old king began to find out the difference between promises and performances. This wretch having got from her father all that he had to bestow, even to the giving away of the crown from off his head, began to grudge even those small remnants of royalty which the old man had reserved to himself, to please his fancy with the idea of being still a king. She could not bear to see him and his hundred knights. Every time she met her father, she put on a frowning countenance; and when the old man wanted to speak with her, she would feign sickness, or anything to be rid of the sight of him; for it was plain that she esteemed his old age a useless burden, and his attendants an unnecessary expense. Not only she herself slackened in her expressions of duty to the king, but by her example, and (it is to be feared) not without her private instructions, her very servants affected to treat him with neglect, and would either refuse to obey his orders, or still more contemptuously pretend not to hear them. Lear could not but perceive this alteration in the behaviour of his daughter, but he shut his eyes against it as long as he could, as people commonly are unwilling to believe the unpleasant consequences which their own mistakes and obstinacy have brought upon them.

True love and fidelity are no more to be estranged by ill, than falsehood and hollow-heartedness can be conciliated by good usage. This eminently appears in the instance of the good earl of Kent, who, though banished by Lear, and his life made forfeit if he were found in Britain, chose to stay and abide all consequences, as long as there was a chance of his being useful to the king his master. See to what mean shifts and disguises poor loyalty is forced to submit sometimes; yet it counts nothing base or unworthy, so as it can but do service where it owes an obligation. In the disguise of a serving-man, all his greatness, and pomp laid aside, this good earl proffered his services to the king, who not knowing him to be Kent in that disguise, but pleased with a certain plainness, or rather bluntness in his answers which the earl put on (so different from that smooth oily flattery which he had so much reason to be sick of, having found the effects not answerable in his daughter), a bargain was quickly struck, and Lear took Kent into his service by the name of Caius, as he called himself, never suspecting him to be his once great favourite, the high and mighty earl of Kent.

This Caius quickly found means to show his fidelity and love to his royal master; for Gonerill's steward that same day behaving in a disrespectful manner to Lear, and giving him saucy looks and language, as no doubt he was secretly encouraged to do by his mistress, Caius not enduring to hear so open an affront put upon his majesty, made no more ado but presently tripped up his heels, and laid the unmannerly slave in the kennel, for which friendly service Lear became more and more attached to him.

Nor was Kent the only friend Lear had. In his degree, and as far as so insignificant a personage could show his love, the poor fool, or jester, that had been of his palace while Lear had a palace, as it was the custom of kings and great personages at that time to keep a fool (as he was called) to make them sport after serious business. This poor fool clung to Lear after he had given away his crown, and by his witty sayings would keep up his good-humour, though he could not refrain sometimes from jeering at his master for his imprudence in uncrowning himself, and giving all away to his daughters: at which time as he rhymingly expressed it, these daughters

> For sudden joy did weep,
> And he for sorrow sung,
> That such a king should play bo-peep,
> And go the fools among

And in such wild sayings and scraps of songs, of which he had plenty, this pleasant honest fool poured out his heart even in the presence of Gonerill herself, in many a bitter taunt and jest which cut to the quick; such as comparing the king to the hedge-sparrow, who feeds the young of the cuckoo till they grow old enough, and then has its head bit off for its pains; and saying, that an ass may know when the cart draws the horse (meaning that Lear's daughters that ought to go behind, now ranked before their father); and that Lear was no longer Lear, but the shadow of Lear; for

which free speeches he was once or twice threatened to be whipped.

The coolness and falling off of respect which Lear had begun to perceive, were not all which this foolish-fond father was to suffer from his unworthy daughter; she now plainly told him that his staying in her palace was inconvenient so long as he insisted upon keeping up an establishment of a hundred knights; that this establishment was useless and expensive, and only served to fill her court with riot and feasting; and she prayed him that he would lessen their number and keep none but old men about him, such as himself, and fitting his age.

Lear at first could not believe his eyes or ears, nor that it was his daughter that spoke so unkindly. He could not believe that she who had received a crown from him could seek to cut off his train, and grudge him the respect due to his old age. But she persisting in her undutiful demand, the old man's rage was so excited, that he called her a detested kite, and said that she spoke an untruth: and so indeed she did, for the hundred knights were all men of choice behaviour and sobriety of manners, skilled in all particulars of duty, and not given to rioting and feasting as she said. And he bid his horses to be prepared, for he would go to his other daughter, Regan, he and his hundred knights; and he spoke of ingratitude, and said it was a marble-hearted devil, and showed more hideous in a child than the sea-monster. And he cursed his eldest daughter Gonerill so as was terrible to hear: praying that she might never have a child, or, if she had, that it might live to return that scorn and contempt upon her, which she had shown to him: that she might feel how sharper than a serpent's tooth it was to have a thankless child. And Gonerill's husband, the duke of Albany, beginning to excuse himself for any share which Lear might suppose he had in the unkindness, Lear would not hear him out, but in a rage ordered his horses to be saddled, and set out with his followers for the abode of Regan, his other daughter. And Lear thought to himself, how small the fault of Cordelia (if it was a fault) now appeared, in comparison with her sister's, and he wept: and then he was ashamed that such a creature as Gonerill should have so much power over his manhood as to make him weep.

Regan and her husband were keeping their court in great pomp and state at their palace: and Lear despatched his servant Caius with letters to his daughter, that she might be prepared for his reception, while he and his train followed after. But it seems that Gonerill had been beforehand with him, sending letters also to Regan, accusing her father with waywardness and ill humours, and advising her not to receive so great a train as he was bringing with him. This messenger arrived at the same time with Caius, and Caius and he met: and who should it be but Caius's old enemy the steward, whom he had formerly tripped up by the heels for his saucy behaviour to Lear. Caius not liking the fellow's look, and suspecting what he came for, began to revile him, and challenged him to fight, which the fellow refusing, Caius, in a fit of honest passion, beat him soundly, as such a mischief-maker and carrier of wicked messages deserved: which coming to the ears of Regan and her husband, they ordered Caius to be put in the stocks, though he was a messenger from the king her father, and in that character demanded the highest respect: so that the first thing the king saw when he entered the castle, was his faithful servant Caius sitting in that disgraceful situation.

This was but a bad omen of the reception which he was to expect; but a worse followed, when upon inquiry for his daughter and her husband, he was told they were weary with travelling all night, and could not see him: and when lastly, upon his insisting in a positive and angry manner to see them, they came to greet him, whom should he see in their company but the hated Gonerill, who had come to tell her own story, and set her sister against the king her father!

This sight much moved the old man, and still more to see Regan take her by the hand: and he asked Gonerill if she was not ashamed to look upon his old white beard? And Regan advised him to go home again with Gonerill and live with her peaceably, dismissing half of his attendants, and to ask her forgiveness; for he was old and wanted discretion, and must be ruled and led by persons that had more discretion than himself. And Lear showed how preposterous that would sound, if he were to go down on his knees, and beg of his own daughter for food and raiment, and he argued against such an unnatural dependence; declaring his resolution never to return with her, but to stay where he was with Regan, he and his hundred knights: for he said that she had not forgot the half of the kingdom which he had endowed her with, and that her eyes were not fierce like Gonerill's, but mild and kind. And he said that rather than return to Gonerill, with half his train cut off, he

would go over to France, and beg a wretched pension of the king there, who had married his yonngest daughter without a portion.

But he was mistaken in expecting kinder treatment of Regan than he had experienced from her sister Gonerill. As if willing to outdo her sister in unfilial behaviour, she declared that she thought fifty knights too many to wait upon him: that five-and-twenty were enough. Then Lear, nigh heart-broken, turned to Gonerill, and said that he would go back with her, for her fifty doubled five-and-twenty, and so her love was twice as mnch as Regan's. But Gonerill excused herself, and said, what need of so many as five-and-twenty? or even ten? or five? when he might be waited upon by her servants or her sister's servants? So these two wicked daughters, as if they strove to exceed each other in cruelty to their old father who had been so good to them, by little and little wonld have abated him of all his train, all respect, (little enongh for him that once commanded a kingdom), which was left him to show that he had once been a king! Not that a splendid train is essential to happiness, but from a king to a beggar is a hard change, from commanding millions to be without one attendant; and it was the ingratitude in his daughters' denying it, more than what he would suffer by the want of it, which pierced this poor king to the heart: insomuch that with this double ill usage, and vexation for having so foolishly given away a kingdom, his wits began to be unsettled, and while he said he knew not what, he vowed revenge against those unnatural hags, and to make examples of them that shonld be a terror to the earth!

While he was thus idly threatening what his weak arm could never execute, night came on, and a loud storm of thunder and lightning with rain; and his daughters still persisting in their resolution not to admit his followers, he called for his horses, and chose rather to enconnter the utmost fury of the storm abroad, than stay nnder the same roof with these ungrateful daughters: and they, saying that the injuries which wilful men procure to themselves are their just punishment, suffered him to go in that condition, and shut their doors upon him.

The winds were high, and the rain and storm increased, when the old man sallied forth to combat with the elements, less sharp than his daughters' nnkindness. For many miles about there was scarce a bush; and there upon a heath, exposed to the fury of the storm in a dark night, did king Lear wander out, and defy the winds and the thnnder: and he bid the winds to blow the earth into the sea, or swell the waves of the sea, till they drowned the earth, that no token might remain of any such ungrateful animal as man. The old king was now left with no other companion than the poor fool, who still abided with him, with his merry conceits striving to ontjest misfortune, saying, it was but a naughty night to swim in, and truly the king had better go in and ask his daughters' blessing:

> But he that has a little tiny wit,
> With heigh ho, the wind and the rain!
> Must make content with his fortunes fit,
> Though the rain it raineth every day:

and swearing it was a brave night to cool a lady's pride.

Thus poorly accompanied this once great monarch was fonnd hy his ever-faithful servant the good earl of Kent, now transformed to Caius, who ever followed close at his side, though the king did not know him to be the earl; and he said, 'Alas! sir, are you here? creatures that love night love not snch nights as these. This dreadful storm has driven the beasts to their hiding-places. Man's nature cannot endnre the affliction or the fear.' And Lear rebuked him, and said, these lesser evils were not felt, where a greater malady was fixed. When the mind is at ease, the body has leisure to be delicate; but the tempest in his mind did take all feeling else from his senses, hut of that which beat at his heart. And he spoke of filial ingratitude, and said it was all one as if the mouth should tear the hand for lifting food to it; for parents were hands and food and everything to children.

But the good Caius still persisting in his entreaties that the king would not stay out in the open air, at last persuaded him to enter a little wretched hovel which stood npon the heath, where the fool first entering, suddenly ran back terrified, saying that he had seen a spirit. But upon examination this spirit proved to be nothing more than a poor Bedlam-beggar, who had crept into this deserted hovel for shelter, and with his talk about devils frighted the fool, one of those poor lunatics who are either mad, or feign to be so, the better to extort charity from the compassionate country-people; who go about the country, calling themselves poor Tom and poor Turlygood, saying. 'Who gives anything to poor Tom?' sticking pins and nails and sprigs of rosemary into their arms to make them bleed; and with such horrible actions, partly by prayers, and partly with lunatic curses, they move or terrify the ignorant country folks into giving them alms. This poor

fellow was such a one; and the king seeing him in so wretched a plight, with nothing but a blanket about his loins to cover his nakedness, could not be persuaded but that the fellow was some father who had given all away to his daughters, and brought himself to that pass; for nothing he thought could bring a man to such wretchedness but the having unkind daughters.

And from this and many such wild speeches which he uttered, the good Caius plainly perceived that he was not in his perfect mind, but that his daughters' ill usage had really made him go mad. And now the loyalty of this worthy earl of Kent showed itself in more essential services than he had hitherto found opportunity to perform. For with the assistance of some of the king's attendants who remained loyal, he had the person of his royal master removed at day-break to the castle of Dover, where his own friends and influence, as earl of Kent, chiefly lay; and himself embarking for France, hastened to the court of Cordelia, and did there in such moving terms represent the pitiful condition of her royal father, and set out in such lively colours the inhumanity of her sisters, that this good and loving child with many tears besought the king her husband, that he would give her leave to embark for England with a sufficient power to subdue these cruel daughters and their husbands, and restore the old king her father to his throne; which being granted, she set forth, and with a royal army landed at Dover.

Lear having by some chance escaped from the guardians which the good earl of Kent had put over him to take care of him in his lunacy, was found by some of Cordelia's train wandering about the fields near Dover, in a pitiable condition, stark mad and singing aloud to himself, with a crown upon his head which he had made of straw and nettles, and other wild weeds that he had picked up in the corn-fields. By the advice of the physicians, Cordelia, though earnestly desirous of seeing her father, was prevailed upon to put off the meeting, till by sleep and the operation of herbs which they gave him, he should be restored to greater composure. By the aid of these skilful physicians, to whom Cordelia promised all her gold and jewels for the recovery of the old king, Lear was soon in a condition to see his daughter.

A tender sight it was to see the meeting between this father and daughter; to see the struggles between the joy of this poor old king at beholding again his once darling child, and the shame at receiving such filial kindness from her whom he had cast off for so small a fault in his displeasure; both these passions struggling with the remains of his malady, which in his half-crazed brain sometimes made him that he scarce remembered where he was, or who it was that so kindly kissed him and spoke to him: and then he would beg the standers-by not to laugh at him, if he were mistaken in thinking this lady to be his daughter Cordelia! And then to see him fall on his knees to beg pardon of his child; and she, good lady, kneeling all the while to ask a blessing of him, and telling him that it did not become him to kneel, but it was her duty, for she was his child, his true and very child Cordelia! And she kissed him (as she said) to kiss away all her sisters' unkindness, and said that they might be ashamed of themselves, to turn their old kind father with his white beard out into the cold air, when her enemy's dog, though it had bit her (as she prettily expressed it), should have staid by her fire such a night as that, and warmed himself. And she told her father how she had come from France with purpose to bring him assistance; and he said, that she must forget, and forgive, for he was old and foolish, and did not know what he did; but that to be sure she had great cause not to love him, but her sisters had none. And Cordelia said that she had no cause, no more than they had.

So we will leave this old king in the protection of this dutiful and loving child, where, by the help of sleep and medicine, she and her physicians at length succeeded in winding up the untuned and jarring senses which the cruelty of his other daughters had so violently shaken. Let us return to say a word or two about those cruel daughters.

These monsters of ingratitude, who had been so false to their old father, could not be expected to prove more faithful to their own husbands. They soon grew tired of paying even the appearance of duty and affection, and in an open way showed they had fixed their loves upon another. It happened that the object of their guilty loves was the same. It was Edmund, a natural son of the late earl of Gloucester, who by his treacheries had succeeded in disinheriting his brother Edgar the lawful heir from his earldom, and by his wicked practices was now earl himself: a wicked man, and a fit object for the love of such wicked creatures as Gonerill and Regan. It falling out about this time that the duke of Cornwall, Regan's husband, died, Regan immediately declared her intention of wedding this earl of

Gloucester, which rousing the jealousy of her sister, to whom as well as to Regan this wicked earl had at sundry times professed love, Gonerill found means to make away with her sister by poison: but being detected in her practices, and imprisoned by her husband the duke of Albany, for this deed, and for her guilty passion for the earl which had come to his ears, she in a fit of disappointed love and rage, shortly put an end to her own life. Thus the justice of Heaven at last overtook these wicked daughters.

While the eyes of all men were upon this event, admiring the justice displayed in their deserved deaths, the same eyes were suddenly taken off from this sight to admire at the mysterious ways of the same power in the melancholy fate of the young and virtuous daughter, the lady Cordelia, whose good deeds did seem to deserve a more fortunate conclusion; but it is an awful truth, that innocence and piety are not always successful in this world. The forces which Gonerill and Regan had sent out under the command of the bad earl of Gloucester were victorious, and Cordelia by the practices of this wicked earl, who did not like that any should stand between him and the throne, ended her life in prison. Thus, Heaven took this innocent lady to itself in her young years, after showing her to the world an illustrious example of filial duty. Lear did not long survive this kind child.

Before he died, the good earl of Kent, who had still attended his old master's steps from the first of his daughters' ill usage to this sad period of his decay, tried to make him understand that it was he who had followed him under the name of Caius; but Lear's care-crazed brain at that time could not comprehend how that could be, or how Kent and Caius could be the same person: so Kent thought it needless to trouble him with explanations at such a time; and Lear soon after expiring, this faithful servant to the king, between age and grief for his old master's vexations, soon followed him to the grave.

How the judgment of Heaven overtook the bad earl of Gloucester, whose treasons were discovered, and himself slain in single combat with his brother, the lawful earl; and how Gonerill's husband, the duke of Albany, who was innocent of the death of Cordelia, and had never encouraged his lady in her wicked proceedings against her father, ascended the throne of Britain after the death of Lear, is needless here to narrate; Lear and his Three Daughters being dead, whose adventures alone concern our story.

THOMAS CARLYLE.

Thomas Carlyle, a distinguished connoisseur of German literature, was born at Dumfries in Scotland in 1795. He was originally intended for the church, and for that purpose entered the university of Edinburgh; but the study of theology not agreeing with his choice he devoted himself to literature. After having perused the works of Schiller and Goethe, he was seized with a desire to introduce some of them into England and with that idea composed his 'Life of Schiller' (1825) which was followed in 1827 by his 'German romances', a selection from Goethe, Tieck, Jean Paul, Heffmann &c. His 'French revolution', a history published in 1837, is distinguished for the beautiful poetic style in which it is written. In 1839 he wrote a work 'on Chartism' in 1841 another 'On hero worship' and in 1843 'The past and the present'. But of all Carlyle's works his fameus book 'Letters and speeches of Oliver Cromwell' (1845) possesses the most historical worth. In 1845 appeared his 'Moral Phenomena of Germany,' in which he represents the present moral condition of Germany to be in a very poor state. His last work 'The life of John Sterling', a biography of his friend, was brought before the public in 1851. Through his deep acquaintance with the German, Carlyle has to a great extent imbibed the ideas and style of the literature and philosophy of our nation; this has worked such an influence upon his English productions as to make them appear peculiar, and in the opinions of many, ridiculous, and caused their author to be less appreciated in his own country than by foreigners.

THE SUCCESSION OF RACES OF MEN.

Generation after generation takes to itself the form of a body, and forth issuing from Cimmerian night on heaven's missions appears. What force and fire is in each he expends; one grinding in the mill of industry; one, hunter-like, climbing the giddy Alpine heights of science; one madly dashed in pieces on the rocks of strife, in war with his fellow; and then the heaven-sent is recalled; his earthly vesture falls away, and soon even to sense becomes a vanished shadow. Thus, like some wild-flaming, wild-thundering train of heaven's artillery, does this mysterious mankind thunder and flame, in long-drawn, quick-succeeding grandeur, through the unknown deep. Thus, like a God-created, fire-breathing spirit-host, we emerge from the inane; haste stormfully across the astonished earth, then plunge again into the inane. Earth's mountains are levelled and her seas filled up in our

passage. Can the earth, which is but dead and a vision, resist spirits which have reality and are alive? On the hardest adamant some footprint of us is stamped in; the last rear of the host will read traces of the earliest van. But whence? Oh heaven! whither? Sense knows not; faith knows not; only that it is through mystery to mystery, from God and to God.

ATTACK UPON THE BASTILLE.

All morning, since nine, there has been a cry everywhere, 'To the Bastille!' Repeated 'deputations of citizens' have been here, passionate for arms; whom De Launay has got dismissed by soft speeches through portholes. Towards noon Elector Thuriot de la Rosière gains admittance; finds De Launay indisposed for surrender: nay, disposed for blowing up the place rather. Thuriot mounts with him to the battlements: heaps of paving- stones, old iron, and missiles lie piled: cannon all duly levelled; in every embrasure a cannon — only drawn back a little! But outwards, behold, O Thuriot, how the multitude flows on, swelling through every street; tocsin furiously pealing, all drums beating the *générale:* the suburb Saint-Antoine rolling hitherward wholly as one man! Such vision (spectral, yet real) thou, O Thuriot! as from thy Mount of Vision, beholdest in this moment: prophetic of other phantasmagories, and loud-gibbering spectral realities which thou yet beholdest not, but shalt. 'Que voulez-vous?' said De Launay, turning pale at the sight, with an air of reproach, almost of menace. 'Monsieur,' said Thuriot, rising into the moral sublime, 'what mean you? Consider if I could not precipitate both of us from this height' — say only a hundred feet, exclusive of the walled ditch! Whereupon De Launay fell silent.

Wo to thee, De Launay, in such an hour, if thou canst not, taking some one firm decision, rule circumstances! Soft speeches will not serve; hard grape-shot is questionable; but hovering between the two is *unquestionable*. Ever wilder swells the tide of men; their infinite hum waxing ever louder into imprecations, perhaps into crackle of stray musketry, which latter, on walls nine feet thick, cannot do execution. The outer drawbridge has been lowered for Thuriot; new deputation of citizens (it is the third and noisiest of all) penetrates that way into the outer court: soft speeches producing no clearance of these, De Launay gives fire; pulls up his drawbridge. A slight sputter; which has kindled the too combustible chaos; made it a roaring fire-chaos! Bursts forth insurrection, at sight of its own blood (for there were deaths by that sputter of fire), into endless rolling explosion of musketry, distraction, execration; and overhead, from the fortress, let one great gun, with its grape-shot, go booming, to show what we could do. The Bastille is besieged!

On, then, all Frenchmen that have hearts in their bodies! Roar with all your throats of cartilage and metal, ye sons of liberty; stir spasmodically whatsoever of utmost faculty is in you, soul, body, or spirit; for it is the hour! Smite, thou Louis Tournay, cartwright of the Marais, old soldier of the Regiment Dauphiné; smite at that outer drawbridge chain, though the fiery hail whistles round thee! Never, over nave or felloe did thy axe strike such a stroke. Down with it, man; down with it to Orcus: let the whole accursed edifice sink thither, and tyranny be swallowed up for ever! Mounted, some say, on the roof of the guard-room, some 'on bayonets stuck into joints of the wall,' Louis Tournay smites, brave Aubin Bonnemère (also an old soldier) seconding him: the chain yields, breaks; the huge drawbridge slams down, thundering (*avec fracas*). Glorious; and yet, alas! it is still but the outworks. The eight grim towers with their Invalides' musketry, their paving-stones and cannon-mouths still soar aloft intact; ditch yawning impassable, stone-faced; the inner drawbridge with its back towards us: the Bastille is still to take!

THE END.

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Ich bin nicht der Ansicht, dass ein deutsches Lesebuch ganz oder auch nur vorherrschend in den Dienst der schriftlichen Uebungen gestellt werden dürfe. Es ist jedoch zu Gunsten derselben ein Anhang beigegeben, der einige Arten andeutet. Die Mehrzahl der schriftlichen Arbeiten auf der untersten Lehrstufe wird in der Nacherzählung kurzer vom Lehrer mündlich mitgetheilter Erzählungsstoffe bestehen, während andere sich an die Grammatik anschliessen. Für beide Arten bedarf es keiner Beihilfe."

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Obiges Werk kann als erster Versuch, ein bisher fast unangebautes Feld planmässig zu bearbeiten, betrachtet werden. Seine Aufgabe ist eine doppelte: es wünscht den Schulen, welche metrische Uebungen unter ihre deutschen stilistischen Arbeiten aufgenommen haben oder aufnehmen wollen, nicht etwa blos durch theoretische Erörterungen, sondern mehr durch eine methodisch geordnete Reihenfolge eigens zu diesem Zwecke eingerichteter Aufgaben zu Hülfe zu kommen; es möchte aber auch über den Kreis der Schule hinaus denen, die deutsche Verse und Strophen kunstgerecht zu bauen wünschen — und ihrer gibt es nicht wenige — förderlich sein. Nebenher ist es bemüht, mehrere Partien der Metrik auf eine für die Praxis fruchtbarere Weise zu behandeln, als es in den gangbaren Lehrbüchern der Metrik geschieht, so dass man ihm auch unter diesen eine eigene Stelle einräumen möchte.

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